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POTTER'S
AMERICAN MONTHLY:

AN

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE



OF

HISTORY, LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

VOLS. XVI. AND XVII.—1881.

PHILADELPHIA:
JOHN E. POTTER & COMPANY,
No. 617 SANSOM ST.



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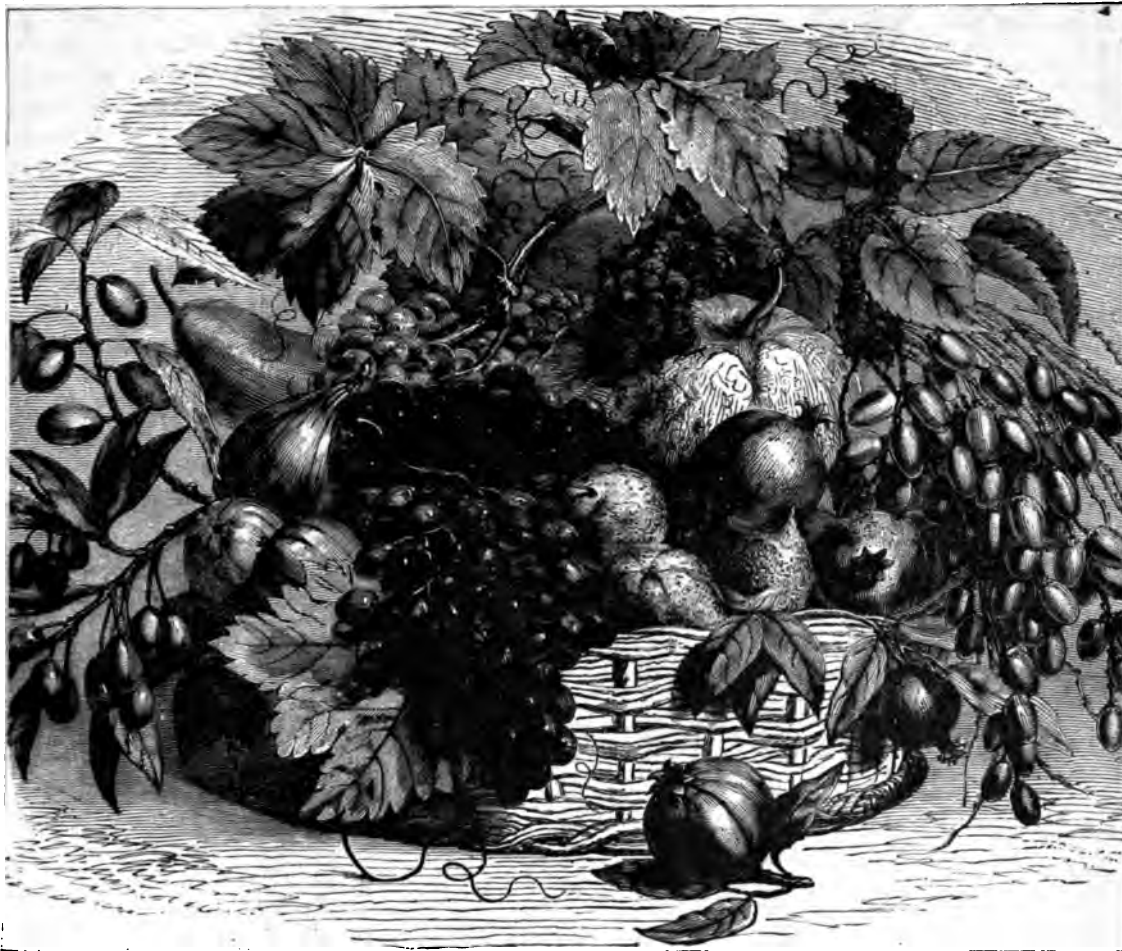
VOL. XVI.

JANUARY, 1881.

No. 109.

THE CITY OF THE ANGELS.

By JOSEPHINE CLIFFORD.



"FROM OLIVE-GROVES AND VINE-CLAD FIELDS."

"LOS ANGELES!" I scent the fragrance of the orange in the air as I hear the words, and on the instant my soul is borne to where the tinkling of the mission-bells, perched high on dusk-white, crumbling walls, floats faintly over olive-grove and vine-clad field.

The place has wonderful "drawing" qualities; who goes there once will go again, though until

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of late years the getting there could hardly be classed among the pleasures of life. It was a weary ride from San Francisco to Los Angeles by stage; and the journey by water was still more tiresome, to me at least, and had to be finished by twenty-five miles of land-travel from the landing at San Pedro to the city. It is different now; the steam-cars whisk us over the whole distance,



"ANGELS" AND THE "CLUSTERS."

tor's shrill cry announces their arrival in Los Angeles, those who have formerly made the trip by stage or steamer can hardly realize that this is all.

Los Angeles is one of the few places in California for which I claim a classic past, on the score of its representing all there is ancient or antique in this new land of ours, being one of the three original free towns or *pueblos* established under Spanish reign. San José and B'anciforte share the honors with it; but Los Angeles was established first of the three. After all this flourish, however, I must acknowledge that this boasted antiquity does not date back farther than 1770, for we cannot learn of a civilization anterior to that introduced by the Franciscan friars of mission building fame.

The elements composing this first settlement—how new and "American" the word sounds in this connection!—were not all classic, by any means. The retired soldiers of the military *presidios* established for the protection of the mis-

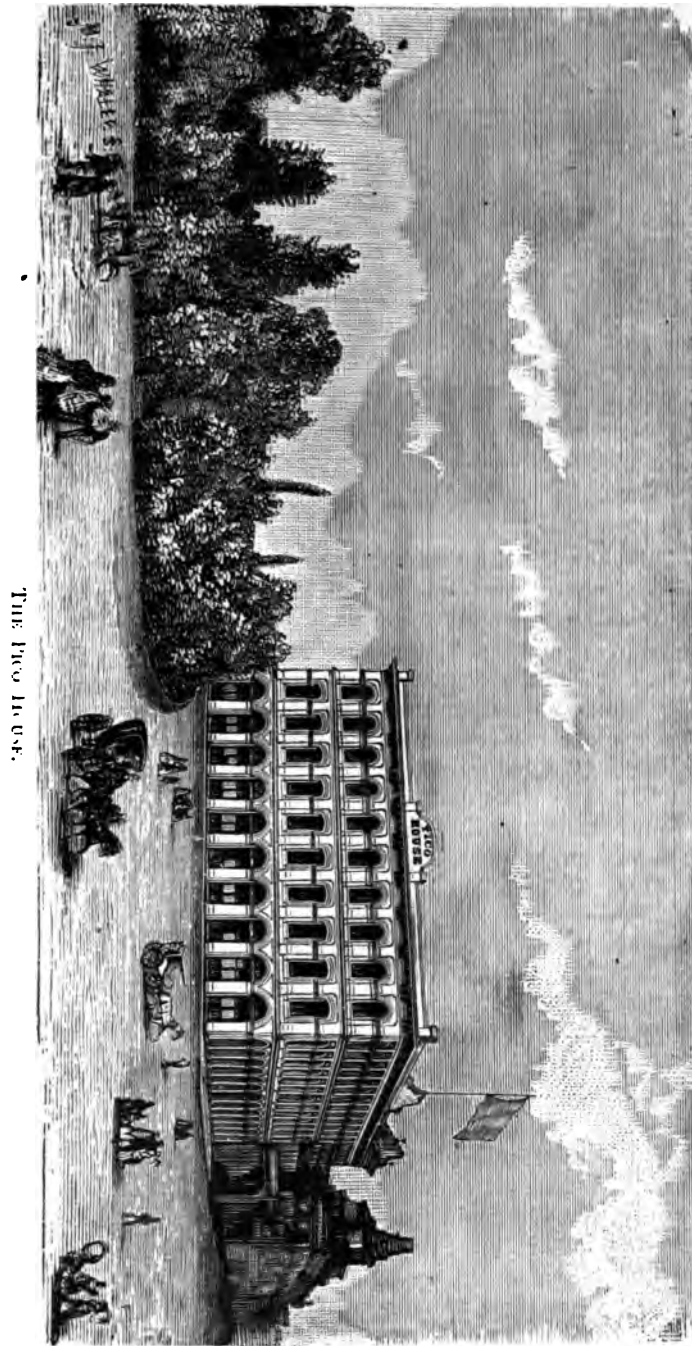
by land about four hundred and eighty miles, in scant twenty hours' time; and when the conversions, who generally married among the Indian mission converts, the few adventurers and strag-

glers who happened along, and later, the Spanish families that were brought from Mexico by Captain Juan Bautista Anza in 1776, formed the *nuclei* of these towns, which in two cases have expanded into thrifty cities, in one instance dropped almost entirely out of existence; for Branciforte is only remembered by the few scattered ruins to be seen in the neighborhood of Santa Cruz. Our bright particular city was named in honor of the Queen of the Angels—*Pueblo de la Reina de los Angeles* was the style and title; the present generation is satisfied to call it simply the City of Angels, and I think the most of them have made good use of their wings.

In my humble opinion the pen can better describe Los Angeles than brush or pencil. At least, I have never yet seen a representation, on canvas or from the photographer's camera, that did justice to this fairest city of the South. They give you the square, hard lines of the square, flat roofs of the houses and store-buildings in the dusty, close-built portion of the town, without one softening feature, and completely hiding the lovely flower-wreathed villas that grace the spot. The effect of the wide plain on the east, blooming in verdure; the grand, dark mountain to the northwest, and the chain of low hills, forever veiled in the soft, dreamy haze peculiar to all these mountains of the South, is altogether lost in the pictures, and the prominence which the board-fences and dust-flooded streets assume is anything but pleasing to the eye.

By taking a look at the main thoroughfare of the city, however, we will find that even in its business portion the place is quite handsome. The streets do not all run at right angles, nor are they all straight, except, perhaps, in the more recent American addition. Where Main

street makes a curve and comes to an end it winds its way on, in reality, to the old Spanish quarter,



THE PICO HOUSE.

called "Sonora" by the people living there. The Plaza, which adjoins the Pico House, and lies right opposite the little old Catholic church,

marks, together with it, the boundary-line between the Spanish and the American-built portion



THE FRUIT OF THE VINE.

of the town. Not that the Spanish people live exclusively in that quarter; it is the original Spanish settlement, though many of the better class of Spaniards and Mexicans have built up fine residences in the new American city, leaving the old quarters mostly to the lower classes. Little, squat adobe *casas* crowd up the narrow streets in "Sonora," looking old without looking venerable, half in ruins, but without a shadow of romance about them. That has all fled out toward the Mission, as we shall see later.

One of the public schools is situated here, somewhere among the narrow streets and shabby houses; but it looks almost as much out of place as one of the cheap American bar-rooms established under the tile roof of some dilapidated *casa*, which still bears lingering traces of its former grandeur. Once out of these ugly streets, and pleasant green fields smile at us; even a feathery palm or two tries to coax us into a hasty visit; but we are not ready to go to the country yet. We have all the modern part of the city to survey, and will begin at the head of Main street, where the Pico House stands.

Even along the line of this broad, handsome street, where there are stately, elegant structures of brick and stone,—mercantile houses, bank-buildings, and balconied hotels,—the walls of a low, solid adobe now and then breaks up the rows of taller buildings, and not always to the improve-

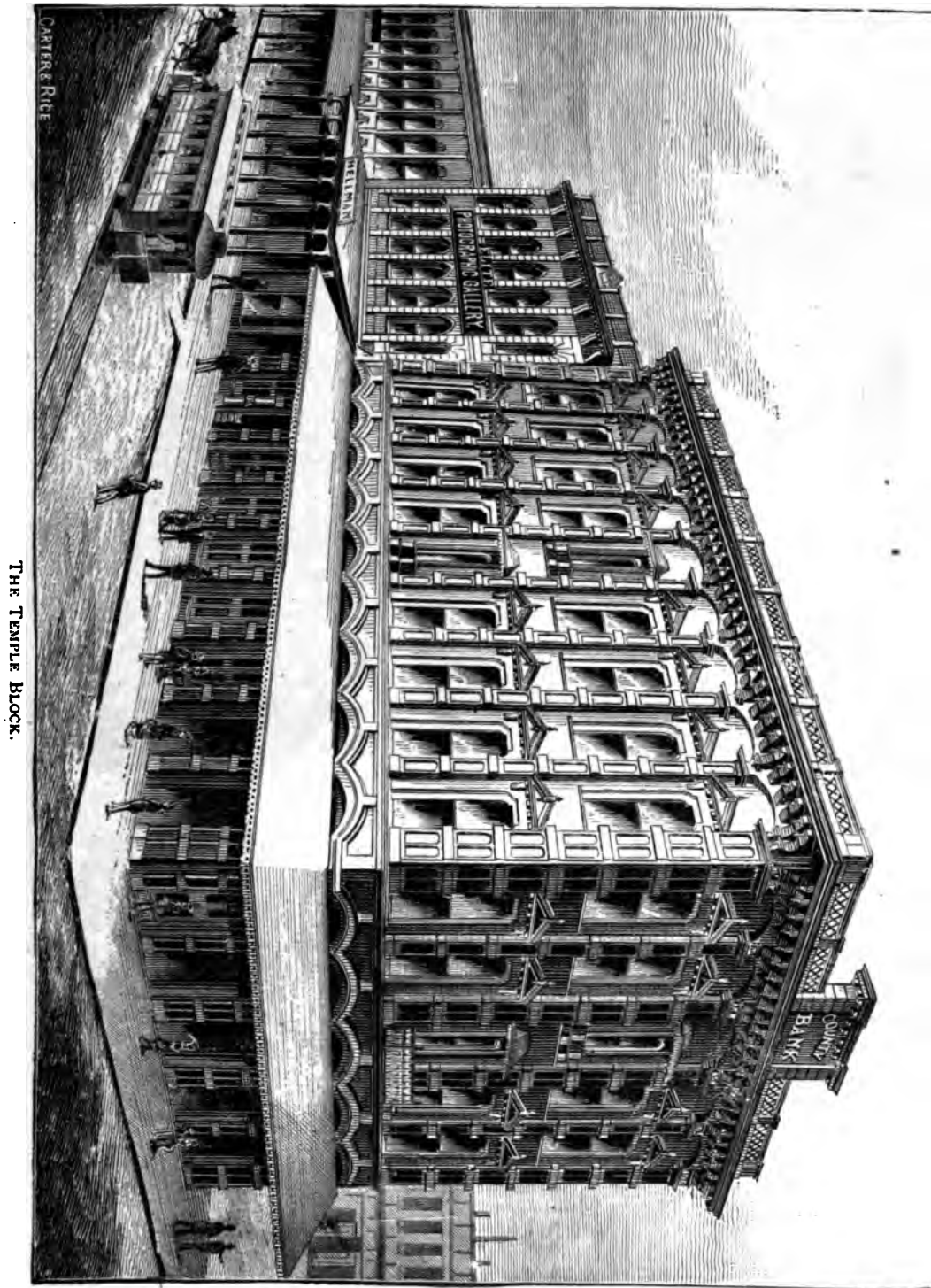
ment of the looks of the street. I like an adobe house,—yes, in its place, which is not on the principal business street of a city in Americanized California. There is a slumbrous, peaceful, stand-still air about it that is delightfully refreshing to behold when the *casa* stands on an open plain, or under the shade of the fig or the olive tree; but in the midst of a bustling American town it is just as much out of its natural sphere as a Spanish don from one of the large cattle-ranches would be among the bulls and the bears of the San Francisco mining-stock boards.

Vehicles of all descriptions fill the street, and in some places form an almost unbroken line in front of the stores where they are "hitched," while their owners are attending to their business or pursuing their pleasure. The country immediately about Los Angeles is quite thickly settled, and these vehicles comprise every style of turnout, from the costly, airy American barouche, drawn by blooded, high-priced stock, down to the lumbering Mexican *careta*, with its vicious, rough-coated mustang. By the side of the slow-rolling



ITS EXTRACT.

street-car we see a couple of Spaniards, with broad-brimmed hats, saucer-sized spurs, and much-

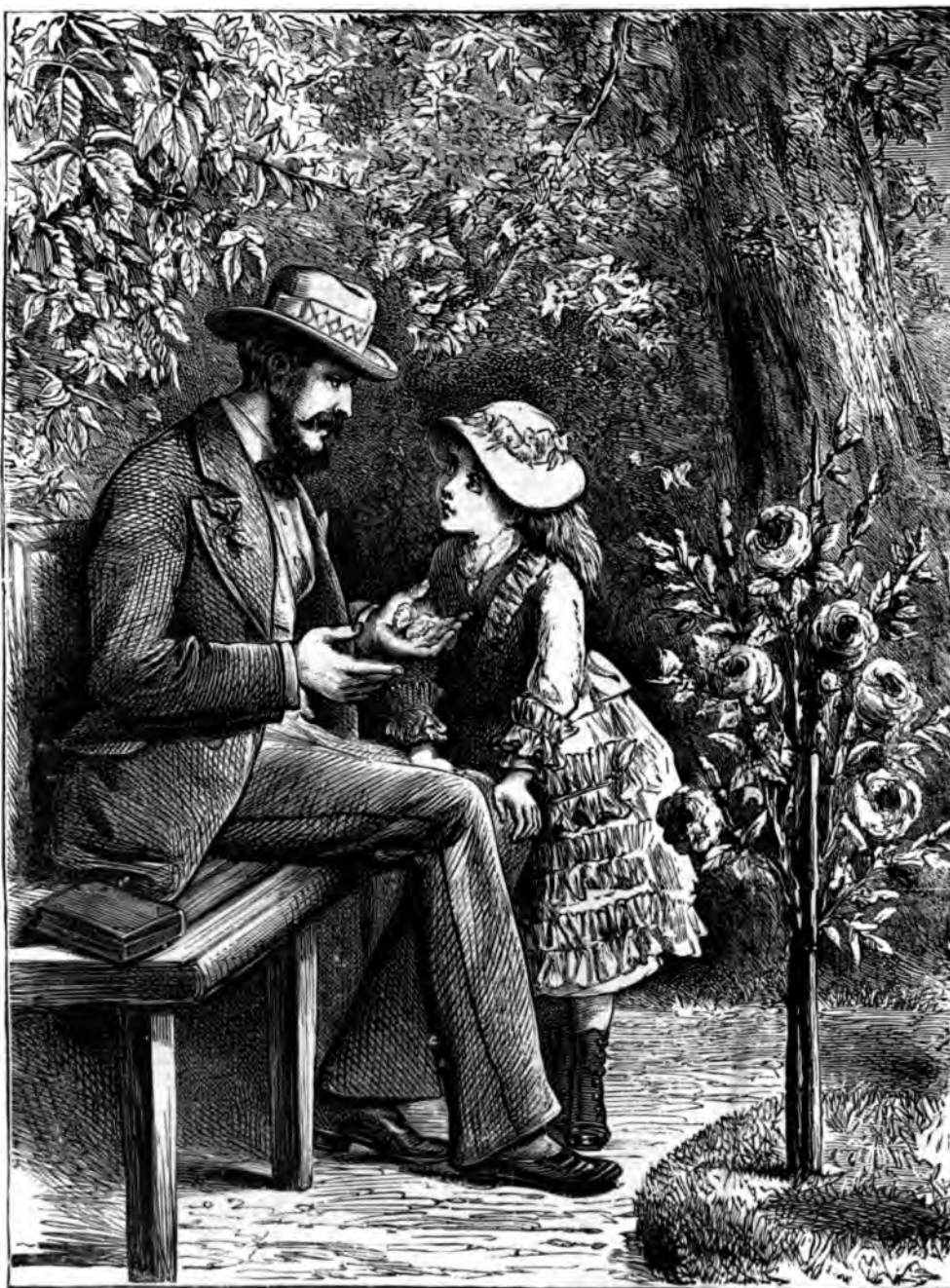


THE TEMPLE BLOCK.

bebuttoned *calzones*, mounted high on snorting, for the next they are out of sight, like a flash, foam-covered steeds,—see them but one moment, around the corner, on their way to the next street,

where there are no cars, and where there is much left of the Los Angeles of twenty years ago.

dames, arrayed in all the gorgeousness that wealth can command and good taste will allow of, are



A SPECIMEN LOS ANGELAN.

Among the pedestrians we notice the same jostled by dark-faced, dark-eyed women with diversity of kind and quality. Dainty, lily-faced black *rebozo* drawn close about the head and

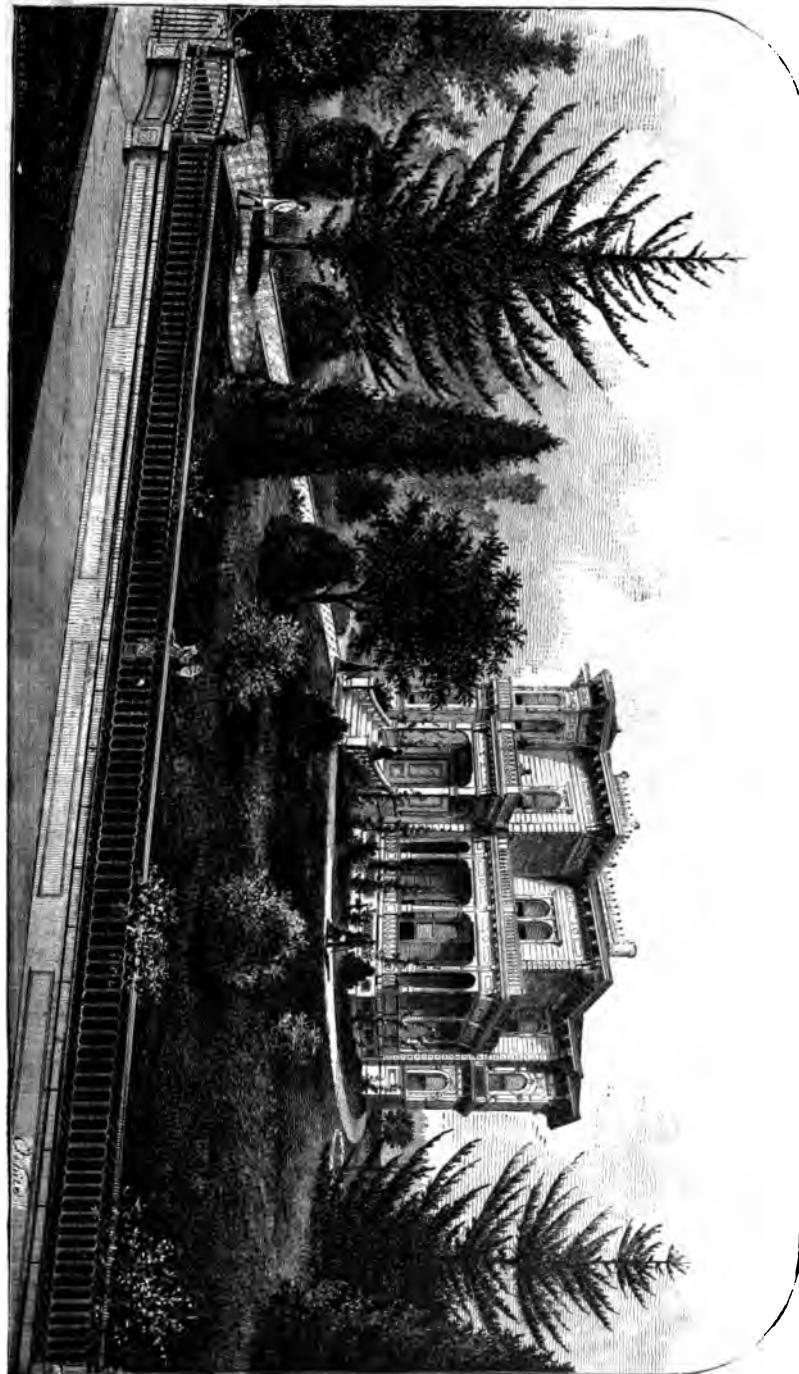
shoulders. Altogether, the aristocratic element directly out to the race-course. Not that we predominates in and about Los Angeles; it has always been so, I believe, even in the days when Fremont here lived his short life of gubernatorial glory (1847).

The better class of Spanish one meets here in society are most charming people; cultivated, gentle of demeanor; the women fair as the day, the men hardly less handsome.

If we continue our walk now along Main street, and leave the business portion of it behind us, we will soon reach the new Catholic cathedral, a really fine structure, and looking vast and grand in contrast with the little old Spanish church by the Plaza. The handsome new Methodist church stands on the street just above this, and the other denominations have also tasteful places of worship. A piece farther down from the cathedral we come upon the elegant villa-residence of ex-Governor Downy; and from here out we see houses and grounds that would add to the beauty of any city of the older States, and which fill one with wonder at the strides this place has made in the last decade.

The day is so fine that we cannot possibly return to the hotel yet, but all along the road we can see the prettiest so we will hail the street-car, which takes us cottages, half hidden in clumps of trees, and

RESIDENCE OF ISAIAH W. HELLMAN, ESQ.



almost buried in flowers and vines. The trees are not very tall generally, except where a swaying eucalyptus or slender poplar rises high above groves of orange-trees, and limes and lemons growing almost as high as oranges. Oleanders and pomegranates, figs and peaches, apples and

start these hedges and carry the young trees through the long, dry seasons. This is furnished by *zanjas*, ditches about two feet wide and deep, which draw on the Los Angeles River for their supply.

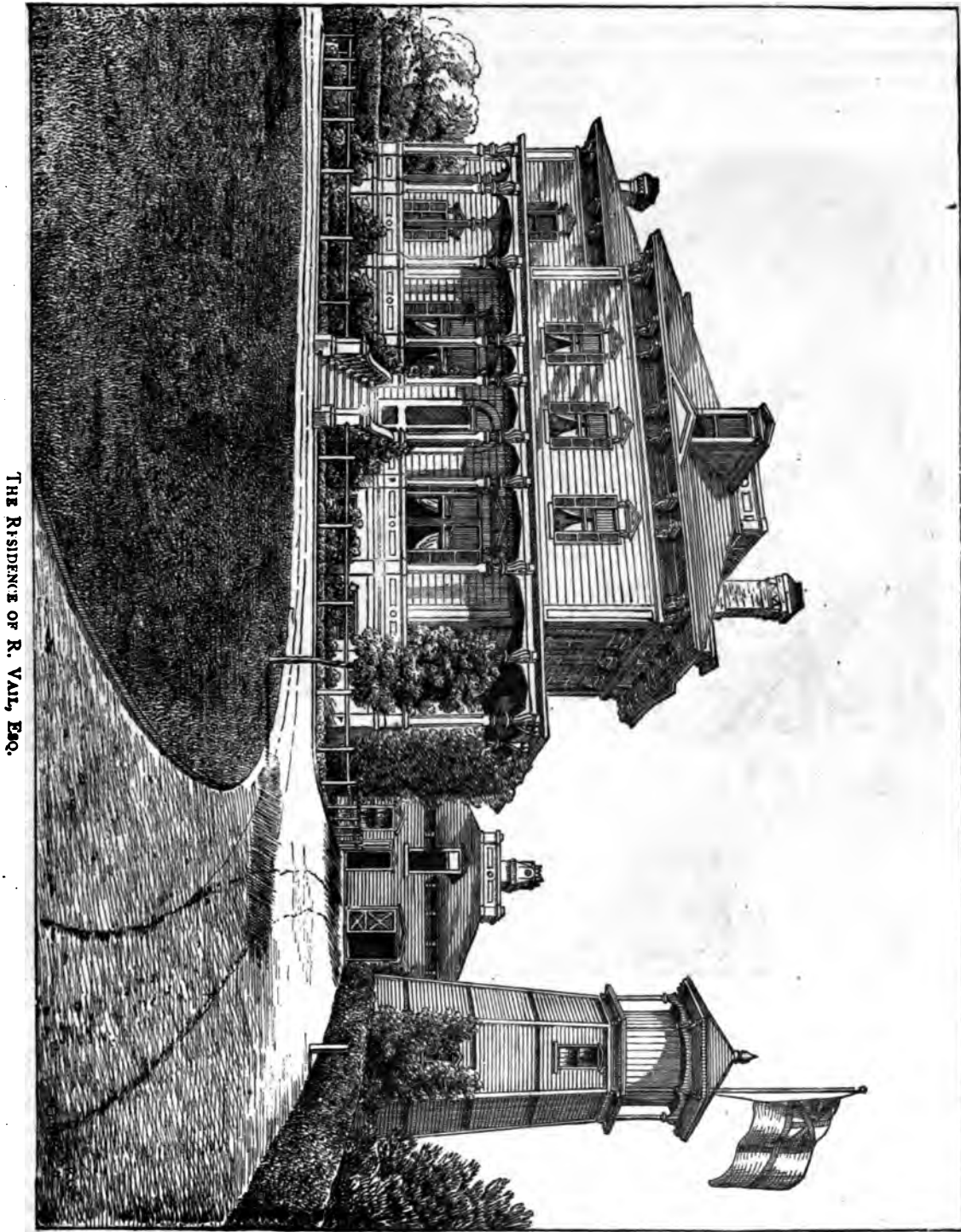
These *zanjas* are quite picturesque, and when



THE NEW CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL.

pears grow and thrive alike; and though there are no such large orchards right here as we shall find out at the Mission directly, we see enough to convince us that almost anything counted useful or beautiful in the civilized world can be grown in this spot. Another charming feature are the hedges and green fences. Willow saplings have been set out into the ground and interlaced, and will soon form miles of shady avenues. Of course it required water, and an abundant supply of it, to

they are well kept lend an additional charm to the place, though in former years there was much irregularity in their management, and much disturbance over unequal division of the precious fluid. The first time I visited Los Angeles I remember being startled at the breakfast-table by the youngest daughter of the house rushing in and electrifying her father with the intelligence that "all their water had been stolen in the night, and not a drop left on the whole place!" I sat in



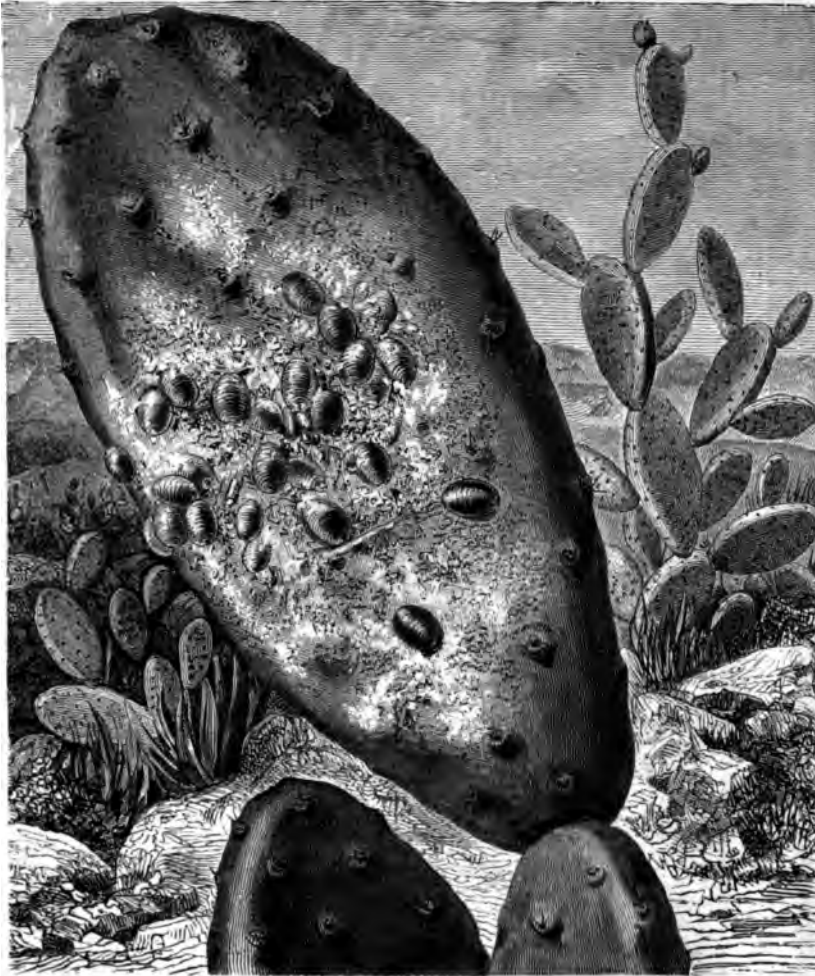
THE RESIDENCE OF R. VAIL, ESQ.

open-mouthed wonder till the information was ing the *sanjas* to irrigate the land for twelve or
volunteered that a certain sum was paid for flood- | twenty-four hours, as the bargain chanced to be,

and it sometimes happened, as in this instance, that after the family had retired to rest, some unscrupulous neighbor, aware of the agreement, would go, with spade and hoe, and turn the stream on to his own premises for the night. The arrangements

and supply the table of their charges with choice fruits, and in the distance a grand old palm-tree, waving an eternal benediction over house and grounds.

Nearer to the Los Angeles River are orange orchards again, and vineyards with fig-trees and a few pomegranates sprinkled in between. Cotton-woods, too, grow in clumps about this section, which, though quite lively, has not the American air that breathes through the principal streets. On the contrary, a very strong breath of the "Fatherland" greeted me here one day. Around sight-seeing, of course every gate and doorway of this hospitable city was open to me, so that I strayed, one pleasant afternoon, into a garden where I saw a man pruning or grafting orange-trees. There was a decidedly southern, not to say tropical, appearance about the place,—pomegranates, figs, passion-flowers, and the smell of the orange-blossom everywhere. The man was a German, and I soon learned that this was a kind of pleasure-resort—which I



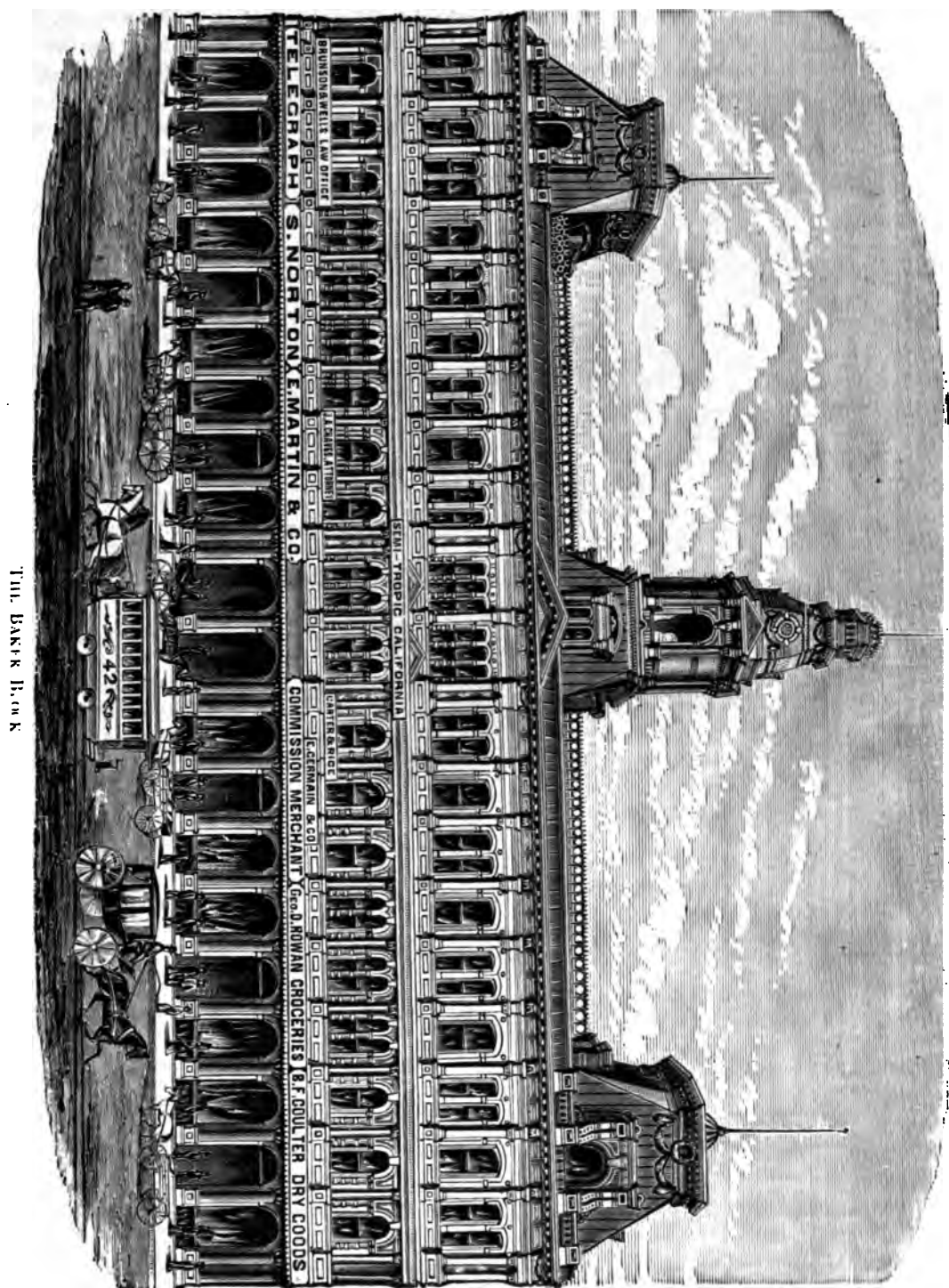
THE WILD CACTUS.

are different now, I believe, for the water seems to flow constantly in the *sanjas*.

But the handsome places are not all massed at this end of the city; there is the Sisters' convent, for instance,—on the other side of town, one or two blocks below Main street,—that is worth a visit alone. How these fragile, meek-eyed women work and manage and plan! A noble edifice, their school, with ample gardens, shady walks, and sunny flower-parterres; trees to please the eye,

fully realized when I beheld seated in the romantic shade of jasmine-flower and overhanging orange-boughs two stout, hearty Dutch women, with a troop of white-headed children, eating *schmier-käse* with *pumpernickel*, and drinking honest German lager beer!

The romance of that retreat was destroyed forever. I returned to the hotel as quickly as possible, and sat for an hour gazing down into the court-yard, where a fountain in the centre rained



its silver spray on cala-lilies and water-plants, vines adorning the galleries of the upper stories. and threw sparkling kiss-hands to the flowers and I It was fully an hour before I could dream myself

back into the soft, sunny South, and I have never again visited the place where "the groves are of olive, of myrtle, and rose," and *schmier-käse* and beer are served in its shadow.

They claim fifteen thousand inhabitants at Los

school-buildings, has just finished the large pavilion for the use of the southern district fairs, has always boasted good hotels,—among which, beside the Pico House, are the United States, the St. Charles, the Lafayette,—and it certainly has

every advantage and great inducements to offer to settlers. The climate is delightful, society good; and for those who would seek health and happiness in a rural home, what can be more charming than to watch the trees and flowers you set out with your own hands shoot up with almost lightning rapidity, and without entailing any of the digging and delving that makes farm-life a round of drudgery in the older States? The Southern Pacific Railroad brings the place in close connection with San Francisco on the one hand, and Arizona, with its vast mining and agricultural promises and possibilities, on the other.

A branch of this road extends to Wilmington and the harbor, and the one depot serves the two divisions. The Santa Monica, or, more properly speaking, the Independence and Los Angeles Railroad, has its own depot, as pretentious and stylish as that seaside resort itself has grown to be. I have never yet seen Santa Monica, but I can read from the papers that it is a place of wonderful growth and most romantic location.



GATHERING HONEY.

Angeles. In this respect I think Los Angeles is a little like Chicago, though I know of no St. Louis to set up for its rival. Everybody knows that it is the largest city of the South, and I really think there are over twelve thousand people in it. There is not a more busy, rapidly-growing place to be found in the State; it has handsome public

If any of my readers should contemplate a visit to Los Angeles in the near future, let them climb the steep hill rising almost opposite the Plaza, and not many blocks away from the liveliest part of the city. It has been improved so as to afford pleasant drives and walks, and when I was last there they had promised to have flower-beds,

rustic seats, and shade trees set out. But whether the rustic seats and the shade-trees ever took root or not, go there, by all means; the view you

vation, till I had invested a large share of available funds in procuring horse and carriage.

Then I drove straightway out to the Mission of

ONE OF THE "ANGELS."



enjoy will make you forget fatigue and tired feet, and many other ills of life. It made me forget that I was anything but a Cræsus, and my soul could find no rest, after descending from this ele-

San Gabriel, where the dingy-white church-walls beckoned to me from afar, as to one whose loving admiration was confidently looked for. And I threw myself down by the showy altar, and clasped

my hands on its railing with all the fervor the most devout Catholic could exact; for the old bells rang out their faint, sweet chimes just then, and through the wide-open door my glance rested on graceful, waving palms, and on fig and olive trees shading a venerable, half-rimmed *casa*; and beyond vineyard and wheatfield I saw the slumbering mountains, over which hung light, sun-kissed fog-clouds from the distant sea. *Sursum corda; Laus tibi Deo!* Faithful Catholic or sturdy Protestant, it matters not, we all pray to the same God, we all bear the same cross, even though many of us refuse to press it to our rebellious lips; and we can all afford to pay some little tribute to the memory of the zealous men who sleep in the church-yard here, who were the pioneers to the country, who taught us that it would yield wine and corn in abundance, and who unselfishly planted palm-trees which they knew would never bear fruit for them or their children. For they were the "Mission Fathers," the Franciscan Friars of the Convent of San Fernando, in the City of Mexico, and they knew, when they planted the palm, that they would not gather the dates it might bear full three decades later.

The first time I visited the Mission, nearly ten years ago, I remember seeing large plots of land, dotted with groups of bananas, pomegranates, and stately olive-trees swaying over all, looking like a grand old garden, as it was, and not a bit of fence, not a hut or a house to denote that it had ever been tended or claimed since the old *padres* were dispossessed of their places and their power (1832). Since then a great change has come over the Mission-grounds, and hedges and fences for miles around indicate that there is not an acre left without a careful master. But just these marks and traces of an older cultivation give so indescribable a charm to the country. Olives (grand, royal trees now) that the Mission Fathers watched over tenderly when they set them out a hundred years ago; grape-vines which are at least the next descendants of those which were planted at the same time; pepper-trees, large as the oldest willow we can find about Washington City, and very much resembling them in gracefulness and general outline—all these shed around them a glory that must be seen to be fully understood.

Six miles square was the space covered by the original Mission-grounds, and clustered about the

church, within range of half a mile, are still many of the original buildings, some of them in ruins, and serving only to lend picturesqueness to the scene; others with the tiles still covering the adobe walls in a state of preservation to afford precarious shelter only in case of need. And after having given full credit to the Fathers for their energy, their perseverance, and their pious zeal, let us not withhold our meed of praise from the children of these missions,—the native Indians driven to the folds of Christianity, and rendering excellent service in plodding and delving, in building churches, and tending the cattle-herds that each Mission possessed. True, the *padres* could not succeed in making intelligent citizens of them, and after the Mission system had been abolished as having outlived its usefulness, the Indians proved a scourge to the country till they in time had been abolished; yet they were the first tillers of the soil, and the monuments they built to themselves have not yet crumbled to decay.

As I said, six miles square was cultivated originally by the Mission San Gabriel; and far beyond, at the present time, is a bit of earthly paradise that has no rival in any part of the world I have ever visited. Men such as Rose, Wilson, Baldwin, Stoneman, names that need neither prefix nor title to be recognized, have proved themselves worthy of the heritage the prudent Mission Fathers left. Not that the "heritage" is like the Word of God preached to sinners, "without money and without price": they paid good, big figures for every acre they own; but I mean that they improved understandingly on what the *padres* had commenced.

On the ranch of one of these gentlemen is an avenue of orange-trees, one-half mile in length, aside from his regularly set-out orange-orchard. There are pomegranates there that cover acres upon acres with their bright scarlet blossoms, and furnishing thousands of pounds of fruit for the market. Our best English walnuts come from San Gabriel, also lemons and limes; and of the variety and abundance of grapes there is no end. Almost any of the ranches around San Gabriel would fill an album with picturesque and interesting views; and over all these scenes we must fancy an ever-blue sky, with a faint haze in the distance, that softens the harder outlines of the mountains, and hangs like a half-forgotten dream over the harsh reality of dusty roads and mud-wall *casas*.

THE UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.



What a charm there is in entering the cool shadows of an orange-grove! The trees, still laden with some of last year's fruit, half hidden in dark-green, glossy leaves, are already sending

forth their promises of next year's crop in snowy, fragrant blossoms, while a few forward oranges, half-grown and obtrusive, attract one's attention and curiosity more than the full-ripe fruit which one can see any day in the market.

Of course, orange-groves do not spring spontaneously out of the earth: it takes some labor and a great deal of irrigation—for which the San Gabriel River furnishes the means—to make an orange-orchard grow. But after the crop is once attained, all the fruit-grower has to do is to box them and ship them for market. It is different with the grapes he raises, and of which only a small share is shipped for sale. The making of wine is a lengthy process, a full and interesting description of which can be found in "Hittel's Resources of California," pages 251-258. Some of the wine-cellarers I have visited; but must acknowledge my ignorance of the method of manipulating the olive for gaining oil. I remember examining the ancient oil-press at one of the Missions one day; but the modern institution I neglected to interview. Indeed, I think they are better pickled, anyhow; when I was in Los Angeles last I devoured bushels of them, just out of the brine; and when I went away, there were untold millions of them still left.

And that reminds me of the honey I tasted there. Honey, I believe, is not generally considered either grain or fruit, and it sounds odd, at first, to hear people speak of a bee-ranch. There are several of them in the vicinity of the Mission, yielding excellent honey for the table

and equally good profit for the "bee-rancher." But don't you think "the bee-hive of our fathers" was a great deal prettier to look at than the ugly, square practical boxes that are ranged in long rows over any available part of the ranch?

Many of the grapes grown here are dried for raisins; and the figs, too, are sent to market both fresh and dried. I don't think the old bapana-trees bear any at all now, though I hear that preparations are making to resume the culture of this fruit also for the market.

To me, I must confess, all these trees, young and old, have much more value for the beauty they lend to the surroundings than for the product they furnish for the market; and with all my fondness for pickled olives and juicy oranges, it gives me a pang to see the trees despoiled of their fruit. But progress and commerce often clash with beauty and romance, and half the charm of the Mission of San Gabriel has, in my eyes, departed, since the track of the Southern Pacific was laid within two hundred yards of the old Mission church, and the trains come regularly, screaming and rushing through the classic shades of these old grounds. Still, be where I may, the fragrance of the orange scents the air, and the tinkling of the mission-bells, perched high on dusk-white, crumbling walls, steals faintly on me when I hear the words, "Los Angeles!"

[NOTE.—The illustrations appearing on pages 3, 5, 7, 8, 9, 11, and 15 of this article were kindly furnished us by the Messrs. Carter & Rice, of the *Semi-Tropic*, Los Angeles, both gentlemen of culture great enterprise, and business activity.—J. C.]

THE WATCHER.

BY HARRIET N. SMITH.

BEHIND the blind a woman sits and waits,
Beautiful her face with hope and joy elate;
Soft, silken robes fall shimmering to the floor,
Fair neck and arms bright jewels flashing o'er.
And in the midnight of her wavy hair
Nestles one pure white blossom, odorous, rare.
So waiting happiness, affection, lover,
Behind the blind impatiently she hovers.

Another watcher, haggard with affright,
Crouches by broken pane, and waits to-night.

Oh, not in hope and joy, but wild with fear,
A coming step and voice she dreads to hear.
Raiment of rags! no jewels costly, rare,
Clasp shrunken neck or arms; the fallen hair
All lustreless. Wide eyes intently peer
Into the night; a stealthy step so near,
Crouched in the dark, alone, with bated breath,—
A swift and cruel blow,—she waited—death.
Only ten years! Oh, strange and dreadful thing,
That they to her such woeful change should bring!

CHRISTMAS ROSES.

By ELLA F. MOSBY.



“SHURE, Mavourneen, it will break my ould heart!”

“But what troubles you, Ailie?” said a silvery, flute-like voice, and a young girl sprang up eagerly from the deep recess of a window-seat, and came forward into the bright circle of fire-light that

illuminated the twilight shadows of the rest of the large room.

"It's my boy, Miss Rose; it's Coleen, and shure there never was a better boy, nor a warmer-hearted one, nor kinder to the childer, though his was always severe with him since he was a gossoon, not so high as my youngest is now." And the untidy, handsome old Irish woman, with her weather-beaten face, but quick, bright glance and flexible mouth, began to weep.

"But, Ailie," said the young girl, with a sympathetic tone, taking one of the old withered hands coaxingly in her own plump and dimpled one, "you have not told us yet what is the matter with Coleen? I know he is a good boy; he was always so kind to my lame spaniel when the big dog at the lodge hurt him, and so good to my ponies."

"I thought Coleen had a tip-top place with Captain Douglas, of the Forty-third," said another voice behind the heavy red curtain, and Ailie, turning around with a quick ejaculation and a start, saw a pair of legs emerging from the other window-seat, and a frank, high-spirited boy of nineteen slowly and lazily made his way to the biggest arm-chair in the room.

"It's Master Harry, then, my darlint; and how you startled me, looking so tall and grown, and me not caring to have a stranger hear my heart's trouble. But you are welcome to know it; for though it's myself that knows you and Miss Rose never had a thought that wasn't kindness to my poor boy and me, and blame you I never would, it's from your lightheartedness—and may your dear hearts never grow heavier!—that my Coleen is going to be turned away."

"Oh, no, Ailie, it can't be!" exclaimed Rose, in distressed surprise.

"Pshaw! Ailie, that's nonsense," ejaculated Harry, angrily. "Captain Douglas doesn't know either of us at all, and how could we have anything to do with his opinion of Coleen?"

"But, Mavourneen, it's so, for all that; for the captain is that strict, and never overlooks a careless way or delaying, and the day before yesterday, when the snow was lying thick on the ground, Captain Douglas sent Coleen to the mail with a whole package of letters, and one, Coleen marked as he took it, had a curious, foreign-looking stamp, in a big square envelope, and 'Coleen,' said the captain, speaking quick and hasty-like, 'the mail

goes out in half an hour; see that you put in these letters in time, and don't loiter on the way.'"

"Oh," cried Rose, her dark eyes growing darker with a sudden remembrance, "Harry, we met Coleen that very day in the park!"

"And we stopped him," said Harry, remorsefully. "What a row!"

"Yes, my darlint; Miss Rose called to him, so Coleen said, to ask about Shelah, and he could not but stop to see how beautiful his young lady looked on her prancing horse, with her eyes dancing under her white plume, and her pretty curls blowing in the wind; and shure I know how ye looked, my heart's beauty, as well as if I had seen ye myself."

"But, Ailie," broke in Rose, blushing, "we did not stop Coleen more than five minutes, did we, Harry?"

"No, indeed."

"But you see Coleen dropped the big letter, and he put the others all in the mail, and then he sees that is gone, and off the poor boy starts in a tremble, for he knew the captain's way, and he never finds it till near sunset in the park where the snow had been thrown over it by the hoofs of the horses, and then it's too late; and when he comes in, looking very pale and scared, 'Where have you been?' says his captain, as quiet as can be. 'Have you mailed all the letters I gave you in time?' and Coleen up and told him every word, and how the big letter was not mailed until after the hour, and the captain looked very stern, and said, 'You can leave my service to-morrow morning.' Then Coleen comes to me in the night, for he knows his father will find no excuse for him, and says he will have to emigrate to America, and it will break my heart, shure, to have the child leave me, and be the light of my ould eyes." And Ailie's tears flowed afresh.

"Well, that's hard on a fellow," said Harry, ruefully, and the tears started to Rose's eyes as she leaned her head on her little hand musingly.

"Have you seen Captain Douglas, Ailie?" began Harry.

"Oh, I have thought of a way," suddenly exclaimed Rose, her eyes sparkling with delight. "Harry, I am going to Mrs. Douglas's party Christmas eve, to-morrow night, and I will see Captain Douglas myself, and explain that it was all my fault, and intercede for Coleen. Oh, it will all be right yet, Ailie."

"Shure it will," said the old nurse, with a look of undisguised admiration at the impetuous glowing young face. "He can never refuse the rose of the world."

"Now, Ailie, don't flatter her," said Harry, laughing.

"And Master Harry himself says ye are the rose of ould Ireland, and shure that's the jewel of the wide world!"

"By the way, Captain Douglas is coming here to-night," said Harry.

"Yes, I know; but only to call on Miss Tracey, whom he knew in Edinburgh one or two years ago, and I shall not see him. Besides, I want him to see me at my first party with all the glory of my Christmas roses which Frank sent me. See, Ailie, aren't they beauties?" And she lifted from a Bohemian glass vase some sprays of exquisite roses and buds, creamy-tinted, with a heart of gold and faint pink, from which a delicious fragrance floated out into the room, and laid them against her shining brown hair. "I don't think even Captain Douglas could resist me now," she said, with a little laugh of merriment at Harry's look of superb disdain and disgusted exclamation of "the insatiate vanity of girls."

Just as she spoke, the servant came in with lights, and through the door left open for a few minutes a handsome young officer was seen standing in the hall. He had a full view of Rose, and must have heard her boast, she was sure, for a smile, half-amused, half-wondering, shone in his blue eyes, as she looked, startled, in his face. Then the hall-door shut.

"James, was that Captain Douglas?" she asked, in a subdued tone.

"Yes, miss; he has just been to see Miss Tracey."

Rose's feelings were those of the keenest mortification; but Harry had not overheard her question or the answer, and as his back was turned to the door, had not seen the young officer's appearance, so Rose congratulated herself on having at least escaped his teasing, though in her secret heart she thought even that could scarcely have made her feel more ashamed of her silly vanity.

Ailie, however, departed with bright hopes; and if Harry noticed the sudden meekness of his cousin's manner, and the unwonted mildness of her replies, he probably ascribed it all to the proverbial caprice of women, or as he himself ex-

pressed it, "Girls are so curious; there's no knowing where you'll find them the next minute."

When Christmas eve came, Rose was too happy with the delicious excitement of her first party, the contrast between the drive through the hush and whiteness of the soft-falling snow in the streets, and the bright lights and fragrance from the flower-decorated rooms, the joyous beat of the music, and the gay faces around her, to remember her past mortification.

But even at the height of her enjoyment she did not forget Ailie's trouble, and stood her ground bravely, although a deep flush suffused her cheeks when Mrs. Douglas brought her son to present him to her young favorite, and he requested her hand for the next dance.

"I will give it to you with special pleasure, Captain Douglas," she added, with a winning smile.

He made a low bow of acknowledgement, but looked surprised, as well as amused.

"I have a reason for it, which I will tell you after our dance," for the band had begun playing.

Captain Douglas danced well. He had both grace and lightness of movement, and a beautiful figure, which appeared to special advantage in motion.

He was not a handsome man, although his flexible features and the light and spirit in his eyes often gained him that epithet. In repose his face was haughty, and perhaps stern, but his friends thought that few countenances expressed kindness, sympathy, interest, more fully than his. He was a charming conversationalist, and as some of Rose's acquaintances, who were also friends of his, came up after the dance ended, and fell into a light, sparkling vein of badinage and repartee, Rose was delighted by his quick, fresh retorts, and the play of expression on his speaking features.

Another partner came to claim Rose, and she was sorry to have so sudden an interruption to their talk. But this was an old friend of Arthur's, her brother, who was in India, and Rose was eager to hear how he liked the service there, and whether his health stood the climate.

"Yes, indeed; he looks ten times better than the other officers. He has such a bright temper; he does not wear himself away in lounging and laziness, like the others. By the way, he told me that perhaps his little sister might come out to

him next year. Is that you, or has he another sister?"

"You don't consider me his 'little sister?'" said Rose, laughing, and holding erect her pretty head. "Yes, Arthur and his wife wanted me this year, but," with a sigh, "I did so hate to leave my Irish home and kindred, that my Aunt pleaded my education in my behalf, and kept me in Dublin another year."

"We hope you will learn to love India when you come. Arthur likes the country, and his wife is enthusiastic," said her companion, with an admiring glance at her fresh face and bright eyes.

"But I have another hope yet. Perhaps there may be no one under whose charge to send me next year," pursued Rose, earnestly.

"I am sorry you will think it a disappointment," laughed her partner; "but my sister goes out to India next year, and Arthur has already asked her to act as your *chaperone*."

Rose's face wore an unfeigned look of regret, then it brightened.

"After all, I will have friends in India, and I dare say I shall be very happy; but, Captain Haughton, I warn you I shall always love Ireland best."

Another and another waltz succeeded, and Rose did not see Captain Douglas again until the latter part of the evening, when he came to ask her to look at the conservatories with him.

"Then you can tell me your especial reason, as you promised," he said, with a smile.

The soft splashing of a fountain drew them in its direction, and in a shaded corner, hidden by orange-trees and roses, Captain Douglas found a seat.

Rose was a little frightened, but plunged at once into her explanation.

"You have a servant, Captain Douglas, named Coleen, whose mother is my old nurse,—my foster-mother, as the Irish say,—and I hear that you have dismissed him on my account; at least," growing more and more confused as Captain Douglas's dark eyes were fixed on her in amazement, "it was my fault."

"But how is that possible?" he exclaimed; "and what has Coleen to do with your dancing with me?"

"Only this, that I wished to have an opportunity to speak to you, and beg you to take Coleen back. Oh," said Rose, eagerly, not noticing the

expression of vexation on her partner's face at this frank avowal of her motive, "if you could only have seen poor Ailie, his mother, last night! She is so distressed because his father is so strict with Coleen; he won't listen to any excuse or even let him come home. She came to tell me last night that it was my calling Coleen to me in the park that was the cause of his dropping your letter, and I promised her to ask you to forgive Coleen; that is what I was saying when the hall-door opened last night, and you heard what you must have thought a very foolish speech, Captain Douglas," blushing vividly at the remembrance.

Captain Douglas smiled. "But, Miss Grayson, I do not think you are right in blaming yourself for Coleen's carelessness. It is very kind of you to take such an interest in him, but your explanation does not exonerate his conduct."

Rose looked distressed, then suddenly spoke in a pleading tone: "But it is his first offense; and, on Christmas eve, don't you think, Captain Douglas, we ought to forgive in memory of" (her voice faltered, and her eyes filled, but she went on) "what was done for us once?"

He looked at her earnestly, with an expression almost of reverence in his shining blue eyes.

She believed he was going to yield, but his first words sent a chill to her heart.

"I cannot forgive Coleen, or reinstate him, although you have pleaded his cause so eloquently, because——"

Rose sprang to her feet, and the indignant light flashed in her eyes.

"Very well, sir; if you can be so hard, so unmerciful, I will plead no more. I hope that others may deal more kindly than you have done, with your errors. I would rather be Coleen, poor, ignorant, careless boy as he is, than you!" And as she turned away, ignoring his outstretched hand and attempt to speak, she saw Harry approaching to tell her it was time to leave, and, without another glance at Captain Douglas, she put her hand in his arm and left the room.

The next morning the first voice that greeted her ears was Ailie's, begging to be admitted.

"Poor Ailie! I have nothing but disappointment for her, and on Christmas day!" And she looked toward the opening door, dreading to break the news to her, but to her great surprise Ailie came in beaming with delight.

"May it be a bright Christmas to my young

darling this morning that she has made so bright to my poor heart. Oh, but it's myself that has a thankful mind this day!"

Rose looked at her questioningly.

"Have you seen Coleen to-day?"

"Yes; by the top of the morning he came to tell the good news. Captain Douglas sent him before he even went to the party to say he would forgive him, in consideration of its being the first time, and he talked so kindly that Coleen says he is sure he will never forget any more. He would go through fire and water for his master, my boy would."

"But you must not thank me for it, Ailie, for it was Captain Douglas's own kindness; I only saw him at the party after he had taken Coleen back."

But Ailie could not be convinced that her petted nursing had not been the real source of her happiness, and departed showering blessings on her head.

"How unjust, how unkind I was!"

thought Rose, sorrowfully. "Could I not have waited until he finished speaking? He meant to tell me he could not forgive Coleen now, because



"DON'T YOU THINK, CAPTAIN DOUGLAS, WE OUGHT TO FORGIVE?"

he had already done so. Oh, how impatient and rude I was!"

A faint hope remained that she might yet see

Captain Douglas, and apologize for her hasty words; but it happened that, although she often saw his light form among the riders in the park, they were never near enough to speak; and at the different festivities they attended he made no attempt to renew their acquaintance.

The next week Harry told her that his regiment had been ordered away.

"By the way, your acquaintance with Captain Douglas did not seem to progress, Rosie, after the first ball. How was that?"

"Probably he did not care to continue it," she replied, carelessly, but with a crimson color deepening in her face.

"After all your threats of conquest too—and your Christmas roses! Oh, Rosie, Rosie, I am sorry for you!" And he laughed teasingly.

It is again the day before Christmas, but Rose Grayson stands in a far-off land. No snow falls through the hushed air. No wind, cold from the frozen rivers and snow-covered fields over which it has passed in its long journeying, sweeps whistling by. There is the bright glare of Indian sunshine, and the atmosphere has been hot and heavy all day. From the long veranda of the white bungalow her eyes rested on the far range of the Ghaut Mountains, ridge rising over ridge and peak over peak in picturesque confusion, and in the foreground lay green valleys covered with vivid rice fields, orchards, and garden-plots, and little houses shaded by the tall, fan-like plantain. A mist is in the air on the right, and a muffled sound as of "many waters" comes from the great waterfall that rushes down through tangled tropical forest-lands and cliffs bright with myriad-colored vines to the plains below. The drowsy sound of falling waters carries her thoughts with their own monotonous undertone far off, crossing the great sea, back to her old home in Ireland.

Christmas is so peculiarly the season of remembrance, when dear voices, long since hushed, vibrate again to our inner hearing with old familiar tones, when long-dead faces smile again, and footsteps, now quiet forever, seem to ring along corridor and stairway. Though all else was so different in this foreign land, the white clouds that drifted lazily overhead might be alike floating in a serene heaven over the distant graves on the barren hills of the home country. Rose's aunt and one of her little cousins had died in the year

that intervened between her last Christmas and this, and she could almost see in recollection the still churchyard, and hear the solemn but soothing sound of the church-bells mingling with the actual roar of the near waters, when her reverie was broken by a soft touch of a hand on her arm, and Leonora, Arthur's wife, spoke gently:

"You must not grow homesick, Rose, in Arthur's house. You have only been here a little while yet, but next Christmas I am sure you will love this beautiful country as we do."

"Oh, yes," said Rose, smiling brightly, "I like it already, and, of course, I am happy in being with Arthur and you."

"I believe you have met most of the guests who will be here to-morrow to keep a 'Merry Christmas' with us; but the most delightful of all comes this evening to dinner with Arthur. He is a great friend of ours, although he has only been in India six months, and is a hero among us all for his behavior in the K—— Pass. If it had not been for his gallantry on that day, Arthur says, very few would have escaped alive." And the young wife's eyes darkened at the thought.

"But who is he?" asked Rose.

"Did I not tell you? Yonder he is now, with Arthur. Captain Douglas, of the Forty-third."

Rose's cheeks gained a sudden accession of color as the group of gentlemen, appearing on the winding road, approached the veranda. Captain Douglas made no remark on their previous acquaintance, but a look of quick recognition in his frank blue eyes showed Rose that he had not forgotten.

He conducted Rose to dinner, but there were several old officers there, and when they began discussing the old army experiences and narrated dangers in hunting and in lonely jungles or on mountain passes, Arthur drew Captain Douglas into the general conversation.

Rose was very glad of an opportunity to be silent, and to hear her companion's dramatic recital of some odd or humorous adventure which delighted the crowd, and to watch the kindling fire in his eyes as the talk touched on more serious matters.

The next day the Christmas morning was celebrated by the house being wreathed with bright-colored flowers and tropical sprays of leaves until everywhere looked like a scene in fairyland. All the Indian servants were radiant with their gifts,

and adorned themselves with brilliant handkerchiefs and ribbons and long earrings.

After breakfast was over, Leonora proposed that some of the party should walk to the glen of roses, where a most exquisite view of the great waterfall could be obtained.

"Captain Douglas and Rose are new-comers. I am sure their energy will carry them thither; but I suspect only a few of us older residents will care for climbing."

The party did prove a small one, and by the time they reached the opening of the glen, Captain Douglas and Rose found they had unconsciously distanced the rest of the company. But the scene that lay before their eyes would have repaid them for any exertion. Along the shadowy path which ran down a rocky glen grew ferns and brilliant orchids, over which floated crowds of bright-winged butterflies. Overhead large flocks of pigeons were continually winging their airy flight. Through the thick glossy leaves of the trees glimpses could be seen of the foam and spray of the falling water, and the wild roses blooming in wild luxuriance over the huge boulders were wet with the water-drops.

But farther down, in sunny stillness, spread the great pool into which the falling water fell like a column of white foam with a glistening rain of glittering spray around. High up in the shelving rocks grew clusters of blood-red flowers far out of

reach of mortal hands, and in mid air, as the slanting sunbeams struck the falling waters, bowered and gleamed mystical rainbows. At first the



"I WILL REFUSE AS YOU DID, BECAUSE I HAD LONG AGO FORGIVEN YOU."

whole air seemed full of the moaning and lamenting of the waves, broken by a sudden tinkling of rejoicing streams below, and the two stood speechless with wonder and admiration.

"How beautiful it is!" at last exclaimed Rose,

in a whisper; "I never dreamed of such a place before. It is like a home where the old gods might take refuge from their ruined temples."

"There is but one thing here that looks familiar," answered Captain Douglas, with a smile that lighted his whole face: "these roses, Christmas roses." And he broke off a lovely spray, wet with the falling dew, and laid them in her hand. "By the way," he continued, looking at her with a mixture of embarrassment and pleasure, "do you remember Cöleen? But I am sure you do not forget—he is with me now, and an honest, warm-hearted lad he is."

"Oh, Captain Douglas," interrupted Rose, impetuously, "you don't know how sorry I was afterward."

"Were you? I was very sorry," penitently; "I ought to have made my meaning clearer at once; but my apparent refusal was only a jest. I thought you would have waited——"

"I ought to have done so," said Rose; "I was very rude."

"No, it was my fault, and I was so ashamed I did not venture to come near you the whole week. You had been so very indignant with me, you quite made me envy Coleen, I assure you. I meant to employ an intercessor in my mother, but I was ordered away so soon."

"And I wanted to apologize all the while," said Rose, smiling archly. "There was no need

for you to fear; you would have found me very penitent."

"You know you told me that this blessed Christmas season was a time when all offenses should be forgiven and forgotten, when old quarrels should end and new friendships begin. Shall I think you have pardoned my foolish jest?"

The very inopportune arrival of Major McLaughlin and his wife, and two sisters-in-law, with one or two subalterns, interrupted the conversation, and on their return they were to dress for dinner.

All the Christmas customs were duly observed, although the roast beef, and the whole pig with a spray of flowers in its mouth, the plum-pudding enveloped in blue flames, looked oddly, borne in the hands of natives, while every window and door was open, and large fans were perpetually in motion.

The company very quickly adjourned to the verandas and parlors for music and dancing. Captain Douglas found an opportunity to ask for an answer to his question while Rose and himself were standing together in the shadowy veranda, with the music floating through the open shutters. She looked up with a lovely smile on her lips and in her eyes:

"I will refuse as you did, because I had long ago forgiven you."

"I need scarcely add that by next Christmas, Rose, as Mrs. Douglas, was as contented with her new country as Leonora desired.

A SONG OF WINTER.

By J. H. TEMPLE.

OLD Winter is here
With his scanty cheer,
His generous nights and stingy days;
And the murky sky
Looks down from on high,
Hiding the sun from our hungry gaze.
Death's ice-clad fingers
Kill all that lingers
Of Summer's verdure 'mid Winter's gloom;
And lake and river,
Too chill to shiver,
Lie stiff and stark in their crystal tomb.
The snow is falling,
The storm-winds calling
All Nature to yield her parting break;
All life suspended,
All beauty ended,
The ghastly landscape lies white in death.

All Nature is dead,
All her songsters fled,
And silence reigns in the forest shade;
The year is dying,
The winds are sighing
His dirge of death; and his grave is made.
But while he's going,
Old Time is flowing,
And the New Year dons its festal robe;
When his life dies out,
It will rise and shout,
Till its voice rings round the circling globe:
"I'm hurrying on
Through darkness and dawn,—
My grave is made ere my life's begun;
I am thine to use,
I am thine to lose,—
Moment by moment I'm lost or won?"

THE PAVILION ON THE LINKS.

By R. L. S.

CHAPTER VI.—(CONTINUED.)

I COULD not help shuddering at the mention of the quicksand, but reminded Northmour that our enemies had spared me in the wood.

"Do not flatter yourself," said he. "Then you were not in the same boat with the old gentleman; now you are. It's the floe for all of us, mark my words."

I trembled for your mother; and just then her dear voice was heard calling us to come up-stairs. Northmour showed me the way, and, when he had reached the landing, knocked at the door of what used to be called *My Uncle's Bedroom*, as the founder of the pavilion had designed it especially for himself.

"Come in, Northmour; come in, dear Mr. Cassilis," said a voice from within.

Pushing open the door, Northmour admitted me before him into the apartment. As I came in I could see your mother slipping out by the side door into the study, which had been prepared as her bedroom. In the bed, which was drawn back against the wall, instead of standing, as I had last seen it, boldly across the window, sat, my dear children, your grandfather, Bernard Huddlestone, the defaulting banker. Little as I had seen of him by the shifting light of the lantern on the links, I had no difficulty in recognizing him for the same. He had a long—long and sallow—countenance, surrounded by a long red beard and side-whiskers. His broken nose and high cheek-bones gave him somewhat the air of a Kalmuck, and his light eyes shone with the excitement of a high fever. He wore a skull-cap of black silk; a huge Bible lay open before him on the bed, with a pair of gold spectacles in the place, and a pile of other books lay on the stand by his side. The green curtains lent a cadaverous shade to his cheek; and, as he sat propped on pillows, his great stature was painfully hunched, and his head protruded till it overhung his knees. I believe if your grandfather had not died otherwise, he must have fallen a victim to consumption in the course of but a very few weeks.

He held out to me a hand, long, thin, and disagreeably hairy.

"Come in, come in, Mr. Cassilis," said he. "Another protector—ahem!—another protector. Always welcome as a friend of my daughter's, Mr. Cassilis. How they have rallied about me, my daughter's friends! May God in heaven bless and reward them for it."

I gave him my hand, of course, because I could not help it; but the sympathy I had been prepared to feel for your mother's father was immediately soured by his appearance, and the wheedling, unreal tones in which he spoke.

"Cassilis is a good man," said Northmour; "worth ten."

"So I hear," cried Mr. Huddlestone, eagerly; "so my girl tells me. Ah, Mr. Cassilis, my sin has found me out, you see! I am very low, very low; but I hope equally penitent. These are all devotional works," he added, indicating the books by which he was surrounded. "We must all come to the throne of grace at last, Mr. Cassilis. For my part, I come late indeed; but with unfeigned humility, I trust."

"Fiddle-de-dee!" said Northmour, roughly.

"No, no, dear Northmour!" cried the banker. "You must not say that; you must not try to shake me. You forget, my dear, good boy, you forget I may be called this very night before my Maker."

His excitement was pitiful to behold; and I felt myself grow indignant with Northmour, whose infidel opinions I well knew, and heartily dreaded, as he continued to taunt the poor sinner out of his humor of repentance.

"Pooh, my dear Huddlestone," said he; "you do yourself injustice. You are a man of the world inside and out, and were up to all kinds of mischief before I was born. Your conscience is tanned like South American leather—only you forgot to tan your liver, and that, if you will believe me, is the seat of the annoyance."

"Rogue, rogue! bad boy!" said Mr. Huddlestone, shaking his finger. "I am no precisian, if you come to that; I always hated a precisian; but I never lost hold of something better through it all. I have been a bad boy, Mr. Cassilis; I do not seek to deny that; but it was after my wife's

death, and you know with a widower it's a different thing; sinful—I won't say no; but there is a gradation, we shall hope. And talking of that—Hark!" he broke out suddenly, his hand raised, his fingers spread, his face racked with interest and terror. "Only the rain, bless God!" he added, after a pause, and with indescribable relief. "Well, as I was saying—ah! yes, Northmour, is that girl away?" looking round the curtain for your mother—"yes; I just remembered a capital one."

And leaning forward in bed, he told a story of a description with which, I am happy to say, I have never sullied my lips, and which, in his present danger and surrounded as he was with religious reading, filled me with indignation and disgust. Perhaps, my dear children, you have sometimes, when your mother was not by to mitigate my severity, found me narrow and hard in discipline; I must own I have always been a martinet in matters of decorum, and I have sometimes repented the harshness with which I reprov'd your unhappy grandfather upon this occasion. I will not repeat even the drift of what I said; but I reminded him, perhaps cruelly, of the horrors of his situation. Northmour burst out laughing, and cut a joke at the expense, as I considered, of politeness, decency, and reverence alike. We might readily have quarreled then and there; but Mr. Huddlestone interposed with a severe reproof to Northmour for his levity.

"The boy is right," he said. "I am an unhappy sinner, and you but a half friend to encourage me in evil."

And with great fluency and unction he put up a short extempore prayer, at which, coming so suddenly after his anecdote, I confess I knew not where to look. Then said he: "Let us sing a hymn together, Mr. Cassilis. I have one here which my mother taught me a great, great many years ago, you may imagine. You will find it very touching, and quite spiritual."

"Look here," broke in Northmour; "if this is going to become a prayer-meeting, I am off. Sing a hymn, indeed! What next? Go out and take a little airing on the beach, I suppose? or in the wood, where it's thick, and a man can get near enough for the stiletto? I wonder at you, Huddlestone! and I wonder at you, too, Cassilis! Ass as you are, you might have better sense than that."

Roughly as he expressed himself, I could not

but admit that Northmour's protest was grounded upon common sense; and I have myself, all my life long, had little taste for singing hymns except in church. I was, therefore, the more willing to turn the talk upon the business of the hour.

"One question, sir," said I to Mr. Huddlestone. "Is it true that you have money with you?"

He seemed annoyed by the question, but admitted with reluctance that he had a little.

"Well," I continued, "it is their money they are after, is it not? Why not give it up to them?"

"Ah!" replied he, shaking his head, "I have tried that already, Mr. Cassilis; and alas! that it should be so, but it is blood they want."

"Huddlestone, that's a little less than fair," said Northmour. "You should mention that what you offered them was upward of two hundred thousand short. The deficit is worth a reference; it is for what they call a cool sum, Frank. Then, you see, the fellows reason in their clear Italian way; and it seems to them, as indeed it seems to me, that they may just as well have both while they're about it—money and blood together, by George, and no more trouble for the extra pleasure."

"Is it in the pavilion?" I asked.

"It is; and I wish it were in the bottom of the sea instead," said Northmour; and then suddenly, "What are you making faces at me for?" he cried to Mr. Huddlestone, on whom I had unconsciously turned my back. "Do you think Cassilis would sell you?"

Mr. Huddlestone protested that nothing had been further from his mind.

"It is a good thing," retorted Northmour, in his ugliest manner. "You might end by wearying us. What were you going to say?" he added, turning to me.

"I was going to propose an occupation for the afternoon," said I. "Let us carry that money out, piece by piece, and lay it down before the pavilion door. If the *Carbonari* come, why, it's theirs, at any rate."

"No, no," cried Mr. Huddlestone; "it does not, it cannot, belong to them! It should be distributed *pro rata* among all my creditors."

"Come, now, Huddlestone," said Northmour, "none of that."

"Well, but my daughter," moaned the wretched man.

"Your daughter will do well enough. Here are two suitors, Cassilis and I, neither of us beggars, between whom she has to choose. And as for myself, to make an end of arguments, you have no right to a farthing, and, unless I'm much mistaken, you are going to die."

It was certainly very cruelly said; but Mr. Huddlestone was a man who attracted little sympathy; and, although I saw him wince and shudder, I mentally endorsed the rebuke; nay, I added a contribution of my own.

"Northmour and I," I said, "are willing enough to help you to save your life, but not to escape with stolen property."

He struggled for awhile with himself, as though he were on the point of giving way to anger, but prudence had the best of the controversy.

"My dear boys," he said, "do with me or my money what you will. I leave all in your hands. Let me compose myself."

And so we left him, gladly enough, I am sure. The last that I saw, he had once more taken up his great Bible, and was adjusting his spectacles to read. Of all the men it was ever my fortune to know, your grandfather has left the most bewildering impression on my mind; but I have no fancy to judge where I am conscious that I do not understand.

CHAPTER VII.—TELLS HOW A WORD WAS CRIED
THROUGH THE PAVILION WINDOW.

THE recollection of that afternoon will always be graven on my mind. Northmour and I were persuaded that an attack was imminent; and if it had been in our power to alter in any way the order of events, that power would have been used to precipitate rather than delay the critical moment. The worst was to be anticipated; yet we could conceive no extremity so miserable as the suspense we were now suffering. I have never been an eager, though always a great, reader; but I never knew books so insipid as those which I took up and cast aside that afternoon in the pavilion. Even talk became impossible, as the hours went on. One or other was always listening for some sound, or peering from an up-stairs window over the links. And yet not a sign indicated the presence of our foes.

We debated over and over again my proposal with regard to the money; and had we been in complete possession of our faculties, I think we

should have condemned it as unwise; but we were flustered with alarm, grasped at a straw, and determined, although it was as much as advertising Mr. Huddlestone's presence in the pavilion, to carry my proposal into effect.

The sum was part in specie, part in bank paper, and part in circular notes, payable to the name of James Gregory. We took it out, counted it, enclosed it once more in a dispatch-box belonging to Northmour, and prepared a letter in Italian which we tied to the handle. It was signed by both of us under oath, and declared that this was all the money which escaped the failure of the house of Huddlestone. This was, perhaps, the maddest action ever perpetrated by two persons professing to be sane. Had the dispatch-box fallen into other hands than those for which it was intended, we stood criminally convicted on our own written testimony; but, as I have said, we were neither of us in a condition to judge soberly, and had a thirst for action that drove us to do something, right or wrong, rather than endure the agony of waiting. Moreover, as we were both convinced that the hollows of the links were alive with hidden spies upon our movements, we hoped that our appearance with the box might lead to a parley, and, perhaps, a compromise.

It was nearly three when we issued from the pavilion. The rain had taken off; the sun shone quite cheerfully. I have never seen the gulls fly so close about the house or approach so fearlessly to human beings. On the very doorstep one flapped heavily past our heads, and uttered its wild cry in my very ear.

"There is an omen for you," said Northmour, who, like all freethinkers, was much under the influence of superstition. "They think we are already dead."

I made some slight rejoinder, but it was with half my heart; for the circumstance had impressed me.

A yard or two before the gate, on a path of smooth turf, we set down the dispatch-box, and Northmour waved a white handkerchief over his head. Nothing replied. We raised our voices, and cried aloud in Italian that we were there as ambassadors to arrange the quarrel; but the stillness remained unbroken, save by the seagulls and the surf. I had a weight at my heart when we desisted; and I saw that even Northmour was unusually pale. He looked over his shoulder

nervously, as though he feared that some one had crept between him and the pavilion door.

"By God," he said, in a whisper, "this is too much for me!"

I replied, in the same key: "Suppose there should be none, after all?"

"Look there," he returned, nodding with his head, as though he had been afraid to point.

I glanced in the direction indicated; and there, from the northern quarter of the sea-wood, beheld a thin column of smoke rising steadily against the now cloudless sky.

"Northmour," I said (we still continued to talk in whispers), "it is not possible to endure this suspense. I prefer death fifty times over. Stay you here to watch the pavilion; I will go forward and make sure, if I have to walk right into their camp."

He looked once again all round him with puckered eyes, and then nodded assentingly to my proposal.

My heart beat like a sledge-hammer as I set out walking rapidly in the direction of the smoke; and, though up to that moment I had felt chill and shivering, I was suddenly conscious of a glow of heat all over my body. The ground in this direction was very uneven; a hundred men might have lain hidden in as many square yards about my path. But I had not practiced the business in vain, chose such routes as cut at the very root of concealment, and by keeping along the most convenient ridges, commanded several hollows at a time. It was not long before I was rewarded for my caution. Coming suddenly on to a mound somewhat more elevated than the surrounding hummocks, I saw, not thirty yards away, a man bent almost double, and running as fast as his attitude permitted, along the bottom of a gully. I had dislodged one of the spies from his ambush. As soon as I sighted him, I called loudly both in English and Italian; and he, seeing concealment was no longer possible, straightened himself out, leaped from the gully, and made off as straight as an arrow for the borders of the wood.

It was none of my business to pursue; I had learned what I wanted—that we were beleaguered and watched in the pavilion; and I returned at once, walking as nearly as possible in my old footsteps, to where Northmour awaited me beside the dispatch-box. He was even paler than when I had left him, and his voice shook a little.

"Could you see what he was like?" he asked.

"He kept his back turned," I replied.

"Let us get into the house, Frank. I don't think I'm a coward, but I can stand no more of this," he whispered.

All was still and sunshiny about the pavilion as we turned to re-enter it; even the gulls had flown in a wider circuit, and were seen flickering along the beach and the sand-hills; and I can assure you, my dear children, that this loneliness terrified me more than a regiment under arms. It was not until the door was barricaded that I could draw a full inspiration and relieve the weight that lay upon my bosom. Northmour and I exchanged a steady glance; and I suppose each made his own reflections on the white and startled aspect of the other.

"You were right," I said. "All is over. Shake hands, old man, for the last time."

"Yes," replied he, "I will shake hands; for, as sure as I am here, I bear no malice. But remember, if, by some impossible accident, we should give the slip to these blackguards, I'll take the upper hand of you by fair or foul."

"Oh," said I, "you weary me."

He seemed hurt, and walked away in silence to the foot of the stairs, where he paused.

"You do not understand," said he. "I am not a swindler, and I guard myself; that is all. It may weary you or not, Mr. Cassilis, I do not care a rush; I speak for my own satisfaction, and not for your amusement. You had better go upstairs and court the girl; for my part, I stay here."

"And I stay with you," I returned. "Do you think I would steal a march, even with your permission?"

"Frank," he said, smiling, "it's a pity you are an ass, for you have the makings of a man. I think I must be *fey* to-day; you cannot irritate me even when you try. Do you know," he continued, softly, "I think we are the two most miserable men in England, you and I? we have got on to thirty without wife or child, or so much as a shop to look after—poor, pitiful, lost devils, both! And now we clash about a girl! As if there were not several millions in the United Kingdom! Ah, Frank, Frank, the one who loses this throw, be it you or me, he has my pity! It were better for him—how does the Bible say?—that a millstone were hanged about his neck and he were cast into the depth of the sea. Let us

take a drink," he concluded, suddenly, but without any levity of tone.

I was touched by his words, and consented. He sat down on the table in the dining-room, and held up the glass of sherry to his eye.

"If you beat me, Frank," he said, "I shall take to drink. What will you do, if it goes the other way?"

"God knows," I returned.

"Well," said he, "here is a toast in the meantime: '*Italia irridenta*!'"

The remainder of the day was passed in the same dreadful tedium and suspense. I laid the table for dinner, while Northmour and your mother prepared the meal together in the kitchen. I could hear their talk as I went to and fro, and was surprised to find it ran all the time upon myself. Northmour again bracketed us together, and rallied your mother on a choice of husbands; but he continued to speak of me with some feeling, and uttered nothing to my prejudice unless he included himself in the condemnation. This awakened a sense of gratitude in my heart, which combined with the immediateness of our peril to fill my eyes with tears. After all, I thought—and perhaps the thought was laughably vain—we were here three very noble human beings to perish in defense of a thieving banker.

Before we sat down to table, I looked forth from an up-stairs window. The day was beginning to decline; the links were utterly deserted; the dispatch-box still lay untouched where we had left it hours before.

Mr. Huddleston, in a long, yellow dressing-gown, took one end of the table, Clara the other; while Northmour and I faced each other from the sides. The lamp was brightly trimmed; the wine was good; the viands, although mostly cold, excellent of their sort. We seemed to have agreed tacitly; all thought of the impending catastrophe was banished, and we made as merry a party of four as you would wish to see. From time to time, it is true, Northmour or I would rise from table and make a round of defenses; and, on each of these occasions, Mr. Huddleston was recalled to a sense of his tragic predicament, glanced up with ghastly eyes, and bore for an instant on his countenance the stamp of terror. But he hastened to empty his glass, wiped his forehead with his handkerchief, and joined again in the conversation.

I was astonished at the wit and information he

displayed. Your grandfather's, my dear children, was no ordinary character; he had read and observed for himself; his gifts were sound; and, though I could never have learned to love the man, I began to understand his success in business, and the great respect in which he had been held before his failure. He had, above all, the talent of society; and, though I never heard him speak but on this one and most unfavorable occasion, I set him down among the most brilliant conversationalists I ever met.

He was relating with great gusto, and seemingly no feeling of shame, the manoeuvres of a scoundrelly commission merchant whom he had known and studied in his youth, and we were all listening with an odd mixture of mirth and embarrassment, when our little party was brought abruptly to an end in the most startling manner.

A noise like that of a wet finger on the window-pane interrupted your grandfather's tale; and in an instant we were all four as white as paper, and sat tongue-tied and motionless around the table.

"A snail," I said at last; for I had heard that these animals make a noise somewhat similar in character.

"Snail be d——d!" said Northmour. "Hush!"

The same sound was repeated twice at regular intervals; and then a formidable voice shouted through the shutters the Italian word "*Traditore!*"

Mr. Huddleston threw his head in the air, his eyelids quivered; next moment he fell insensible below the table. Northmour and I had each run to the armory and seized a gun. Your mother was on her feet with her hand at her throat.

So we stood waiting, for we thought the hour of attack was certainly come; but second passed after second, and all but the surf remained silent in the neighborhood of the pavilion.

"Quick," said Northmour; "up-stairs with him before they come."

CHAPTER VIII.—TELLS THE LAST OF THE TALL MAN.

SOMEHOW or other, by hook and crook, and between the three of us, we got Bernard Huddleston bundled up-stairs and laid upon the bed in *My Uncle's Room*. During the whole process, which was rough enough, he gave no sign of consciousness, and he remained as we had thrown him, without changing the position of a finger. Your mother opened his shirt and began to wet his

head and bosom, while Northmour and I ran to the window. The weather continued clear; the moon, which was now about full, had risen and shed a very clear light upon the links; yet, strain our eyes as we might, we could distinguish nothing moving. A few dark spots, more or less, on the uneven expanse were not to be identified; they might be crouching men, they might be shadows; it was impossible to be sure.

"Thank God," said Northmour, "Aggie is not coming to-night."

Aggie was the name of the old nurse; he had not thought of her till now; but that he should think of her at all was a trait that surprised me in the man.

We were again reduced to waiting. Northmour went to the fireplace and spread his hands before the red embers, as if he were cold. I followed him mechanically with my eyes, and in so doing turned my back upon the window. At that moment a very faint report was audible from without, and a ball shivered a pane of glass, and buried itself in the shutter two inches from my head. I heard your mother scream; and though I whipped instantly out of range and into a corner, she was there, so to speak, before me, with her arms about my neck, and beseeching to know if I were hurt. I felt that I could stand to be shot at every day and all day long, with such marks of solicitude for a reward; and I was still busy returning her caresses, in complete forgetfulness of our situation, when the voice of Northmour recalled me to myself.

"An air-gun," he said. "They wish to make no noise."

I put your mother aside, and looked at him. He was standing with his back to the fire and his hands clasped behind him; and I knew, by the black look on his face, that passion was boiling within. I had seen just such a look before he attacked me, that March night, in the adjoining chamber; and though I could make every allowance for his anger, I confess I trembled for the consequences. I glanced at your mother with warning in my eyes; but she misinterpreted my glance, and continued to cling to me and make much of me. Northmour gazed straight before him; but he could see with the tail of his eye what we were doing, and his temper kept rising like a gale of wind. With regular battle awaiting us outside, this prospect of an internecine strife within the walls began to daunt me.

Suddenly, as I was thus closely expression and prepared against the change, a flash, a look of relief, up He took up the lamp which stood by the table, and turned to us with an excitement.

"There is one point that we must he. "Are they going to butcher the only Huddlestone? Did they take and fire at you for your own *beaux yeux*?"

"They took me for him, for certain "I am near as tall, and my head is far

"I am going to make sure," returned Northmour; and he stepped up to the window, took the lamp above his head, and stood there confronting death, for half a minute.

Your mother sought to rush forward to him from the place of danger; but I checked her by a donable selfishness to hold her back by

"Yes," said Northmour, turning to the window; "it's only Huddlestone."

"Oh, Mr. Northmour!" cried your mother, but found no more to add; the tale she had just witnessed seeming beyond the words.

He, on his part, looked at me, coolly, with the fire of triumph in his eyes, and understood at once that he had thus had his life merely to attract your mother's notice, and to depose me from my position as the hero of the hour. He snapped his fingers.

"The fire is only beginning," said he. "When they warm up to their work, they won't be particular."

A voice was now heard hailing us from the entrance. From the window we could see the figure of a man in the moonlight; he stood motionless, his face uplifted to ours, and something white on his extended arm; and he looked right down upon him, though he was good many yards distant on the links, and we could see the moonlight glitter on his eyes.

He opened his lips again, and spoke in a few minutes on end, in a key so loud that he might have been heard in every corner of the park, and as far away as the borders of the wicket. It was the same voice that had already uttered the word "*Traditore!*" through the shutters of the room; this time it made a complete announcement. If the traitor "Oddlestone" was given up, all others should be spared; if not, one should escape to tell the tale.

"Well, Huddlestone, what do you say to that?" asked Northmour, turning to the bed.

Up to that moment the banker had given no sign of life, and I, at least, had supposed him to be still lying in a faint; but he replied at once, and in such tones as I have never heard elsewhere, save from a delirious patient, adjured and besought us not to desert him. It was the most hideous and abject performance that my imagination can conceive.

"Enough, you dirty hound!" cried Northmour; and then he threw open the window, leaned out into the night, and in a tone of exultation, and with a total forgetfulness of what was done by your mother, poured out upon the ambassador a string of the most abominable raillery both in English and Italian, and bade him be gone where he had come from. I believe that nothing so delighted Northmour at that moment as the thought that we must all infallibly perish before the night was out.

Meantime the Italian put his flag of truce into his pocket, and disappeared, at a leisurely pace, among the sand-hills.

"They make honorable war," said Northmour. "They are all gentlemen and soldiers. For the credit of the thing, I wish we could change sides—you and I, Frank, and you too, Missy my darling—and leave the jackal on the bed to some one else. Tut! Don't look shocked! We are all going post to what they call eternity, and may as well be above-board while there's time. As far as I'm concerned, if I could first strangle Huddlestone, and then get Clara in my arms, I could die with some pride and satisfaction. And as it is, by God, I'll have a kiss!"

Before I could do anything to interfere, he had rudely embraced and repeatedly kissed your resisting mother. Next moment I had pulled him away with fury, and flung him heavily against the wall. He laughed loud and long, and I feared his wits had given way under the strain; for even in the best of days he had been a sparing and quiet laugher.

"Now, Frank," said he, when his mirth was somewhat appeased, "it's your turn. Here's my hand. Good-bye; farewell!" Then, seeing me stand rigid and indignant, and holding your mother to my side—"Man!" he broke out, "are you angry? Did you think we were going to die with all the airs and graces of society? I took a

kiss; I'm glad I had it; and now you can take another if you like, and square accounts."

I turned from him with a feeling of contempt which I did not seek to dissemble.

"As you please," said he. "You've been a prig in life; a prig you'll die."

And with that he sat down in a chair, a rifle over his knee, and amused himself with snapping the lock; but I could see that his ebullition of light spirits (the only one I ever knew him to display) had already come to an end, and was succeeded by a sullen, scowling humor.

All this time our assailants might have been entering the house, and we been none the wiser; we had in truth, one and all, forgotten the danger that so imminently overhung our days. But just then Mr. Huddlestone uttered a cry, and leaped from the bed.

I asked what was wrong.

"Fire!" he cried. "They have set the house on fire."

Northmour was on his feet in an instant, and he and I ran through the doors of communication with the study. The room was illuminated by a red and angry light. Almost at the moment of our entrance a tower of flame arose in front of the window, and, with a tingling report, a pane fell inward on the carpet. They had set fire to the lean-to out-house, where Northmour used to nurse his negatives.

"Hot work," said Northmour. "Let us try in your old room."

We ran thither in a breath, threw up the case-ment, and looked forth. Along the whole back wall of the pavilion piles of fuel had been arranged and kindled; and it is probable they had been drenched with mineral oil, for, in spite of the morning's rain, they all burned bravely. The fire had taken a firm hold already on the outhouse, which blazed higher and higher every moment; the back door was in the centre of a red-hot bonfire; the eaves we could see, as we looked upward, were already smouldering, for the roof overhung, and was supported by considerable beams of wood. At the same time, hot, pungent, and choking volumes of smoke began to fill the house. There was not a human being to be seen to right or left.

"Ah, well!" said Northmour, "here's the end, thank God."

And we returned to *My Uncle's Room*. Mr.

Huddlestone was putting on his boots with an air of determination such as I had not hitherto observed. Your mother stood close by him, with her cloak in both hands ready to throw about her shoulders, and a strange look in her eyes, as if she were half hopeful, half doubtful of her father.

"Well, boys and girls," said Northmour, "how about a sally? The oven is heating; it is not good to stay here and be baked; and, for my part, I want to come to my hands with them, and be done."

"There is nothing else left," I replied.

And both your mother and Mr. Huddlestone, though with a very different intonation, added, "Nothing."

As we went down-stairs the heat was excessive, and the roaring of the fire filled our ears; and we had scarce reached the passage before the stairs window fell in, a branch of flame shot brandishing through the aperture, and the interior of the pavilion became lit up with that dreadful and fluctuating glare. At the same moment we heard the fall of something heavy and inelastic in the upper story. The whole pavilion, it was plain, had gone alight like a box of matches, and now not only flamed sky-high to land and sea, but threatened with every moment to crumble and fall in about our ears.

Northmour and I cocked our revolvers. Mr. Huddlestone, who had already refused a firearm, put us behind him with a manner of command.

"Let Clara open the door," said he. So, if they fire a volley, she will be protected. And in the meantime stand behind me. I am the scape-goat; my sins have found me out."

I heard him, as I stood breathless by his shoulder, with my pistol ready, pattering off prayers in a tremulous, rapid whisper; and I confess, horrible as the thought may seem, I despised him for thinking of supplications in a moment so critical and thrilling. In the meantime, your mother, who was dead white but still possessed her faculties, had displaced the barricade from the front door. Another moment, and she had pulled it open. Firelight and moonlight illuminated the links with confused and changeful lustre, and far away against the sky we could see a long trail of glowing smoke.

Mr. Huddlestone struck Northmour and myself a backhander in the chest; and while we were thus for the moment incapacitated from action, lifting his arms above his head like one about

to dive, he ran straight forward out of the pavilion.

"Here am I!" he cried—"Huddlestone! Kill me, and spare the others!"

His sudden appearance daunted, I suppose, our hidden enemies; for Northmour and I had time to recover, to seize Clara between us, one by each arm, and to rush forth to his assistance, ere anything further had taken place. But scarce had we passed the threshold when there came near a dozen reports and flashes from every direction among the hollows of the links. Mr. Huddlestone staggered, uttered a weird and freezing cry, threw up his arms over his head, and fell backward on the turf.

"*Traditore! Traditore!*" cried the invisible avengers.

And just then a part of the roof of the pavilion fell in, so rapid was the progress of the fire. A loud, vague, and horrible noise accompanied the collapse, and a vast volume of flame went soaring up to heaven. It must have been visible at that moment from twenty miles out at sea, from the shore at Graden Wester, and far inland from the peak of Graystiel, the most eastern summit of the Caulder hills. Your grandfather, although God knows what were his obsequies, had a fine pyre at the moment of his death.

CHAPTER IX.—TELLS HOW NORTHMOUR CARRIED OUT HIS THREAT.

I SHOULD have the greatest difficulty to tell you what followed next after this tragic circumstance. It is all to me, as I look back upon it, mixed, strenuous, and ineffectual, like the struggles of a sleeper in a nightmare. Your mother, I remember, uttered a broken sigh and would have fallen forward to earth, had not Northmour and I supported her insensible body. I do not think we were attacked; I do not remember even to have seen an assailant; and I believe we deserted Mr. Huddlestone without a glance. I only remember running like a man in a panic, now carrying your mother altogether in my own arms, now sharing her weight with Northmour, now scuffling confusedly for the possession of that dear burden. Why we should have made for my camp in the Hemlock Den, or how we reached it, are points lost forever to my recollection. The first moment at which I became definitely sure your mother had been suffered to fall against the outside of my little

tent, Northmour and I were tumbling together on the ground, and he, with contained ferocity, was striking for my head with the butt of his revolver. He had already twice wounded me on the scalp; and it is to the consequent loss of blood that I am tempted to attribute the sudden clearness of my mind.

I caught him by the wrist.

"Northmour," I remember saying, "you can kill me afterward. Let us first attend to Clara."

He was at that moment uppermost. Scarcely had the words passed my lips, when he leaped to his feet and ran toward your mother; and the next moment he was straining her to his heart and covering her unconscious hands and face with his caresses.

"Shame!" I cried. "Shame to you, Northmour!"

And, giddy though I still was, I struck him repeatedly upon the head and shoulders.

He relinquished his grasp, and faced me in the broken moonlight.

"I had you under, and I let you go," said he; "and now you strike me! Coward!"

"You are the coward," I retorted. "Did she wish your kisses while she was still sensible of what she wanted? Not she! And now she may be dying; and you waste this precious time licking her face like a dog. Stand aside, and let me help her."

He confronted me for a moment, white and menacing; then suddenly he stepped aside.

"Help her, then," said he.

I threw myself on my knees beside your mother, and loosened, as well as I was able, her dress and corset; but while I was thus engaged a grasp descended on my shoulder.

"Keep your hands off her," said Northmour, fiercely. "Do you think I have no blood in my veins?"

"Northmour," I cried, "if you will neither help her yourself, nor let me do so, do you know that I shall have to kill you?"

"That is better!" he cried. "Let her die also, where's the harm? Step aside from that girl, and stand up to fight!"

"You will observe," said I, half rising, "that I have not kissed her yet."

"I dare you to!" he cried.

I do not know what possessed me, my dear children; it was one of the things I am most

ashamed of in my life, though, as your mother used to say, I knew that my kisses would be always welcome were she dead or living; down I fell again upon my knees, parted the hair from her forehead, and with the dearest respect laid my lips for a moment on that cold brow. It was such a caress as a father might have given; it was such a one as was not unbecoming from a man soon to die to a woman already dead.

"And now," said I, "I am at your service, Mr. Northmour."

But I saw, to my surprise, that he turned his back upon me.

"Do you hear?" I asked.

"Yes," said he, "I do. If you wish to fight, I am ready. If not, go on and save Clara. All is one to me."

I did not wait to be twice bidden; but stooping again over your mother, continued my efforts to revive her. She still lay white and lifeless; I began to fear that her sweet spirit had indeed fled beyond recall, and horror and a sense of utter desolation seized upon my heart. I called her by name with the most endearing inflections; I chafed and beat her hands; now I laid her head low, now supported it against my knee; but all seemed to be in vain, and the lids still lay heavy on your mother's eyes.

"Northmour," I said, "there is my hat. For God's sake bring some water from the spring."

Almost in a moment he was by my side with the water.

"I have brought it in my own," he said. "You do not grudge me the privilege?"

"Northmour," I was beginning to say, as I laved your mother's head and breast; but he interrupted me savagely.

"Oh, you hush up!" he said. "The best thing you can do is to say nothing."

I had certainly no desire to talk, my mind being swallowed up in concern for my dear love and her condition; so I continued in silence to do my best toward her recovery, and, when the hat was empty, returned it to him, with one word,—"More." He had, perhaps, gone several times upon this errand, when your mother reopened her eyes.

"Now," said he, "since she is better, you can spare me, can you not? I wish you a good-night, Mr. Cassilis."

And with that he was gone among the thicket.

I made a fire for your mother, for I had now no fear of the Italians, who had even spared all the little possessions left in my encampment; and, broken as she was by the excitement and the hideous catastrophe of the evening, I managed, in one way or another,—by persuasion, encouragement, warmth, and such simple remedies as I could lay my hand on,—to bring her back to some composure of mind and strength of body. We were soon talking, sadly, perhaps, but not un- hopefully, of our joint future; and I, with my arm about her waist, sought to inspire her with a sense of help and protection from one who, not only then, but till the day she died, would have joyfully sacrificed his life to do her pleasure.

Day had already come, when a sharp "Hist!" sounded from the thicket. I started from the ground; but the voice of Northmour was heard adding, in the most tranquil tones: "Come here, Cassilis, and alone; I want to show you something."

I consulted your mother with my eyes, and, receiving her tacit permission, left her alone, and clambered out of the den. At some distance off I saw Northmour leaning against an elder; and, as soon as he perceived me, he began walking seaward. I had almost overtaken him as he reached the outskirts of the wood.

"Look," said he, pausing.

A couple of steps more brought me out of the foliage. The light of the morning lay cold and clear over that well-known scene. The pavilion was but a blackened wreck; the roof had fallen in, one of the gables had fallen out; and, far and near, the face of the links was cicatrized with little patches of burned furze. Thick smoke still went straight upward in the windless air of the morning, and a great pile of ardent cinders filled the bare walls of the house, like coals in an open grate. Close by the islet a schooner-yacht lay to, and a well-manned boat was pulling vigorously for the shore.

"The Red Earl!" I cried. "The Red Earl twelve hours too late!"

"Feel in your pocket, Frank. Are you armed?" asked Northmour.

I obeyed him, and I think I must have become deadly pale. My revolver had been taken from me.

"You see I have you in my power," he continued. "I disarmed you last night while you

were nursing Clara; but this morning—here—take your pistol. No thanks!" he cried, holding up his hand. "I do not like them; that is the only way you can annoy me now."

He began to walk forward across the links to meet the boat, and I followed a step or two behind. In front of the pavilion I paused to see where Mr. Huddleston had fallen; but there was no sign of him, nor so much as a trace of blood.

"Safe in Graden Floe," said Northmour. "Four minutes and a half, Frank! And the Italians? Gone, too; they were night-birds, and they have all flown before daylight."

He continued to advance till we had come to the head of the beach.

"No farther, please," said he. "Would you like to take her to Graden House?"

"Thank you," replied I; "I shall try to get her to the minister's at Graden Wester."

The prow of the boat here grated on the beach, and a sailor jumped ashore with a line in his hand.

"Wait a minute, lads!" cried Northmour; and then lower and to my private ear: "You had better say nothing of all this to her," he added.

"On the contrary," I broke out, "she shall know everything that I can tell."

"You do not understand," he returned, with an air of great dignity. "It will be nothing to her; she expects it of me."

Thus, my dear children, had your mother exerted her influence for good upon this violent man. Years and years after, she used to call that speech her patent of nobility; and "she expects it of me" became a sort of by-word in our married life, and was often more powerful than an argument to mould me to her will.

"Good-bye!" said he, with a nod.

I offered him my hand.

"Excuse me," said he. "It's small, I know; but I can't push things quite so far as that. I don't wish any sentimental business, to sit by your hearth a white-haired wanderer, and all that. Quite the contrary; I hope to God I shall never again clap eyes on either one of you."

"Well, God bless you, Northmour!" I said, heartily.

"Oh, yes," he returned; "He'll bless me. You let Him alone."

He walked down the beach; and the man who

was ashore gave him an arm on board, and then shoved off and leaped into the bows himself. Northmour took the tiller; the boat rose to the waves, and the oars between the thole-pins sounded crisp and measured in the morning air.

They were not yet half-way to the Red Earl,

and I was still watching their progress, when the sun rose out of the sea.

One word more, and my story is done. Years after, Northmour was killed fighting under the colors of Garibaldi for the liberation of the Tyrol.

(Concluded.)

OFFENBACH, THE COMPOSER.

BY PAUL MENDELSSOHN.

M. JACQUES OFFENBACH, whose death at Paris, on the 5th of October, has been so widely chronicled, was born of Jewish parents, at Cologne, June 21, 1819, and received his first musical education from his father. In 1835 he went to the Conservatoire of Paris, where he completed his studies, devoting himself chiefly to the violoncello, on which he was a proficient but by no means eminent performer. After two years he left the Conservatoire and became a member of several orchestras, finally of that of the Opéra Comique. In 1850 he obtained the post of musical conductor of the Théâtre Français, having previously made himself known by his clever settings of some of Lafontaine's fables. He did not, however, find his true sphere of action

till, in 1855, he obtained a license for a theatre of his own, the famous Bouffes Parisiens. It was for this theatre that he wrote the innumerable burlesque operas and operettas to which he owed his widespread fame. His best-known musical works, which are as well known in London as in Paris, are "La Belle Hélène," "Orphée aux Enfers," "La Barbe Bleue," "La Grande Duchesse," "Perichole," "Roi Carotte," and "Un Voyage dans la Lune." His success belongs essentially to the Second Empire, which gave him considerable wealth, and decorated him with the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor. It is very doubtful whether any of his works will survive; but his name will be remembered as a curious

phenomenon in the history of art and civilization. M. Offenbach's end was sudden and unexpected.

On the afternoon of the day of his death he was present at the reading of the "Cabaret des Lilas" for the Variétés. In the evening, on returning home, he felt unwell. The gout, from which he had long been suffering, ascended to the heart, and he died a few hours afterward.

Although Offenbach cannot be classed among the great composers of his age, few men have achieved a wider popularity in the musical world than he. So popular indeed were the works of the deceased composer, that it is hardly too much to say that there is scarcely a town throughout Europe or America into which his bright and catching melodies have not found



M. JACQUES OFFENBACH.

their way. A quarter of a century ago he introduced into the Parisian world a new school of music,—the opéra bouffe,—and as the musical novelty met with a ready acceptance, he worked the vein successfully and continuously to the end of his days. Whether opéra bouffe has proved a desirable acquisition, and whether it has not tended to lower rather than raise musical taste, is a question we do not now care to discuss. It is sufficient for the present to say it found an energetic exponent in Jacques Offenbach, and that the success which attended his efforts has called forth many followers. Chief among these may be named Charles Lecocq, Hervé, and Leo Delibes; but, although the works of his disciples have in many instances acquired

considerable repute, Offenbach retained to the last his position as leader of the school which he had founded.

Mrs. Gore, the novelist, used to say that novels dripped from her fingers' ends. The same fertility of resource was a characteristic of Jacques Offenbach, for throughout his musical career a long stream of operatic productions have followed each other in quick and never-ending succession. In one year alone he produced no less than thirteen operettas, and the same prolific power of writing remained with him to the end. In illustration of his readiness of musical conception, an anecdote is told reciting how Alfred de Musset called at the Comédie Française in 1850, at which time Offenbach was musical conductor of that theatre, and asked him whether he would undertake to set to music one of the songs in the author's "Fortunio." "Certainly," replied Offenbach; "let me fetch a pen and paper." "But you are not going to do it now?" said De Musset, with surprise. "Oh, yes!" was Offenbach's answer, and in five minutes the music was complete. Later on the song was amplified into an entire opéra bouffe, and the "Chanson de Fortunio" was the voluntary played on the organ of the Madeleine at the composer's funeral.

With such a copious pouring forth of new works, many of them, as was to be expected, soon passed into oblivion. A large number, however, have attained a world-wide popularity. Perhaps the best-known work of the composer is "La Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein," an opera which was produced in the Exhibition year of 1867, with Mlle. Schneider in the title-rôle, and from which Offenbach and the librettists, in the first year of its performance alone, succeeded in realizing a sum of nearly ten thousand pounds. So popular indeed did the work become, that at one time it was played at no less than twenty-three French theatres simultaneously. "La Belle Hélène," "Orphée aux Enfers," "La Chanson de Fortunio," "Le Mariage aux Lanternes," "La Pont aux Soupîrs," and "Les Voyages de Dunanan" are among his previous operas which had met with more or less success, but the composer's popularity may be said to have reached its climax in 1867. Many of his subsequent works are still fresh in the minds of the musical public, notably "Genevieve de Brabant," "La Périchole," "La Princesse de Trebizonde," "La Roi Carotte," and "La

Jolie Parfumeuse." "Madame Favart," after a long run, has only recently been withdrawn from the Strand Theatre, while "La Fille du Tambour Major" is now being played at the Alhambra Theatre in London, and at the Folies Dramatiques in Paris. Just prior to his death he completed two new works, "Les Contes d'Hoffman," shortly to be produced at the Opéra Comique in Paris, and "La Belle Lurette," to be produced at the Renaissance in Paris, and at the Globe Theatre in London.

Many of his operas are of an essentially ephemeral character, and whether his ablest achievements are destined to an abiding popularity remains to be seen. It is certain, however, that in his later days Offenbach felt that he was capable of something higher than anything he had yet aimed at, and we have his own authority for saying that in "Les Contes d'Hoffman" he has striven after a loftier standard of art than he had at any previous time aspired to. Upon this work he has bestowed the most patient thought and careful attention. In May last he played the work over to a gathering of friends invited specially to hear it, and even on his bed of sickness he bestowed upon it finishing-touches and such improvements as commended themselves to his maturer judgment. The score of "Les Contes d'Hoffman" was found open at the last act on the writing-table in the room adjoining Offenbach's death-chamber, and he is said to have hurried on the completion of the work, under a presentiment that he had but little time wherein to finish it. He felt that since the production of "La Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein" his popularity had been on the wane; and in the "Contes d'Hoffman," which he had dedicated to his son, he hoped to eclipse any of his previous efforts, and to find a position among the standard composers of his time. Opportunity will doubtless soon be afforded for estimating the value of the work from which he hoped so much.

Offenbach passed many of his years in Paris. His father was a teacher of singing, and, at an early age, Jacques was set to work to learn the violoncello. The fee to Herr Alexander, his music-master, was a shilling a lesson; but the pecuniary resources of the family were at such a low ebb, and the family credit so small, that, as Offenbach himself used to relate, the shilling had to be paid down before the teacher would undertake to

give the lesson. Subsequently the composer studied at the Conservatoire at Paris, and later on he obtained the position in the orchestra of the Théâtre Français, of which he became musical conductor. It was about this time he first became known as a composer; the works he essayed, however, being of but a trivial character. In 1855, when he took the Bouffes Parisiens, he produced several of his most successful operas. Other works of his, produced at the Variétés, met with even greater favor; and it was here "*La Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein*" first obtained a hearing. The Variétés company visited London in 1867, and their performances served to widen the popularity of the composer. The previous year he paid a visit to the United States, and his travels here called forth the only literary production which he undertook, "*Notes d'un Musicien en Voyage*," to which a preface has been written by his old school-fellow, Albert Wolff. He afterwards took the Gaîté Theatre in Paris, where he brought out several of his operas with much magnificence. He again visited the United States in 1876, during the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia, where he established and conducted an opera-hall for a brief season; the venture proving an unprofitable one, however, he soon returned home again.

Offenbach had always been an energetic and untiring worker. For some years past, indeed, his health had materially suffered from his never-ending exertions. A short time ago he assisted at a concert at Etretat, in aid of a fund being raised for the church of the district. This was his last public appearance. Returning to Paris, he was seized by a sharp attack of gout. From this malady he suffered for about a week, and as soon as the disease reached his heart he succumbed, his death occurring in his house, 8 Boulevard des Capucines.

During the last seven or eight years he was at home he was always swaddled in an immense red silk dressing-gown, lined with fur, and reclining on a sofa to ease his gouty feet. He kept his eyes closed, and rarely spoke when he had to go to a rehearsal. He did these things to concentrate his thoughts on the work and to husband his strength. At 10 A.M. he would dress for second breakfast, which of late years he ate at home; indeed, he accepted no invitation out. But during his heyday he never eat second break-

fast at home; at noon he was always at the head of a table (it was kept for him) in Café Riche, surrounded by literary men. There never were less than six, rarely more than nine, that nobody could lose one word of the conversation. It was rare during "the season," when everybody is in town, that Sardou, Meilhac, Halevy, Hector Crémieux, Du Locle, Nuilter, De Villemessant, Wolff, Scholl, Millaud, St. Albin, Phillippe Gille, Trefeu, and other dramatists or newspaper writers were not to be seen seated at breakfast time. The latest gossip, especially from greenrooms, the last bright sallies of Paris, were here told, and more than one piece was suggested in this running fire of fun and pleasantry. But after sorrow and disease came, Offenbach never left home. His second breakfast would be a mere mouthful and a glass of wine and water. Then he would smoke the strongest cigar he could find. At 11 A.M. dressing-gown would be quitted for an immense broadcloth cloak, lined with furs. He would enter a close brougham, a heavy fur covering would be thrown over his legs, and he would drive to the theatre. He would always reach the theatre before the hour of rehearsal, would go to the manager's office, would discuss the setting of the piece on the stage, examine the sketches of costumes, rejecting these, ordering changes in those, discussing models of scenery. Offenbach was a firm believer in Scribe's axiom, "Lines cut are never hissed," and he hated lengthy passages which made action draggle as much as Scribe himself had done. No matter how brilliant was the "book," no matter how charming was the score, Offenbach pitilessly cut them both if they impeded the piece's action. As soon as the bell announced that rehearsal was going to begin, Offenbach went on the stage; he disappeared in his cloak; around him were the authors of the "book," the manager, the leader of the orchestra, the stage-manager, the accompanist. As soon as the latter touched the piano, rehearsal began with the initial chorus, whose setting had been settled the previous day after Offenbach's departure. He listened silently, his head bent forward, both hands resting on his cane; his smile broadened as the chorus went on, until he rose, brandished his cane, and exclaimed, "Excellent, my darlings! but you are all out. That is not the way the chorus is to be given!" Offenbach's "Excellent, my darlings!" was proverbial in the

greenroom; whenever he was dissatisfied, whenever he thought the performance wrong from beginning to end, whenever he wanted to make singers go over the whole thing again, he always began by saying, "Excellent, my darlings! charming! charming! but we must begin again, for you are not within a mile of my meaning!" This, of course, would make everybody stop; then Offenbach would put everything topsy-turvy, and as quickly set everything to rights,—his notion of "rights" again making a scene which seemed dull and draggling brilliant and animated; his music itself was transformed by the changed setting. Once Offenbach was on his legs, he hopped, skipped, and jumped about like one beside himself. Offenbach no lungs! You would not have said so had you heard him swearing. "No, no, no! not that, by a long shot! This is your place. Won't you come over here? I tell you that is detestable—everyway—I never set it in that way, I pledge you my word and honor. You must begin again; begin at the beginning, at the very beginning." Heated by swearing and by excitement, he would throw aside his fur cloak, seize and put on the overcoat of the person nearest him, would run up and down the stage, shaking the very life out of the choristers, until he fell back exhausted into a chair. Very few dramatists, still few composers, know anything in the world about setting a scene, about putting a play on its legs; but Offenbach was as skilled in these feats as Sardou or Alexander Dumas. Offenbach never wrote anything without knowing exactly where he would place the personage who sang it. Where other people would have taken seven or eight rehearsals to make a score, especially a finale, clear and easily executed, Offenbach would arrange it in one rehearsal of two hours long; he had as he wrote it planned mentally the movements and positions of all the characters, and had not written one stave too much for any one of them. One day Alfred de Musset entered the office of the manager of the French Comedy (then Arsene Houssaye), and said to him, taking no notice of the third person in the office:

"As you have Offenbach, you ought not to allow such talents to remain idle. Ask Offenbach to write the score of Fortunio's song. If I knew Offenbach, I myself would go to prefer this request of him."

Arsene Houssaye replied:

"What! you don't know Offenbach? Here he is—Mons. Offenbach, Mons. Alfred de Musset."

After bows had been exchanged, Offenbach said to Alfred de Musset:

"I will take great pleasure in gratifying your wishes. Send for the play."

Alfred de Musset exclaimed:

"What! you will compose that music?"

"Assuredly, and that here without any the least delay. We will then send for Delaunay, and get him to sing it."

The play was brought. Offenbach at once wrote a score for the song and hummed it to Alfred de Musset, who was delighted. Delaunay was next sent for, and Offenbach hummed to him the song just written. Delaunay has a most feminine, musical voice when he speaks, but, to Offenbach's horror, the moment he began to sing his voice became a deep bass, the voice of a traitor, of a tyrant—not the voice of a lover. Offenbach threw up both hands, and exclaimed:

"Ah! *le malheureux*! impossible! impossible! He must speak the stanzas, but sing them—never!"

The song Delaunay could not sing afterwards led Offenbach to write *La Chanson de Fortunio*, an opera buffo. One day Philippe Gille wrote the "book" of an operetta, and sent it to Offenbach. Some time afterward Gille received a note asking him to call at the Bouffes Parisiens. When he reached there he was shown into the manager's office, where he found Offenbach leaning lazily in an easy-chair, tearing up newspapers. Offenbach, to Gille's delight, said:

"I have read your piece and like it."

"Who will write the score?"

"A fellow in whom I have confidence."

"What's his name?"

"You will be told in due season."

So saying, Offenbach put on his hat, and added: "Come, let's go to rehearsal."

When Gille reached the stage, he found to his astonishment that Offenbach was the author of the score. Last winter Offenbach went to Nice to recruit his strength and to escape the terrible weather experienced at Paris. One bright, sunny day, feeling better than usual, he and Quatrelles went over to Monte Carlo, breakfasted at the Hotel de Paris, and then went to the gamblers' table. He put gold on the numbers he fancied, and each time won; but he soon said to Quatrelles:

"Enough! I can play no longer. I am exhausted."

He never again touched cards. The excitement was too much for him. He expressed his opinion of Wagner as follows:

"Wagner would be the greatest of all musicians had he not been preceded by Mozart, Gluck, Weber, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, etc. Wagner would be the sprightliest and most melodious composer had Herold, Halévy, Auber, Boieldieu, never lived. Wagner's genius would be peerless if he had not had Meyerbeer and Rossini for contemporaries." Offenbach was the first composer who gave brilliant suppers at the hundredth performance of his pieces. The most splendid supper of the kind ever given in Paris was the entertainment he gave at the Grand Hotel to celebrate the one hundredth performance of "Les Brigands" and "La Princesse de Trebizonde." When the time came to make speeches and give toasts, Offenbach rose and gravely made a speech in German. Then Xavier Aubryet rose and made a speech in English. He was followed by Angel de Miranoa, who made a speech in Spanish. Then Desire rose and said, "Ladies, gentlemen, I had intended to have made a speech and given a toast in French; but as I am afraid none of the company understand French, I decline to speak." You may imagine the peals of laughter which greeted all this fun. One day Offenbach was asked why he shunned his brother composers. "Because I look too well; I show I am in good health. I am afraid of giving them too much pain." While Offenbach was hesitating whether he should go to America, one of these same brother musicians hypocritically said to him, "You are wrong, my dear fellow, to expose yourself to such fatigue, for you know you are *à Colossus*." Offenbach replied, "My dear fellow, don't be uneasy; I am in such delicate health that I have not even strength enough to be ill." Offenbach had no master in the art of packing a house the first night of one of his plays. He always stipulated in his contracts with managers that he should have in possession every ticket. These he distributed to his friends whom he knew would applaud with a will. The manager of La Renaissance, where none but Charles Lecocq's operettas had been played, went to Offenbach last year and asked him for an operatta. Offenbach received him haughtily, accepted the invitation, but said, "At last they are going to hear music in

your theatre." Offenbach had grown to be overweeningly conceited. He was constantly flattered at home; even his children were always striving to invent some appellation which gratified his composer's vanity. Some years ago his friends gave him a burlesque reception at Etretat, where he spent the summer. Some mediæval arms were gotten, and twelve men were armored and furnished with halberds; a lad was put on a donkey, fireworks were let off in broad daylight (where there's smoke there's fire, eh?), and the keys of the inn were presented to him on a plated tray. Offenbach could not see this was all burlesque; tears brimmed in his eyes, and he faltered, "Really, really, I do not deserve so much."

By his exemplary private life and his genial disposition Offenbach had gained a wide circle of ardent friends. Few men, indeed, were better known in Parisian literary and musical circles than he was. The poverty from which he had suffered in his early days, too, had taught him sympathy with the distressed, and many are the stories current concerning Offenbach's benevolence. A characteristic one, which we give on the authority of the Paris *Figaro*, is worth recording. Being appealed to for help by a little beggar, he put his hand in his pocket to give a few *sous* to the young mendicant. He found, however, he had not a single coin left, having just parted with all his loose cash after a game of *trente et quarante*. The occurrence took place at a seaside town. He asked the boy to follow him to the nearest tobacconist shop; entering it, he called for pen, ink, and paper. In a few minutes he had written a short musical composition, to which he affixed his autograph. "There," said the composer, "take this to the nearest musicseller, and take care of the money he gives you for it."

Offenbach was buried at Montmartre after a service in the Madeleine, in which Faure and other leading singers assisted. An enormous assemblage gathered to do honor to the musician, whom many of them knew so well. Wreaths and bouquets were sent from all the leading theatres to be placed upon the coffin, and among them was one from the Alhambra Theatre of London. Music, art, and literature were well represented. A bust of Offenbach is to be placed in the foyer of the Variétés Theatre, the funds for which will be raised by a public performance of Offenbach's music in that building.

FAREWELL TO THE YEAR.

BY CLARA B. HEATH.

OLD YEAR, farewell! Thy wintry breath
Is like the clasp of some cold hand;
Thy early days were like a band
Of mourners that had met with death.

And wan and pale thy spring-time came,
So full of weary, listless days
That lacked their meed of joy and praise,
And much of all their former fame.

The autumn brought some days of rest,
The first we had that thou didst hold;
Some harvest-days were days of gold,
And Christmas more than all was blest.

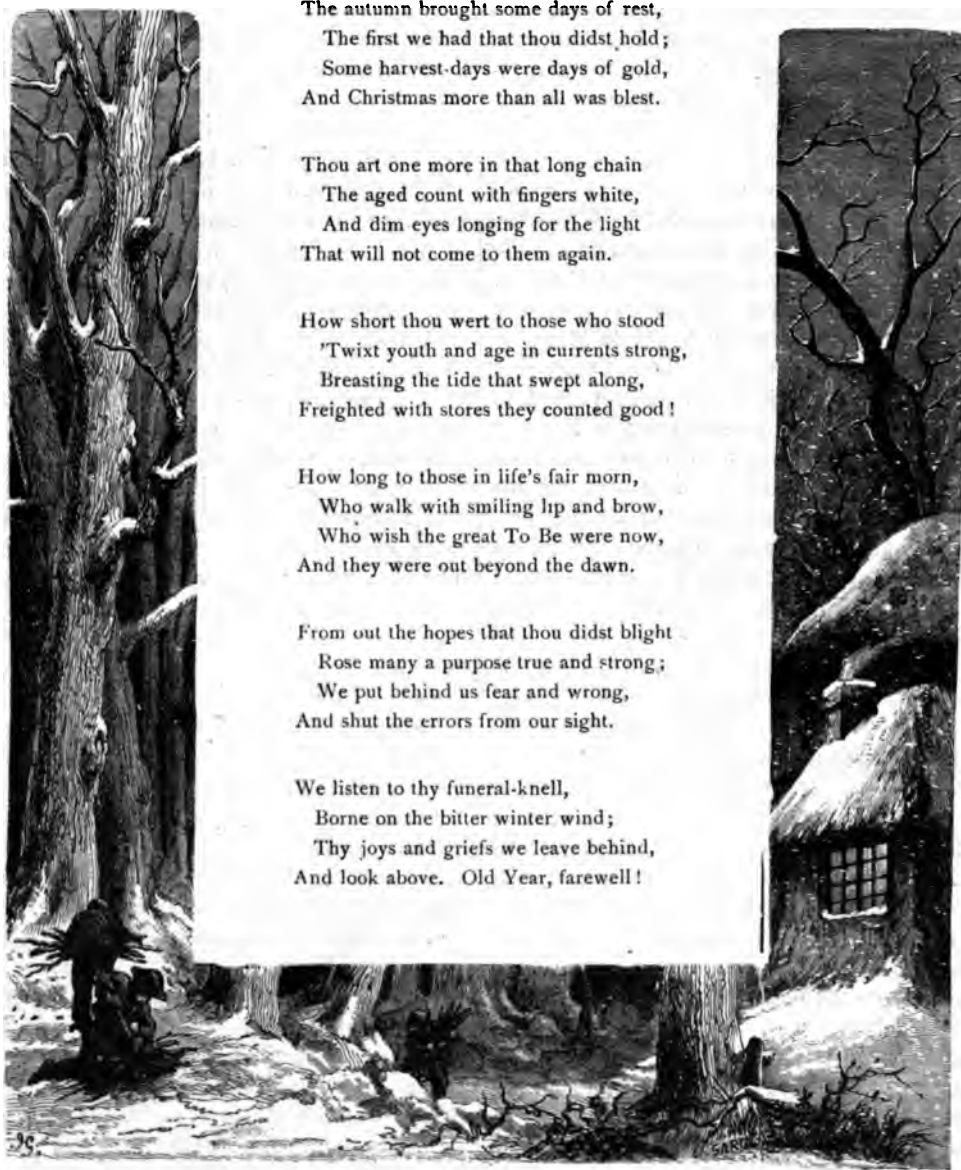
Thou art one more in that long chain
The aged count with fingers white,
And dim eyes longing for the light
That will not come to them again.

How short thou wert to those who stood
'Twixt youth and age in currents strong,
Breasting the tide that swept along,
Freighted with stores they counted good!

How long to those in life's fair morn,
Who walk with smiling lip and brow,
Who wish the great To Be were now,
And they were out beyond the dawn.

From out the hopes that thou didst blight
Rose many a purpose true and strong;
We put behind us fear and wrong,
And shut the errors from our sight.

We listen to thy funeral-knell,
Borne on the bitter winter wind;
Thy joys and griefs we leave behind,
And look above. Old Year, farewell!



ART NEEDLEWORK.

BY ANNIE M. HARPER.

As a people given to a material, progressive spirit, we are daily manifesting an improvement, in point of æsthetic taste, at once commendable and praiseworthy. A spirit of refinement is gradually permeating all circles of society, leading the

avidity by our modern dabblers in art needlework. Knowing well that there are many such workers in designs of different classes of art needlework who are very often at a loss for some object on which to exercise their skill, we pro-



FIG. 1.—CHAISE-LOUNGE COVER.

minds of many, and we might say, the great mass of our communities, to seek that which ranks with the beautiful in Nature, as well as those things which are the embodiment of the beautiful in themselves, so wrought by the aid of an artistic handicraft. Ornamentation and decoration have indeed become, as it were, the most prominent and vital subjects in our modern civilization. The palace and the cottage alike bear traces of the innovations which this taste for the beautiful and the artistic is making; the great advancement attained creating a constant demand for new designs and new subjects.

Embroidery and crocheting comprise the principal means pursued in the various processes of ornamentation and decoration, and any essays touching these subjects are scanned with much

pose to furnish through the columns of the MONTHLY some valuable suggestions for their consideration; also to designate such objects and designs as we shall deem fit subjects for the purpose, and which are not only beautiful when properly constructed, but highly ornamental and useful as well. Embroidery-work is deemed the most artistic, because requiring more skillful workmanship and more costly material. We shall, therefore, lead off with this branch of art needlework, simply referring to such crocheting as may properly become a part of any embroidery design.

The art of embroidery was originally derived, like many other of our arts and sciences, from the Spanish Moors, by whom it was introduced into Europe early in the Middle Ages. As applied to tapestry-hangings, it was at first used among

Christian nations for the decoration of churches and for employment on State occasions only, till



FIG. 2.—EMBROIDERED FOOTSTOOL.

Eleanor of Castile set the example of using it for domestic purposes, which was soon followed by the wealthier classes. Throughout the Middle Ages needlework embroidery, chiefly for hangings, but also for some other uses, formed the great occupation of ladies when not engaged in domestic or other duties; and the beauty of their work, together with the invention and design which they displayed in it, are such as might well raise the admiration and envy of the ladies of the present day. These old works have not merely the conventional prettiness which is generally the only, though not the invariable, characteristic of modern needlework, but have often real artistic beauty, and display not merely fancy, but even imagination, in the designs. In this respect, certainly, they have little in common with modern "fancy-work," which is apparently so-called in a sarcastic sense, from the utter absence of any fancy displayed in it. The modern lady, instead of exercising her own inventive powers, simply copies a pattern set before her, stitch by stitch, without the slightest idea of deviating from it if its forms are bad, or of developing any new forms of beauty for herself. Frequently even this mere copying and counting of stitches demands too much mental exertion, and she must either purchase her "fancy-work" ready begun, and the pattern laid out for her, or perhaps even with the ornamental group of flowers or other device already finished, and with nothing left to be done beyond filling in the background. The degeneracy in skill and taste from even the standard of those

qualities in their own grandmothers is in great measure to be attributed to the substitution of so limited a style of work as German wool-embroidery for the more beautiful and legitimate styles that preceded it. In Berlin wool-work, as it has been usually practiced for the last forty years, anything like real beauty or flow of fancy is an impossibility. That this absence of invention and good taste in their lighter occupations should continue among ladies is neither necessary nor desirable. An abundant fancy is a characteristic of the female brain, and ladies would be far happier and better in many ways if they would allow its free development. Few things could be better calculated to effect this than a return to the graceful and beautiful occupation of their female ancestors. There is, at the present time, much desire for this shown among the upper classes, and legitimate embroidery is again rapidly becoming a fashionable employment.



FIG. 3.—WORKSTAND WITH EMBROIDERED LAMBREQUIN.

We propose, in the course of this article, to give some description of the various methods of

working, and of the stitches used in them, as well as of the materials required. We shall also give



FIG. 4.—EMBROIDERED PIANO-STOOL COVER.

a series of original designs; but we trust that our readers will not, after perusing the above remarks, content themselves with merely copying these, but will use them only as stepping-stones to embroidery-work in which patterns will be of their own devising.

The methods of embroidery practiced at different times and in different countries, as well as the various stitches employed in them, are almost endless. We have not, however, at the present time to deal with the antiquarian aspects of embroidery, but to speak of it as it may be applied to modern practice.

Between ordinary German wool-work and legitimate embroidery there is an intermediate style, which has latterly been somewhat freely practiced. It is susceptible of far better effects than the former, and is by no means difficult. Over the ground of German wool, worked in cross-stitch upon canvas, diapers are over-stitched in silk. Thus treated, the German

wool-work loses its objectionable flatness, and gains great brilliancy. While on the subject of German wool-work, we would add that should the reader continue to practice it, in preference to better styles of embroidery, that though it is capable of being enriched as above, it is a method of work which is, artistically speaking, exceedingly limited, and really fitted for the production of flat patterns only, such as geometrical designs or conventional ornaments. In cross-stitch it is impossible to shade objects in such a manner as to give them any satisfactory resemblance to nature, and the representations of animals and flowers which have been attempted in it are as numerous as they have been lamentable failures, and ought merely to be preserved as examples of bad taste.

In *appliqué*, which is a very ancient and always a favorite method of embroidery, broad, flat masses of color are gained by fixing one fabric over another. For *appliqué* the materials chosen are usually velvet, silk, cloth, and cloth of gold or silver; when velvet is used, it should always be silk velvet. It may be employed for a variety of purposes, such as cushions, curtains, etc., and though shading cannot be attempted in it, it produces rich and fine effects in flat patterns.

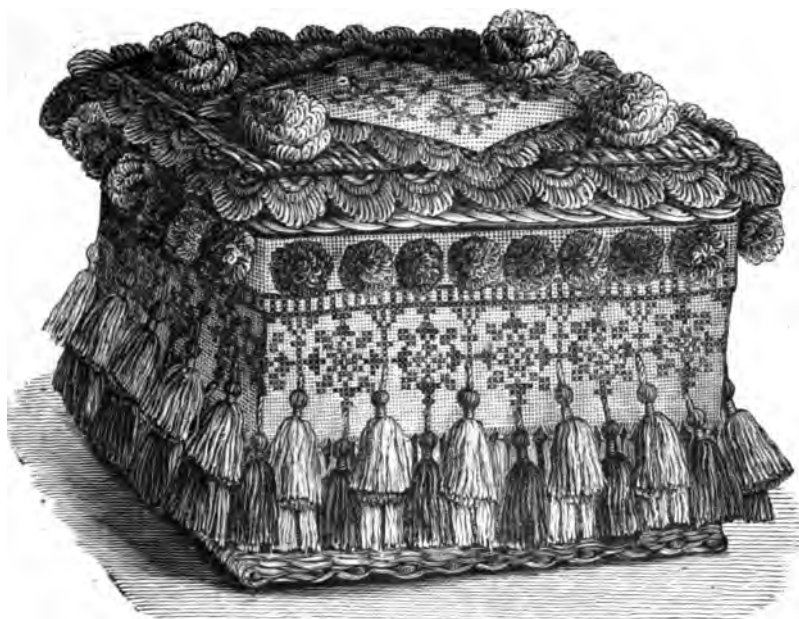


FIG. 5.—WORK-BASKET WITH EMBROIDERY.

The ordinary method of preparing the material is by stretching some thin gray holland on a

common embroidery-frame and covering it evenly with paste. The paste used by shoemakers, and



FIG. 6.—LAMP-MAT WITH GAY EMBROIDERY.

to be bought from them, will do, but in the section which we shall devote to materials a recipe for proper embroidery-paste will be given. The material must be laid upon the holland and smoothed till it adheres evenly. It will require about twenty-four hours to dry, and after being removed from the frame the designs which are to be formed in the material may be traced upon the back of the holland, and cut out with a sharp pair of scissors. The above preparation refers more especially to cloth, velvet, etc.; for silk, white lawn is preferable, as a black and white starch should be used with it instead of paste; and indeed for all white materials a white back-lining should be used. Different parts of the design may of course be formed in different colors, each to be prepared in the same way. Being cut out, they have to be laid upon the background, which is supposed to be of black or dark-purple or maroon cloth, and fastened to it around the edges with sewing-silk. There are two ordinary ways of edging the pieces laid on in *appliqué*; that which has the richest effect is bordering them with a moderately stiff cord, and sewing over this with silk. Gold-twist makes the most splendid bordering of this kind. The other is that which consists in working around

the applied material with bright-colored silk in button-hole stitch. Considerable space must be left between the stitches to give them their full effect.

In ordinary flat embroidery, no applied materials, as of pieces of fabric, cord, or spangles, are used, nor is any part of the pattern raised by card-board, or other packing beneath it, and the design depends entirely for its effect upon the colored stitches used in it. This was the kind of work most in vogue in the days of our grandmothers, and it is, as it admits of shading, the most delicate and beautiful, if not the most striking, kind. The beautiful Eastern embroidery—Indian, Chinese, and Japanese—is mostly of this class, and may, in arrangements of color, form good examples for imitation.

In raised embroidery the different substances are placed over the materials, to give the effect of relief to the stitches. An improved modern method of working is by taking card-board,—that known as thin mounting-board is good,—tracing upon it the design to be raised, and cutting it out, care being taken to leave sufficient points of attachment in the more delicate parts of the design. The pieces of card have then to be sewn

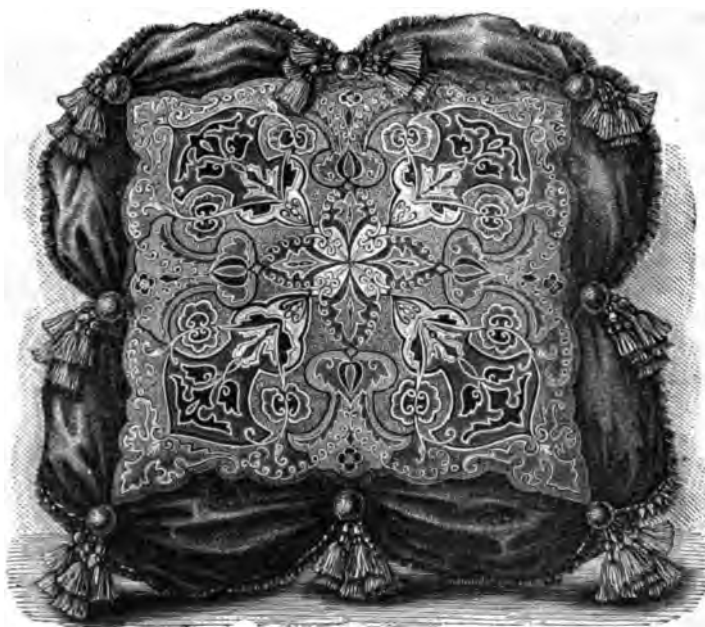


FIG. 7.—CUSHION WITH COLORED EMBROIDERY.

strongly in their places, upon the material which is to form the ground, with cotton, and the bits

of card-board left for support cut away. If the design is to be still further raised, a line of even twine should be sewn down over the centre of the figure, and over this a silk or gold thread can be worked. More than one row of twine should not be used, or the effect will be spoiled; and the thickness of it must depend upon the amount of relief required. If the figure is to be worked in gold or gold color, the card beneath it should be colored with gamboge.

Of all the stitches used in embroidery, the long-stitch is that in most general use, and all shaded

silk-work is done. The last thing is to put a neat and careful outline to the leaves. In shaded work, the upper side of the design, upon which the light would be supposed to fall, should be worked in the lightest shade, and the high lights should not be so dark by four degrees as those shades next to them.

In leaves, scrolls, or conventional forms, a small number of shades, and these arbitrarily used, look best, but more may be introduced with good effect in draperies. The long-stitch in shading is readily understood, while the satin-stitch is some-

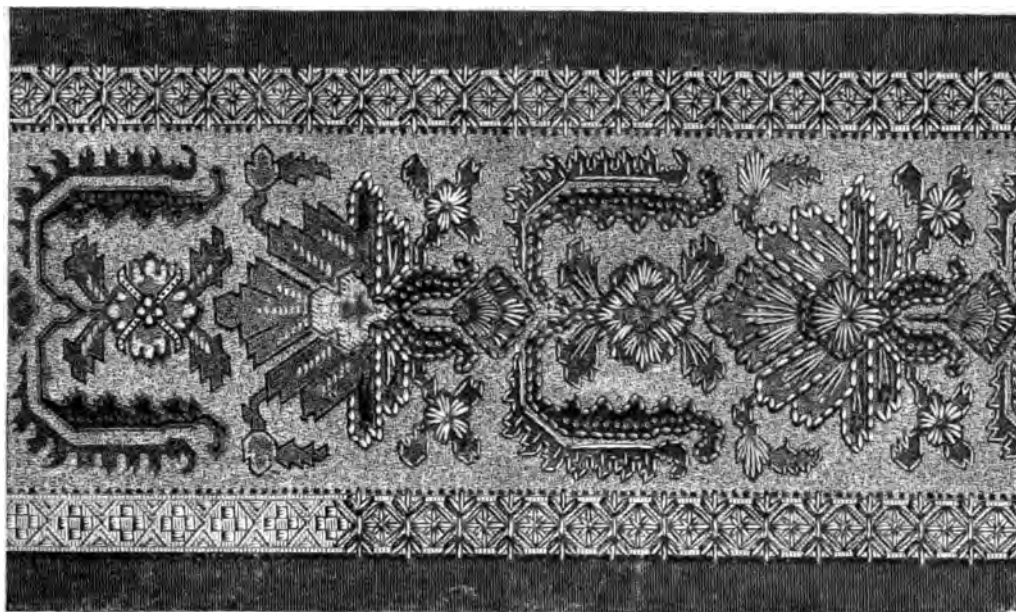


FIG. 8.—BORDER IN LIGHT EMBROIDERY.

work should be done in it. In the somewhat fashionable "Breton work," however, shaded forms are filled in with short stitches taken promiscuously, instead of long-stitch. In using it, all stitches should be taken from the outside edge of the figure, and worked toward the centre. In a figure of equal sides, the first stitch should be taken from the very centre of the edge, and the work be proceeded with from first one and then the other side of this stitch. In working leaves and scrolls, the stitches ought invariably to be taken in a slanting direction. The lighter parts of the leaves are first worked in from the edges, and the darker shades toward the central veins filled in afterward, the veins themselves being put in last; gold should not be applied till after the

what similarly made, only it is most adapted for making raised leaves, etc. The chain-stitch, which is an imitation of the old tambour-stitch, is formed by carrying the thread at the back of the fabric, catching it through, and laying it along the surface with a fine crochet-hook, which is, under a modern name, the same instrument as the old tambour-needle. The basket-stitch is formed by laying any even number of rows of twine, from four upward, upon the foundation, and securing them there; the silk, etc., is carried over these, two at a time. This is useful for borders. Couching was much used in old work. Passing or gold thread is frequently applied in this way, being laid over the ground and secured by short stitches in colored silk over each single thread. These

last are sometimes introduced promiscuously; sometimes so arranged as to form a variety of diapers and patterns. Sometimes, instead of these short stitches passing over every thread, the couching is accomplished by other threads crossing at right angles, and secured by stitches. The twist-stitch is produced by working equal stitches diagonally, one behind the other, on an even line.

French knots are frequently useful and pretty for forming the centres of flowers and in diapers. They are made by first bringing the needle through the material, taking the thread and holding it with the left hand midway between the needle and work, and with the right hand twisting the needle around the silk in such a manner as to form a loop; this having been slipped down to the point of the needle, the latter can be repassed through the stuff close to the place where it came through, and while it is drawn down by the right hand the silk is held by the left, till the loop settles into a knot upon the surface.

Nearly all embroidery is, when circumstances will permit, best worked when stretched in a frame, and lengths which are too great to be stretched at one time may be put in the frame in successive pieces. The best kind of frame for canvas is one in which the material is secured by blunt points, attached to the sides and covered with a wooden bar, cut half round, and having a groove, of the same width as the points, running along it; the canvas is stretched and the sides secured by screws. But all other materials would be injured by being fixed by such points, and must, therefore, be secured to the frame by being sewn to webbing. A frame capable of holding a piece of work three feet square is a convenient size. It is better that the frame should exceed the size of the work by some inches, and it is well to secure a good purchase, that the material should not be sewn to the extreme end of the webbing on either side. The selvage sides of the material should be sewn to the webbing, so as to leave an equal space at either end, with strong, double thread, in stitches of six to the inch, and a piece of tape to secure them, stitched along the woof ends of the material. The frame is then put together, stretched, and secured by its pegs, and the woof ends are in their turn secured by sewing through the tape and over the opposite bars with twine.

In working at the frame, there will, at first, be

some difficulty experienced in using the left hand simultaneously with the right, and particularly in bringing up the needle from beneath in the exact spot. The power of doing this can only be attained by perseverance, and the beginner should practice till the needle can be used as well with one hand as the other. The worker should sit in as upright a position as possible, and the frame should be fixed accordingly; as regards light, a side-light is best. In doing long-stitch or gold-bullion embroidery, both hands are rarely required above the frame; in couching, one hand guides the silk along the material, while the other sews it down, and in applying nearly all edging-cords the hands are occupied in the same way. While working with floss-silk it is necessary to keep the hands smooth, or they will catch it; and it is not well, for the same reason, to wear rings. Perfect cleanliness of the hands is, of course, indispensable.

The implements required are needles, which should be large in proportion to the silk they have to carry, and with large, round eyes; from 7 to 9 are the sizes most in use, the former for sewing-silks, and the latter for crochet and other coarse silks. Nos. 8, 9, and 10 are good sizes for gold bullion. Pins of a small size will be found requisite. As both hands are employed, two plain silver thimbles should be provided, scissors, etc. A stiletto will be needed, and a steel piercer rounded and pointed at the end, and then becoming flat-sided, will be useful for regulating gold bullion, passing, pearl-purl, etc.

The embroidery-paste, of which we have already spoken, is made by adding to three tablespoonfuls of flour as much rosin as will lie on a shilling, mixing them smoothly in a pint of water, stirring them till they boil, and allowing them to boil five minutes, when the paste should be turned out and left till cold.

The silks to be used are floss, Dacca, Berlin, three-cord crochet-twist, purse-silk, and seedings. In the best old-work, floss is the silk chiefly employed, either in vertical lines kept down by cross rows of fine gold thread, or split fine for the flesh and hair; sometimes a thick line of it is used for outlines, while at others rows of twisted silk sewn down with it are used for that purpose. Dacca is a floss-silk, so made as to be easily divided into two filaments or plies, which can again be subdivided to any extent which is necessary, besides being more easily split than floss. Dacca is made

in more shades; the English is best, the French being deficient in softness and brilliancy. Berlin has a smooth, loose twist, and is well adapted for flat masses of color, as also for scrolls and leaves. Three-cord is a close-twisted silk of three plies, and best simulates gold bullion. The apricot shade is very beautiful, but, as it turns white, the more metallic yellows are to be used in preference. Three-cord is made in other colors than gold, but not in such variety as Dacca or Berlin; the French is not equal to the English; crochet-twist is also of three plies, but is coarser and less tightly twisted than the above. It is most valuable for large designs to be used in imitation of gold, and may be either applied in modern embroidery over card, or couched, either single or double, by stitches of purse-silk, or it may be used as a substitute for cord in edging *appliqué*.

Purse-silks are of three sizes,—coarse, medium, and fine. The first is used in places where three-cord would be too clumsy; the second, when a strong, even, and tolerably fine silk is needed; the third, for such purposes as couching crochet-silk on an even surface. In sewing-silk there is only one first-class quality, which should always be used (draper's silk on reels is valueless), and the best is bought in hanks of from half an ounce to an ounce. Passing, that is, gold thread, should be couched with sewing-silk.

Where twist-silk is being used, it is not possible to fill gaps with extra stitches, as in using floss; every stitch must, therefore, be laid with regularity, the piercer being constantly used to keep it in place; care should be taken that the stitches are of uniform tightness, and a needleful should never be gone on with when the silk dulls or strains, but another should be taken at once. A large-eyed needle should be used, and never too great a length of silk; twenty-seven inches is a very good length for a needleful.

Pearl-purl is gold cord, which resembles a close string of beads, and is used for edging bullion embroidery; it should be sewn down with single silk, previously waxed, and the stitches concealed. Spangles are frequently useful for enriching embroidery; they are made both flat and concave, the latter have the best effect. Passing is a bright, smooth thread, formed by silver-gilt wire spun round yellow silk. Generally speaking, it should not be pulled through the material, but should be couched and sewn down with colored silk.

At the present day an important employment for the various kinds of embroidery we have described is the decoration of church furniture, for which, indeed, such methods of work are alone properly applicable. The number of domestic purposes to which also it is now growing fashionable to apply them is very large, some of the most favorite being as borders for curtains and table-cloths, as hangings for mantle-pieces, and in narrow strips, to be affixed to various articles of furniture.

Well knowing that there are many workers in designs of different classes of art needlework, such as crocheting and embroidering, who are very often at a loss for some object on which to exercise their skill, we shall give as an addition to this article some appropriate designs, which are not only beautiful when properly worked, but highly ornamental and useful.

The first subject we shall present is that of a chaise-lounge cover, as exemplified by our illustration (Fig. 1). This is a very beautiful design, and makes a very handsome decoration for parlor or sitting-room. It is composed of seven alternate stripes of dark-green satin and black velvet. The velvet stripes are embroidered handsomely in *appliqué*. The model from which this is taken has a ground of red velvet, with blue and green satin figures festooned with gold cord. The tendrils of the vine are worked in old-gold. The corollas should be filled with old-gold in flat or satin stitch. The stems and tendrils are embroidered in satin and stitch. The satin stripes are quilted in diamonds one inch in size. The lining of the same satin is quilted in larger diamonds. The cover is edged with a handsome cord.

The next design is a foot-stool in velvet *appliqué* embroidery (Fig. 2). The stool is five inches high, and is embroidered on velvet, in *appliqué*, with filoselle silk, in chain, stem, and satin stitch. The colors should be chosen so as to have them harmonize with your furniture; the twisted fringe should have the same color as the ground part, while the draped part has the colors of the embroidery.

Fig. 3 represents a workstand with embroidered lambrequin. The body of the stand is a black cane, with a lid at the top and a small basket at the bottom. Lined with wine-colored silk, and having a bag arrangement for the lid of the lower basket. The lambrequin is made of silk. The ground is copper-colored satin, with a dark velvet

appliqué, which is bordered with chenille or silk cord. It is advisable to baste paper under the satin, and put it on an embroidery-frame to work it. Crewel-ball fringes are put around the lower basket; also a strong red and black silk cord; put balls on the lid, and balls and cord on the handle; and also edge the lambrequin with fringe.

Fig. 4 represents a piano-chair with embroidered stripe. A black ebony frame covered with puffed pale-blue satin, with embroidered black velvet stripe in the centre. Handsome fringe border six inches in depth, having colors used in the embroidery. Any stripe of the many styles shown in *appliqué* and tapestry embroidery, especially gilt-cord embroidery done in gobelin stitch, may be used.

Fig. 5 represents a work-basket in cross-stitch embroidery. This is of coarse brown wicker-work twelve inches long, ten inches wide, and seven inches high. A cross-stitch embroidery on aida canvas trims the basket all round. The upper edge has a ball-trimming, the color of which must match the ground-color of the embroidery. The cover has in the middle a flat cushion six inches square, which is covered with a cross-stitch embroidery on aida canvas. The cushion and cover are finished off with a colored woven border three inches wide; tassels of divers colors trim the lower part of the basket.

Fig. 6 represents a lamp-mat with Spanish lace embroidery. Embroider dark plush velvet or cloth with light colors with Spanish lace stitch. The figures must be cut out of fine yellow linen, and then pasted on dark olive-green plush, which has been stretched over a frame. The flowers and leaves are worked in split filoselle silk; the edges and bars are worked with gold thread. The corner flower is worked in shaded blue, the centre of the mat is of very dark-blue velvet, and is joined to the other by old-gold silk cords. The mat is edged with crewel-balls, made of colors used in the embroidery.

Fig. 7 represents a cushion with colored embroidery material. Dark olive plush for the

cushion, with a strong piece of linen pasted on the back. Drawn over an embroidery-frame, apply the *appliqué* figure of satin and velvet. Then embroider, raise the satin-stitch figures by working over card-board, as you do in gold embroidery. In the outer covers have an arabesque pattern done with triple cord, the middle of which is gold, the outside *couleur du mode* and corinth silk cords; around this is fastened corinth satin *appliqué* with the same shade of chenille on the top. Half of this is *couleur du mode* (arabesque) done with silk cord and fastened with corinth chenille, with the lower half almost covered with pale-blue silk satin-stitch embroidery, with two leaf-like corinth chenille figures between. Three gold cords fastened with stitches across them edge the different figures, and around a small embroidered leaf of blue silk; and make the stem of that leaf. The stems are divided by an *appliqué* of corinth velvet, which is worked in satin-stitch in olive-green; finish that border with *couleur du mode* and gold border. The centre of the cushion is corinth velvet *appliqué* with satin stitch leaf of olive-green, with pale-blue centre, having gold cord drawn over the centre, and pale-blue figure having tendril, stem, etc., of triple gold cord. Triple gold cord is placed around the velvet *appliqué*. Leave a five-inch-wide border of the velvet, and in the centre and corners of each side fasten a gay tassel.

Fig. 8 represents a border in light embroidery. Material, stamped or woven goods. As seen in the figure, this pattern is woven in a velvet stripe, five inches wide; and the pattern is marked in split filoselle, in loose stem or back stitch, the broader parts embroidered with gold thread in long-stitch. The pattern has a ground of dark-olive, the figures red, black, light olive, green, and white; they are edged with a lighter or darker shade of the same color. An inch-wide border of old-gold hides the joining of the velvet stripe, and the material used to finish the work. The fancy stitches for the border are done in blue and red silk alternately.

THE only distinctions in society which should be recognized are those of the soul, of strong principle, of incorruptible integrity, of usefulness, of cultivated intellect, of fidelity in seeking for truth.

Books are standing counselors and preachers, always at hand, and always disinterested; having this advantage over oral instructors, that they are ready to repeat their lessons as often as we please.

HIS COUNTRY COUSIN.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY CHARLES STOKES WAYNE.

CHAPTER IV.—SHE WINS.

THE three days intervening between the 21st of December and Christmas glide very quickly by. Haverholme seems to have taken the place formerly occupied by Tracey, and now he and Miss Howard are inseparable. He calls her "Cousin Fanny" invariably, and she seems rather to enjoy it, and once in awhile says "Cousin Philip," apparently unmindful that he is really no relative. He has taken her to the theatre where Miss Neilson is playing "Juliet," and has persisted in making such remarks as "See how she leans her cheek upon her hand! Oh that I were a glove upon that hand, that I might touch that cheek!" and applying them to her. He has come to the conclusion at last that she does not care particularly for Tracey, and that Tracey is not particularly fond of her; but still George Darley persists in troubling him. The name he considers a sort of bugbear, and though he longs to ask her what Darley is like, whether he is handsome, whether he is very clever, and most of all, whether she is really engaged to him, yet he shrinks from approaching the subject. Christmas morning, however, as they are sitting together in the Adair pew at St. Mark's, he puts an end to his surmises, his doubts, and his fears; and this is how it comes about:

The party, with the exception of Mrs. Sedgewick, who prefers remaining at home to finish one of Ouida's art novels, all go to eleven-o'clock service. Tracey and Miss Adair, Young Sedgewick and Mrs. Harrison, Mr. Harrison and Mrs. Adair, Colonel Banks and Miss Sedgewick, and Haverholme and Miss Howard: thus two by two they walk around to the fashionable St. Mark's, and thus they take their seats in the two pews which the house of Adair deems it necessary to rent, and which—excepting on such occasions as this—are never filled from January to December. The church is looking very gay and joyous this white Christmas morning. The light that falls in many bright colors through the gorgeous saints that occupy each window transforms the gray holly-twined pillars into variegated columns. The red and blue and green and gold decorations of

the chancel, with the texts so well known and so devoutly expected at each succeeding Christmas,—
"Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given,"
"On earth peace, good-will to men,"—and alphas and omegas, sacred monograms and crosses of all shapes and sizes, together with the usual number of holly-wreaths and festoons, showing the bright red berries among the rich green leaves, all go to make up the holiday dress of God's temple.

"How nicely it is decorated!" says Fanny, turning to Philip; "how well the texts are made! and how full and round the wreaths are!"

"Very nicely decorated," replies Haverholme; "I could'nt have done it better myself," with a weak attempt at humor.

"Nor I. You should see our church at home. The rector's daughter and I have all the work to do, and it is no fun, I can tell you."

"How will they get on without you this year?" asks Philip.

"Oh, my sister has volunteered; and then George will help, too, I suppose."

George again! If she would only say Mr. Darley, Philip would feel ever so much better; but it is this familiarity that tells him these two must be very, very intimate.

"What a fine church this would be to be married in," he remarks, darting at the subject that is now ever uppermost in his mind, and seems to be inseparably joined with that name of "George."

"Just the place I should like," adds Fanny, laughing; "I can imagine myself standing before the altar there, and the rector reading the ceremony."

"And who do you imagine beside you?" he asks, anxiously, thinking that she may answer him, and yet knowing that she will not.

"Impertinent again," she replies, with a smile. "I will not tell even my Cousin Philip that."

And then, almost before he knows it, he has blurted out the question:

"Is it George Darley?"

"George Darley!" she exclaims, in surprise. "Good gracious, no! Do you suppose I want to marry my sister's husband?"

The ball at the Adair mansion is at its height. In ten minutes more it will be midnight, and in spite of the wish of many young people that this "Christmas would stay till another is here," in ten short minutes it will have gone, followed in the train of its eighteen hundred and seventy odd ancestors, like them never to return. Its grave, however, will be a green spot in the memory of many, and especially so in that of Haverholme. All day he has been exuberantly happy. Since that announcement of Miss Howard's in church this morning, that George Darley is a married man, and only her brother-in-law instead of her lover, the dark cloud that has for weeks been hanging ominously over his horizon has rolled away, and his mind is once more at ease. As he stands now leaning against a door-post, looking at the dancers as they go whirling up and down the long drawing-room, which is one blaze of light, his face is radiant with joy. He has danced twice with Fanny Howard; but as he considers dancing rather a bore, he has refrained from asking any one else, and has spent most of the evening as a wall-flower. There is a branch of mistletoe on the chandelier in front of him, and beneath it is a circle which no lady seems inclined to enter. He notices this fact, and wonders whether it is not more for appearance's sake than because the ladies do not like to be kissed that they are so studiously avoiding it. Even as he so thinks, the dancing ceases, and he sees her whose very presence has grown to be a joy to him crossing the room alone. She is dressed in white, a thin, gauzy material, and silk combined, the purity of which is so becoming that she looks, if possible, more beautiful than usual, and the soft creamy whiteness of her bare arms and neck, round and full, proclaim her youth. She enters the charmed circle; she passes under the chandelier and the shunned mistletoe, seemingly unconscious of the temptation she is causing several men who are looking admiringly after her. As she steps under the green leaves, by some chance Fred Tracey appears at her side. There is no rush, no hurry, but by some circumstance he happens to be there at the moment. He is not slow to understand the situation, and in an instant his arm is about Miss Howard's waist, and before she can resent the liberty, he has imprinted a burning kiss on the fair velvet of her cheek.

At this there is an audible laugh from the people

in that part of the room, who have been expecting something of the kind all the evening, and are now at last satisfied. Miss Howard, who for the moment had altogether forgotten the presence of the mistletoe, blushes red as a rose. Haverholme's smiling countenance changes in an instant. His eyes flash angrily as he crosses the room, and making straight for Tracey, catches him roughly by the lapel of his coat.

"How dare you?" he exclaims, excitedly. "I took you for a gentleman, but you have proved yourself quite the reverse;" and then turning to Fanny, he offers her his arm, and leads her, as quickly as possible, away. Tracey stands for a moment speechless; he is rather surprised by Haverholme's action, and yet he has it not in his heart to blame him. He admits to himself that he was wrong. He is brought to a consciousness of his position by the appearance of Sedgewick and Colonel Banks, who, seeing a crowd has collected, have come up to ascertain what is the cause.

"What's the row, Fred?" asks the young gentleman, with all the familiarity born of a collegiate education; "we just met Phil Haverholme with a face as red as a turkey-cock's, and to all appearance as mad as a hatter."

"Oh," replies Tracey, nonchalantly, recovering his usual composure, "I only took my due, but he seems to have taken it as a personal insult."

"How," asks the colonel, who saw nothing of the affair, and is at a loss to understand these remarks—"how took your due?"

"He kissed a lady who was under the mistletoe," rudely volunteers a youth who is standing by and listening to the conversation, "and Mr. Haverholme didn't seem to like it."

"Ah! who was it, Tracey, old man?" asks Sedgewick. "Miss Howard, eh?"

Tracey nods assent.

"And Haverholme took it to heart, did he?" remarks Banks, laughing jovially. "Ha, ha! very foolish of him, to be sure; but, then, Tracey, my dear fellow, you must remember that is a tender spot with Phil. He is pretty far gone."

"Never mind, old man. Come have some sherry on the strength of it," suggests Sedgewick, and the three stroll off together.

Haverholme is much too angry with Tracey to allow himself to speak to Miss Howard for several

moments. Down the drawing-room he leads her, past groups of whispering people, who have heard something of the commotion, but not knowing positively what it was about, are putting their heads together and giving the results of their surmises. His face is still dark with passion, and all who see him now and remember his expression of a few moments ago know that, whatever was the cause of the excitement, Mr. Haverholme has been greatly annoyed by it. When they have quitted the room, and turned into a rather dimly-lit passage that leads to the conservatory, which, strange to say, is entirely unoccupied, Philip speaks:

"I must apologize for the rudeness of my guest," he says, in a tone that tells how deeply this incident has moved him; "it was a performance I thought him the last man to attempt,—a most ungentlemanly piece of impertinence."

"Oh, don't think so *very* badly of him," pleads Fanny, rather frightened at the angry sparkle in the man's eyes. "I suppose it was much my fault; I should not have walked under it."

"You should walk where you please. To begin with, it was a childish bit of nonsense to put that beastly mistletoe there at all; I believe it was some of Sedgewick's doing, the young fool; but for any one to take advantage of it was extremely caddish."

"Oh, pray don't be so angry," she urges. "I don't so very much mind, really; it was only for—"

"You don't much mind," he repeats, sharply, interrupting her. "Do you mean that you enjoy being kissed in that manner by any Tom, Dick, or Harry that chooses to do it?"

"Oh, no, no; you misunderstand me. Of course, I disliked it; I was very much vexed at Mr. Tracey, and all that, but I do not care so much as to make any—*fuss* about it," she concludes at last, vainly seeking for a more elegant word to express herself.

"Well, then, *I* do."

They have entered the conservatory now, where the cool dampness that the fountain gives to the air is quite refreshing. The apartment is full of the soft, balmy odor of flowers; the light is brighter than in the passage, but yet mellow and subdued. There are a few couples sitting or standing about among the numerous tropical plants with their mammoth shapely leaves. As they enter, the music commences again. It is a galop this time.

"Do you know," exclaims Fanny, seriously, after looking at her card—"do you know I am engaged to Mr. Tracey for this?"

"Are you?" replies Philip, unconcernedly. "You need not mind; he has forfeited all his claims. Won't you sit down?" pointing to a cushioned bench almost hidden among the tall, waving leaves of a species of palm. "He can find you here if he chooses to come; but take my word for it, he will not dare to show his face. I hope he has enough gentlemanliness left to be ashamed of what he has done."

To this Fanny makes no reply, but takes the seat pointed out to her. Philip seats himself beside her. At the first squeaking of the violins those who were in the conservatory when Philip and Fanny entered rushed madly for the drawing-room, as if never before had they had an opportunity to galop.

"Do you know," asks Philip, when they are quite alone—and, as he speaks, the anger that has until now held full sway over his countenance vanishes as a mist—"do you know why I was so angry?"

"I have not the faintest idea, except that you thought it rude and ungentlemanly."

"But do you suppose," he continues, looking down into her upturned face,—he is quite happy again now,—"that I should have cared so much if it had been any one else—if it had been Miss Sedgewick, for instance?"

"I suppose so," Fanny answers, innocently, but nevertheless dropping her eyes under his ardent gaze; "why should you not?"

"Ah! why? Do you really care to know?"

"Well," she replies, hesitatingly,—she knows full well what his answer will be; his face has told her plainly enough, and she is naturally loath to make such a bid for the declaration,—"not particularly. I only asked for curiosity's sake."

"I will tell you, nevertheless," catching her small, downy white hand in his; "it is because I love *you*."

She makes a faint effort to withdraw her hand, but he holds it tightly, yet gently, in his clasp.

"You should not speak in that way," she says, her face burning with hot, crimson blushes; "and please let go my hand."

Philip is rather taken aback at this reception of his love: he had expected something so entirely different; but then perhaps his own excited

manner has something to do with it, and calming himself as best he can he goes on, in a low voice, speaking quite kindly, tenderly, even pleadingly.

"I know I am not much of a prize; I have scarcely enough to support a wife comfortably on, but I have my profession; and I promise you you shall never want. Fanny," he pleads, earnestly, "have you not seen all along that I loved you? For God's sake, don't refuse me now! I could not stand it; I love you madly, desperately. You will be my wife, won't you?"

Her head is bent low; not a word escapes her lips.

"Won't you come to me? Can't you love me just a little?" he urges, placing his arm about her waist and gently drawing her toward him.

Her answer is to bury her face in his bosom and to burst into tears. The next instant his other arm is around her, and he is holding her closely to his breast.

"Thank God!" he murmurs, joyously; "you are my own, my wife, my angel!"

For one moment she lies in his embrace, sobbing great tears of joy. When she turns her face, all shining with love, up to his, she meets the glad love-light of his eyes. Then he takes one, two, three long, lingering kisses from those ripe, red lips.

She neither forbids him, nor tries to escape. She is supremely, contentedly happy; and he, *bliss* as he is, acknowledges to himself that never before has he known pleasure. The bliss of feeling and knowing that the love of a young, beautiful, and pure woman is his, that her heart beats for him and for him only, and that she has paid him the greatest compliment it is possible for woman to pay to man, in promising to become his wife, surpasses every other joy that this fair earth can offer.

In silence they sit together, he with his one arm about her, his other hand clasping hers, and

she with her head lying lovingly upon his shoulder. There is no sound but the cool plash, plash, of the fountain, and the merry music of the orchestra in the drawing-room. Presently the music stops. Full well they know that in a moment there will be an influx of heated dancers, men and women sentimentally billing and cooing, desperately flirting, which seems like sacrilege when compared with their honest, holy passion.

Even as they think so, a man is heard approaching. A man it must be, for he is whistling, softly, to be sure, but then nevertheless it is a man's whistle.

In an instant Fanny is sitting erect and decorous. Philip's hands are idly playing with each other, matching fingers and twisting rings. He looks up to get a glimpse of the intruder. To his surprise it is Tracey, and he is alone. All the anger against him which filled his heart fifteen minutes ago has been expelled, forced out by the love he bears for his country cousin, which has brought with it a love for all mankind. Haverholme is at peace with the world. Not one spark of animosity, not the faintest ill-will, does he feel for any one. He is friends with all men. Through the leaves they can see Tracey without being seen.

"Let us go to him," says Philip. "Come, I am not angry now."

"You have forgiven him?" asks the fair girl at his side, as she rises; "so have I. Who knows? Had it not been for him, we might not have been so happy."

And so together they go toward him; him who, unmindful of that which he was doing, only hastened their happiness when seeming to destroy it.

Together, as they shall go through life hereafter, each confidently happy in the possession of the other's love, full of that transcendent joy that comes to all of us once,—and once only in a lifetime,—they go, he and she: Philip Haverholme and his Country Cousin.

(Concluded.)

THE study of truth is perpetually joined with the love of virtue; for there is no virtue which derives not its original from truth.

ALL our mental perceptions suggest their opposites,—the finite, the infinite; the seen, the unseen; time, eternity; creation, a God.

IDLENESS is the parent of every vice; but well-directed activity is the source of every laudable pursuit and worldly attainment.

A HUMAN heart throbs beneath the beggar's gabardine: it is no more than this that stirs with its beating the prince's mantle.

ATTRACTIVE HOMES.

BY MARIAN H. FORD.

It is possible for a home to be pleasant and cheery, to be so rich in sweet influences that one remembers it ever as the dearest spot upon earth, without containing a single object that is really beautiful, without appealing in the least to one's higher æsthetic tastes. Yet in this nineteenth century a home which is merely "good," a moral home, yes, a "kind" home, does not fulfill every requisite need for perfection. We are gradually becoming round creatures. The phrenological part of us, which once developed in knobs and bunches of aggressive morality, intellect, or æstheticism, is being padded into a more level and evenly distributed surface by the culture of a thousand heretofore neglected qualities which have suddenly been recognized as exerting a great influence upon temperament.

We are no longer contented with being simply "good," but realize that goodness without an added touch of wisdom is rather narrow and unsatisfactory. Goodness and wisdom, moreover, are possessions which one cannot put on and take off like a garment. They must grow slowly from deep-lying roots, be absorbed, as it were, from one's circumstances and surroundings.

The roof-tree, therefore, should cease to be a spot where one merely hangs up the family portraits and darns the stocking, where the beefsteak is broiled, the children are spanked, the newspaper is read, and the wife reproved for her lack of economy. It becomes a place, on the contrary, where the senses are educated and trained by the constant influence of soft harmonious colors, correct forms, and artistic decoration, where the mind is refreshed by the presence of necessities which not only satisfy the demands of the body, but stimulate the intellectual tastes as well.

A home should be as little like a school-house as possible, yet full of things which attract the eyes and minds of the children as they grow up, and not only provide instruction for them, but silently influence their taste. Of course, the means of a family do much toward regulating such matters; but very limited means, if rightly expended, can do much toward beautifying plain houses, and

adorning them with those little touches which indicate refinement.

The bugbear which frequently stalks before the eyes and obscures the taste of the housewife is furniture. Her house must be filled with chairs to sit on, tables to hold albums and family Bibles, with bureaus and beds, with everything, in fact, which ministers to the needs of material man. And having wooed all these articles into her domicile, she seats herself in the traditional rocking-chair, serene in the consciousness that her house is furnished, and well furnished.

But there are more things in the philosophy of God than some women can dream of. One must have beds, it is true, and to insure healthful sleep they must be comfortable; one must sit down also, must eat, but these are not the only essential things. Having provided for them, one has only begun to furnish the house, and this is a point which should always be kept in view; for if one realizes its truth, the purchase-money to be applied to sordid comforts may be so economized as to include other necessities. For instance, in furnishing the sitting-room, if one were to choose between a carpet for the floor and a small copy of some piece of antique sculpture, such as the Meleager, or a sleeping faun, or Diana, any of which would delight the children, we would say by all means take one of the latter and stain the floor; for this is a case where one may distribute the purchase-money and gain food for the higher man without loss of physical comfort.

A home can be made pretty in these days at very slight expense, for there are all sorts of cheap and artistic materials, such as cretonnes, oiled calicoes, colored Canton flannels, cheese-cloths, etc., which it only requires good taste to turn into very effective decorations. Most women, if they choose, can do their own upholstering as easily, or more easily in fact, as their dress-making, and the satisfactory result of a little extra labor will astonish those who have not tried it.

Keeping a few points in view, it is by no means impossible to transform an ordinary apartment into an interior which is refreshing to the eye and

stimulating to the taste. The most important of these points is wall-surface. Many persons have an idea that the floor of a room is the part which needs furnishing, and that after they have so covered it with lumber in the shape of chairs and tables that one can scarcely find one's way about, the apartment is complete. Never did a more pernicious blunder mislead the taste.

The walls of a room are the fields in which the decorator must work. Let the chairs and tables be as pretty and unobtrusive as possible, and do not tolerate their appearance except as they are absolutely necessary. Never allow a table to stand in a room simply because it is a table. Unless it holds something beautiful, or is in constant use, frown upon it, cast it forth without pity. In furnishing a room, we wish to gain as much as possible the sense of spaciousness, and to do this we must not allow the centre of the room to be filled with furniture. Beautify the corners, the alcoves, the walls, and leave us the middle of the room to breathe in. We do not command that the chairs be placed against the wall in straight rows, but merely that they shall be torn from the defiant attitude they assume in most households, and taught humility. A chair is an article of use, not of beauty, and one should always make this distinction in arranging an interior.

The white walls of many American houses are the great drawback to decoration, and if pretty paper is too expensive, they can be covered to a great extent by soft-hued curtains, which, hung from metal rods, take the place of tapestry, and sometimes are even prettier in effect than paper. There is always danger, however, of having too many curtains in a room. One must obtain a diversified wall-surface, and yet the eye requires rest, so that the effect should not be too broken. Curtains at the windows are always more or less of an experiment. If the windows have blinds, they should usually remain uncurtained, or, if they are very numerous, one or two windows may be curtained. Windows without blinds always need some shade, and in this case the curtains ought to be tolerably heavy, and are prettier if hung a little below the top of the window. All curtains which roll up and down are worthy only of deep curses. They never roll; they are the homeliest things mankind ever invented, and they are so utterly devoid of recommendations of any

sort that it is a mystery how they have gained such universal adoption.

The question of color is of course highly important in the furnishing of a room. Many persons make the mistake of supposing that in order to gain an artistic effect a room should be furnished throughout in the same tint; therefore they make desperate attempts to find carpets, curtains, and chairs in pure unadulterated browns, reds, or greens, producing results which are almost always intolerably ugly. To enter an apartment in which one sees nothing but bronze-green, for instance, or gendarme blue, is like being restricted entirely to the society of a man who has the toothache. It affects one like a misery from which there is no escape, and one feels as though a stripe of ardent yellow, or burning red somewhere, would be a godsend to the tired senses. A room should be like a flower-garden, shimmering with softly-contrasted color, so that the effect of the apartment is that of blended lights, and one looks at a vase, a bright hanging, or a wall-painting for the keynote which gives the fundamental color. The deep, dull "Morris" colors will always be most satisfactory, and if the tints are carefully contrasted, beautiful results can be obtained with inexpensive materials.

Flowers are another important factor in decorative effects. Some one calls flowers the language of the earth, and it is fashionable to believe that they are beautiful under all circumstances. A flower in a pot is always at a disadvantage, however. It pines for company,—for flowers are gregarious creatures,—and when forced to grow alone, it lifts up its head forlornly, as if asking for sympathy. It is a difficult matter, therefore, to keep flowers in the house. They are so nearly allied to fresh air and sunshine, that it is hard to make them seem suitable in an apartment of average size.

To be beautiful and satisfactory, flowers need freedom, warmth, and companionship. If grown in the house, they should be planted in boxes, where their roots can spread and intermingle, and where the blossoms are massed together into a sociable whole. There is no beauty in a shelf full of flower-pots, which fill up the window and obstruct the light. The plants they contain are a perennial source of trial to the housewife. In summer they ought to be out-of-doors, and in winter they look so cold that one sneezes at sight of them. They are always afflicted by bugs or a

new species of worm, and if they bloom it is in such a heart-broken way that one snips off the blossoms to avert the melancholy they inspire.

Yet one must have flowers in the house, and if one does not possess a bay-window, which can easily be transformed into a conservatory by the addition of a bank of earth and a hot-air pipe, there are certain plants which, grown in a large box and placed on a pretty stand, can be a source of constant refreshment.

Plants kept in the house should be large-leaved and handsome like the calla, or fragrant like the English violet or mignonette. They must be individual flowers, which have something definite to say; for an insignificant blossom becomes as annoying after a time as a stupid and uninteresting companion. A nondescript geranium in a pot affects one like a stray postage-stamp. One feels as though it must be labeled and stuck somewhere immediately. But a clump of sweet roses, stately callas, and fragrant violets, nodding and whispering among themselves, are a source of daily inspiration. "We know all things," they always seem to say, "and we can give you just the thought which will comfort you."

But after a room has been made resplendent in color and decoration, fragrant with blossoms, rich in artistic effects, as a place for human habitation, for domestic happiness, and daily culture, it still lacks a great deal. It fails to suggest that atmosphere of comfort and coziness, that appearance of being used and enjoyed, which only books and pictures can impart; books so arranged that they can be picked up without any laborious opening of doors or mounting of step-ladders; pictures which are beautiful, and at the same time possess an individual interest for the owner.

If people would only insist upon buying books and reading them, what a blessing it would be, not only for humanity in general, but the decorator in particular; for nothing is a more comprehensive furnisher than a plenitude of books. Their very presence educates the children, while it is much easier for a child to form what is called a "taste for reading" if he is surrounded by books and sees them constantly used by his elders.

As to pictures, most persons buy them for the purpose of decorating the walls, without a thought of the effect they may have upon the children's taste. If pictures are to be a part of the home, they should be such as the children may appreciate. Once let them form the habit of being interested in pictures, and the foundation of an appreciative, artistic taste is laid.

There are many pictures by the "old masters" which Goupil's beautiful photographs have made accessible to almost every one, and frequently they depict scenes which will delight even young children. Guido's "Aurora," for instance, with its prancing horses and baby torch-bearer, has been a source of amusement to countless boys, while Rubens's "Rape of two Women by Castor and Pollux," Titian's "Christ and the Tribute-Money," Rembrandt's "Rape of Ganymede," Murillo's pictures of beggar-boys, and others which are equally desirable, will attract any child who is fond of pictures, not only from the dramatic action they portray, but from the stories connected with them.

Parents seldom realize the extent to which children can be made familiar with subjects of historical and artistic interest through the surroundings of the home. And it is only thus that a home can become a perfect one. Ministering to the childish mind in every direction, it should contain elements which make not only good men and loving children, but wise men and progressive citizens. The thought of such a home raises the duty of women to a very high level. It is not her mission to dust and scrub and preside over the mending-basket, but to watch the blossoming minds of her children, and to foster each budding taste and inclination for wisdom and goodness which they develop.

The home is the school of statesmanship, the centre of learning, the spot where alone one can find pure pleasure and unselfish love, where the children grow instinctively to love what is best. At least, this is what the home may become in the twentieth century, when women vote and pigs run about already roasted. But at present we can only gaze upon our ideal with reverent eyes from afar.

PROUD men seldom have friends. In prosperity they know nobody; and in adversity nobody cares to know them.

In all the sallies of badinage a polite fool shines; but in gravity he is as awkward as an elephant disporting.

LORA.

BY PAUL PASTNOR.

FIRST MOVEMENT.—THE SAND-BAR BRIDGE.

A GLORIOUS day it had been,—like a bit of September
Caught in the gates of midsummer, while playing the truant;
A day of delicious completeness, cool, fragrant, and sunny.
Now night, dim and noiseless, was floating down out of the
northwest,

Out of a corner of sunset, like dark-feathered captive
Bursting a net of gold threads; and the brood of her
shadows,

Flock after flock, struggled after, and thickened the gloaming.

In the Lake of the North, lying under the brow of the
British,
Slumbers Isle Grand; and the fragrance of orchards en-
folds it.

Golden its girdle of shore, and the mellowing grain-fields
Clasp its fair beaches with buckles of umber and sunshine.
There, in the midst of the calm, lazy water, it slumbers,
Ripens, and rolls like a huge yellow pear in the water.

Long, long ago, in the fabulous age of the red man,
Isle Grand was joined to the shore by a long, shining sand-
bar.

Thereon an excellent road-bed has lately been builded
Unto the gate of the island, that stands by the toll-house.
Oft, of a still summer night, you may hear the wheels
bowling

Over the dyke, or the lope of the toil-weary farm-hand—
The ponderous roll of his feet on the hard-beaten highway!

Over the bridge, through the twilight, a carriage was gliding;
Smooth was the sound of the wheels on the excellent road-
bed.

Thus from the mart of the city came Oliver Bascom
Home to his farm in the midst of the fruit-growing island.
Swiftly he drove, and the light breeze that rippled the water
Laughed on his uncovered forehead and tossed his brown
ringlets.

Also the plentiful light of his eyes went before him
Westward, where lay his possessions, his flock-covered acres.

Scarce had he come to the elm in the midst of the sand-bar,
Clinging alone to the desolate dike with its root-thongs,
When in his face fell the shadow of Lora—sweet maiden!—
Breasting the eventide glory, and walking before him.
Marked he her shoulders' sinuous tossing, and also
The grace of her step, as she followed the trend of the
wheel-track.

Now Lora, the way being narrow, stepped down on the
cobble,
And stood looking southward intently, away from the car-
riage;

Her beautiful billowy shoulders sank down in a calm.

But still the young land-owner tightened his rein as he
passed her,

And could but gaze backward with fond, earnest eye through
the twilight,

His presence enforced by the rose-colored background of
sunset.

She yielded, fond maiden! and round on her marvelous
shoulders

Crept the shy crescent, the quarter, the moon of her face!
Then suddenly flashed to his forehead the hand of the young
man,

Lifted his cap, and detained it,—a tribute right gallant.

And there in the dim light of evening it hung, nor de-
scended,

Like nimbus of man-saint aloft in the high, holy window
Of Church of St. Joseph, the splendid, the pride of the city,
Where worshiped the parents of Lora from Sabbath to
Sabbath.

"The Sand-bar is lonely," he cried to the quick-blushing
maiden,

"Dangerous often, and thou art yet far from the toll-house.

Come, ride with me; there is room on the seat here to spare
thee."

Up to the road-bed climbed Lora in timid obedience;
Stood with her hand on her hat-rim, half-frightened, half-
eager.

Two narrow red ribbons streamed, shivering to northward
and westward,

Touched her rare cheeks, and straightway became rivers of
blushes!

"Oh, thank you sir," softly she answered; "but father is
coming.

Somewhere behind me he's crossing the Sand-bar; I know it,
And am not afraid, for I could run back in a minute,

And call toward the clank of the ox-yoke, and father would
hear me."

Yet, as she answered, the maiden respectfully neared him;

For natural courtesy taught her that never at distance

A lady should hold conversation with friend or with stranger.

Ceased she, and stood by the carriage, her brown eyes down-
looking;

And through her sweet lips still there issued the fragrance of
speech!

"Lora," said Oliver Bascom ("I pray you, forgive me
For using your name thus ungiven, since long I have known
you,

By good will of silence, through father and mother and
neighbors),

Wilt ride to the toll-gate? for listen! thy father is coming,
And thou must walk slow as the oxen, if he overtake thee."

Meanwhile, through the smooth, tempered air there came
burdensome sounds;
The crush of loose, toil-heavy feet in the road-bed of gravel;
The bowing and swaying together of huge, weary creatures;
The creaking and rattling yoke; the sighs of submission;
The meek, muttered groans of the oxen; the swish of the
goad;
And now and anon the guidance, in tones of moroseness,
And the slow, labored step of the farmer, desiring his rest.

So while the man and the maiden were listening together,
Farmer Laroix and his oxen loomed up in the twilight.
Swiftly they seemed to approach through the dusk of the
evening.

"Haste! or thy father will think thou art playing the bandit!"
Cried the young man, in a deep, merry whisper to Lora.
Quick he descended, and drew her, all blushing, but yielding,
Unto the step of the carriage, and helped her to mount it.

Bowed on his breast was the head of the old man behind them,
And ere the swift dash of wheels had quite scattered his
musings,
Far in the distance were Lora and Oliver Bascom,
Fading away in the shadows, and laughing together.
Then drooped the goad, like the branch of a water-side
willow;
Also the stern voice was hushed, and the oxen went wildly.
(To be Continued.)

GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

By W. H. PERRIN.

ALMOST a decade has passed since the death of the great journalist and poet whose name heads this sketch. The flowers of spring have bloomed and died and the grass withered upon his grave, as the seasons have come and gone and years been added to the period since his voice was hushed in the silence of the tomb. Some of the ablest writers of the time have essayed, in fitting terms, to perpetuate his memory and wreath with immortelles a name illustrious not only in journalism, but in the fields of poetry and literature. Numerous biographies and reminiscences have already appeared in the public prints of the day, in which many events of his life have been truly portrayed. An ardent admirer of the veteran editor, and a business association with him extending over a number of years, at the request of mutual friends I willingly and lovingly undertake the task of adding a few words of tribute to one of the most remarkable men America has produced.

George Dennison Prentice was born in New London County, Connecticut, December 18, 1802, and died at the country residence of his son, Colonel Clarence J. Prentice, on the banks of the Ohio River, a few miles below Louisville, on the morning of January 22, 1870. Of his early life, prior to his visit to Kentucky in 1830, which resulted in its becoming his permanent home, I shall say nothing in this article, as it has so often been given by other writers. In person, Mr. Prentice was rather above the medium standard, with a figure that in youth was said to have

been as straight as an Indian's, but became somewhat stooped and bent with the weight of years. One biographer thus describes him, and the picture he presents is as nearly correct as can be made with the pen: "His features were not regular, but his face was for the most part pleasing; often, when animated, it seemed handsome. His head was finely-shaped, having a particularly noble and impressive forehead; his hair was black, but somewhat thin, retaining its blackness until quite late in life. He had dark-brown eyes, rather small, full of light and sparkle when he was in a happy mood, though they could express fierceness and severity. His voice was low and agreeable in its general tone. Among strangers he was apt to be reserved, sometimes embarrassed; but with chosen friends his conversation was fluent and free, often full of characteristic brightness and humor; at other times, when touching the loftier themes of poetry and philosophy, seriously sweet and eloquent."

In 1830, when Prentice was twenty-eight years of age, he was induced by the Whigs of Connecticut to make a journey to Kentucky for the purpose of writing the life of Henry Clay, then the great leader of that party in the South and West. His absence from New England was intended to be temporary, but, as already stated, Kentucky became his permanent home. For some time prior to leaving Connecticut he had been the editor of the "New England Review," and upon accepting the call of his party to visit Kentucky he recommended to the publishers of the "Review" John G. Whittier

to take his place as editor of that paper, a suggestion the publishers adopted. Says Mr. Piatt, in his biography of Prentice: "Mr. Whittier accepted it at once; but he had never met Mr. Prentice, they were strangers personally, and they did not afterward meet each other, though Mr. Prentice, I know, always admired and honored the good Quaker poet of Amesbury, and the latter, I am sure, must always have remembered the generous compliment of Mr. Prentice."

The biography of Clay was written for campaign purposes, and intended to be used by the Whig party in New England. In 1828, when John Quincy Adams failed to be re-elected to the Presidency, Mr. Clay, who held the first place in his Cabinet, passed from public life the following March, and remained in retirement for two or three years. To bring him again prominently before his party was the object of the biography, and finally led to the establishment of the *Louisville Journal*, a paper that for more than a third of a century wielded perhaps a greater influence than any newspaper ever published in the United States. Mr. Prentice's preface to the biography of Clay was dated November 14, 1830. And on the 24th of the same month he issued the first number of the *Journal*. Referring to these events, Hon. Henry Watterson, in a memorial address delivered before the Kentucky Legislature, at the request of that body, just after the death of Prentice, said: "He was obscure and poor. The people of the West were rough. The times were violent. Parties were dividing upon measures of government which could not in their nature fail to arouse and anger popular feeling, and to the bitterness of conflicting interests was added the enthusiasm which the rival claims of two great party chieftains everywhere excited. In those days there was no such thing as journalism as we now understand it. The newspaper was but a poor affair, owned by a clique or a politician. The editor of a newspaper was nothing if not personal. Moreover, the editors who had appeared above the surface had been men of second-rate abilities, and had served merely as 'squires to their liege lords, the politicians. This much Mr. Prentice reformed at once and altogether. He established the *Louisville Journal*; he threw himself into the spirit of the times as the professed friend of Mr. Clay and the champion of his principles; but he invented a warfare hitherto

unknown, and illustrated it by a personal identity which very soon elevated him into the rank of a party leader as well as a partisan editor. . . . Mr. Prentice, the most distinguished example of the personal journalism of the past, leaves but one other behind him, and when Greeley goes there will be no one left, and we shall hardly see another. As was said of the players, 'They die and leave no copy.' . . . From 1830 to 1861 the influence of Prentice was perhaps greater than the influence of any political writer who ever lived; it was an influence directly positive and personal. It owed its origin to the union in his person of gifts which no one had combined before him. He had, to build upon, an intellect naturally strong and practical, and this was trained by rigid, scholarly culture. He possessed a keen wit and a poetical temperament. He was brave and aggressive; and though by no means quarrelsome, he was as ready to fight as to write, and his lot was cast in a region where he had to do a good deal of both. By turns a statesman, a wit, a poet, a man of the world, and always a journalist, he gave to the press of his country its most brilliant illustrations, and has left to the State and to his progeny by odds the largest reputation ever achieved by a newspaper writer." The only excuse I can offer for the lengthy extract given above is the fact that it is true of its subject, and therefore will lose nothing by repetition.

As a further illustration of the stormy period in which he begun his political and editorial life in Kentucky, and the character of the man, I will give a short extract from a speech delivered by Prentice at a banquet in Louisville, on the occasion of the thirty-sixth anniversary of the *Journal*. In response to the leading toast, Mr. Prentice said: "The thirty-sixth anniversary of the birthday of the *Louisville Journal* suggests to me, I confess, some melancholy thoughts and reflections. I came here a young man; I am an old one. I came here full of physical strength; my strength is broken by sickness, by years, and by the storms of political life. I have done and endured enough to destroy half a dozen ordinary men. Ah, how well and how vividly I remember the long-gone twilight hour when I first entered Louisville! I was alone and lonely. My heart almost misgave me, for there was not in the city a human being that I knew, not one with whom I had interchanged letters, and I felt as if I should sink

unrecognized and unnoted into the roaring and rushing multitude like a rain-drop into the sea. But I sent out the first number of the *Journal*, and all was changed. I was no longer a stranger to the people, and they were no longer strangers to me. I had friends enough. They grappled me to their breasts with hooks of steel. They gathered around me to cheer and encourage and strengthen me, and to protect me, if necessary, with their lives. My early editorial experience was stormy and tempestuous, but I triumphed. Men were killed for their relationship to me, and for their connection with my paper; my own life was repeatedly and treacherously sought, but I am here to partake of your delightful hospitality to-night."

Mr. Prentice was a natural wit; his humor flowed spontaneously, and he seldom allowed a circumstance—whether grave or gay—to pass without calling into play his ready genius in that direction. Many of his heavy bolts were launched at Shadrach Penn, editor of the Louisville *Daily Advertiser*, then the leading Democratic journal of Kentucky. Scarcely an article was written by Penn, or even a sentence, but was turned and twisted by Prentice to his discomfiture, as the following will show: Penn wrote of "lying these cold mornings curled up in bed," to which Prentice replied that "this proves what we've always said, that 'you lie like a dog.'" Penn then angrily recommended Prentice to "set up a lie factory," and Prentice rejoined, "If we ever do set up a lie factory, we will certainly swing you out for a sign." Penn said that he had "met one of Prentice's statements squarely." "Yes," said Prentice, "by lying roundly." Prentice once perpetrated a joke on Penn, which is doubtless still remembered by many of the old citizens of Louisville. It was between 1835 and 1840, at a time when their editorial warfare was raging at white heat. Something like a year before the present incident occurred, a horrible murder had taken place in the South not far from New Orleans, and it so happened that Prentice had preserved a paper intact, containing the particulars of the affair. Looking through his desk one day, he came across the paper, then a year old, but unstained by age, and his natural wit suggested a joke on Penn. He sprinkled it, folded it neatly, and pressed it, which gave it the appearance of a new issue, and placing it in a wrapper addressed

it: "Compliments clerk of the steamer Waucousta, five days, seventy-eight hours out from New Orleans. Quickest trip on record. To Shadrach Penn, editor Louisville *Advertiser*," and sent it to the *Advertiser* office. The boy rushed into the sanctum breathless, threw down the paper on the editorial-table, and scampered away. Penn took it up, and hurriedly tearing off the wrapper, his eye encountered the important item of news,—the murder above referred to. The paper was nearly up, and no time was to be lost. Several important matters were taken out of the form, and the new copy set in their place, with elaborate editorial comments, and very profuse thanks to the gentlemanly clerk of the elegant and fast steamer Waucousta¹ for the valuable favor, etc. The whole trick proved successful, and it was many a day before Penn heard the last of it. Especially when he had a "big thing" in the *Advertiser*, would Prentice ask, "Did that item come by the Waucousta?"

But not alone at "poor old Shad Penn" were his jokes and witticisms leveled. All who had the temerity to cross swords with him met a like reception at his hands. Next to Penn, perhaps, John H. Harney, for many years editor of the Louisville *Daily Democrat*, and "Parson" Brownlow, of the Knoxville (Tenn.) *Whig*, received a larger share of his hot shot. I remember an article in the *Journal* about 1865 or 1866, devoted to Brownlow, in which Prentice gave him the most terrific belaboring that I ever saw in print. It was simply tremendous, and I think effectually silenced Brownlow's guns, for I never saw a reply to it. A quotation from it even would scarcely be in place in an article of this kind. But Prentice did not always escape without a scratch, as will be shown in the following caustic epigram, written years ago, on N. P. Willis:

"*Unwritten honors* to thy name belong,
Willis, immortal both in praise and song;
Unwritten poetry thy pen inspires;
Unwritten music, too, thy fancy fires;
And more than all, *philosophy* divine,
With its *unwritten* beauties, all are thine;
Oh, how much greater praise would be thy due
If thine own *prose* had been *unwritten*, too!"

Willis good-naturedly returned the following response:

¹ The boat referred to was a notoriously slow old tub, and had but one engine.

"Unwritten honors do in truth belong
 To him who gets a living by his song;
Unwritten poetry, though wits do mutter,
 And 'music,' too, to him is *bread and butter*.
 And, more than all, *philosophy divine*
 Helps him to ask poor wits, like thee, to dine.
 Oh, how much greater praise would be your due
 If your own wit could do as much for you!"

Dr. T. S. Bell, a life-long friend, and selected to deliver the address at the unveiling of the Prentice statue over the entrance of the new *Courier-Journal* building, thus truthfully alluded to his wit and humor: "The wit and humor of Mr. Prentice were daily feasts to the readers of the Louisville *Journal*, and I readily recall to memory many persons who would sooner have done without their breakfast than their morning *Journal*. In this department of daily wit, humor, and delightful instruction, I think Mr. Prentice never had an equal. That this wit and humor should pass successfully, as it did, through a daily ordeal of nearly forty years, is one of the marvels of literature:

"Age did not wither him, nor custom stale
 His infinite variety."

"The rills of this wit often sparkled in joyous radiance; the sarcasms were usually withering; but with these qualities there were streams of wisdom, of kindness, and of goodness that were, and are now, refreshing."

But it was not alone in wit, humor, and sarcasm that George D. Prentice excelled as a writer. He was no less a poet. He used to say that he wrote poetry merely for recreation and pastime. But, even his prose was equal to the highest flights of the muses. On the death of a little child of one of his personal friends he wrote: "In musing upon their beautiful lost one, they should remember that a star of Heaven is brighter than a flower of earth. They should bear in mind that it is cause for gratitude that their young and glorious child, after breathing the soft, fresh air of the morning, passed away before the dark coming of the evening tempests." And this upon the New Year: "A new year has begun its awful flight, to pause not till its great mission is fulfilled. What its mission shall be we cannot know. We may strain our aching eyes toward the future, but all is dark and impenetrable as the midnight of death. We know that mighty things shall be, for such belong to all the years of time, but further we may not know." And the following upon the

thirty-seventh anniversary of the *Journal* hear the low, spiritual, and holy voices of it and the heart throbs beneath the spell of it even as the ocean-tide beneath the influence of the lonely and nunlike wanderer of the sky dead rainbow reappears like a spirit of upon the showery clouds of life, and the the spring's first morns glow in dream-like upon the melancholy flowers of the long-ago perished streams gush anew from the arid and the breezes of the olden time sweep against a thousand wind-harps of the forest-pines."

His poem entitled the "Closing Year" generally been conceded to have been a poetical production, and by many critics deemed the equal of Bryant's "Thanatopsis." It contains many beautiful and sublime thoughts, as alive as long as true poetry is admired, as will be fame enough. "The River in the moth Cave," another of his poems in blank verse has by some been thought superior to the "Closing Year." It is freer from the fault of what term an "overstrong tendency to rhetorical ornament and effect." It will probably never reach the popularity of that famous poem, but in my mind it is one of his very best, and I prefer the "Closing Year." So limited has been its circulation compared to that of the latter, it appears now in most of the school-readers, and will give it in full, believing that it will be appreciated by all who read this article:

"Oh, dark, mysterious stream, I sit by thee
 In awe profound, as myriad wanderers
 Have sat before. I see thy waters move
 From out the ghostly glimmerings of my lamp
 Into the dark beyond, as noiselessly
 As if thou wert a sombre river drawn
 Upon a spectral canvas, or the stream
 Of dim oblivion flowing through the lone
 And shadowy vale of death. There is no wave
 To whisper on thy shore, or breathe a wail,
 Wounding its tender bosom on thy sharp
 And jagged rocks. Innumerable mingled tones,
 The voices of the day and of the night,
 Are ever heard through all our outer world,
 For Nature there is never dumb; but here
 I turn and turn my listening ear, and catch
 No mortal sound, save that of my own heart,
 That 'mid the awful stillness throbs aloud,
 Like the far sea-surf's low and measured beat
 Upon its rocky shore. But when a cry
 Or shout or song is raised, how wildly back
 Come the weird echoes from a thousand rocks,
 As if unnumbered airy sentinels,

The genii of the spot, caught up the voice,
Repeating it in wonder,—a wild maze
Of spirit-tones, a wilderness of sounds,
Earth-born but all unearthly.

Thou dost seem,
Oh, wizard stream, a river of the dead—
A river of some blasted, perished world,
Wandering forever in the mystic void.
No breeze e'er strays across thy solemn tide;
No bird e'er breaks thy surface with his wing;
No star or sky or bow is ever glassed
Within thy depths; no flower or blade e'er breathes
Its fragrance from thy bleak banks on the air.
True, here are flowers, or semblance of flowers,
Carved by the magic fingers of the drops
That fall upon thy rocky battlements,—
Fair roses, tulips, pinks, and violets,—
All white as cerements of the confined dead;
But they are flowers of stone, and never drank
The sunshine or the dew. Oh, sombre stream,
Whence comest thou, and whither goest? Far
Above, upon the surface of old Earth,
A hundred rivers o'er thee pass and sweep,
In music and in sunshine, to the sea;—
Thou art not born of them. Whence comest thou,
And whither goest? None of Earth can know.
No mortal e'er has gazed upon thy source—
No mortal seen where thy dark waters blend
With the abyss of Ocean. None may guess
The mysteries of thy course. Perchance thou hast
A hundred mighty cataracts thundering down
Toward Earth's eternal centre; but their sound
Is not for ear of man. All we can know
Is that thy tide rolls out, a spectre stream,
From yon stupendous, frowning wall of rock,
And, moving on a little way, sinks down
Beneath another mass of rock as dark
And frowning, even as life, our little life,
Born of one fathomless eternity,
Steals on a moment, and then disappears
In an eternity as fathomless."

To one who has visited that vast "subterranean desert," the Mammoth Cave, it is difficult to realize how the human imagination could call forth anything more beautiful, more grand, than the above lines. They are sublime, they are incomparable. Other poems of Mr. Prentice's, in blank verse, besides the two already noticed, are "The Flight of Years," "The Stars," "Brown's University," "My Mother," "Birthday Reflections," "My Old Home," "The Invalid's Reply," "Night in Cave Hill Cemetery," "Lookout Mountain," "Thoughts on the Far Past," "On the Summit of the Sierra Madre," "The Grave of the Beautiful," and a few others of lesser note. Where all are good, it is not an easy matter to

decide which is the best. All of them contain merit, and much beauty and sentiment. "Lookout Mountain" vividly describes the famous "fight above the clouds," and has many fine passages. Though blank verse was his favorite style, he wrote many sweet gems in verse. "At My Mother's Grave" and the "Death-Day of William Courtland Prentice" are tenderly pathetic. Mr. Waterson said he once heard the former recited at a club-party in Washington by General Albert Pike in a manner that left not a dry eye in the room. "To a Bunch of Roses," "The Bouquet's Compliments," "Lines to a Lady," are exquisite little pieces of the sentimental style, and, as a critic has said, "show the poet's terseness and epigrammatic felicity of expression." The titles here given of his poems in verse and in blank verse are but a few of his most popular productions. Since his death they have all been collected and published complete in a volume, with an excellent biographical sketch by John James Piatt, and are thus preserved in the literature of the day.

George D. Prentice was an energetic worker. He actually loved work for its own sake. An article in "Harper's Magazine" for January, 1875, written, I believe, by Junius Henri Browne, does Mr. Prentice some injustice. The article in question says: "He was irregularly industrious. Few men worked harder when he did work, and few avoided labor more eagerly when labor was not to his mind. He frequently wrote in a single day four or five, even six, columns of the *Journal*; and then he would not write another line for a week. Generally, however, he had performing periods extending from one to three months; after which he would eschew manuscript completely until the toilsome fit returned." This is the reverse of what I knew of Prentice, and the testimony of others who knew him much longer than I did. Dr. Bell, in the address from which I have already quoted, said: "Throughout my observation of him he worked at his vocation in the earliest morning hours, and for a long period of time midnight found him at cheerful labor. It is one of the great joys of my life that I have known personally all the great editors of Kentucky, from the venerable John Bradford, who, in 1787, printed one of the first newspapers established west of the Allegheny Mountains, down to my contemporaries, and among them all there was no one that loved and enjoyed labor in his editorial vocation as he

did." As I have said, Dr. Bell was his intimate friend for nearly forty years, and upon this point but echoes the sentiments of all who knew the great editor. Says Mr. Watterson: "I never knew any one who could write as much as Prentice in a given time, or sustain the quantity and quality of his writing for so long a time. He actually averaged from fifteen to eighteen hours a day, and kept this up month after month, turning out column upon column of all sorts of matter, 'from gay to grave, and from lively to severe.'"

Prentice never "avoided labor" when able to perform it. He used to say that he worked "twenty-four hours in a day, and the reason that he did not work any more was because the days were no longer." This is nearer the truth than that he "avoided labor when labor was not to his mind." It was always to his mind, except when unable to be up and going ahead. The article in "Harper's" brought out a response from Paul R. Shipman, long the managing editor of the *Journal*, and for whom Mr. Prentice entertained the warmest affection. Shipman published his reply in the *New York World*, and in it he stoutly defended Mr. Prentice against the imputation cast upon him by Browne's article, and showed him to be a most inveterate, tireless worker.

In 1835 Mr. Prentice was married to Miss Henrietta Benham, a native of Ohio. She was a lady of fine accomplishments, and in early youth is said to have possessed great beauty and personal attractions. Intellectual and highly educated, she was for many years a social leader in Louisville, gathering around her all that was graceful and refined in the society of the Falls City. It was not my pleasure to know her until about five years before her death, and at that period she was still a handsome, stately woman. Her charity and benevolence were almost boundless, and many of the poor and unfortunate had ample cause to bless her liberality. She died in April, 1868.

Mr. and Mrs. Prentice had but four children, two of whom died in early childhood; the other two, William Courtland and Clarence Joseph, lived to man's estate, but are now dead. Both entered the Confederate army during the late war. Courtland, the elder of the two, joined Morgan's Cavalry in the fall of 1862, and in less than a month was killed in battle at Augusta, Ky. Clarence went in at the beginning, fought through

the entire war, rose to the rank of colonel, and returned home in safety. He died a few years ago, and his son, George D. Prentice, Jr., is the last representative of the poet-editor.

The late war aroused all the old fire in Mr. Prentice. With a prophetic knowledge he beheld the coming storm long before it burst upon the land, and all his energies were exerted to avert the calamity. He believed that wise legislation would save the country from the danger that threatened it, and to this end determined to go on a lecturing tour. The following description is given of one of these lectures: "As he called up before his auditory the mighty who, in life, had guided the ship of State, he seemed to be enacting the part of Homer in assembling the gods of Olympus. As he moved his grand procession of American statesmen, his auditory sat in ecstatic rapture. When he called up the majestic shade of Henry Clay as 'the noblest Roman of them all,' the tremulous tones of his voice expressed the depth of his emotions of saddened despair. With his mind filled with that which had been, and gloomy forebodings from that which is not, all the chords of feelings rushed together in the mournful, wailing diapason: 'Atlas no longer bears the world on his shoulders; Ulysses wanders from Ithaca, and his bow stands idle because there is no one who may bend it.' Auditory and orator were overwhelmed in a common emotion." But all his patriotism could not avert the impending tempest. His alarm was considered groundless at the time by many, but alas! was fulfilled far beyond his most gloomy anticipations. Although he could not prevent the war, he did, beyond the shadow of a doubt, keep Kentucky in the Union, when but a word through the columns of the *Journal* would have caused her to secede with the other Southern States. In all the long and desperate struggle that ensued, his fidelity to the Union never faltered; notwithstanding his two sons, his only children, had entered the Confederate army, and numbers of his life-long friends were arrayed under the "Southern Cross," he stood firmly by the old flag and made a gallant fight. At the close of the war he was pretty well broken down. His health and spirits were gone, the terrible battle he had fought had battered his decaying tabernacle, and the twilight shadows were gathering around him. Many of his oldest and dearest friends were dead, or had slipped

away, leaving him, as it were, the hero of a passage in his "Closing Year":

"The proud bird,
The condor of the Andes, that can soar
Through heaven's unfathomable depths, or brave
The fury of the northern hurricane
And bathe his plumage in the thunder's home,
Furls his broad wings at nightfall, and sinks down
To rest upon his mountain crag."

But occasional flashes of the old fire burst forth, like the last expiring flicker of the taper before going out in the socket, with something of his old force and style, but characterized by the gloomy and mournful ring attaching to much of his writings toward the close of his life. The following, from an editorial in the *Journal* soon after the close of the war, is a sample: "Though a painter were to dip his pencil in 'the gloom of earthquake and eclipse,' he could not paint a picture of her as she has been for five miserable years and now is. And neither upon the earth, nor in the sky, nor in the air, can we behold a sign or omen of less unhappy times. At best, a long period of national trial and suffering is before us. Hundreds of moons will wax and wane, seasons and years and decades will come and go, mighty events will succeed each other throughout the world, our young men will become old, the old will be in their graves, before our country can recover the glory that erst crowned her as a diadem of stars."

His wife, as I have stated, died in 1868, and shortly after the control of the *Journal*, to which he had given a world-wide reputation, passed into other hands. His work was done; he stood alone, as it were; he had outlived his day and generation. A few days before Christmas (1869) he left Louisville for the purpose of spending the holidays at the country residence of his son. It was a cold, bitter day, and a ride of ten miles in a carriage brought on a cold, pneumonia resulted, and the tale is told. A few weeks later (January 22, 1870) and all was over,—the poet, the politician, the journalist, was no more. Upon the announcement of his death great respect was shown to his memory throughout the country. The Legislatures of Kentucky and Tennessee, then in session, adopted resolutions appropriate to the occasion, pronouncing his death a "public bereavement." A member of the Masonic fraternity, his body was brought to the city, and laid

in state in Masonic Temple, where hundreds of friends and admirers visited it, to view for the last time the man they had so long loved and honored. He was buried with Masonic honors in Cave Hill Cemetery, Louisville's beautiful city of the dead, and there, on a sunny slope, he sleeps by the side of loved ones who preceded him to the land of shadows. I cannot refrain from giving the closing words of Mr. Watterson's memorial address, several times referred to in this article: "Prentice rests in a quiet spot, where the violets of which he loved to sing, and the meadow-grass that grew greener in his song, will presently come and grow above him, and the stars which he made into a thousand images shine there by night, and the quiet skies that gave the kindest joy to his old age bend over his grave. He is dead to a world of love and pity and admiration. But so long as there is a gravestone upon that hillside, so long as there is a newspaper printed in the beautiful Anglo-Saxon tongue, which he understood so well and wrote so forcibly and gracefully, the descendants of this generation and the stranger who comes from afar will seek out curiously and lovingly the place where they laid him. The man is dead. But Prentice is not dead."

The Louisville *Journal*, as already noted, was established in November, 1830; and after enjoying a reputation and popularity, for more than a third of a century, attained by few newspapers in the United States, or in the world, it was, in November, 1868, consolidated with the *Courier*, thus comprising in the Louisville *Courier-Journal* two of the ablest newspapers in Kentucky. Mr. Prentice was retained as an editor of the *Courier-Journal* up to the time of his death, although his interest in the *Journal* had passed into other hands before the consolidation of the two papers. In the spring of 1876 the new *Courier-Journal* building, located on the corner of Fourth and Green streets, Louisville, one of the most magnificent newspaper offices in the country, was completed. On the 16th day of May (1876) the building was formally dedicated, and a statue of George D. Prentice, which had been placed above the main entrance, was unveiled to the public. The statue is of Italian marble, from the Revecchioni quarry, and when completed weighed about ten thousand pounds. It measures from the base to the head of the figure seven feet and six inches, and represents Prentice in a sitting

posture, as if attending to his editorial duties. It was executed by Mons. A. Bouly.

At the unveiling of the statue, Dr. T. S. Bell delivered the address to which I have several times alluded; and with one other extract from it I will close this article: "The special object before us is to pay our homage to the eminent virtues of George D. Prentice, to whose memory we dedicate the statue that adorns the expression of journalistic enterprise before which we are assembled. We signally honor ourselves in rendering our tributes of admiration, of affection, and reverence to one so conspicuously worthy of them. In an assemblage of those who knew him intimately from the beginning of his career in Kentucky to its close, but few, if any, words would be required to call forth the meed of honor that is his due. But the number of his early companions has dwindled away until scarcely any are left. He came to Louisville when it was a village; in the course of his ministrations to its welfare and prosperity it reached the immense proportions that greet our eyes. Nine years ago, in the balmy breath of May, the statue of Kentucky's great orator, statesman, and patriot was dedicated by admiring and grateful friends in this city. The minstrel of that great occasion, from a heart overflowing with the life-long love of the great commoner, prepared the solemn ode sung by one hundred voices on unveiling the statue. He has joined the ranks of Kentucky's great dead, and has left us with the

sad knowledge that there is no one to throne that he created and occupied with rival. We are now assembled to render unequalled journalist, the patriotic statesman, poet, and philanthropist, whom the people lighted to honor in life, homage similar rendered to the great statesman, the orator, patriot. There is eminent fitness in thus joining public memorials to Henry Clay and George D. Prentice. Alexander the Great thought among the blissful events attendant on the death of Achilles the hero was most fortunate in having Homer for a biographer. Mr. Clay was happy in the friendly offices of George D. Prentice. In a political warfare of twenty-two years to secure the triumph and supremacy of the Union, Clay, George D. Prentice was recognized as where as the conspicuous chieftain of the coalition. The white plume of Henry of Navarre was more cheering and inspiring to his brave hosts than the ever-ready, gleaming trenchant blade of this great journalist was to the hosts that fought for Henry Clay. If in the tumult and storms of battle they lost sight of their colors, they turned their glances to the *Louisville Journal*, to rally to its 'white plume' well assured that it was always 'in the path of honor and glory.' The two illustrious Kentuckians to whom you have erected statues entertained each other a depth of love that has been rarely ever, exceeded."

CHIT-CHAT ON MODERN MUSIC.

BY MUSICUS.

In no way, perhaps, has the progress and development of our modern civilized life shown itself more decidedly than in the many and sweeping changes that have taken place in the knowledge and study of music.

By slow but sure degrees the art is beginning to be treated on a more strictly scientific basis; the knowledge of it is more practical and thorough, and greater attention is given to its true appreciation as a means of elevated enjoyment. Not that there has ever been reason to complain of want of taste for music of a superficial and general kind, for it may safely be said, and would,

we think, be generally admitted, to be the most popular of all the arts. To most people music appeals, if not on its artistic, at any rate on its social side. Indeed, it is chiefly to its influence in the latter case that we are inclined to impute its principal ascendancy over the general public; for when not enjoyed for its own sake, it is frequently encouraged as a most useful institution, invaluable at tea-parties as a stimulant to lively conversation, and, in some sort of way, a polish and refinement. For the conviction seems universal among all classes of the community that music has a really healthy and civilizing influence

and seldom it is one meets with even unmusical people who care to acknowledge their complete indifference to it; still less the individual with the rare honesty to admit that he thoroughly detests it. The result of this *fashion* for music, as one must call it, is an evil, however, in one respect. It seems to be universally taken for granted—at any rate, as regards the softer sex—that the study of music, in some form of instrumental or vocal, is a *sine quâ non* of lady-like and complete education. Every girl is expected to learn to play or to sing, quite regardless of her incapacity or disinclination to attempt either. Hours spent wearily at the piano end in nothing but disappointment and annoyance; and if the waste of time is lamentable, so too often is the result. It is painful at any time to witness a complete and signal exhibition of misdirected nervous energy; but there was never, perhaps, invented a more efficacious plan for wasting time, losing temper, and irritating susceptible nerves than the fashion of the indiscriminate and compulsory study of music. The evil, too, does not end when a young lady has concluded her school-life; for, after a certain amount of time and money has been spent, the parents think there should be some practical issue from so much effort, and the unfortunate girl is expected to perform in the company of her friends—with what results those who are in the habit of frequenting the ordinary musical *réunion* know only too well. No doubt it is the sociability of the art, if not a little desire for display, which is chiefly the cause of this state of things; but if we come rationally to consider the matter, it would be just as reasonable to expect that every girl should be an artist or a sculptor, as to take for granted that she possesses the talent for becoming a vocalist or a pianist. The mere fact of the possession of ten fingers never did, and never will, constitute a musician. It may be urged against this view that no talent, or even taste, can show itself without some cultivation. To this we would reply that taste for music, where there is any opportunity for gratifying it, generally shows itself at a very early period, and it needs but little instruction to discover whether there is talent or not. To produce any appropriate result, there must be obviously some natural capacity to work upon, as well as the patient persistence indispensable to all effort; and if in addition to these the requisite opportunities for improvement exist, too

much time and labor can hardly be given to a study which, besides being the means of imparting unlimited enjoyment to others, is a never-failing and, in the opinion of the present writer, an ever-increasing personal interest to the performer himself.

It is a common thing for cultivated musicians to inveigh strongly against the inferiority of a large amount of the music, both vocal and instrumental, annually published in our country. We are, indeed, completely flooded with a deluge of most commonplace and worthless rubbish. Rubbish we call it advisedly; nor can it be dignified by any other name, for vulgar combinations of sound can never fulfill the conditions of music. And here again we return to the old difficulty of inferior performers; for it is not very far from the truth to say that their very *raison d'être* is the existence of an unfailing supply of second-rate and easy music. Indeed, the evil is two-sided, for bad music not only encourages bad performers, but bad performers encourage commonplace composers. They offer each other the mutual support of a constant supply and demand. One cannot regard this state of things with any other feeling than regret, particularly when one considers that the fact of constantly listening to feeble, jingling compositions prevents the growth, especially with youthful performers, of a taste for anything better; for nothing is more important than to accustom young beginners to hear good standard musical works, and in no other way is it possible to lay the basis of a pure and elevated taste. The power of comprehending complicated musical harmonies necessarily only comes with use and practice even to the gifted; but it is not so impossible to lay one's hand on simple, good music, adapted to the capacities of beginners, that they should have their taste corrupted by the ephemeral productions of the present day. And so, too, with compositions for more advanced performers. When, for instance, one meets with endless diversities of the theme of the tarantella, all varying in shades and gradations of insipidity, or spiritless and commonplace waltzes, one can hardly realize the fact that there are really such compositions as the tarantelles of Heller, or the melodious, impetuous *valse*s of Chopin, to be had for the asking. But sooner or later the trivial and superficial must give place to the true music.

Of all our modern instruments, perhaps none

has undergone greater changes and improvements in mechanism during the last twenty or thirty years than the pianoforte. If not the most perfect, it is pre-eminently the most useful instrument we possess, and, for many reasons, some knowledge of its technicalities must always be the foundation of a musical education. The study of theoretical music in the shape of harmony and counterpoint is happily becoming more general; but, as in the case of most things, it should be commenced early to produce much result.

And after all has been done, and the time and labor bestowed have begun to bear fruit, the painstaking amateur has not always clear sailing. To be met, after a thoughtful and careful performance, in which the object has been to illustrate clearly the conception of the composer, with

remarks and ejaculations on the agility of one's fingers, etc., is annoying and vexatious, to say the least. There is also to be occasionally encountered a demure damsel of an aggravating type, who complacently assures you that music comes by nature to her, that she never works, never practices, etc., though you are tempted to think, after listening to the result of her efforts, that the admission was hardly necessary. But times are improving, and the *dilettanti* are beginning to give place to the serious students, for in this, as in all other things, it is the honest work which pays best in the end; and surely, when we see the almost unparalleled power that music, artistically rendered, exercises over crowded assemblies of people of all classes, there seems no reason to doubt that a true and high appreciation of the art is gaining ground.

SMOOTH SURFACES.

By HORACE COX.

THE smoother the surface, the less there is of friction; the less there is of friction, the less also of wear and tear, the longer a thing lasts, and the longer it keeps its beauty and freshness. To slide easily along the appointed groove saves trouble, time, and material; while to be all angles and misfit causes an enormous amount of labor before the obstructive points are ground into smoothness and the ball is made to fit the bore. But it must be made to fit; cost what it may, these angles must be rubbed down, at least in part, else there is no going at all. For the bore is the primary power, the constant fact, while the ball is the secondary circumstance and the varying accident. The bore is life, society, conditions, and the temper of the individual is the thing which as to be made to fit, else there will be difficulties without end, tears which need never have been shed, loss of time in rubbing down the aggressive angles into workable smoothness, and loss of potential happiness in the process. We must run smoothly if we would not be hurt at every moment, and it is just this smoothness of surface which it is our best wisdom to acquire if we have not got it, and to increase it if we have it already to some extent.

Nothing varies in human beings so much as the comparative smoothness or spikiness of their moral

surface. From the first years of childhood the pattern of the mould shows itself. We see even before speech the lines of that mild, placid, contented nature which accepts the sweet with a smile and the bitter without a frown; which rejoices in such pleasantness as may come and waits patiently till the hour of pain has passed; which looks up to the sunlight with delight and believes in the silver lining of every cloud; which can wait until to-morrow for the good demanded and desired to-day. And in the same way from the first we see the beginnings of that arbitrary and uncomfortable temper which must have all its roses free of thorns and its harvest coincident with its sowing; which believes that the present cloud is eternal eclipse, and that there is no sunshine for to-morrow because to-day has been overcast; which will not accommodate itself to fate, but demands that the groove in which it has to run shall be moulded so as to give free play to all its angles—the temper which will not bear and cannot wait, which does not hope and still less does it yield. In the very nursery, as we said, we see the beginnings of the future character, so far as smoothness or angularity of surface is concerned; and the whole after-history of life confirms the initial indications.

Moral discipline is emphatically self-bestowed.

Parents and instructors can do no more than teach; it remains with the individual self whether the lessons will be learned and practically applied or no. Punishment itself can do nothing when the will resists the moral application; but where the conscience is naturally sensitive, and the desire to learn the truth and do the right naturally strong, a look is sufficient for guidance, and a spoken rebuke is as potent for chastisement and consequent reform as the sternest castigation with the more stubborn sort. The better-natured take themselves in hand from the beginning, according to their ability to see the wrong and control it. They not only hear what is said to them, but they take it to themselves with personal intention, and are easy to manage because earnest according to their degree in self-discipline and improvement. Look how some children fret and cry and rage for what they want, and are not to be appeased unless they have it there and then, just as they desire; and see, on the other hand, how some let themselves be persuaded, or even reasoned with, out of a wish, and be made happy with a substitute. So, again, we see how some little creatures bewail themselves passionately over a trifling hurt, where others, teaching themselves that stoicism which comes from patience, that courage which is born of self-control, bear the bruise and let the cut be bound up with scarcely a whimper, bravely swallowing down their tears before they fairly fall. And this kind of self-discipline which begins in the nursery goes on through the fiery days of youth into the steady warmth of maturity and the quiet decline of age. It may be that so much has to be done, and such large natural obstacles have to be overcome, that the progress made may be slow. In any case, it is sure and constant; whether much or little has to be controlled, that control is exercised and progress is made for the sake of the right and the value of good things. The tortoise wins the race at the last, and self-discipline undertaken in earnest will in time conquer the most difficult temper and rub down the sharpest and most acute natural angles.

The ancients used to say that the sight most pleasing to the gods was that of a good man struggling with adversity. Translate material adversity into moral difficulty,—difficulty of temper and disposition,—and the saying would be infinitely more sublime. Nothing is greater or grander than the struggle made by some to overcome the

original defects of nature. The efforts after self-control by the passionate, the endeavor after patience by the irritable, the attempts to get at peace by the eager, the rash, the impulsive, the intense,—all these long and arduous battles with the Apollyon that is within us,—give a spectacle of infinite sadness, knowing what is suffered, yet also they give us an infinite sense of reverence and sympathetic joy. These battles are the flower of education, at once the method and result of evolution; they are the means by which men become higher than the brutes and a little lower than the angels, and they are the gradual acquirement of that smooth surface which makes life both happy to the individual and tolerable for the community. If it were not for the smooth surfaces demanded by civilization, we should be all carrying revolvers and bowie-knives, which we should use on small provocation, to the destruction of all harmony, law, and progress.

One thing we must confess,—people who have this smooth kind of temper are generally what is called put upon. Once establish a character for amiability, and the world takes care to exercise it pretty freely. Be sure it will not be suffered to rust for want of using, and no angles are likely to grow, like crystals, by the stillness of the environment. The converse holds good, and the ill-tempered and spiky are for the most part gently handled for fear of the spikes. They may not be loved, but they are feared, and either let alone or ministered to, which answers their purposes better than that love which would require the sacrifice of a little pleasure here, of a little comfort there. The amiable, on the contrary, have to carry the heavy end of the stick, while the angular carry nothing at all. To them are given the drumsticks and the crusts, and they take the back seats as of course. Some one must have the drumsticks and the crusts, they say to themselves,—some one must take the back seats; why not they as well as another? They think small enjoyments and minor privileges scarcely worth the trouble of fighting for, and they slip their shoulders back when they have to move through the crowd. They have their reward. They have fewer worries than their neighbors, and peace is a pearl of price. How much trouble those give themselves who are all angles, who demand the softest corner of the carriage and the highest place in the synagogue. And when all is done, where lies the residuum of

good? The little pinch of incense is burnt, and there is an end of odor, smoke, and substance. But the scratch got in the struggle remains, and the increment in that ugly angle, due to success, renders smooth running even more difficult than before, and the future more and more the inheritor of moral pinches and obstructions.

Smooth surfaces in temper due to true, earnest moral manipulation are sweet and lovely things, but sometimes there are surfaces as smooth as wax, as soft as satin, which hide a great deal of inner angularity and roughness. The fire is under the hatches, and the hatches are well battened down; all the same the flames are there, concealed, not extinguished. It is only the surface of things which is smooth; underneath there are jags and cracks, peaks and pitfalls, where the most wary walking cannot wholly secure you from danger. Look at that couple; what a singularly happy marriage theirs must be! They have been man and wife for some years now, but they flirt in public almost as if they were bride and bridegroom, and go through whole chapters of playful nonsense which gives a kind of infantile gold to their gray hair, and seems to put back the hand of time twenty years at least. That matrimonial surface of theirs is satin-soft, smooth as ivory all over. But what do you make of his fiery eyes and her pinched mouth? What do you say to that sudden sharp and acrid voice of his, breaking through the artificial monotony of his ordinary speech as if it were some one else and not himself who spoke? That smooth surface is very pleasant to contemplate; but to our way of thinking there is a whole underneath of jags and spikes which are seen and felt only when the street-door shuts out the world, and the waxen surface may be taken off and laid aside as unnecessary for home use. What a benign old fellow that white-haired and dark-eyed old philanthropist is! He carries his credentials in his smile, his mission in his voice. His manner is the softest and smoothest and silkiest that can possibly be; and he does generous things with blare of trumpets in the daily press, with acknowledgments of all men's praise. Streets are called after him; his institutions are national honors; he is one of the men of the generation; his life is written already during his existence; and he has built his own monument by his generosity and benevolence. He is the modern Howard with a different sphere. Yet his

servants could tell you queer tales of his meanness and of his arbitrariness; his tenants pay last farthing; his hands are always that one step in the rear of the market which is in the one making a good and the other bargaining; and if we peeped below this surface of public benevolence we should find the private life of spikes and angles which show the feel of best who stand nearest to him, a presumably most benefited by the smoothness of his public appearance. How different from other of whom we know, where the left hand scarcely knoweth what the right hand doeth, where the intrinsic good of others, not the accruing to himself, is the object of all that he doeth.

The honest face, broad smile, and hearty manner are not smooth so much as transparent, indicating a logical sequence—if manner were always the indicator—a life which has not a secret anywhere, not one bone of a family skeleton, not one rag of an historic scarecrow. Yet it is not quite profitable to the investigator a thorough search made in all the hidden places. There are dark spots in the background which are as well concealed by this frank assumption of transparency as the magician's mirror, the crafty angles under the tables, conceals what is on behind while giving the appearance of the airy transparency. A fortune gathered together with strange haste—but the honest look of the man?—the fair hair flung backward from the brow?—the red-ripe lips which smile so frankly—the good character for orthodoxy so sedulously maintained?—the coat flung off the ample shoulders—why! who could doubt a man who offers these points of faith, who is so smooth and so transparent and so honest? He has the art of winning confidence, as a man who understands the art has the trick of dealing himself a few shillings and kings more than ordinary chance would give him; and he uses his power freely—without the odd prosperity of his early days, and before any one else would have done more than to dig the ground for future sowing, he has reaped what he has sown. But how it was done remains his secret, and no one sees the shadow of the strings by which the strings were pulled. That is the surface of sufficiency with the underneath of want and difficulty—how well we all know it! The fine outside and grand appearance for festal occasions; the miserable interior, the rags

are hidden beneath the cloak, the debts which are staved off by small installments, serving simply to keep the credit of the house afloat, but never clearing the score nor bringing to safe anchorage. The girls and mamma look showy and sufficiently well dressed, if you do not pry too closely into material. They go out of town for the covenanted six weeks, or they paper up the front room and live in the back, to keep the smooth surface untouched, and to appear as grand as their neighbors. They are to be seen at the flower-shows which are socially obligatory to all who have souls to be saved by Mrs. Grundy's sentence of admission; and they glean from the theatrical criticisms ideas of such plays as they ought to see and cannot afford to go to,—ideas sufficiently vivid to talk about them as if they had been there. All the while it is only surface, not reality, and the skin is very thin if very well laid on.

That happy family of perfectly contented sisters, who are so sweet and fond in the face of the

world; that gentle, matronly elder sister who was soft as silk to her youngers when in the presence of her father and mother; the churchwarden with that damaging paper in his pocket; the servant whose manner is his best introduction, and who is so respectful and delightfully *prevoyant* while he drinks your best claret, and makes a false key to your strong box; the smooth, soft-voiced woman who smiles and smiles to your face, and stabs you in a few low-toned words behind your back; the courtesy of that learned pundit who accepted your contradictions as if they were of value and worthy of note, while he laughs at you to his *confrères* as the veriest fool he has met with for a long while—yes, there they all are, impersonations of that smooth surface of which we have been singing the praise; but the praise only while it is true and the “outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace”—not when it is a mere sham, hiding ugliness and making that which is not appear to be that which is.

A LATTER-DAY SAINT.

BY EMILY F. WHEELER.

IN the prelude which gives the key to one of George Eliot's books, she speaks of the many latter-day St. Therasas who find “for themselves no epic life wherein there is a constant unfolding of far-resonant action; perhaps only a life of mistakes, the offspring of a certain spiritual grandeur ill-matched with the meanness of opportunity. With dim lights and tangled circumstance, they try to shape their thought and deed in noble agreement; but their ardor alternates between a vague ideal and the common yearning of womanhood.” For the St. Therasas and St. Catherines of legend and poetry, what are they, after all, but struggling women, seeking some broader outlet for the soul of love and compassion within them than ordinary domestic life could give? The influence of their age and surroundings turned them into certain channels of labor; utilized their passionate enthusiasm in works of mercy and founding of orders, leaving enough surplus for visions and asceticism. But tear away the mystery and miracle wherewith their devotees invested them, and their lives can be paralleled

in other lives to-day. Behind the legendary saint beats the ardent soul of sacrificing womanhood, and it is only the dough of outward life which varying conditions shape according to the ruling ideas of the age, despite the leaven within. For, at least, we may hope that St. Theresa and St. Catherine had no doubts of their course; that they did not, having put their hand to the work, look back longingly to the safe household-fire and the row of children that might have been there for each of them. Is it our Protestant revolt against the whole question of celibacy which makes us think no single life so rich and full and beneficent as the double one shut in by house-walls and guarded by tradition?

Some such question must inevitably arise in reading the story of Sister Dora's life. Here is a woman of the rarest and finest character, beautiful, talented, and of great personal influence; an enthusiast with common sense, a combination of St. Theresa and Mrs. Fry. She gives up her life to hospital and reformatory work in a mining district; she becomes a sort of guardian angel

over the lives and souls of a rough and brutal class. She is happy in her work and yet restless. She chooses to be alone, but declares that another time she would choose differently. Whether nature or tradition is responsible in the matter, seeing the sweet, strong face that looks out on us from the first page of her biography, the doubt in her heart turns to a question in ours. If we are right, how is the world's work of charity to be done nowadays? It is the question of wifedom against sisterhoods; of Roman against Protestant ideas. Surely, "the greatest good of the greatest number" was subserved when Dorothy Pattison became Sister Dora rather than some one's wife. But if she were in the right, it seems a pity that she should not have felt herself so.

She was born—this latter-day saint—in Yorkshire, the daughter of a clergyman and the youngest but one in a family of twelve. Beautiful, and with such winning ways, such unfailing cheerfulness, that her father named her "Sunshine." She was yet not spoiled by indulgence. In a happy, simple household she grew up, and we get a cheery picture of the handsome, high-spirited girl, educated at hap-hazard, yet with the keenest powers of observation; with great physical strength, strong will, and an unusual power of enduring pain. She had a vivid imagination, but a keen sense of fun; a ready wit, and a passionate fondness for wild riding and out-of-door life. She did the usual work of a rector's daughter among the poor of the parish, and, following the rule of the house, denied herself to help others. She and her sisters were always planning how to save in order to have their money to give away. They turned their old gowns to that end; they gave away their dinners to take bread and cheese; not that this was exactly necessary, but that so their giving might be really self-sacrificing. They gave not only money, but time, talent, strength for others, and this as a delight, and not in any "missionizing" spirit.

That, as she grew past girlhood, she was not perfectly content, even with the care of an invalid mother, a household, and her parish work, was evident. Her longing for a larger life and work made her wish, after her mother's death, to join a Protestant sisterhood. To her this life of devotion to others in systematized work seemed the ideal one. Like many another person of strong will, she longed to give hers up, once for all, to a

power outside of herself, and be no more troubled with it. Her father, who doubtless hoped for his beautiful daughter the common duties and common delights of woman, strongly objected to this plan.

Some one reckons among the progresses of our age the possibility of a woman's taking to a special vocation five or ten years younger than formerly would have been thought proper. Dorothy Pattison was twenty-nine before her father so far relaxed his authority as to permit her to leave home to work at something. She answered a clergyman's advertisement for a school-mistress, and went in that capacity to Little Woolston. It was not what she wanted, but it was work, and that was the important thing. She lived all alone in a tiny cottage, and gave herself entirely to her work. Not content with teaching her children, she followed them home, nursed them when sick, visited the poor, and, though her life was lonely, managed to be reasonably happy. But the longing for the sisterhood was on her still, and after two years, against the advice of all her family, she joined the secular order of the Good Samaritans. Religious doubt had come upon her; doubt from which she believed the only relief lay in active Christian work. No vows beyond that of obedience to the pastor and "sister in charge" were required; but this single one proved a hard one for Sister Dora, who was put through severe discipline in cooking, scrubbing, and bed-making by her "sister in charge." "It was good for me," she said; but she was glad, after a time, to have her taste for nursing gratified by being set at hospital work in Walsall, in the "Black Country." This was in 1865; and here the remaining thirteen years of her life were spent. It was on the edge of the great coal and iron district of England,—a manufacturing town, dirty, smoky, and disagreeable. The people divide their lives between hard labor in the mines and drunkenness and vice out of them. They join to narrow-mindedness an independence that resents the least interference; but they have rugged virtues of their own, and boundless gratitude to those who really help them. As accidents were of constant occurrence in the mines, the local authorities had asked the Good Samaritans to establish a small hospital, and it had been in existence two years when Sister Dora was sent to it. At first she was only assistant, having had little experience and no training in

the difficult art of nursing; but she showed such aptitude, that before the year came around she was wanted as head. Just at this time her father fell ill, and desired to see her at once. She telegraphed to her superiors for leave to go to him. It was refused, and with an overstrained sense of duty to her self-chosen masters, she did not go. But strong resentment against the sisterhood followed. When, nine years later, she broke with it entirely, she said to a friend, "I am a woman, not a piece of furniture." She might have married now, and her friends urged her to do so. But she had chosen the narrower way, convinced that her powers would find there their fullest exercise, and that only in such work could she stifle the doubts that still troubled her. To forget her remorse over her father's death she plunged more than ever into her work, turning all her mind to the technical training needed. The surgeon in charge finding soon that she had wit, spirit, courage, and common sense, declared it should not be his fault if she were not well taught. She learned soon to be very expert in setting simple fractures, and dressing wounds and burns. Despite the painfulness of much of her work, the repulsion of loathsome disease and horrible accident, her intense pity and longing to relieve kept her always at her post. By 1868 she had sole charge of an hospital of twenty-eight beds, with an out-patient list of many more. These outside patients came daily to the hospital for treatment; but whenever she could spare time or "make a half hour" by going without a meal, she went to their houses, often in back alleys and slums, to care for them there. Often she stayed nights with them, and this even in a small-pox epidemic when deserted by all their friends. One instance of this is given which recalls the legends of St. Elizabeth. A poor man, feeling himself dying, sent for her. His family were gone; a neighbor sat by him, and but a tiny end of a candle lit the room. She sent the neighbor out with money to buy light while she sat with him; but the woman did not return. As the candle was going out, he raised himself with an effort, and said, "Sister, kiss me before I die." Loathsome with disease as he was, she took him in her arms and kissed him, and then sat all night in the darkness by him, not knowing until the dawn but some spark of life remained in him.

Amputations were of course often necessary

among her patients, and with the grief of the victims over their loss she had the deepest sympathy. In one case, against the judgment of the surgeon, she promised to save a man his right arm. Against his predictions of the man's certain death she did so. It was a three weeks' struggle, and "Oh, how I prayed over that arm!" she said afterward. He was called always after "Sister's Arm," and once when she was ill he walked every Sunday eleven miles to inquire after her, saying always to the porter, "Tell her 'twas *her* arm rung the bell then, will you?" Her love for children was a passion, and her care over them tenderer than a mother's. When the dirty, miserable things were brought in, she took them instantly in her arms, carrying them about on one arm while she dressed wounds and attended to other duties with the other; talking at once to child and adult patient, telling stories and soothing it to sleep in spite of pain. While in the hospital they were her own. She constantly had one, sometimes two, with her nights, and "has been known to sleep with a burnt baby on each arm." Those who know the sickening smell of burns can best appreciate this self-sacrifice.

Against drunkenness, the prevailing vice of the district, she waged constant warfare. Called up, as she often was, in the night to dress wounds gained in drunken brawls, she would do her work in her own gentle way, and then ask "why they did not behave, instead of fighting and getting her up at such unearthly hours to mend their broken heads." She never wearied in the work of reform, and many were saved by her efforts, though the difficulties of the work were immense. What she accomplished was by individual effort, by letting them feel that she cared for each one, that she prayed for each one, and should remember them after they left the hospital. She never tried to cram religion down their throats, but prayer was as much a part of her work as watching. Patients waking in the night sometimes found her by their beds pouring out her soul to God for them; and her faith in answers was firm. "It was literally true that she never touched a wound without lifting up her heart to God, asking that healing might be conveyed by her means; that she never set a fracture without a prayer that the limb might unite." To a friend she writes, "My heart runs over in thankfulness that I have been allowed to minister to his sick and

suffering." And again, "I grudge every moment I must spend in taking care of this body." She, who spent hours over others, might at the last have taken up St. Francis's cry, "I have sinned against my brother, the body." Yet she was no useless ascetic, mortifying the flesh for ecstatic contemplations. Utterly natural, without a trace of morbid melancholy or cant about her, tender-hearted, but not at all sentimental, she relieved the constant strain put on her by her work by the frankest fun. Her ready wit and cheerfulness were invaluable in the wards. "She'd make you laugh when you were dying," one patient said. The dignity and beauty of her presence awed the roughest men into respect, and if that did not suffice, she had other ways. One man persisted in swearing while she was caring for him. "I must say something," he persisted, when she begged him to stop. "Say poker and tongs then," she answered, her ready wit finding a remedy like Jeanne Darc's with her soldiery.

Quite solitary as far as companionship went, too devoted to her work to have time for friendships, always giving and spending for others, she could yet, in 1870, write of "her happy life. Everybody is so good and kind, I am only afraid I shall get spoiled."

From six in the morning till ten at night she was on duty. Regular nurses under her she did not have. Two servants managed the domestic work, and women who came to be trained, and who, therefore, were constantly changing, were her helpers. "I can always sit up seven nights if I rest the eighth," she said, merrily; and indeed her endurance was something marvelous. First up and last down, doing the lowest drudgery sooner than ask any one else to do it; just a touch of human selfishness in her wish to be sole and supreme in the house. In 1875 for six months she took charge of an epidemic hospital at Walsall. Small-pox was raging in the town, but the people would not go there for treatment, and concealed cases from the authorities. "If I go, they will come," Sister Dora said, and so it proved. Or if they did not, she went after them, lifting them from their beds, and carrying them in her strong arms to the ambulance. A porter and two old women were her only helpers, and except the physician, she could see no one from the outside world. There was a little bravado in her task.

■ She had not expected to survive the strain; she

had even hoped that it might be the end. A harder struggle than this lay before her, and there is something very touching in the story of her two years' fight against the disease which finally killed her; a solitary fight, only her physician knowing the truth, and he bound to secrecy. Her excuse was that she wished to keep at her work as long as possible, and if the truth were known, her friends would not allow this. Her motto had always been, "Work while the day lasts," and now with the shadows dropping over her own life she could not give up. But another reason for secrecy was her strange reserve of character, her morbid dread of sympathy. She, who had always been so strong, so self-sufficing as far as human help went, could not bear now to become an object of pity. The disease was cancer, and entailed constant suffering; yet until a few months of her death she kept at her post. Even when forced to take to her bed, she would have only a common servant to care for her, and would not let her own sisters come to her, passionately determined to endure to the end alone. The wound was dressed for weeks by herself; then, as she grew worse, by the physician, with only such help as she could give. To the last she concealed her sufferings, greeted friends with jests and smile, and only when alone gave way before the uncontrollable agony to groan aloud and pray audibly for patience. Her greatest care was to fill her place at the hospital, and this was done satisfactorily just before her death. Release came to her on Christmas Eve, 1878, and at the last the cloud of doubt rolled away. "I see Him there; the gates are opened wide," she said; and then the old proud reserve asserting itself, she sent every one out of the room. "I have lived alone, let me die alone, let me die alone!" For hours they watched through the half-opened door, till a change of position told them it was all over.

Is it strange that around such a life a legendary growth of vision and miracle should at once be formed among the wild people she had served? To them she had been something more than mortal,—a guardian angel, under whose wings lay strength and healing for all. "She was as like the Lord Jesus Christ as any human creature could be," one of them said on her death. Like Him she had never despaired of any human soul. Every slum in the town was known to her. No door so low, no den so degraded, that she did not enter it. Midnight missions, Sunday Bible-classes among

her patients; faithful, persistent, personal work both for souls and bodies. One man, whose life she had saved, never pronounced her name without rising and pulling his forelock, as if he had said the name of a saint or an angel. "What we felt for her I couldn't tell you," he said. "My tongue won't say it." And many similar instances might be given of the reverence paid her by these subjects of her ministrations and care.

With full heart and soul she had answered the call:

"The Son of God goes forth to war.
Who follows in His train?"

If her warfare was not long, it was enough to prove her full devotion, and to earn, we may hope, its rich reward in lives made better by her influence. Her story, indeed, makes comprehensible the legends of her sisters of an earlier time, and we cannot do less than mark with a white stone of memory this life full of beneficent activity and loving faith.

FOR BILLY'S SAKE.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY ROBERT C. MYERS.

MRS. GROWLEY buried her face in her apron and cried; then, hearing her husband's step in the passage, dried her eyes and tried to look majestic. But Mr. Growley only looked in at the door, frowned, and went away with an unhappy look. Before these last three months there had not been a happier couple than this, and the wife's beaming face had been a sight to look upon as she repeated nightly to her more prosaic husband the novel she had read that day. Before this, too, she had known to the fullest the extent of the family exchequer; but since October a veil, as she said, had fallen, and she was in a delirious maze. Then she noted that Tobias looked nervous, and hated to be much in her company. She did not know that her suspicious movements caused this: she had watched him; she had in a little while dropped the pleasant look from her face, and in many ways had insinuated that she was an ill-treated wife. Then in the shop (stationery and the like) she had seen him surreptitiously reading the morning papers, and the papers would come to her with paragraphs clipped out, and she would be compelled, from a sense of her rights, to go out and purchase fresh papers in order to see what those abstracted paragraphs were about; and she saw that they all related to orphan-asylums and homes for friendless children—and was Tobias an orphan and a homeless child? At first she was on the point of going boldly to her husband and asking him about it; but when she thought she would do this another thought obliterated this one—she had her rights!

Her reading had taught her her way was to be the silently injured. Yet she must unburden herself to some one. She went to Mrs. Simpson, next door, for Mrs. Simpson was kind, was always saying to her that she didn't think she looked quite so well as usual, and told such delightfully horrible tales of sickness that she quite won one's heart. So one day when Tobias had been watched closer than usual, and had looked up and perceived his wife regarding him through a crack in the door, she went to Mrs. Simpson and told her the veil had fallen: she showed Mrs. Simpson the paragraphs in the papers.

"Mrs. Growley," she said, "I hope I may be wrong; but I have my suspicions."

"And what are they?" asked Mrs. Growley, tremblingly.

"As his wife, you should know them," said Mrs. Simpson; "though if Simpson were to be so accused I think I should first tear every blessed hair from his head and then have a spasm, and all the doctors in town should tell him he had murdered me. It is my opinion your husband thinks he was stolen in his youth, and is a lord or something and above you and wants to get rid of you."

Mrs. Growley rose up pale before her.

"I have my suspicions," she said; "and if I only——" She did not finish, for her breath failed. She prepared to go soon after this, and in reply to Mrs. Simpson's advice not to take it too hard, she said: "I am a woman, Phoebe, an injured woman. I cried when my baby died, the

only child I ever had, and whose death led me to novel-reading, the real romantic kind, as a panacea; but now I am glad that it is a little angel in heaven rather than it should see this day." Then she went to the door.

"What are you intending to do, Jane?" asked Mrs. Simpson, a little pale in spite of herself.

"I am a woman," said Mrs. Growley, and walked away.

Poor Simpson had hard times of it now when he came home, for his wife talked mysteriously about the deceit of men, and eyed him fixedly. But what was the system practiced by Mrs. Growley? She had said she was a woman; she had suspicions, but not Mrs. Simpson's; she watched her husband openly thereafter. When he read the papers and clipped them, she got her papers and clipped them before his very eyes. She kept an account of all the sales of the shop; when a customer came, she was on the alert and found the amount paid in; at the end of the week she went to the box where the money was kept and invariably found that what was there was far short of the actual sales. She refused to speak with Tobias, and she let him see that she was nerving herself for an effort. He grew pale and fidgety, but he made no effort to gain her confidence. Such an unhappy home as it was, such a different home from what it had usually been; all the romances in the world could offer little cheer now. There was no child to stand between them and bring them closer together with the love it had for each; far away in the quiet churchyard was a little mound that told that "Billy, only and beloved child of Tobias and Jane Growley, aged one year," reposed there. All tenderness was over now, though; there need be no thought of that little Billy who had died so long ago, and left their hearts sore and lonely for many a day,—that little Billy whose brother or sister had never come. For now the leviathan suspicion had been born, suspicion such as yet she could not tell even Mrs. Simpson. Everywhere Tobias moved he was sure of being scrutinized; everywhere Mrs. Growley looked she was sure of seeing Tobias. He would look around often when he heard boys in the street, and would dart out and seize the raggedest boy there and whisper something in his ear and would then come in again. If he went out, his wife would come to the door and look after him, and he knew it, and would turn around and see her. And Christmas

was coming, too, and was only two weeks off! What a sorry Christmas was promised these two! Mrs. Growley refused to make mince-meat, refused to have anything to do with cakes, and she and pudding were strangers. She got into the habit of keeping her bonnet and shawl on all the time, so that she could follow Tobias when he went out, which he did frequently now; she shadowed him into a gloomy street to a gloomy house, which swallowed him up. A dozen times would not excuse his visits to that house.

Mrs. Simpson was indefatigable now, though, and pitied her neighbor to her heart's content, and sent in little savory messes and invalid food for her. For days not a word would be said by either Mr. and Mrs. Growley, and the poor woman was wretched indeed. What had she done to deserve this? what had she ever done that Tobias should be interested in orphan-asylums and homes for friendless children? He an orphan and a friendless child? No, never! But once when he rested at night beside her—just the third night before Christmas—he got up in the dark and groped out of the chamber silently into the sitting-room, and she arose and followed. She saw him get the family Bible and turn over the leaves and find a certain place and look at it, and then put something there; then he looked up to the door suspiciously, as was his wont now, and she scuttled back to bed. No more sleep for her to-night; oh, the baseness of the man, to put even the Bible into requisition! Tobias came back to bed, and sighing heavily, as well he might, soon fell into a refreshing slumber. "Don't tell me that the innocent sleep soundly," said Mrs. Growley; "for the guilty do too." She could hardly wait till daylight, that she might go and search the Scriptures.

It was time to rise at last; she got her husband's breakfast; no one should ever say she neglected her duty, for she had promised that much when she had married him twelve years ago—and was she not a woman? But when she had cleared the things away she went softly up to the sitting-room and opened the Bible; there—there was a gleaming pile of gold and silver which Tobias had placed there! And upon what part of the Scripture had it been placed? Ah! she put her hands before her eyes, and could scarcely see for the tears that blinded her and splashed down upon the page where the marks of old tears blurred

the writing, for she read, "Died, upon Christmas day, our little Billy, ten years ago." Oh, Billy, Billy! she had wept for you when she was far younger, and when her husband had held her to him before that mute registry of sorrow, while his tears had fallen with hers; and when he wrote the poor little words no wonder he wrote them crookedly and tremulously. But now, to think that he should have placed the money here, upon that place of all others! Her tears grew angry; she hated him! He insulted even the memory of their child! Then she felt faint; a great light broke upon her. Suppose it was not her child? suppose she had not brought it into the world? suppose Tobias's contrition made him look up her own child lost in orphan-asylums and homes for friendless children? She laughed wildly at her own foolishness, but she stopped short; Mrs. Simpson and sensational novels were working; she had not read sweet tales of romance for nothing. Suppose her own blessed child had been swapped for another in its cradle? suppose her husband was already a married man when he married her? suppose he had two wives living? No, she was not Billy's mother; her own child, for all she knew, was a vagrant in the streets. Then who was Billy? Billy was his father's child, but he was none of hers; and he had been palmed off on her to care for because his father loved his mother. She was thoroughly dazed by the weighty logic of her reasoning; she closed the book and put her hand to her head to try to remember. No use, no use; memory even was false to her, and she only knew that she was an injured woman. But Tobias? Where was Tobias now while she had lingered so long here? She hurried down-stairs only to see him going out. She went too; she saw him far before her, stopping ragged boys. What road was this he was taking? Surely not to the churchyard? It was even so. With her heart like lead, she followed and saw him go into the silent meadow, pass along the paleness of the graveyard, and, singling out a little mound, lean his head down as she had so often seen him do at the same spot. Oh, it was Billy's grave! She saw it all: Billy was not her child; Tobias could not act as he did and she Billy's mother. She hurried home as fast as she could, and then she gave up romance; she burned every sickly sentimental novel she had, and the very extravagance of this fancy had appealed to her long ago as sympa-

thetic when her grief was wild and drearily illogical, when she was a poor mother whose only child was newly gone from her. She took the laudanum bottle from the closet and hid it in her bosom. All the tales she had read could not keep agony from her, but they could exert their influence to the very last; she would keep the laudanum until Christmas day, the anniversary of Billy's death, and then, ha, ha! she would die then, and Tobias would understand. Ridiculous as she reasoned, she felt that no viler accusation must be urged against her husband; she had known him too long for that. She saw him come home from the churchyard; full of her purpose, she let the night come down, and the next morning, the day before Christmas, usher its strength into this naughty, heedless world; full of this purpose, she heard her husband call out to a miserable-looking woman who passed the shop, "Remember to-night, Nancy," and the woman had nodded. "To-night! To-night! Aha!" Stonily she went to Mrs. Simpson.

"Phoebe," she said, "come with me to-night; I want to follow Tobias."

She would have Mrs. Simpson along as a witness, for now she meant to follow her husband, and wherever he went there to quaff her laudanum.

"Jane," said Mrs. Simpson, "I have been true to you; I will go,—and Simpson shall go too; for lately I have not allowed him out of my sight, and he, too, shall behold whatever it is you have to show me."

Poor Simpson! he was but a meek man at best. Nothing passed the lips of Mrs. Growley that day, her last on earth; the tragedy of the bottle in her bosom was imminent. Tobias seemed preoccupied, if not a little happy; he wiped his eyes on a sheet of blotting-paper once, and did not discover his mistake. If he only knew that to-morrow he would be a widower,—that is, that the Mrs. Growley in this shop would be no more! At dinner-time he seemed anxious to say something to her, but she withered him with a look. After dinner, without a word, he came around the table to her and stooped and kissed her upon the forehead. She started from him, angrily wiping the spot with her napkin.

"The kiss of the asp," she hissed, as he closed the door behind him.

But night came down, and the sounds of revelry in the streets were many and varied. Mrs.

Growley hated the noise, hated everything but vengeance,—she is firmly convinced to this day that she was a raving maniac at that time. She sought Mrs. Simpson, and got her to peep out and report when Tobias left the shop, and sat down and hugged up her bottled death. When the report came, the three sallied forth.

"But he's disappeared," said Simpson, looking up and down the street.

"Adolph, I am astonished at you," said his wife, freezingly.

"But he *has* disappeared," responded he, warmly.

"Again, Adolph," said his wife, "I am astonished at you. Let this not occur again, or you shall know that all poor wives are not so helpless as Jane, here."

"Why this bickering?" asked Mrs. Growley, as one appealed to. "Follow me. I think I know where to find him."

So they followed her. It was for all the world like a chapter out of one of the sweet bloodcurdling stories; they came to the gloomy street, even to the gloomy house. Into the entry they went, and up the stairs, and stood and looked into a large, well-lighted room. Ha! the mystery was about to be solved; they had reached the last volume of the romance. And what did they see? In the room were forty or fifty poverty-stricken women and children; in the middle of the room was a huge table upon which were eatables and drinkables, and warm clothing, and all manner of needful things, besides some toys and candies, and the quiet in the room was made up for by the Christmas noises floating up from the street. And there was Nancy and there was Tobias. But hush! there were lame children and sick children, big children, little children, pretty ones and ugly ones, and all manner of children; and their mothers were like them, only that *their* faces were sad and pinched and pathetic with suffering. What was Tobias saying?

"Children," he said, "for whose sake were all these good things got together,—these eatables and drinkables, and warm clothing, and toys and candies,—for whose sake are they here?"

"For Billy's sake," answered they all in chorus.

"And what festival do we celebrate?" asked he.

"The birth of Christ," answered the chorus.

"Mothers and children," said Tobias, "you all know how years and years ago Christ came

upon earth and went about doing good and loving little children and healing sick people and pitying the poor; nobody was too ragged or dirty for *Him* to notice, nobody was too wicked or lost for *Him* to care for and bring into gladness and joy. Then, when I lost my little boy ten years ago, and my dear wife,—whom I wish was here now, and could see you all, and see me, too, that I brought you here,—my dear wife, who is (ah, well!) kept at home, not feeling very bright, though I do not know what ails her, and am worried to death about her,—well, when our little boy died ten years ago, on Christmas day, I felt that God was cruel to take him upon his own Son's birthday. But I've got over that, though never until about three months ago, when I made a goodish bit of money one week, and saw in a flash that I, too, might do some little good on Christmas day, and maybe atone for my harsh thoughts of God by doing it—for whose sake, my dears?"

"For Billy's sake," came the chorus once more.

"Yes, for Billy's sake," said Tobias; "and so I went and got you all together, little by little, one from here, one from there, and brought you to this room, which I rented for the purpose; and I've spared a little money each week and put it in the Bible on the page where I had written down my little child's death; and I have taught you some Bible-lessons and have tried to get you situations, and have succeeded oftener than not; and I have gone to orphan-asylums and homes for friendless children,—think of it! a child to be *friendless*, when Jesus loved them so!—and I have talked with the managers, and have taken little waifs from the streets to those places—and for whose sake?"

"For Billy's sake," from the chorus.

"Right again! And to show you that the least of us can do some little good to our suffering fellows if love inspires us. So now you are here, and to-morrow is Christmas day, and —"

Tobias could not say anything more. But Nancy came up to him and touched his hand.

"You told me about Christ," she said, "and you got me a place in a hospital as nurse—was this for your dead baby's sake?"

"And," said another poor woman with a lame child, "you found a situation for my husband, and you sent a doctor to my little lame boy—was this for your dead child's sake?"

"And you sent us food and coal," cried others, "and you gave us kind words and money, although you are anything but a rich man. And was this for Billy's sake?"

"Oh, dear people," cried Tobias, the tears rolling down his face, "suppose my little boy had lived and his parents had died—who would have cared much for him? Suppose I do all the little that I have done for the sake of the love I bear his dear mother, now my wife for twelve years, although there seems a cloud upon us now, and ——"

"A cloud!" said Nancy; "your wife cannot be a good woman not to love you."

"Hush!" he said, gently; "my wife is a good, loving, true woman, and she cares for me. But I thought at first not to tell her of all this until tonight, as a sort of surprise; besides, she might have cried so much, remembering her little boy. But, somehow or other, she has seemed to misunderstand me, and maybe she don't see so much in me to care for as formerly; for she reads about fine men and heroes in novels, and I'm not much to look at, at best. But I do not mean to make you less happy! See, all these things here are yours; your names are on all the articles. Wait! It is five minutes to twelve; I know you will pardon me for keeping you up so late. Wait! In five minutes you will have the blessed Christ-

mas day, and you must say, all together, 'Christ is born. Peace on earth, and good-will toward men.'"

Then he knelt upon the floor, and all the poor people knelt around him, and he held his face in his hands, and said, softly, "Billy, my little boy!" And there was a convulsive cry in the entry, and the door burst open, and the people were on their feet in an instant, for Mrs. Growley had caught her husband to her.

"Oh, Tobias," she cried, "Tobias, Tobias ——" That was all she could say, although she cried ever so hard.

And so did Mrs. Simpson, who kissed her own husband rapturously. And all the poor women crowded around them. And Mr. Simpson shook hands with Tobias's coat-tail, while Mrs. Simpson fainted among the candies.

"Oh, I understand it all, I understand it all!" sobbed Mrs. Growley; "and, oh, my husband, forgive me! I am not good enough for you,—I am a cruel woman. I have been a dead woman; but now ——"

"Christ is born!" said a solemn voice, and Nancy stood beside her, and the clock was striking, and Christmas day was here! And gentle understanding was born with "good-will and peace toward men," such as all the romances in the world could not possibly describe.

A MODEL INSTITUTION.

By G. S. S. R.

On a starlit night of September, both pleasantly warm and pleasantly cool,—in fact, one of those delicious autumn evenings when no one has any complaint to make concerning the weather, and just after an impressive evening meeting in the worship of God by a service suited to all sects, denominations, and creeds,—we gazed out of the chapel window on a sight wondrous and strange. Some three-score or more of gentlemen were filing out into the evening air, chatting, joking, and laughing in such a good-humored, friendly way, that we could not help wondering what might be the moving cause for such genial intercourse. So different from the outside world; for they were filing out into a broad courtyard scrupulously

clean, beautiful, and adorned with circlets, here and there, of flowers, yet entirely separated by solid walls from the busy hum of outer life. And very odd it seemed to us, when chairs, benches, and tables were brought into requisition, and the bright lights of cigars were dancing about like fire-bugs among the different parties or groups,—some at their dominoes, and some more congenial spirits telling their experiences or spinning yarns,—that there should be such an entire absence of caste distinction, and that such genuine social democracy should prevail among these men.

Greatly impressed with the novelty of the position and the incidents which gave rise to our wonderment, we addressed a little gentleman

standing by our side, begging an explanation of the singular circumstance. With a merry twinkle of his shrewd eyes, he answered us: "We're all in the same boat here, sir, high and low, and treated just alike. That gentleman you see over there, that stout party, is worth a hundred thousand dollars, and just look beyond him, a little to the right, at that neat-looking young man—'pon my word, I don't believe he's got a second shirt! Some kind friend has put him here; but it makes no difference in this place, except that the one pays for a private room, which I wouldn't do if I could, as I am fond of company when it's good." And so on, from time to time, he pointed out to us a judge, a lawyer, literary men, and others of a dozen guilds.

We had strolled out together, as he said this, to obtain a closer view and to mingle in the animated scene. It was then that we noticed, for the first time, the absence of wine or liquor of any kind. Dominoes were being played without a stake, and merriment ran rampant without the aid of a stimulant. Merriment, indeed, seemed to be the order of the day, and we especially noticed the fact that the young man *chaperoning* us was considerably infected with the spirit of good humor, and seemingly possessed of the wonderful faculty of listening appreciatively to several jokes at the same time.

"And do you mean to say," we asked, "that all these well-dressed men are inmates of the Home?"

"Inmates or graduates, every one of them, both officers and men; and your question suggests a little incident," he went on to say; and we may mention here that we found the young man possessed of a fund of happy incidents, many of which he related to us during our brief visit, but a few only of which we shall have space to rehearse in our article. "A party of ladies," he said, "were visiting the Home, when, after having been shown the library, the chapel, and other parts of the buildings, one of them, while looking rather curiously out upon this very scene, exclaimed, 'Oh, sir, we've seen enough of all these things; won't you please show us the *drunkards*.'" Laughingly, he continued, "You see she took us all for the board of directors!" With this, our friend went off into a very hearty laugh, in which we joined, both ending in a hearty guffaw, when he concluded by saying, "She thought all

the drunkards were kept in cages, in a menagerie below."

Desiring to obtain some more profitable information concerning this institution, we bid our young friend a "good-evening," and joined a staid and rather sad-looking gentleman, who, we had observed, mingled less freely with the others. He took us at once for a fellow-inmate, an impression which we did not deem essential for our purpose to remove. In the course of his conversation he informed us that his had been a very bad case, and that he had been kept secluded from the public rooms and the society of the Home for several days. "And I thank God for it!" he exclaimed; "for, when a man has lost all self-control, he ought to feel thankful that he has friends to control him kindly—mind you, I say kindly—until he gets to be himself again." A dim perception that our friend had been somewhat out of his mind began to dawn upon us. In answer to our question as to how he had been treated while thus secluded, he replied: "They give you a non-alcoholic tonic of some kind, instead of liquor, as in the hospitals, together with care and sympathy,—two medicines, my friend, that you won't find in the Pharmacopœia, nor always even among your own kindred, especially if yours is a drunkard's home. Even if you should have it there, they are very apt to lack in the judgment and experience essential to your rescue and restoration to your proper self and being."

Here we were interrupted by our young friend before mentioned, who proceeded, without much ceremony, to relate what had just transpired on a bench beyond us. "Jones, an ex-temperance lecturer, and one of the kind who thinks there is too much religion in the temperance cause, and Baggy, who is just out of the infirmary, are sitting over there together," he went on to say. "Jones is wondering what he will do when he goes out into the world again, to make a living. Says Baggy, who, I believe, is the most melancholic and worst used-up specimen ever within these walls, 'Why, Mr. Jones, I'll tell you a good thing to do: go to lecturing again, and carry me along to exhibit as a horrible example.'" Our sad-looking companion found a smile to spare on this, and the smile and the contagious merriment of the little merryman seemed to unlock the doors of his communicativeness, as he resumed:

"I was going on to say, sir; now, when a party commences thus, it is a good thing to take out your watch and note the time," which we did, and think it had the effect of confining him to some of his best points. But before we rehearse either the grateful feelings or philosophical reflections of this sober companion, on the quips and anecdotes of the curious young fellow who thus spent his leisure in laughing away care, it might be as well to state, for the benefit of the reader, that we were in the Franklin Reformatory Home, of the city of Philadelphia, an institution for the permanent reformation of those inebriates who desire it,—an institution which has already been the means, in its brief existence of half a score of years, of permanently reclaiming hundreds of despairing inebriates, and which is now recognized all over the world as the pioneer enterprise in this direction,—an institution which, by the grace of God, is beginning to practically stem the overwhelming tide of drunkenness, poverty, misery, and crime, each in its turn the sequence of the other.

"You asked me to tell you something about the infirmary," our friend continued. "Well, it is nothing more than a bedroom, furnished comfortably but plainly, so that dirt or violence does as little damage as possible. It has grated windows, and a heavy door that bolts outside. It is therefore proof against a man breaking out for liquor again while the passionate craving is still upon him. But no man is, or ever was, locked up here against his will when he was sober and reasonable. When he voluntarily agrees to rest here under control, while realizing during a few lucid moments that it is his only hope, of course, when he becomes delirious, he is kept here against his will until his senses are restored. But as soon as his delirium has passed away he is liberated and has the freedom of the Home and its grounds granted him, and where, as you have witnessed, he will be offered the hand of fellowship by all he meets, and who have undergone a like experience with himself. And we are all ready to thank God that we have come to the Home. After dwelling here for a week, or until his health is in a measure restored, he can go about his ordinary avocation, but returns at night, and while here—through the religious, the moral, the social, and the physical influences employed in the management—he is temporarily reformed, and there are

hundreds of bright examples in this city, country, and foreign lands even, who can testify that they have been, through the grace of God, permanently reformed.

"My friend," continued the gentleman, solemnly, "it saves a man's self-respect to know that he gave himself up to the treatment of the Home, which is neither a prison nor an asylum, *of his own accord*; and you ask me how they treat him while his liberty is restrained? Well, a considerate watchman is placed near him day and night lest anything should happen ill; his meals are specially cooked, and composed of such things as are palatable to the sick and easy of digestion; while at various times he is visited by the superintendent, the physician, or the nurse, who, in quiet, soothing tones, ministers to the misery of the despairing heart or the tortures of the disordered and delirious mind." Here our friend became silent for awhile, his memory seemingly recurring to those dark days of hideous waking dreams or sleepless nights when he was the miserable victim of his drunken phantasies. Suddenly starting to his feet, he exclaimed: "I did not come here merely to get over a drunk,—that is not what this institution is for,—but to permanently reform, and, with the help of God and friends whom he has sent, I believe it is done through the influence of this Home."

We were inclined to believe with him that in his case it was done. The earnestness of his speech and manner had in them that genuine something which we sometimes call the "true ring."

Several times since we have visited the Home, making the acquaintance of its officers and many inmates, and we could lengthen this article to an almost indefinite extent with what we heard and saw,—things that we had never before seen or dreamed of. On one occasion we remember being much impressed by hearing one after another of a group of ten or twelve relate some short experiences, which would end substantially thus: "Yes, gentlemen, rum is a terrible thing," or, "rum is, indeed, a damnable thing," and we found that this condemnation was shared in by every man in the place. One of the parties in this group exclaimed, with much irony: "All drunkards are good fellows, it is said. I tell you what, boys, they earn this reputation by wasting their money over the bar, treating an impecunious friend or

crowd, while likely the little children are starving at home. I remember," said he, "a book-keeper who used to work at the same desk with me. He was a good-hearted fellow until he fell into the habit of drinking socially, first wine, 'just to promote a little genial fellowship,' as he put it, and after awhile to liking his 'genial fellowship' a little stronger, and more of it. I remember well, on one occasion, finding him in his room busy at some literary work, under the influence of a bottle of whisky,—his 'inspiration,' as he called it,—nor do I forget when money was plenty with him, and he was hailed among his roystering companions as 'the prince of good fellows.' Often have I seen him presiding over the punch-bowl, and over the meeting of some half a dozen boon companions, to have 'a jolly evening all around.' He was witty and well-read, a good musician, and somewhat of a poet. It is hardly necessary to mention that selections from Moore's melodies, German drinking-songs, or Byron unabridged formed the musical and poetical staple of these reveling, frolicsome nights, when

"'Neath the bowl with flowers of soul
The brightest wit can find us,
Let's take a trip toward heaven to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us,'

would end in a dull, almost dead, crowd before morning, when again it was :

"' Fill the goblet high,
For every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of care
Smooths away a wrinkle.'

But before long the wrinkles wouldn't smooth away any longer. It had ceased to be wine or beer. It was then a cocktail or a 'straight.' The poor fellow lost his situation, and afterward troubles followed troubles; he drank deeper and deeper still, and rum, which he had deemed his slave, had finally become his master. On one occasion, when he was 'full,' as it is called, a wan and pinched-faced little girl came shrinking into the whisky-shop where he was, and twining her frail hand within his, falteringly whispered, 'Dear father, won't you p-l-e-a-s-e come home? Mother hasn't even a crust of bread in the house.' His eyes fairly glared as he blurted out, boisterously and brutally, in answer to this plaintive appeal, 'Tell her, then, d——n her, to eat cake!' at the same time roughly shaking the little thing off;

and then, turning to his companions, he ordered drinks for the crowd."

It is astonishing how much talent lies torpid under the benumbing influence of strong drink. One of this same group, who had been confined in less comfortable quarters than the infirmary, told us of an experience which he had "below." "At midnight there were ushered into the cell two drunken companions in comparative rags. These learned ragamuffins spent the night, not in sleep, but in disputing about the difficult passages in the 'Iliad.'" Another of the party, in answer to a comrade who had lost his watch and chain on a "spree," and who had just remarked, "It must have been stolen," said: "Why, Mr. J——, your sprees are not as desperate as mine, for I would probably have hung that watch and chain upon a lamp-post long before anybody dreamed of stealing it."

Standing for a moment near several others, who appeared to be discussing a sermon of the Sunday evening previous, the remark was made, "A minister who preaches here probably finds a more critical audience than he expected." The immediate reply came, "No wonder; for we all of us have been in critical positions." In fact, some of the keenest wit and jolliest good humor is to be found in the society of the Home. Moving along a short distance we joined another party, one of whom was relating the circumstances of a man having applied for admission shortly before. "He was a six-footer, dressed well, and pretty well in for it," the relator said. In stating his case to the superintendent, the man said: "I'm drunk (hic), and I'm three hundred miles from ho-o-me (hic), and I ain't got no more than about three dollars an' a half (hic), an,' oh, oh, oh, I'm bad lost, indeed I am; I'm an awful sight worse lost than ever poor Charley Ross was, oh, oh!" Such a disgraceful exhibition of unmanliness, such a maudlin, lachrymose condition, is ever a customary adjunct to a drunkard's career, and if men were only reasonable (which they are not), one such experience ought to be enough. And this man had evidently been a gentleman, and surrounded by every influence designed to keep him in the narrow path. He was received by the Home, and we remember having him pointed out to us, being present on the day he made his first appearance among the other inmates. He was evidently a man of character, ability, and influ-

ence, barring this one great failing, which eclipsed them all.

It was evident to us also that the party relating this had been likewise signally benefited by the treatment which he had here received. He went on to say, "There came out at the same time another, a man whom we learned afterward to call Dick. In answer to the inevitable query, 'How do you feel now?' he exclaimed, 'Richard is himself again,' adding, *sotto voce*, 'Thank the good Lord I am somewhat of a man again.'"

Thus, in relating decent jests, instructive experiences, and sometimes somewhat tragic incidents, connected with the Home, the time is made to pass pleasantly away. The patient is unconsciously gathering physical strength to go out into the world again, while the interesting and impressive services, held on Sundays and Tuesday evenings, with the meetings of the Godwin Association, on Thursday evenings, tend to a gradual building-up of that moral strength and tone which shall enable an honest-hearted man to resist the machinations of the tempter. We became, in the course of our visits to the institution, acquainted with several other interesting cases of reformation effected. One of these was a bright youth, who had been admitted when in a drunken condition, in which state he had probably been for weeks. He was of respectable connections, with prospects before him of the most encouraging kind, but had slighted his opportunities for general education, slighted them when they opened up to him a learned profession, and slighted them again and again when an opening in business was offered, all on account of drink; and now, after having wasted some of the best years of his life, in picking up a smattering of terms and technicalities in and around livery-stables and saloons, had graduated himself in the somewhat novel profession of a homeopathic horse-doctor. Brought under the treatment of the Home with its effective influences, he has become a new man, and we believe destined yet to make a useful and valuable member of society.

We were on one occasion invited by one of the gentlemanly officers of the institution to inspect its comforts and conveniences, and which make it, in every true sense, really what it is termed,—a Home for graduates as well as inmates, for it is always open to them after they have gone out strengthened for their life-work again. And they

are expected to avail themselves of its influences, pleasures, and hospitality at all times. We were shown a well-stocked library, a comfortable conversation-room, the tier of bath-rooms, the lavatory, the well-furnished chambers, as well as the many other features incidental to the place. The chapel is a neat structure, and on all occasions of services is decorated beautifully with flowers, either the gifts of good women, who take a deep interest in this philanthropic work, or supplied from the green-house, built and cared for by experienced florists who have graduated from the Home.

As an illustration of the principles upon which this institution is connected, we will mention an incident related to us.

On one occasion the president of the Home, while breakfasting at a hotel, was joined by a former inmate who had broken his pledge, and was at the time flushed with liquor and showing evidence of a long night's debauch. The recreant went on to say, "The Franklin Home is a very good institution, Mr. Godwin, but they make one great mistake. There is a little too much religion about it."

"My dear sir, if you had availed yourself of the religious influences about our Home, I should not have had the mortification of seeing you in the condition you are to-day," Mr. Godwin replied.

And from this it may be seen that the fundamental principle of this great charity is, that "by the grace of God alone, a man can stand," and that a man is expected "through this grace" to keep the pledge, and not to expect the pledge to keep him.

As its president and acting superintendent, Mr. Godwin has fitly said: "The Franklin Home is not a man's institution, but God's. It was grown from the seeds that He planted, and has flourished under his fostering care. It has been protected beneath the shadow of his wing, and is assuming its present noble proportions altogether through the kindness and encouragement of his smile."

Why, then, should not the service of God be here, if anywhere, peculiarly appropriate and due, seeing that it is the very inspiration and life of the place. Only a small portion of the influence exerted by this great reformatory movement is due to the material comforts within its hospitable walls, though they are a necessary condition. The true secret of its success, as well as power for good, dwells within the men who manage it,—God-fear-

ing, praying men, who unite with natural enthusiasm for a good cause, with practical judgment and experience in an effectual daily routine, a firm faith, an inspiring hope, and that illimitable charity with which the Creator has endowed them. With them it is a life-work, and, although the institution is not by any means self-supporting, they, with the aid of the philanthropic friends of the Home, have thus far borne the burden of its deficiencies. It rests with the charitably-inclined

at large, and friends of the movement, to help it onward by according it a generous support, which we feel will not be wanting in the future. Its present leading spirits, though thankful to every helping hand, are determined it shall ultimately succeed through their unremitting exertions in the cause. And in this spirit, actuated by a firm faith in the immutable power of Divine grace invoked in its behalf, success must attend so worthy and deserving an enterprise.

THE SPARROW IN THE CANNON.

BY REV. CHARLES WHEELER DENISON.

WE stood before the monument. The day
Was cold and dreary. All the shivering trees,
Stripped leafless to the blasts, bowed to the sun,
With piteous nods, unvoiced, to plead for warmth.

We paused and gazed alone. The grim bronze horse
Reared rampant to the sky, in stately poise;
And the stern soldier, well of metal made,
With lifted brow and martial cap upraised,
In dress-parade salute, sat there erect,
With majesty of mien,—emblem alike
Of all our nation's power and gratitude.

Close by the granite shaft of gray was parked
A cannon, facing grimly to the front,
Glistening with verdant sheen,—a grand
Old trophy of the proud historic past.

Within the cannon's mouth a sparrow perched,
A modest, pretty creature, half-embowered
In twigs and leaves that she had deftly borne

To her retreat, to build herself a nest.
How calm she looked on all the passers-by,
From out her rook of bronze! How sweet her chirp,
In the great cannon's mouth!

The roar of war;
The maddening clash and furious lunge of arms;
The fire and smoke of battle; the outcry
Of men in deadly conflict; the red tide
Of life, poured out, in bubbling currents, on
The field; the dying groan; the glare of death;
The victor's shout; the roll of drums; the clang
Of trumpets; the fierce fluttering of flags;
The last sad rites of ghastly burials,
Had passed away; and in their place a bird
Chirped from the cannon its sweet lay of peace!
In soft and tender tones of innocence
It taught its lesson to the listening heart.

THE ANGELS IN THE HOUSE.

THREE pairs of dimpled arms, as white as snow,
Held me in soft embrace;
Three little cheeks, like velvet peaches fair,
Were placed against my face.

Three tiny pairs of eyes, so clear, so deep,
Looked into mine this ev'n;
Three pairs of lips kissed me a sweet "good-night,"
Three little forms from heaven.

Ah! 'tis well that "little ones" should love us;
It lights our faith when dim

To know that once our pure Saviour bade them
Bring "little ones" to Him.

Said He not, "Of such is heaven," and blessed them,
And held them to His breast!
Is it not sweet to know that when they leave us
'Tis there they go to rest!

And yet, ye tiny angels of my house,—
Three hearts encased in mine!—
How 'twould be shattered if the Lord should say,
"These angels are not thine!"

CURRENT TOPICS.

To Our Readers.—We may be pardoned, we trust, for taking the liberty of addressing our readers thus specially upon the occasion of our entrance on another volume, and upon a subject, too, which we feel is with them just at present "a current topic." "What new attraction is the MONTHLY going to offer us for the coming year?" is asked, no doubt, by many. "What improvement will be made that shall further enhance its value and add to the interest we already feel for this growing and popular magazine?" we imagine has been the uppermost thought with at least some, if not all.

With the present number, the first of the new volume, we propose to answer these queries, and in a manner that must convince the most skeptical of our readers, that our labors in their behalf in the past have at least been productive of some "good fruits," and that the generous appreciation accorded us has stimulated to renewed exertions. While others have heralded in advance contemplated changes, alterations, or additions in fulsome and self-laudatory terms, we have preferred, instead, an opposite course. It affords us greater pleasure to know and feel that we shall have it in our power to take our readers by surprise; for the effect is more impressive upon their minds if free from any preconceived idea of what is to come. Happier is he that receives what is unexpected than he who has pictured to his mind for days, and even months before, that which is to be presented to him. And in this we feel our readers will agree with us. At the same time we do not deem it essential to the interest of the magazine or its readers to announce as a fact the circumstance of its having a certain number of hundreds of thousands of subscribers as an evidence of its great success. This is but a small matter of personal concern to the average reader, and we do not believe it is accepted as a standard by which to determine the qualities or merits of any periodical. There are very many other points for consideration in a magazine outside the fact of its reputed great circulation. We, therefore, rest contented in the consciousness that the peculiar excellences and attractive qualities of the MONTHLY are rapidly popularizing it wherever it may circulate, and that the interest of the reader is fully answered by our assurance that it is progressing satisfactorily, that we are daily making new friends, and are content with the results of our work.

The cheerful encouragement which we have met in all our relations with both reader and contributor has ever been appreciated, and, as heretofore, we shall endeavor to merit the same under any and all circumstances, by pursuing the line of policy we have marked out for the magazine and have conscientiously followed to the present time. We designed to make it a pure family magazine, one whose standard should be above reproach, and whose influence should ever prove energizing and refining. Our object in this respect being a worthy one, we feel warranted in asking the support of all cultured and refined readers.

While our present number may not compare as favorably with some others as might be desired, we nevertheless feel that we have put forth a production in which we may be allowed to share a pardonable pride. There is still room for improvements, we admit; but these shall follow in course of time, as we are determined to reach as near perfection as it is possible.

Dear reader, we have enlarged the magazine, and with the present number you will have sixteen pages more of reading matter than you have had heretofore; an amount that will average to the volume an additional number, and an increase of nearly two hundred pages to the bound volume. And not alone this: we have also secured the pen of one of America's most popular writers for our humorous department, entitled "Pot-pourri," and who tenders his first installment with the present number. His aim will be to make that department a spicy and attractive feature of the magazine, by serving up a constant supply of rich and nourishing anti-dyspeptic dishes for each number. He has given us a very choice dish for the present number, and we would advise the jolly, as well as the cynic, to read "Pot-pourri."

With respect to the other departments, it is almost needless to say that we shall design such improvements as shall materially add to their present interest and attractiveness. In point of illustrations, the improvement will be in keeping with the rest of the magazine, and the letter-press constitute the very best selections from the great score of talented and promising writers upon our list.

This number will no doubt reach many of our readers on the eve of Christmas, a time when all will be in the enjoyment of good cheer and full of merry-making. We trust that it may come to them in the same spirit as came the messengers who brought "the glad tidings of great joy" from the East to Jerusalem; that it may come to them also as the harbinger of the good that is in store for them, and as the friendly companion that shall solace the weary mind and burdensome heart during many leisure hours of the coming year. To those who shall greet its welcome pages later, and before the flickering rays of the old year shall have died away, we trust it may come as a happy omen for the future before them. To one and all, greeting! We extend you our hearty wishes for continued good health and prosperity,—a "Merry Christmas" and a "Happy New Year."

No poet was ever more ardent in his praise of good old customs than Leigh Hunt, that most conservative of radicals.

"Christmas comes! he comes, he comes,
Ushered with a ray of plums;
Hollies in the windows greet him;
Schools come driving home to meet him;
Every mouth delights to name him;
Wet and cold, and wind and dark,
Make him but the warmer mark."

He could even celebrate and speak kindly of their excesses;

and in a strain of most pleasant banter he writes of Christmas as the

"Glorious time of great Too Much!
Too much fire, and too much noise,
Too much battlement of boys;
Too much eating, too much drinking,
Too much ev'rything but thinking;
Solely bent to laugh and stuff,
And trample upon base Enough."

This is truly seasonable poetic license,—a running-over, as it were, of animal spirits, which was characteristic of the man, even under the most severe depression. For no one advocated more strongly than he did the restriction of enjoyment to what he here terms "base Enough," and the distribution of the surplus of the great Too Much among those who unfortunately are innocent of all familiarity with Enough.

Whatever the season may be, we have sufficient faith in human nature to know that this will be done, and that over the breadth and length of the land practical messages of mercy will be sent, and desolate homes cheered, by the bounty of those who find the greatest pleasure that their wealth can afford is that of alleviating the wants of others.

At present the weather promises to be of the kind termed "seasonable"; and, as such will be desired by most of our readers, we may express a hope for such a Yule-tide as that described by the veteran poet, Lord Houghton,—the Monckton Milnes of our youth,—in his charming "Christmas Story":

"Long ere the dawn can claim the sky,
The tempest rolls subservient by;
While bells on all sides ring and say,
How Christ, the Child, was born to-day.

Some butterflies of snow may float
Down slowly, glistening in the mote,
But crystal-leaved and fruited trees
Scarce lose a jewel in the breeze.

Frost diamonds twinkle on the grass,
Transformed from pearly dew,
And silver flowers encrust the glass
Which gardens never knew."

Light Literature for Boys.—I noticed, not long since, a cut in one of our illustrated weeklies that expressed a volume. A small ragged urchin stood before a large show-window, in which was displayed guns, pistols, and knives of every description. In his hand, behind his back, he held a copy of *The Boys of Mudville* which purported to be a weekly paper for boys. On the first page of this paper was a cut of a hunter running a knife through an Indian, while several Indians were lying dead around him. The inference is too obvious to need comment.

There is, perhaps, no subject receives so little attention, that deserves so much, as the light reading that boys are permitted to have. The perpetual hurry and bustle of life seems to have created a carelessness in the matter among parents and those in authority, that strikes one as almost criminal negligence. True, there are some who go to the other extreme, and prohibit all fictitious literature as having a pernicious influence. Whether this is advisable or not, it is beyond all question desirable that where they are allowed fiction it be judiciously selected. The number of those who

really do so select their children's reading is small. It is too much trouble, or they have not time, or something prevents it. The influence is gradual, and its progress is not noted, but it is none the less impressing itself upon the mind and habits and life. Without considering the question as to whether the excessive use of fiction weakens the faculties of the mind or not, it is our desire to present two or three of the effects that arise, from a social point of view.

In reading of actions passing before it, the mind is unable to connect them with past time. A distinct image is before it as if the action was actually transpiring at the moment of reading. This image is of the same character, and affects the mind in the same manner, although in a less degree, as seeing the same incident. The characters of the persons our boys associate with in their reading have very much the same influence they would have in real life. The impression is not so great, as has been said, but an impression is made, and continued association strengthens it.

It is a very simple matter to ascertain how the characters in our boys' fiction will affect them by glancing into our own nature. We cannot witness an act of gratitude without a kindred feeling of gratitude springing up in our own heart—not directed toward any object in particular, but a sort of indefinite inclination to perform some act of gratitude. A very slight opportunity will call forth an act of kindness, politeness, or courtesy, if we have just witnessed an act of the kind. In like manner, we cannot see a courageous action without a feeling of admiration for the author, and along with it a sense of boldness, and we feel impelled to courageous action. Again, there is a spirit of emulation within us that inclines us to imitate that which we consider to be admirable in others.

We have here in a nutshell the effects of fiction to which we desire more particularly to call attention. These emotions implanted within us by an all-wise Creator are productive of great good if properly directed, but may be the origin of great evil if misdirected. Here appears the importance of selecting our boys' literature. Their judgments are not sufficiently mature to discriminate between that which is worthy of admiration and that which is not. The heroes of their fiction are apt to become their ideals, and their ambition is to imitate them. The trashy novels and periodical literature of the day present bold and reckless men as doing wicked and daring deeds. The spirit of bravery overshadows the wickedness. Boys admire bravery, and soon they begin to admire actions of this character. We have known personally of two cases where boys, after reading literature of this class, have gathered together what money they could, and, taking old guns with them, have started off to hunt and trap, and fight the Indians. In each case, as their money became exhausted, and difficulties began to thicken around them, their courage rapidly disappeared, and they were glad to return to the routine of school-life. The impudent and depraved bootblacks and newsboys that figure in much of the boys' literature, with pertness and slang constantly on their lips, excite an admiration for what is mistaken for wit and smartness, and are demoralizing our boys and filling our homes with slang. Our boys are becoming pert, and an impudent answer slips readily from their tongue. Yet many a fond parent, whose boys have

been associating with these fictitious heroes, cannot imagine why his boy is so changed. Many parents pay no attention to these companions of their boys, who guard them with jealous care from evil associates having flesh and blood.

But there is a brighter side, also. We can no more associate with good companions without being benefited than we can mingle with bad without being harmed. Light literature, of the opposite character, judiciously selected by older heads, has an elevating influence for the reasons before stated. Keep your boys in the society of those whom you would have them imitate. The story of a boy who by diligent, persevering endeavor to do right raises himself to be a useful and respected man is healthy reading. The story of a brave action in a good cause is beneficial, although simply reckless daring is demoralizing. Let your boys read of acts of politeness and deeds of kindness; let them read stories of gentle and manly boys, and the tendency of that which they read will be to make them polite and kind, gentle and manly.

A good rule is to allow your boys to associate in their light literature only with such persons as you would be willing for them to associate with in real life, for the influence to a certain extent is exactly the same. The fictitious characters are realities to the boys' mind. His heart will swell with benevolence when they are benevolent; a feeling of boldness will take possession of him when they are brave; his life will be purified or contaminated as they are pure or impure.

M. M.

The Philosophy of Fashion.—Fashion is intrinsically imitative. Imitation may result from two widely-divergent motives: it may be prompted by reverence for one imitated, or it may be prompted by the desire to assert equality with him. Between the imitations prompted by these unlike motives no clear distinction can be drawn; and hence there results the possibility of a transition from those reverential imitations going along with much subordination, to those competitive imitations characterizing a state of comparative independence. Setting out with this idea as our clue, let us observe how the reverential imitations are initiated, and how there begins the transition from them to the competitive imitations. Given a society characterized by servile submission, and in what cases will a superior be propitiated by the imitations of an inferior? In respect of what traits will assumption of equality with him be complimentary? Only in respect to his defects. From the usages of those tyrannically-ceremonious savages, the Fijians, may be given an instance well illustrating the motive and the result. A chief was one day going over a mountain-path, followed by a long string of his people, when he happened to stumble and fall; all the rest of the people immediately did the same, except one man, who was instantly set upon by the rest, to know whether he considered himself better than his chief.

Even more startling is a kindred practice in Africa, among the people of Darfur. "If the sultan, being on horseback, happens to fall off, all his followers must fall off likewise; and should any one omit this formality, however great he may be, he is laid down and beaten."

Such examples of endeavors to please a ruler by avoiding any appearance of superiority to him seem less incredible

than they would else seem, on finding that among European peoples there have occurred, if not like examples, still analogous examples. In 1461 Duke Philip of Burgundy, having had his hair cut during an illness, "issued an edict that all the nobles of his states should be shorn also. More than five hundred persons . . . sacrificed their hair." From this instance, in which the ruler insisted on having his defect imitated by the ruled against their wills (for many disobeyed), we may pass to a later instance in which a kindred imitation was voluntary. In France, in 1665, after the operation on Louis XIV., the royal infirmity became the fashion among the courtiers.

"Some who had previously taken care to conceal it were now not ashamed to let it be known. There were even courtiers who chose to be operated on in Versailles, because the king was then informed of all the circumstances of the malady. . . . I have seen more than thirty wishing to be operated on, and whose folly was so great that they were annoyed when told that there was no occasion to do so."

And now, if with cases like these we join cases in which a modification of dress which a king adopts to hide a defect (such as a deep neckcloth where a scrofulous neck has to be concealed) is imitated by courtiers, and spreads downward, we see how, from that desire to propitiate which prompts the pretense of having a like defect, there may result fashion in dress, and how, from approval of imitations of this kind, may insensibly come tolerance of other imitations.

Not that such a cause would produce such an effect by itself. There is a co-operating cause which takes advantage of the openings thus made. Competitive imitation, ever going as far as authority allows, turns to its own advantage every opportunity which reverential imitation makes.

This competitive imitation begins quite as early as the reverential. Members of savage tribes are not infrequently led by the desire for applause into expenditure relatively more lavish than are the civilized. There are barbarous peoples among whom the expected hospitalities on the occasion of a daughter's marriage are so costly as to excite female infanticide on the ground that the ruinous expense which rearing the daughter would eventually entail is thus avoided. Thomson and Angus unite in describing the extravagance into which the New Zealand chiefs are impelled by fashion, in giving great feasts, as often causing famines,—feasts for which chiefs begin to provide a year before,—each being expected to outdo his neighbors in prodigality. And the motive thus coming into play early in social evolution, and making equals vie with one another in display, similarly all along prompts the lower to vie, so far as they are allowed, with the higher. Everywhere, and always, the tendency of the inferior to assert himself has been in antagonism with the restraints imposed on him; and a prevalent way of asserting himself has been to adopt costumes and appliances and customs like those of his superior. Habitually there have been a few of subordinate rank who for one reason or another have been allowed to encroach by imitating the ranks above, and habitually the tendency has been to multiply the precedents for imitation, and so to establish for wider classes the freedom to live and dress in ways like those of the narrower classes.

Especially has this happened as fast as rank and wealth

have ceased to be coincident, as fast, that is, as industrialism has produced men rich enough to compete in style of living with those above them in rank. Partly from the greater means, and partly from the consequent greater power, acquired by the upper grades of producers and distributors, and partly from the increasing importance of the financial aid they can give to the governing-classes in public and

private affairs, there has been an ever-decreasing resistance to the adoption by them of usages originally forbidden to all but the high-born. The restraints in earlier times enacted and re-enacted by sumptuary laws have been gradually relaxed, until the imitation of superiors by inferiors, spreading continually downward, has ceased to be checked by anything more than sarcasm and ridicule.

TABLE-TALK.

Lunch-parties.—There is a fascination to married women about those noonday gatherings which is stronger than that of kettle-drums or wining-parties. We suspect the chief reason of this lies in the fact that no woman likes to acknowledge that her husband is not as willing to escort her hither and thither as before marriage, and so these parties, coming at an hour when husbands are not expected, have a decided advantage. Kettle-drums, where more complaisant or younger men call in at the last of the affair, are particularly delightful to the newly-married or the *fiancés*. A lunch-party, too, admits of so much or so little. Some of the most delightful we have attended were given where no servant was in attendance, and the lunch consisted of but one course; but the hostess knew so well how to invite and how to draw out the special talent of certain guests that the afternoon slipped by and our lunch-party almost merged into an afternoon tea. Who to have is more important than what to have. Given the right people, the table, if prettily laid, and furnished with wholesome, well-prepared food, is sure to please. An English lady, whose daughters entertained with remarkable tact, told us that she had taught them as young girls to prepare a programme as carefully for a lunch-party as for an amateur concert. "The difference is," she added, "your programme is not announced, and only resorted to if needed." At her house, if you were musical, you heard music which, if by an amateur, was sure to be thoroughly mastered, and rendered in such a manner that you did not listen tremblingly lest a break-down should occur, nor keep thinking what complimentary word you would say that was not too palpably "stretched." If you enjoyed conversation, and had no liking for the silence our hostess expected during every musical performance, you were invited to meet bright talkers, women who had read, and knew how to tell a story, and (most delightfully for you) how to make others talk. "It takes, at least, a week to plan a good lunch-party, five or six days to make up your list, then one to get the lunch ready."

If you are the only lady in your home, you should either persuade a friend to share your duties as hostess, or else invite a limited number, such as six or eight. But you must remember that it is far more difficult to entertain a few than a number; have suggestive books and, if possible, one or two specimens of new kinds of work scattered about. If you live away from the large cities, do not despair; tucked away in odd corners, in the garrets and closets of your farm neighbors, are strange old bits of furniture, which they are pleased to lend, if not sell, and which will be as provo-

cative of conversation in your parlor as such things were in the New England cabin. So many people can read well nowadays that you can use any declamatory talent your friends possess. It is certainly very difficult to stand forth and recite as if before an audience; but with a little tact you can lead up to a certain poem or article you have ready, and read it seated among your friends; another plan is to have the piano turned facing the company, and, after a little music, let the one who is to recite stand behind its friendly breadth; the musician at her side gives her confidence. Anagrams and capping verses are another way of entertaining if your guests are quick-witted; but if not, beware of such. We have an uneasy feeling that here and there among our readers are some who will try a lunch-party on our recommendation and fail—as we have ourselves—because they have not the very first requisite, congenial friends. To such, the unfortunates who are cut off from their more natural surroundings, we would say: make your home lovely, decorate the table every meal if you can, and find your society in books and magazines.

Mending.—I am going to maintain that darning, mending, and repairing are essentially ladylike employments. In a most literal sense I mean this, for where do we find servants nowadays who can mend neatly? If they could, they would despise it, and they would continue to do so until ladies again mend as beautifully as our grandmothers did. Then perhaps the art (and it *is* an art) will percolate downward, like manners (or the want of them) do to-day. First of all, mending is better done by fingers that belong to a cultivated brain, because more than other kinds of needlework it requires thought and adaptation. No two things in mending are ever alike, no two darns ever present the same aspect, no article of clothing or household linen ever wears to order; therefore, that is one of the reasons why the working-classes are not natty menders, as their time at school is limited, and seaming and hemming are still seaming and hemming, on whatever quality of material they practice them, and the constant practice makes perfect. But mending well is the result of experience, and, although it gives more trouble to teach than any other form of needlework, yet if mothers would begin to teach their little children to mend as soon as they begin to teach them to hem, they would find that a little daily instruction would in a few years make them good menders of stockings, under-linen, and house-linen.

To very little children mending may be made amusing. I taught my children to darn on canvas with colored wools,

and this plan has now become the custom in many schools. Instead of working and worrying and doing infinite harm to little tender unformed brains under seven years of age by teaching them "book-learning," it would do both little boys and girls lasting good to spend the same time in teaching them to sew, knit, and darn. There is quite as great a discipline in the employment, for the children must be attentive, painstaking, and industrious. Their workboxes must also be tidy, their hands scrupulously clean, and the tone and companionship of a cultivated and gentle mother or governess while the lesson is going on is an education in itself. Young children, both boys and girls, ought to have two sewing-lessons a day. In the morning let them knit, then crochet, then do plain sewing, and in the afternoon let them learn to mend. The canvas on which they should learn to darn ought to be moderate squares of plain canvas. Teach them to cut them straight by a thread, and then to hem them all round with colored silk. Overcasting the edges is not sufficient. Then with different-colored single Berlin wool teach them to thread their own needles, and then to darn by taking up one thread and leaving the next, to make the rows even; by teaching them to make the 1st, 3d, 5th, 7th, and all the uneven rows alike, and the 2d, 4th, 6th, 8th, and all the even rows the same. This is done by beginning either above or below the last stitch in the 1st row, and stopping short of one stitch at the other end, or going one stitch beyond, just as you may have begun from the bottom, and then they should count each row before they begin another. Do not let the darns exceed eight to ten stitches, and, when they get on a little, teach them to cross or darn with another colored thread, and to choose a good contrast. Show them that, if they have done the first part of the darn properly, it is all ready for them to cross by taking up the piece of wool that lies over the missed stitch. Teach them to leave loops, and to make them exactly even, which they must learn to find out by putting the needle through all the loops when the darn is finished, and to compare notes which child can show the most even loops.

Do not read to young children while they are learning to sew—it only worries both mother and children. Half an hour or more soon passes, and many lessons are contained in the carrying out of the plan I have sketched; and let each learn to put needles, wool, etc., away neatly, and to put their workboxes away before a story is read or told. Let the children have in their boxes a memorandum-book with their names in it, and let them bring it to have marks entered, and at the end of a month a prize should be given to each painstaking child.

H. B.

Ancient Egypt.—It was not less celebrated for the quality of its manufactures than the extent of its agricultural resources. A piece of linen has been found at Memphis containing 540 picks to the inch, and it is recorded that one of the Pharaohs sent to the Lydian King Croesus a corslet made of linen and wrought with gold, each fine thread of which was composed of 360 smaller threads twisted together! The ancient Egyptians wove a fabric called the "linen of justice," or "justification;" so beautiful and valuable was it, that it was esteemed the most acceptable offering to the "Restorer of Life." Not many, but a few handlooms, can

still be seen at work in the Eastern bazaars of Cairo, the cloth woven in which rivals in texture, colors, and design the finest glass screens of Munich.

The Lemon.—As a writer in the London *Lancet* remarks, few people know the value of lemon-juice. A piece of lemon bound upon a corn will cure it in a few days; it should be renewed night and morning. A free use of lemon-juice and sugar will always relieve a cough. Most people feel poorly in the spring, but if they would eat a lemon before breakfast every day for a week—with or without sugar, as they like—they would find it better than any medicine. Lemon-juice used according to this recipe will sometimes cure consumption: Put a dozen lemons into cold water and slowly bring to a boil; boil slowly until the lemons are soft, then squeeze until all the juice is extracted; add sugar to your taste and drink. In this way use one dozen lemons a day. If they cause pain, or loosen the bowels too much, lessen the quantity, and use only five or six a day until you are better, and then begin again with a dozen a day. After using five or six dozen, the patient will begin to gain flesh and enjoy food. Hold on to the lemons, and still use them very freely for several weeks more. Another use for lemons is for a refreshing drink in summer, or in sickness at any time. Prepare as directed above, and add water and sugar. But in order to have this kept well, after boiling the lemons, squeeze and strain carefully; then to every half-pint of juice add one pound of loaf or crushed sugar, boil and stir a few minutes more until the sugar is dissolved, skim carefully, and bottle. You will get more juice from the lemons by boiling them, and the preparation keeps better.

Artificial flower manufacture is a craft that has increased considerably of late years in Paris. In 1847 there were only six hundred and twenty-two manufacturers throughout Paris, and now there are many more than three thousand manufacturers! So the industry has flourished apace in little more than thirty years. It will have been remarked that flower-making and feather-making are generally carried on side by side, and that very often the proprietor of a flower-manufactory contrives at the same time to do a little business in feathers. So universally is this recognized in France, that when any statements are made with regard to one branch the other branch is instantly mentioned as if it belonged to the question. For instance, in a calculation we came across the other day of the value of various classes of French products, we found the two things put together, and the total value of the annual produce of flowers and feathers computed at forty million francs, a foot-note stating that the flowers represented twenty-five million francs, while the feathers were only responsible for fifteen millions.

Two preservative wrapping-papers have been recently brought out,—one designed for fruits, and one for furs, cloth, etc. The first is made by dipping a soft tissue-paper in a bath of salicylic acid and hanging it in the air to dry. The bath should be made from a strong alcoholic solution of salicylic acid, diluted with as much water as it will bear without precipitation. The apples, oranges, or other fruits may be wrapped in the paper before packing, and when the

fruit reaches its market the paper can be removed and used again. A manilla wrapping-paper is arranged for resisting moths and mildew by dipping it in a prepared bath and drying over hot rollers. This bath is made by mixing 70 parts of the oil removed by the distillation of coal-tar (naphtha), 5 parts of crude carbolic acid containing at least 50 per cent. of phenola, 20 parts of thin coal-tar at 160 deg. Fahr., and 5 parts of refined petroleum.

Hasty Dinners.—Not the least among the worries of some young housekeepers is that of receiving a note at mid-day to the effect that "So-and-so is coming home to dinner with me; have all nice, but don't make any extra fuss." This happens frequently in places where shops, butchers, etc., are inaccessible, and maybe when the larder has reached its lowest ebb. The last joint has been roasted for the early dinner, and its remains, with those of a cold chicken, have been destined for the "high tea" or supper. A few hints as to how a small hasty dinner can be arranged may be useful to some who cannot afford to keep an experienced cook, and yet like to preside over more *recherché* and varied fare than can be obtained at the hands of the general servants. In the first place, much time may be saved, and bread also, by daily putting aside trimmings of toasts and crusts, which must be browned and crisped in the oven, crushed with the rolling-pin, and kept in a tin box or a bottle. These give a much better appearance than fresh crumbs, and are always ready when haste is required for fish, cutlets, etc. It is well, also, occasionally to make some browning for giving an agreeable appearance to soups and sauces, as frequently when the untidy habit of burning sugar in a spoon is resorted to the result is most unpleasant. Take four tablespoonfuls of brown sugar, stir in an iron saucepan over the fire until nearly black; then add boiling water. Let it cool, and bottle for use. By chopping and well boiling down all bones and meat-trimmings, the stock-pot should always be able to furnish a foundation from which various soups may be made; but, failing this, if fresh or dried vegetables, or Italian paste, are first boiled, then added to boiling water in which Liebig's extract of beef has been dissolved, allowing a small teaspoonful to each half pint, a clear, light, and refreshing soup is speedily prepared.

It is probable that fish can only be obtained on certain days, and the hasty dinner will assuredly be required on one of the intervening ones. Therefore, it is well to be provided with tins of salmon and lobster, from which several palatable dishes may be prepared. For instance, pour away the liquid, which often has a metallic taste, and turn out the fish into nicely-prepared melted butter made with milk. Season with cayenne, mace, and a few drops of anchovy. Let it become thoroughly hot, but do not let it boil. Serve in china scallop-shell, or on a flat dish; sprinkle well with prepared breadcrumbs, and garnish with parsley. Or the fish may be made hot in water, and dressed *à la Tartare*, by pouring over it sauce made by mixing half a teaspoonful of mustard with oil and the yolks of two eggs; add a little milk or cream, and thicken carefully over the fire; add a few drops of plain or flavored vinegar, such as Chili, tarragon, etc. Make all hot in the oven, and serve. Lobster is better made into cutlets by mixing with breadcrumbs, butter,

and egg; roll into shapes, egg and breadcrumb, and fry in boiling lard. Most men who have luncheon prefer several small dainty dishes to a plain joint; and, with a little trouble and tact, these are not difficult. A small mincing-machine is a great assistance, as, by its aid, apparently insignificant remnants may be used, and, with the addition perhaps of cooked rice or cold potatoes, delicious little rissoles may be speedily turned out. Slices of meat may be rolled and tied with cotton, each sprinkled inside and out with chopped parsley and lemon-peel; a sauce piquante, made by boiling in half a wine-glass of vinegar chopped herbs and a little whole-spice; thicken with flour, and pour on sufficient stock or gravy; add browning; lay the rolled meat in a pie-dish, and pour the sauce over; heat in the oven, and serve on a flat dish with pyramid of browned mashed potatoes or plainly cooked tomatoes. The remains of cold fowl will make a small dish of curry, or may be served with white sauce and mushrooms, or made hot in brown gravy, and plentifully garnished with fresh watercress, which is a delicious accompaniment, especially so to some tastes, if the cress be first sprinkled with a few drops of oil and tarragon or elder-flower vinegar. It must be remembered that the true art of useful cooking is not so much the carrying out of certain recipes as the tact of using to advantage the ingredients within reach, and producing variety by delicate flavorings, etc., which cannot always be trusted to a servant. A vegetable, according to the season, may be served with one of the dishes; or asparagus, green artichokes, stewed celery, etc., are better served between or after, alone, on toast with melted butter. A sweet omelette, apple, orange, or any fritters of fresh or preserved fruits may follow, and a small dish of macaroni, made as follows, is a welcome addition. Drop the macaroni into boiling water, and cook until quite tender. Make a sauce of milk thickened with flour and butter, to which add a small spoonful of melted mustard, cayenne, and salt to taste. Let the macaroni remain in this a short time, turn out on a buttered dish, and cover with grated cheese and prepared breadcrumbs; brown in oven or before the fire.

A prettily arranged salad is an acquisition, also plain biscuits and butter. A little care must be bestowed upon the table, that the salt-cellars and flower-glasses be freshly arranged, and the cloth spotless. A tastefully-laid table has more to do with the enjoyment of a repast than many are aware of. One or two dishes of fresh or dried fruits, and a pretty biscuit-box placed among low glasses of flowers, leaves, or grasses, help to furnish the table, and where the maid is neat and quick it is better to have the different dishes which compose the dinner handed round. It is quite practicable to prepare a most enjoyable little hasty dinner in an afternoon, and I have seen it often done with more favorable results than when more time and resources have been available; and, notwithstanding all that has been said and written about the proverbial thoughtlessness and exactions of our "lords and masters" in all that concerns household management, I am sure there are few who do not appreciate the privilege of being able to ask a friend home, with the certainty of finding more dainty fare than cold meat, or plain chop and steak, and it is well worth a little time and trouble to experiment upon a few dishes for a hasty dinner and gain experience therein. M. M.

LITERATURE AND ART.

Pierce's Colonial Lists. *Civil, Military, and Professional Lists of Plymouth and Rhode Island Colonies, comprising Colonial, County, and Town Officers, Clergymen, Physicians, and Lawyers. With Extracts from Colonial Laws defining their duties. 1621-1700.* By EBENEZER W. PIERCE, of Freetown, Mass., Member of various Historical and Genealogical Societies. 1881. Boston: A. Williams & Co.

General Pierce's new historical and statistical work comprises the result of most laborious research into the early records of two of the New England colonies. It is doubtful whether any other man could have brought to the task so much previous knowledge of the general history of the colonies, united to such familiarity with local events and the persons connected therewith. The work furnishes, as stated in the preface, "a book of ready reference wherein the names of colonial, county, and town officers and professional men are presented concisely," and so tabulated as to appear "in a form the most convenient to the reader."

The names of the more prominent individuals in civil and military life in Plymouth Colony and the Rhode Island and Providence Plantations have been "familiar as household words" to every student of history; but this book brings out from their obscure hiding-places in musty records the rank and file, as it were, of the ancient colonies,—the selectmen, the representatives, the constables, the officers of the local militia, the highway surveyors, the jurymen, the inn-keepers, collectors, professional men, etc.,—and makes them known to many who will recognize their ancestors in places of trust if not of highest honor.

Not the least valuable and interesting part of the work is that devoted to the extracts from the colonial laws. These relate in part to the duties of civil officers, and in part, and more particularly, to the military affairs which formed so large a part of the legislation and were so essential to the safety of the colonies.

The book is very compact, and comprises in its comparatively small number of pages a large and well-arranged collection of valuable information not elsewhere to be found in print.

Ego. A Novel. By HARRY W. FRENCH. *Author of "Germs of Genius," "Castle Foam," etc.* Boston: Lee & Shepard.

The title of this novel is, to say the least, quite odd, yet the writer nevertheless deigns to enlighten his readers through the preface as to the significance of the term and its application to the gist of his story. The scene is laid in the Shenandoah Valley, and is carried in occasional instances to other sections. The plot is deftly arranged, and the incidents are happily narrated. In every respect we find it a most charming and interesting story, and one in the reading of which the reader cannot fail to fully realize an appreciable and entertaining enjoyment.

The Saddest of all is Loving. By MRS. LOUISE MONTGOMERY SALE, *Author of "Kenneth Raymond," etc.* New York: The Authors' Publishing Co.

As its title implies, this is the "old, old story" in a nice new dress, with beautiful colors and delicate tints caught from the hillsides and flower-fields of the South,—a genuine love-story of Southern society. The plot is well constructed, the narrative is always interesting, and altogether it is a delightfully fresh and attractive work.

Coleridge, Shelley, Goethe. *Biographical Aesthetic Studies.* By GEORGE H. CALVERT. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

A work of careful preparation, and wherein the author combines criticism with biography. The subjects are too well known in the history of the world's literature to require any additional information as to who they were, yet any newly-developed facts touching their life-histories and literary labors will ever possess sufficient interest to lovers of our modern classics. The author has thoroughly studied their general characteristics, and his criticisms are not alone generous and fulsome, but candid and deserving. The work should, as no doubt it will, find a place in every well-regulated library.

The Trials of Raissa. A Russian Love-Story. By HENRY GREVILLE. *Translated by MARY NEAL SHERWOOD.* Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.

"The Trials of Raissa" is indeed a story full of fascination and power, the more felicitous and interesting because out of the common track. Henry Greville has written many love-stories, but none more absorbing, natural, and effective than this. The scene is laid in Russia, where Henry Greville is most at home, and the action takes place in St. Petersburg, the country, and Siberia. The descriptions are admirable, and the reader is given a number of exceedingly picturesque pen-sketches of winter and winter scenery in the dominions of the Czar. The plot is well conceived and capably developed. A young girl of the utmost purity and innocence, Raissa Porof, the daughter of a retired army surgeon, is the heroine, and she is abducted in the street in St. Petersburg by three officers of the Imperial Guard. Her mother, an invalid, dies from the shock, and Raissa and her father seek in vain for justice at the hands of the police authorities. The culprits belong to the nobility, and are shielded. The matter is at last brought to the ears of the Czar, who exiles the offenders to Siberia, after having first forced one of them, Count Valerien Gretskey, to wed Raissa. He also confiscates the estates of the culprits for the benefit of the young girl. Gretskey leaves his wife, uttering expressions of disgust and hatred. Raissa, however, in the brief space occupied by the marriage ceremony, has learned to love him, and thereafter she devotes herself to the task of winning his affection. She manages his estates in the most

prudent manner, sending him the revenues, and clears his sister from the suspicion of having poisoned her husband, besides rescuing her from the hands of a mob of infuriated serfs. All these actions fail to touch the angry exile. Finally, the typhoid fever breaks out in Siberia, and the three officers are stricken with the malady. Raissa obtains their pardon of the Czar, and goes to nurse them. Raissa is one of Henry Greville's best-drawn characters, and no one can fail to be touched by her sorrows, her trials, and her loftiness of purpose. Indeed, as a picture of pure and upright womanhood, Raissa stands unrivaled. Count Valerien, Sabakine, and Resof are also vividly sketched, while the coquettish Princess Adine and the old servant Fadei are notably felicitous creations. The denouement is all that the reader could well desire.

The Decorative Art Society, of Chicago, held its reception on November 10th, 11th, and 12th. The display of art-work in all departments was large, and the rooms were crowded with many interested visitors. Panels in oil were shown by Mrs. Porter, Mrs. Higginson, and Mrs. Beers, and Mrs. Harrison contributed some water-colors. There were some pictures and plaques by Prof. Baumgrass and his pupils. Mrs. Bond's classes in china-painting and underglaze exhibited artistic work. A set of Nuna plates has a square outlined in gold upon each plate, and sprays of flowers. Some specimens of underglaze work, by Mrs. Jenkins, attracted much attention. Miss Mary Koupal, formerly of Chicago, who is now studying in New York, has a painting in oil, "Among the Daisies," showing a little country girl standing in a field of daisies. It called forth much favorable comment. Much interest was shown in the embroidery department, which was in charge of Mrs. Coome. All the work exhibited was designed at the rooms. Among the most attractive pieces was a lambrequin of antique blue silk serge embroidered with a spray of wild roses and trimmed with a band of plush of a darker shade of blue. Upon a screen of wine-colored satin is worked a jackdaw with a tail of peacock-feathers, strutting proudly in her borrowed plumes. A bed-spread, in the old German style, has poppies embroidered in outline in red and black, with the motto in black:

"Schlummert bis der Tag erwählt,
Ohne furcht, der Vater wacht."

A beautiful cover for an upright piano is of wine-colored silk serge; one end has a plush corner from which spring yellow buttercups, and on the other end is a graceful spray of yellow laburnum. Many orders for the holidays have been received in this department, and all the workers will be kept busy until after Christmas.

The Ladies' Social Art Club, of Syracuse, N. Y., has at present a list of forty active members, fifteen associate members, and five honorary members. Its meetings are held weekly, and its work lies in the study of art and the artists of the various countries from the earliest period, and art lectures are given before the club during the winter.

Miss Plumb is at the head of the department in painting in the Syracuse Decorative Art Society. This is the oldest art club of Syracuse, the direct outgrowth of the Fine Art

College of Syracuse University, of which Prof. George F. Comfort is the dean. The dean of the College of Fine Arts, Prof. Comfort, has arranged for a series of soirees to be given by the Faculty and students of the musical department of the college.

The Philadelphia Society of Artists closed its exhibition on the 6th ult., having met with an unprecedented success, both in attendance and sales. The collection of works upon exhibition was pronounced to have been the best yet seen on any previous occasion.

A woman's art school is being established in Cincinnati, on the model of the South Kensington schools, and under the tuition of Mr. Eugene Nice. J. H. Twachtmann is teacher of oil painting, and Henry Muhrtman of water-color.

The Art Club of Cleveland, Ohio, enters upon its fifth year under the most encouraging auspices. It now includes eighty members. It has received a most valuable addition in the person of Mr. F. Aborn, long a teacher of drawing and perspective in the public schools. The classes in elementary and mechanical drawing and sketching are under his direction.

The Cincinnati Pottery Club made an exhibition of one hundred and seventy-two vases, plaques, and faience. Mrs. Walter Field, Miss McLaughlin, Mrs. Leonard, and Miss Holabird were among the largest contributors to the exhibit.

The Port-Folio Club, of Syracuse, N. Y., has resumed work for the coming winter months.

The Cincinnati Art Museum is meeting with excellent success. The subscriptions to the fund now amount to \$313,000. The amount necessary to secure Mr. West's subscription of \$150,000 was raised in less than thirty days after the subscription was opened. Four citizens subscribed \$10,000 each, and sixty-three were for \$1000 each.

Art Needlework in England.—Rather an innovation has recently been made in the use of dressed calfskin, Russia and Morocco leather, as a groundwork for embroidery. Couched or laid work is perhaps the most suitable for this material, whether in broad masses of silk, or in mere outlining of gold. The difficulty is that as the leather shows every prick of the needle, it is necessary that the worker should be extremely careful to make no false stitches, or rather attempts at stitches. For this reason, embroidery on any kind of leather is best done in the hand, as it is not always easy in frame-work to bring up the needle from beneath exactly in the right place without any false starts. This difficulty is, however, quickly got over by a tolerably intelligent worker who is ready to adapt herself to varied circumstances. Handsome bindings for books, photograph-albums, scrap-albums, work-baskets, note-cases, cigar-cases, and innumerable other small knicknacks may be made in this way, and be valuable as presents where the work itself is done by the giver. The number of people who take up decorative needlework as a pastime is daily increasing, but

it is to be regretted that they rather fritter away their time in small unimportant pieces of work which have no cumulative effect when finished than on the serious decoration of a room, for instance, on one well-matured plan. In olden days, our ancestors thought nothing of undertaking to work embroideries for the decoration of their bedrooms, even when the ponderous curtains and valances of the ancient four-poster had to be made. In the royal palaces are at least two bedrooms—those of the Princess Beatrice and Prince Leopold—which are furnished throughout with embroidery on creamy-white linen of even, though coarse, texture, and very beautiful they both are. One is entirely worked in two shades of blue crewel, in a design borrowed from Chinese ideas; the other is bordered with honeysuckles, and with powderings of the same flowers over the centre. Bed and window hangings, coverlets, sofas, chairs, and ottomans are all embroidered to match. The effect, as we have said, is singularly good, and as the work will clean as long as a piece of it hangs together, it would fully repay the labor of any lady who would undertake a similar decoration for her own boudoir or bedroom. The new sun-blinds, made of Tusser silk, or other soft material, and gathered up from the bottom in place of rolling up over a pole, may be prettily ornamented by a valance of embroidery at the lower end, below the commencement of the gathered portion, or even the ordinary straight blinds may be decorated with outline embroidery, either in the form of powderings, or of diagonal or longitudinal stripes. Every day is showing fresh objects to which this kind of decoration may be effectively applied. Its drawback, no doubt, is in the first instance its expense, for careful hand-work of any kind can never be cheap; but it has the advantage of being everlasting, and it would not be costly if ladies would do it for themselves, as their grandmothers did. A new idea has lately been brought out by the Royal School of Art Needlework in the application of hand-embroidery to woven fabrics. The idea itself can scarcely be said to be new, for it has often been applied

before in small masses and in outlining or enriching with gold thread materials such as damask. The new tapestries first brought out by the school are, however, different from anything heretofore attempted. A design is woven in silk and wool on a curtain similar to the tapestries which have lately become such favorites. The outline of the design is in some neutral tint, and the pattern is thrown up in dead gold or bronze chiefly. On this flat-woven surface a few bold stitches are worked in white crewel or filoselle, as occasion demands, and the effect is to produce an extremely handsome and rich-looking curtain, with much less than half the ordinary expenditure of time or material. They are, of course, therefore much cheaper than wholly embroidered curtains of the same design could possibly be, and they are quite as effective, if not more so. One design of greenish-white fox-gloves, with dado, and border all round, is very beautiful. The idea might well be adapted to furniture-coverings, but it is necessary to have designs specially made for this purpose, as the ordinary woven fabrics are much too elaborate, and too much imitation of embroidery, as it is, to work up well. The reproduction of old Indian designs from the actual ancient blocks on Tusser silk, and embroidered with the new Tusser silks which have lately become famous, since they were exhibited at the Paris Exhibition, marks a new phase again in decorative needlework. These silks, which are spun from the wild or uncultivated cocoon, are about half the price of the cultivated silk of China or Italy. Certain colors they take with peculiar richness, but not all. Quite sufficient, however, can be done in dyeing them to produce very beautiful embroideries. The specimens which are now exhibited in the Indian Museum are the work of an amateur, who has reproduced with great accuracy and good effect the natural feeling of the old designs. The appearance is quite that of ancient Eastern embroideries. The work is close, the whole of the block-pattern requiring to be colored, and therefore somewhat costly, but it well repays the time and labor expended on it.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

City Homes.—The hints which are so courteously thrown out by an exchange, on a subject which will no doubt interest many of our readers, especially those who are residents of city homes, we deem worthy of reproduction in our columns. Consideration for the feelings of others should guide every neighbor in any matter that may have a tendency to disturb or annoy. But we refer our readers to the language of the exchange:

"Among the many advantages of a city life may be counted the perfect freedom of each household to make its own friends. It is not necessary to be intimate with one's neighbors on either side; indeed, it is possible to live for years and not know the people in the next house by sight. But there are certain acts of thoughtfulness which should govern us when we consider how thin are the partition-walls between houses. The piano, which is a source of pride and

delight to a fond mamma or admiring friends, may be a source of great annoyance to the neighbors; a trouble which can be greatly diminished by placing the piano against the wall of the room that divides the drawing-room from the staircase, or if for any reason that is inconvenient, let it stand out from the wall, the back (if it is an upright) being easily ornamented. It is not considerate to play late, or to allow the children to practice before the usual breakfast-time. Children should be taught to consider the neighbors, and deny themselves drums and whistles. But in the matter of street music, above all, we should consider our neighbors, for we can do more in this way to annoy, or assist each other's comfort. We should imagine there were very few people who really enjoy a grinding organ; but if they do, they surely can deny themselves when they consider how such sounds rack delicate nerves, and make brain-work an

impossibility. Bands are somewhat different, for sometimes they are good and durable; but where it is seen that one householder stops the band, it is very inconsiderate of a neighbor to encourage it. While to every citizen his house is his castle, he should consider the comfort of others, and not conduct himself as if half a mile away from all neighbors."

The Linen-Press.—To those who love housekeeping, or who feel an interest in it for duty's sake, the charge of linen, and the great care it requires, is one of equal importance with the store-closet. It is a pity to trust to finding a linen-closet in any house. If you do find one in a house that has been occupied, it forms part of that delightful category of articles and fixtures which demand a "premium." Therefore, we should advise people when they furnish, to have a really good linen-closet made of cedar-wood or polished pine, just as you would require a sideboard or a book-case. Do not have more than five shelves. It is a great mistake to have too high a linen-press; the upper shelves only get covered with dust. A portable linen-press and a portable store-closet are two very necessary comforts in a house, for they can be put into the regulation "smoking-room," and are much more convenient to the mistress of a house when placed there than in the basement; and it also saves a great deal of labor to servants. We always feel that it is more comfortable to have linen stores and extra glass and china on the dining-room floor, if we can possibly manage it. It works in many ways: the servants are neater in their own appearance when they have to bring their trays to your own private room, and it does not at all interfere with the men of your family using it as a smoking-room too; and we also feel that in such a room we can more conveniently see the servants alone, if we have anything to say to them, whereas in the basement others are coming in and out. In fact, it is altogether a much more independent and private position for the mistress, and enables her to avoid being so impolitic as to let one servant hear her reproving or teaching another.

An experienced woman once told us she never gave a lecture to a servant unless she felt very well dressed. Certainly, in these leveling days, one must cultivate stateliness as a dam to the stream. Nothing does a lady more credit in housekeeping than her linen-press, and how any woman who has not a housekeeper can engage the present ordinary style of housemaid to take charge of the linen, we cannot imagine,—that is, if she has any pride in her house and table-linen. There is a good deal of mind and refinement needed in the care and arrangement of a linen-press.

Young and inexperienced housekeepers must remember that no good housekeeping can be done without taking pains and trouble, nor without great industry. As to the first, purchasing of house and table linen, it is not a difficult thing to advise others about. It is so different from quantities of bread, meat, and groceries, which of course vary in every house; but, with the exception of a larger or smaller number of beds, the same arrangement of linen is required in every gentleman's house.

To begin with old linen: for years we have adopted the plan of giving the members of the family their own separate

and distinct set of sheets, bolster-cases, and pillow-cases, also bedroom-towels, and, in addition to the name of the master of the house, we put the name of the individual whose bed and room it is for. Of course, in the case of the servants' things, we put their particular calling as a mark, and not their personal names, as they are, like Easter, movable feasts. For every member of the family have three pairs of sheets; for every servant have two pairs; and for wear, color, and comfort have linen. Cotton sheets never look well, and, like cretonne, they pick up every particle of dust; and as to their being better for health, we think as long as we wear long-cloth night-dresses we are sufficiently protected in the matter of health. No linen is so pretty as the Irish; but for long wear, and for improving in washing, none can excel the Yorkshire. For each member of the family we would therefore recommend Barnsley linen sheeting, sufficient for three pairs for each bed. For each person have two bolster-cases and six pillow-cases, these eight articles to be made, for beauty's sake, of Irish linen. For each member of the family have twelve towels. Let four be Turkish or bath-towels of linen, four of strong huckaback, and four embossed. In buying toweling by the yard, allow thirteen yards to a dozen towels, as the hems reduce a yard too much. For each visitor's room we consider two pairs of sheets sufficient, and let them be of Irish linen. Visitors must have clean sheets each week, but a fortnight is a reasonable time for all the others. For each servant have two pairs of sheets, of strong Barnsley linen. If you prefer cotton, do not get that make that used to be called Bolton sheeting, for one way of the threads is so much stronger than the other that it wears badly. For cotton-sheeting nothing wears so well as twilled cotton. Give each servant three pillow-cases of strong linen. Never have strings to your pillow-cases; always buttons and button-holes very close together. For each servant have four huckaback towels. Cover all pillows and bolsters with long-cloth or linen, sewed on, and once a year have it picked off and washed. Cover palliasses, mattresses, and feather-beds with glazed brown holland, made to fit and button, and once a year have them cleaned and re-calendered.

Fashionable Small-Talk.—There are certain phrases current in good society which do duty again and again, and the knowledge of which or the ignorance of the same proves a person to be initiated or uninitiated in what is aptly termed the small-talk of society. The highest education is naturally the key-note to all that is refined and polished in the art of conversing, and enables a person to steer clear of all errors of speech or vulgarisms of expression that those less well educated invariably perpetrate; but there is a point where Fashion steps in and sets her seal upon certain expressions, while she taboos others; and yet if we attempt to analyze or define or examine the phrases and expressions or modes of speech upon which the fickle goddess so determinately places her foot, we find that there is method in her madness, and that the phrases thus objected to are in reality inelegancies of diction and vulgarisms of speech. In a recent publication, entitled "Society Small-Talk," a chapter is given on vulgarisms of speech, and we read a string of phrases that are pronounced objectionable

and in bad taste, to which might well be added such expressions as the following: "We have had a great deal of sickness in our house," or "My mother has been sick a long time." The word sickness used with regard to ill-health is decidedly the wrong word in the wrong place, and Fashion is in the right to shake her head at it, and to substitute the words illness and ill for the words so misapplied. He or she "is nicely well," or he or she "is sadly," or he or she "has the headache," are all open to objection; and nicely and sadly are adverbs that should not be employed in reference to health, neither should the definite article "the" be employed in describing that universal malady, a headache. In every expression of this character, the surest rule is to strictly adhere to those words which most definitely express the meaning intended to be conveyed, and not to take refuge in words which imply a meaning totally different from the one intended, or which go but a short way on the road to a full explanation. Exclamatory phrases to denote astonishment are a large family, and a very ill-bred one. "Good gracious," "O Lor'," "Good Heavens," "Oh, my," "Well, I never," "Did you ever," "Dear me," and so on, are vulgarisms to ears polite. It may be objected that these expressions are not made use of by persons who aspire to take rank among the upper classes of society; but in point of fact many who lay claim to this distinction constantly indulge in each and every vulgarism here mentioned, and many others equally provocative of criticism.

There are several descriptions of small-talk current in society. One delights in the gossipy, another in the matter-of-fact, a third in the humorous, a fourth in the imaginative, and so on; but conversation that takes place between persons who have but just been introduced, and who have not yet

discovered whether any common bond of union exists between them or not, is naturally confined to trivialities. The great difficulty with many is the choice of a subject wherewith to set the ball rolling; and those who have not a ready flow of small-talk at command should bear in mind that self is a pleasant topic to most men and women, and that to express an interest in all that concerns another, whether it be pursuits, engagements, occupations, or opinions, is a safe and pleasant conversational-ground to tread. But the line should always be drawn between kindly interest and idle curiosity; the one is expressive of sympathy and regard, the other is indicative of ill-breeding. There are many subjects which cannot be made channels of agreeable small-talk, and which, when mooted, do not fail to bore those upon whom they are inflicted; and heading the category are domestic grievances, and the shortcomings of servants in general.

The art of making agreeable small-talk in a great measure consists in choosing a subject likely to prove congenial. The surest way to arrive at this is to consider the social position, occupation, and proclivities of the person with whom one intends opening a conversation. When small-talk has been once fairly launched or started, a novice in the art of carrying on a conversation should beware of shunting it into a siding, or driving it into a corner from whence it is impossible to extricate it. This catastrophe is often occasioned by an abrupt remark, or by an uncomplimentary silence when a word of assent was required to give a monologue the complexion of a dialogue, whereas a "Really," or an "Indeed," uttered in various keys at various points, gives that fillip without which a one-sided conversation must inevitably fall flat or expire from sheer inanition.

POT-POURRI.

Christmas and Small Boys (A Realistic Sketch).—Christmas time! Christmas in the old homestead! Of all holidays, this is the one for enjoyment. It is a day of rejoicing in the household, a day of prayer, and a day of rest. Everybody, from the head of the house down to the maid, is determined to have a good time. It is a day of family reunions. The old man sits in his easy-chair enjoying the scene—and calculating the size of the next week's grocery-bill. The married daughter from New York is there with her husband, the broker, who is giving the father-in-law a "point in stocks." The youngest daughter, who has just returned from boarding-school, deposits her "gum" under the parlor mantel, and says she thinks the decorations are quite *au fait*. The intellectual young man with the eye-glasses is the nephew from Boston. The son who holds a clerkship in one of the "departments" arrives from Washington, and is immediately overwhelmed by his admiring family with questions concerning "things up tew the White House."

But the most important adjunct to a Christmas festival is the small boy,—the father's pride and the mother's joy. He

gets ahead of every one else by several laps. He is here and there and everywhere. He is restless and feverish. He can't remain in the same room or sit in the same chair for any length of time. He rushes into the parlor with a whoop and a yell, treads on the dog's tail, climbs onto his uncle's lap, overwhelms him with caresses, leaves a pink streak of "Christmas candy" on his shirt-front, and then, having accomplished his work of destruction, makes a bee-line for the sitting-room, where he amuses himself by squeezing a funeral march out of the accordeon. Then he wanders away in the direction of the kitchen, where the cook is holding a session with closed doors. He has no patience with her. She is too slow for him. So he returns to the parlor and rehearses the programme.

At church he is restless and fidgety. His "governor" smiles serenely at the minister for a time, and drops off into a gentle doze. His big sister nudges her "ma," and asks her whether she ever saw anything so *outrageous* as that dolman of Mrs. Robinson's. But the small boy cares for none of these things. He is utterly oblivious of the presence of his cronies in the gallery. He even forgets to make

faces at the young man with the eye-glasses, and call him "Goggles;" and the minister's words make no more impression on him than a temperance lecture on a Congressman. His thoughts are far away from the sermon. "Will the old fellow never get done? Why can't he let up and tell the rest some other time," he says to himself. "Gosh darn it all!"

At last the sermon is over; the interminable homeward journey is ended, and the Christmas dinner is announced. And what a dinner it is! How the table groans beneath the weight of the good things heaped upon it! How the mince-pie smokes and the cider sparkles! How the big turkey—the crowning glory of the feast—looms up from the middle of the table, crisp, brown, and juicy. It's just "hunky." The small boy's mouth fairly waters at the sight. He realizes that life is worth living for, and feels as happy as a tramp with a new vest. How he fondles his stomach in gleeful anticipation of the good things it will hold! How he plies his knife when his plate is filled! How he pitches into the turkey and stows away the cranberries! How he gets outside the mince-pie and packs the plum-pudding under his vest! An hour passes. The company lean back in their chairs and begin to talk. And still he eats. The cook grows hungry, but the knife and fork keep on rattling with unabated vigor. The clock strikes three; the conversation lags. And still he eats.

At length the Christmas dinner is over, and the company separate with light hearts and heavy stomachs. The ladies retire to the sitting-room to discuss the latest fashion in overskirts. The gentlemen adjourn to the parlor to enjoy a quiet cigar and the gripes. The small boy contrives to lift himself out of his chair, and contemplates his neatly-rounded vest with infinite satisfaction. Then he sighs softly; but he doesn't mean to stop eating. He has just begun operations. He hauls his box of candies from under the sofa and sails in. He roams over the house like a cow in a vegetable-garden. He enters the parlor, fires gum-drops at the Christmas-tree, flattens his nose against the window, and sticks out his tongue at a passing church-elder in the exuberance of his joy. Then he looks at the pictures of the good boy in his Sunday-school book, and rushes out into the yard and stones the cat.

The afternoon wears on and evening comes; but he has no appetite for supper. There is a vague uneasiness—an undefinable something—in the depths of his turkey sepulchre that forbids the banns. At length, the shades of night descend upon the earth, and the household retires to rest. The day is over with its many joys, and night comes with its soothing murmur to lull the earth to sleep.

Christmas night! How calm is the night! There is not a sound on the earth, nor in the air, nor in the waters under the earth. All is silence—deep, dark, impenetrable silence.

Suddenly a mournful howl, like the wail of a lost spirit or the despairing cry of a jilted cat, rings out on the night air. Then the pattering of many feet and the slamming of doors are heard, and at length a dark figure, clutching a pair of trousers by the waistband, darts out of the front door of the small boy's domicile, over across the street to the little red office, and pulls the bell. Soon it returns in company with another figure, holding under one arm something attached to

a long coil of hose. They enter the house together, and then another series of howls louder than the first are heard, accompanied by a peculiar puffing sound like the noise of an engine in full blast. The neighbors think it's a fire, and windows are opened and night-caps thrust out, but no engine is in sight. Then a zealous neighbor hastily dresses himself, and pounds on the door of the small boy's house, shouting meanwhile that "the b'iler's a bustin'."

But he is wrong. It is only the doctor interviewing Tommy with a stomach-pump; and when the gray light of dawn steals over the wearied earth, it shines upon the sickest looking specimen of a floored turkey-eater of a boy the angels ever wept over.

He Wanted a Second-Handed "Doorkey."—A Tenth-street grocer was standing behind the counter in his store the other day, busily engaged in sanding the sugar, when in came a stranger with a huge basket on his arm.

"Well, my friend, what can I do for you?" asked the grocer, coming forward.

"I vant a doorkey," said the stranger, casting his eye over the display of poultry; "a Grismas doorkey."

"A doorkey! A turkey, you mean?"

"Yah, dot vas it," said the Dutchman, smiling blandly; "a doorkey. Done I say dot? How you sold 'em?"

"Two dollars apiece."

"Two dollar abiece! Gott im Himmel! Do you dink I vas a Roachchild? Two dollar for a skeeny leetle doorkey! You saw some grass in mein eye, hey?"

"That's the price."

"Sthop a meenit, mein friendt! Dere vas noddig schmall about dis rooster; aber my vife he say to me dis morning, 'Yawcob,' he say, 'of you bay more als a dollar for dot doorkey, look oud for sgwalls,' and he mean it, py grachus! Now, done you god a lame vone?" he inquired.

"No."

"Conseeder! conseeder! Vone dot fell mit himself down und broke his neck?" he suggested. "Done you god vone dot died mit de rhumadicks, or de apschnootic, or de schmall-box? Vas none of dose doorkeys sthruken by lidening? Py shiminy, done you god a second-handed vone?"

"No, sir! No, sir!"

"Vell, wrab him up! aber recommember, mein friendt, of you saw a baldt-headed Dutchmans, mit a wart py his nose, schootin' droo de back yard mit a beer-glass behindt him, dot vas my vife, un' done you forgot it!" And he paid for the turkey and left.

Christmas, 1880.—It was the day before Christmas. It was cold—piercingly cold. The snow was on the ground and in the air and over all the landscape. The wind blew a steady gale that chilled the wayfarer to the bone. The ice lay thick on land and stream, and the frost that had gathered on the window-panes showed no sign of melting. It was early morning, and the city was just awakening from its slumber. The streets were almost deserted. Here and there a thrifty laborer or an early newsboy could be seen wending his way along the frozen sidewalk, and occasionally the roll of the baker's cart, or the tinkling of the milkman's bell, rang out on the clear morning air. People were not

yet astir; but in one house, marble-fronted and spacious, looming high above all the rest, there was life and bustle, and cheerful hearth-fires cast a ruddy glow over soft carpets and costly mirrors and rare works of art. Surely, all was happiness there! Not much. Back in the dining-room the early breakfast stood untasted on the table. The housewife sat in a rocking-chair, an expression of unutterable scorn on her face. The husband raced about the room, upsetting the furniture, tearing his hair, and acting for all the world like a candidate for a lunatic asylum. The youthful son and heir lay flat on the floor, playing a wild tattoo with his heels, and yelling like a double-barreled Comanche. Poor little Johnny! He wanted a Christmas-tree. But no Christmas-tree will grace the Smitherton mansion this year. The old man staked his pile on Hancock.

Rules for New-Year Callers.—1. Hire a hall. If you can't afford that, hire a hack.

2. Order some cards representing a chubby youngster kicking a bald-headed man with a lawn-mower off the end of a globe. This design was invented by Adam; but you needn't care Adam for that.

3. Borrow a plug hat and a white tie, and trot out your lavender trousers. If you haven't any lavender trousers, you needn't mind putting them on.

4. Select a friend to accompany you. In making the selection, care should be taken to choose him for his staying qualities. A sort of portable lamp-post will best serve your purpose.

5. Start out early, and call on your best girl first. Don't, for Heaven's sake, and your own, leave it until the last. Chocolate and pound-cake.

6. In making the next call, bounce into the parlor, throw your ulster over a chair, put your hat on the mantel, take the girl by the hand, shake well before using, and then say "Happy New Year" three times. The expression is original and highly poetic, and is sure to be appreciated. Black coffee.

7. If the girl at the next house has red hair and freckles, leave your friend entertain her, and devote your energies to the refreshments and the old lady, especially the former. Hard cider and ginger-snaps.

8. When you call on the fourth girl, take the dog on your lap, and make it bark to attract attention to your trousers. When she asks you to "take something," protest vehemently, tell her you belong to the Y.M.C.A., that you made a solemn vow that day to stop short at cider, and then yield gracefully, quoting the lines about "lovely woman," etc., and take a darn good swig. Rhine wine.

9. If the next girl lives in a brown-stone house, clean your shoes on the scraper. Should the steps be of marble, fresco them with snow and street-mud, so that she may remember you in her prayers when she scrubs them next day—the steps, not the prayers. Talk about the weather. Sherry.

10. Don't be too fresh with No. 6. She has a neat waist, but you had better hug the piano-stool. It would be safer. Talk some more about the weather. Hot whisky-punch.

11. No, young man! there's nothing the matter with the bricks. The pavement is steady enough. Now the wisdom of our fourth rule comes in. Lean on your friend and get into the carriage. House No. 7. Don't sit down on the

floor. The chair's on the other side of you. You must be seeing double. Talk about nothing at all. Your voice is apt to be unsteady, and your words will slide into another in a frightful way. Blue-grass whisky.

12. If her imp of a brother laughs at you as you walk down the steps, and advises you to "take that brick out of your hat," straighten up like a man, and try to look dignified. It's well to try, anyhow. Don't attempt to kiss the next girl's mother; kissing goes by favor, and she favors the old man. Beware of the centre-table. Walk round it three times; then steer for the sofa. Triple extract of Bourbon.

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13. Perhaps a station-house bench isn't a bed of roses, but you must make the best of it. Don't use your plug hat for a pillow—it might ruffle it; but, wrapping about you the drapery of your (wooden) couch, lie down to pleasant dreams. When morning comes, pay your fine like a little man, make a bee-line for the nearest saloon, and bury your noise and your grief in an 1881 cocktail.

Ancient Order of the Sons and Daughters of Moses.
—Brudder Balaam's New-Year's sermon.

The members of the Ancient Order of the Sons and Daughters of Moses met in solemn conclave this week to celebrate the first anniversary of its founding. The A.O.S.D.M. was organized a year ago by a number of ladies and gentlemen representing the *crème de la crème* (chocolate) of Koshtown society. The necessity for such an organization had been acknowledged on all sides, and accordingly, when Balaam Johnson, Esq., H.C., issued an address to his friends, calling upon them to meet at the Nebuchadnezzar Church of the Colored Prophets, there was a hearty response, more than three hundred "cull'd folks" assembling in the chapel. After much weighty discussion, the A.O.S.D.M. was then and there organized, with three hundred members, Brudder Balaam being unanimously chosen Grand Keeper of the Sacred Hod. This was a delicate compliment to his well-known professional skill, Brudder Balaam being (though he always declared that he was "in de real-'state bizness, sah!"), in the language of the worldly, a plain, unmitigated, two-by-nine hod-carrier. But genius sometimes walks in rags, and though Brudder Balaam toiled in rain and shine for a dollar a day, he gave his nights to thought and the composition of certain sacred discourses for the edification of the A.O.S.D.M., which are now given to the world.

Where Brudder Balaam—he was known far and near by that title—came from was a mystery, and remains a mystery to this day. Whether he hailed from the land of roast missionary or from the moon, or whether he was a Harvard graduate in disguise, no one could tell. He was young, gifted, and beautiful—as a what-is-it; but no one knew anything about him. He came to Koshtown many years ago, with a smile on his face and a banjo on his back, rented a little cabin at the top of the hill, and has remained there ever since. As he could dance a breakdown, rattle "de bones," sing a hymn, play "de banjo," "raise" a hencoop, and clean out a "watermillion"-patch better than any other nigger in the county, he at once took the lead in society; but after he turned preacher he forswore such amusements (though his enemies denied it), gave his flowered vest to a

tramp, and appeared in public in an awe-inspiring "pickum-dilly" and a second-handed "swaller-tail."

What was done at the anniversary of the A.O.S.D.M. will never be known to the world; but after certain mysterious forms and ceremonies, Brudder Balaam arose from his seat, ascended the platform, and announced, amid a perfect storm of applause, that he would preach his "fust New-Yeah's sarmon." When quiet had been restored, the Grand Keeper of the Sacred Hod cleared his throat, arranged his "pickum-dilly," and delivered himself as follows:

"De wind am a screechin' an' howlin' frew de tree-tops. De snow-bird am a hoppin' o'er de ground. De water-pipes am freezin', an' de plumber am dancin' a wild mazerker. My bruddern, de end ob de yeah am heah. De Lawd gib us mighty little warnin'. Gabriel blowed de hornpipe, an' lo an' behol'! it am heah. De seasuns hab cum an' gone, like de cullah on a two-dollah coat. De lamb an' de spring chicken am no mo'. Watermillions am a dream ob de parst. De organ-grindah hez gone wid de swallers whar de cotton-tree blows. De tramp am deported from de landscape. De neck-tie man hez packed up his yaller lady-killahs, sole his julery case, an' done gone into de ches'nut-roastin' business. De red-nosed fishahmin who cou'dn't catch a blin' mack'el am widout a occipashun. De boy dat fooled wid a Fourferjuly canyon am about patched up. De fan an' de sun-umbrelly am no mo' use dan a club in fly-time. Straw hats hab been called in. De muskeeter hez stowed away his banjy till de summer cums. De blue-nosed fly am a hidin' away in de cracks, winkin' at de fiah, an' de ball-headed man am snoozin' unpertected in de arm-cheer. De season ob camp-meetin's am ober; no mo' hidin' unner de benches; no mo' wax in de preacher's cheer—yo' heah me, yo' boys up dar in de gall'ry? De craps am all in,—we hab shucked de coahn an' groun' de buckwheat. We hab slewed de hog an' salted down de poke. De old ulstah hez been shook up fur anudder yeah. De holey glubs an' de antiquated hat am on de top agin. Yes, sah! De hollerin' days am ober. We done gobbled up de Tanksgibbin' tu'key an' dewoured de Krissmus pie. We done had de plum-pudding an' de belly-ache. We hab enj'yed de cidah an' de gripes.

"An' now, my bruddern, 'pears to me et's mighty nigh time to riz up an' look aroun'. Kase why? Kase de end ob de yeah am heah. Only a few mo' days, an' de Lawd 'll be puttin' dat little figuh 1—1881—top o' yoh grocumry-bill. *Am yo' gwine to pay it?* Am yo' gwine to liquefy dat bill, or am yo' gwine to sneak out de back doah by tellin' de ole man to wait till nex' Krismuss? Did yo' pay yoh bills dis yeah? Hab yo' shelled out fo' yoh coahn an' 'taters an' 'lasses an' hominy an' oats? Hab yo' cum down wid de shipplasters fo' yoh bandanners an' plug-hats an' swaller-tail coats? Chalkitdown Jones,—yo' dar in de cornah wid yoh arm 'roun' yoh gal,—did yo' pay fur dat yaller tie? Dat am de queschun! 'Foh de Lawd, I doan b'liebe yo' did. Down on yoh knees, bruddern! Down on yoh knees, sisterin! an' pray to de Lawd dat ebbery man dat hobbled frew de yeah on trust 'll cum to de front an' pay up,—or git de gran' bounce when he arks fo' mo' credit! Hallelu!

"Now dat de fust ob de yeah am nigh, an' de snow an' de lan'lawd am a cumin', it am a good time,—a werry good

time,—my bruddern, to sit by de fiah an' toast yoh toes an' fink. Wat hab yo' did dis yeah? Ho'miny lies did yo' tell? Ho'miny times did yo' go to chu'ch? Ho'miny times did yo' play de banjy Sund'ys? Ho'miny watermillions did yo' carry off o' 'Square Jones's patch? Ho'miny chickens did yo' steal? An' ho'miny o' dem did yo' gib de preacher? Mighty few, bruddern, mighty few, I kin tell yo' dat! Stealin' chickens am worse 'n swarin', an' it ain't a gwine to boost yo' frew de gates ob heaben,—onless yo' gibbs de spiles to yoh preacher!

"Mos' ob yo', I'll be boun', did ebberyfing dat wuz bad. Et's no use d'n'yin' it, fur I know 't myseff. De debbil offen had yo' by de coat-tails, pullin' yo' down to hell. Sum o' yo' war nigh harf way down, an' I helped to hist yo' up, an' got my fingahs scoached moh'n once.

"Now, my bruddern, less turn ober a new leaf,—de Bible-leaf. De new yeah am cumin', an' de little angel dat takes de senses am waitin' to see how menny good niggers dere air. Stop lyin' an' swarin'. Doan play de banjy on de Sabbat'. 'Tend chu'ch reg'ler. Stop kissin' de gals. Keep out de watermillion-patch. Let de chickens 'lone. Pay off yoh debts. Doan run up bills. Ef yo' want to dance, allus pay de piper. Doan put dart in de whitewash. Shake de carpets clean, an' doan wash down de dust wid too much kill-me-quick. Swar off, bruddern, swar off! Yo' young darkeys, doan yo' go out callin' New Yeah's. Stay at hum an' read de Bible. De gals can do widout yo', an' yoh heads woan feel like bushel-barskets nex' mo'nin'! An' yo' dar in de back seat, wid de frilled shart an' de wart on yoh nose, ef yo' doan cum down wid dat pew-rent fo' nex' Sund'y, I'll 'spose yo' fo' de hull meetin'! Yo' heah me? Amen! We will now parse de hat."

Seasonable Reflections.—Nothing is so exasperating to a man with a cold in his head as the sight of his wife bending over a fragrant hyacinth.

If you want to come out at the big end of the horn this year, you must start in with something more than a lopsided diary and a three-cent pencil.

We've had our Thanksgiving turkey, and it didn't agree with us. But we mean to try it over again this week if it takes our last cent for blue pills and stomach-bitters.

Its a very good thing at this time of the year to swear off; but the man who indulges in seven cocktails and a "cobbler" to celebrate the event and give him strength to carry out his resolution is a trifle too enthusiastic to hold out long.

If you are weighed down with an overpowering sense of fullness and too much dinner, you had better give the seductive pie a wide berth. It requires great tact, profound judgment, and a copper-lined stomach to keep a mince-pie from rearing up on its hind legs and starting out on the war-path against seven-eighths of a pound of turkey, plenty of "stuffin'," five sweet potatoes, seven pickles, three feet of celery, a quart of cranberries, and a liberal allowance of cider.

In the short space of two months, just twelve hundred and sixty-three and a half (1263.5) Bernhardt jokes have been fired upon a suffering public, and yet not one of them contained even the remotest allusion to the fact that Sarah is about the size and shape of a telegraph pole. It is strange that this important point should have been overlooked.

POTTER'S AMERICAN MONTHLY.

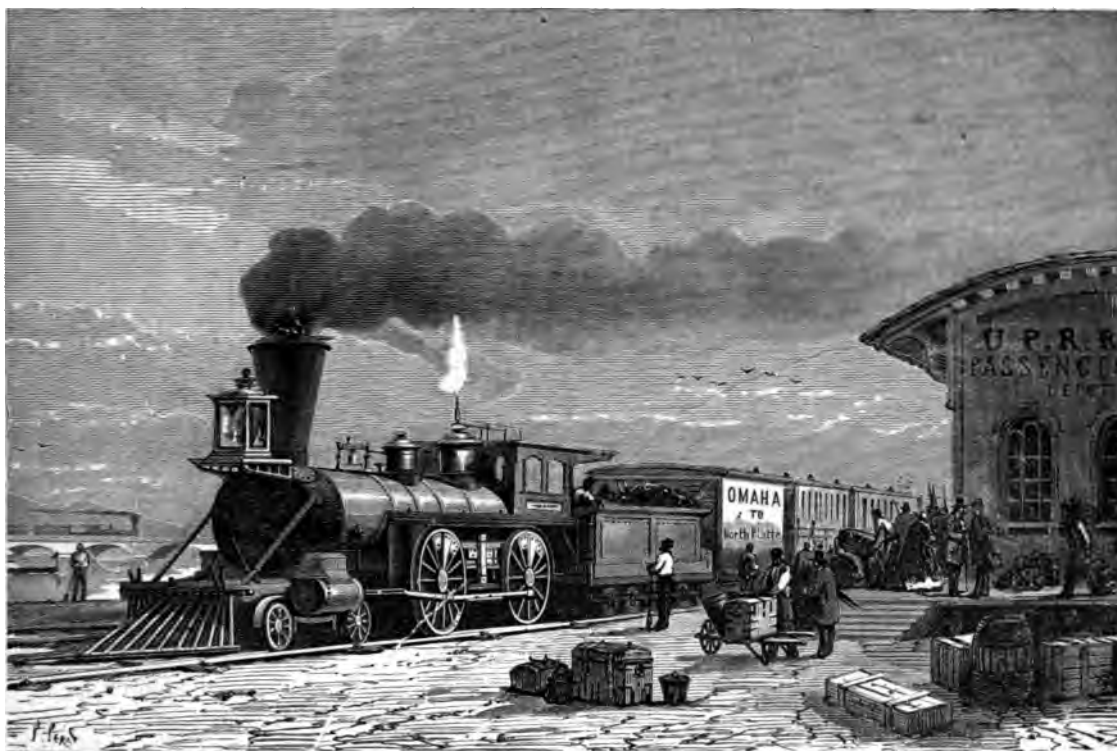
VOL. XVI.

FEBRUARY, 1881.

No. 110.

AN EXCURSION TO THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

By JAMES CLEMENT AMBROSE.



"ALL ABOARD!"

"THIS way, please, friends; take the 'Platte Valley' sleeper; the gentlemanly porter yonder will pass in your little girl and your satchels."

The speaker was arranging an excursion party to go by rail.

"Thank you, sir," said I, walking in the way his hand waved. "Here we are, 'Em'; this is the 'P. V.,' silver mounting and velvet finish; no life among the lowly in this home on wheels. We'll have nothing to do for a week but eat, sleep, and be merry! Who'd be a prince when he could just as well be an alderman?"

"Pass along the aisle, please," said the porter. "Section eight, lower berth; there you are, Dolly

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Dimple, my child. Now for the next. Here they come. Right there, please, sir; section ten; plenty of room; everybody going to be jolly."

Then the keen young man of color turned again to the door to be ready to continue his kindness toward any new group of excursionists. He wore his easy smile as a part of his uniform. And he observed to himself, "How very young men hold office and manage cities in this new country west of the Missouri! But, then, everybody seems to be young out here; old folks mostly stay back East. I——"

Ah! Stopping short, down the steps he reaches, and graciously gathers in another pair of grip-sacks,

a plethoric shawl-strap, etc., and is followed by the mayor of Omaha (a bright lawyer of only twenty-four years) and his young bride.

Back and forth thus, like a shuttle, runs the attentive porter, till the "Platte Valley" is comfortably crowded with amateur office-holders and the ladies and children whom they know best.

"Good-bye! good-bye!" "Don't let the baby fall off the porch, Kate!" "Don't forget to feed Towser, Tom!" "Be good, Jimmy, while pa is

dignity of power. Sight yields to sound. Bolt-heads, heads out of windows, and the head of the train vanish as we round a curve and dash into a cut. Smoke floats over the train, and the dry dust of earth rolls from underneath to shake his soiled garments in the faces of the few who will stand on the rear platform. Out thus from the city that is set on a hill into the prairie wide and wild!

This event became historical in the summer of 1868. Then everybody who could gain a "com-

plimentary" over the roads just rushed through towards the Missouri River, and over that great novelty, the Union Pacific Railway, was deeply interested in seeing how far the latter had wandered into the Rocky Mountains.

When, therefore, one hundred Chicago officials (including families) had thus reached Omaha, and had added the "freedom" of that city to their free passage, they felt free to augment their company for the Union Pacific jaunt in palace cars by a dozen officials



ON THE CONFINES OF CIVILIZATION.

gone, and he'll bring you something funny from the mountains!"

A score or two of these farewells and short orders for good behavior jump out at the open car windows as the conductor makes "All aboard!" his good-bye.

"Puff!" Now the iron horse yawns, stretches, shakes himself like a big, strong boy, who, when first spoken to, is slow. The drive-wheels sluggishly lift their down-edges up; the car-couplings tighten. "Puff! Puff! Puff!" Faster, faster, faster! Harder, harder, harder, the monster plants his iron hoofs along the iron pavement. Now the ups and downs of the wheels chase each other swiftly till their spokes and felloes melt into shadow, and their hum and rattle rise to the

of "Young Chicago," as Omaha then took childish pride in rechristening herself. And it was to be of this party that we had for a week left with a neighbor the key to our little hillside cottage.

At that time the track of the "U. P.," as hurried people abbreviate the name, was laid westward through Nebraska and half-way across Wyoming, to the North Fork of the Platte River, a distance of about seven hundred and fifty miles. By a horseshoe loop of twenty miles the track escapes from the ten miles of hills rolling back from the Missouri, and thence glides five hundred miles without a hill up the Platte Valley, which had given its good name to our sleeper.

That was fine riding, save its monotonous scenery. Beyond its initial hundred miles, at

that date, almost the only inhabitants were wild ones. Buffaloes fed within full view from the cars; antelopes ambled within pistol-shot, and many fruitless shots were fired at them from the moving train; the prairie-dogs had established many "villages" in the valley, but had nowhere erected a depot and eating-house for human travelers. Every few miles there were groups of dilapidated kennels built of sods, and in size and shape about like the old-fashioned Dutch ovens. In these the men who had graded the road-bed

for a long look ahead were Mr. Gray and his son Ned, a boy of twelve years. To the west the track seemed to jump off from somewhere into nowhere, so rapidly did it sink out of sight, not to resume the normal level of a well-behaved railroad till it touched the broad Laramie Plains far in the distance.

First astonishment over, "There, Ned," said Mr. Gray, "with snow smooth and wind aft, as the sailors say, I think you might slide down-hill for twenty-five miles or so."



THE MISSOURI NEAR OMAHA.

and laid down the track had slept at night. West from Cheyenne, Indians often "rose red on our vision," and the character of the riding was chiefly up and down, twist and turn, on a rail. But these twelve years have given the track an easier inclination and a firmer ballast.

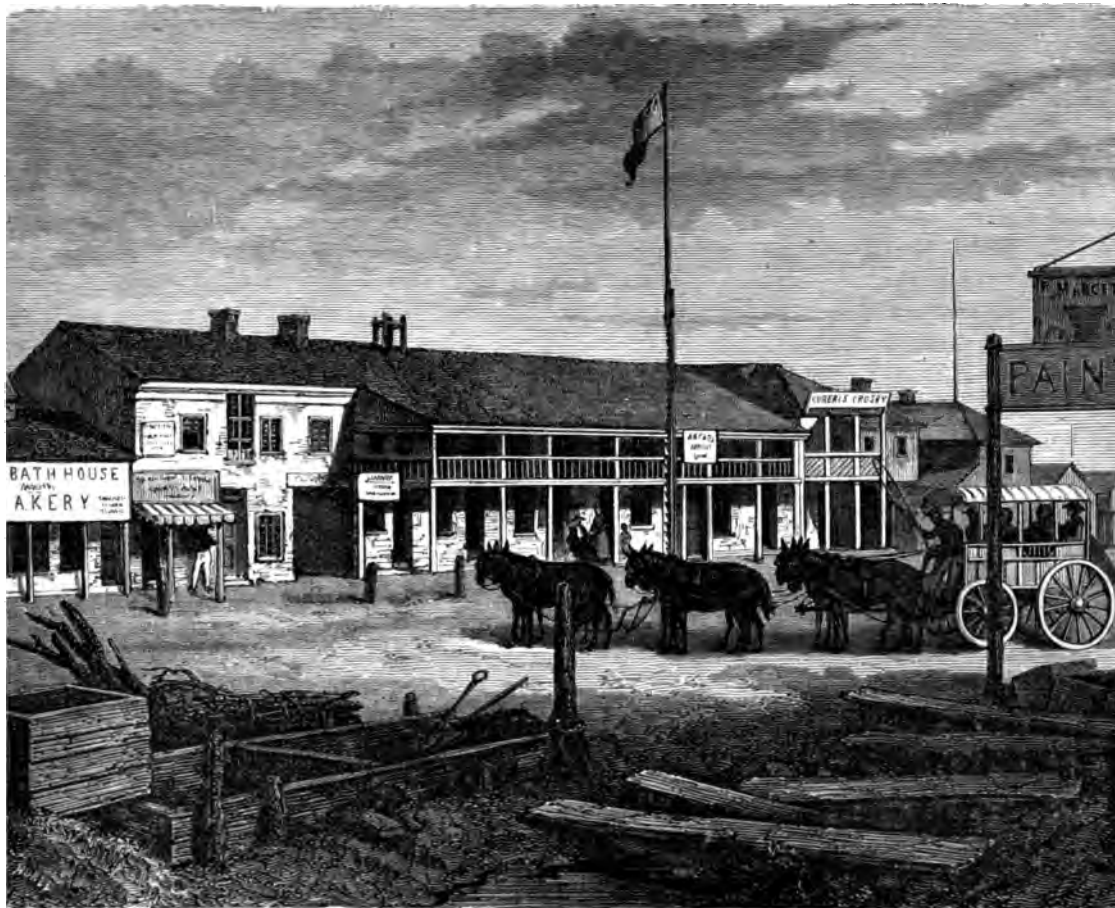
The "pass" through which the road crosses the range of mountains in Southeastern Wyoming is, after all, a very serious elevation, being nearly nine thousand feet above the sea, or about eighteen times the elevation of Chicago. On the summit stands Sherman, a station so named to remind travelers of our army general. To approach it from either side is up-hill work.

There our pleasure-train halted to take breath and feed the faithful horse. Among those who then stepped out and climbed up a side eminence

"Whew!" replied Ned, "shouldn't I hate to draw the hand-sled back, though! Have to take a feather-bed along on such coasting, and stay over night somewhere."

"Ding-dong" went the engine-bell, and down the slope of the cut we slid through a mass of square gravel, seemingly old boulders cut by Nature into angular bits about the size of dice; but there was nothing one could call soil: it was rock hash.

Then we were to have a touch of running the land rapids. The train entered that abrupt downgrade on express-passenger time. The platforms were packed, and every open window became a portrait-frame to witness the down-hill dash of steam against time. Crowds, especially on excursions, are seldom conscious of danger; union,



CHEYENNE IN 1868.

excitement quells fear. Down we plunge into deep cuts and around short curves at a mile a minute! Dust, deafness, and hang-on, the programme of all hands! Pitch, rock, rattle, sway, swoop, and come right side up without care, the programme of our train! How men, women, and children stared and kept still! They seemed to feel that there would be something grand in the catastrophe of a smash-up just then and there! Now and then the rear car would run on half its wheels and flounder furiously from side to side. Magnificently it played the victim's part in a great game of "crack-the-whip"—only it didn't uncouple and roll over.

As our horse slackened into a steady trot at the foot of a long declivity, and passengers scrambled from platforms to washrooms, Mr. Gray thanked his stars it was over, and said,

"Next time I come West I'll ask the conductor to let me get out and walk down that hill, if only he'll wait for me along here somewhere."

"Perhaps," I suggested, "you would prefer to walk down ahead of the train."

"No, thank you," he retorted; "I think life is worth living."

Onward to the end of the track we rode through an intensely untamed wilderness. Its only signs of coming civilization were the track-laying and its layers, a walking village of shanties and tents, that set its stakes for a few days near the end of the track to fleece travelers and fatten gamblers and other evil camp-followers; and as the restless "end of the track" moved westward, the village arose and walked after it.

Then back we rode and up the hill to Sherman on Saturday night. Our train was switched off to

rest that night and the next day. Everybody wanted to "keep the Sabbath," you see.

But sometimes excursionists are a very crazy set of sane people; that is, they used to be, thus far West in those unrestrained times. Latitude, longitude, and time have their influence on morals. So "keeping the Sabbath" has not always the same meaning. Then, too, excursionists are not slow to think that to ride free is to own the road they ride over; that it has been built for them, and that its president and directors are their hired men. Hence, some people very honest at home think nothing, when traveling in groups for pleasure without pay, of helping themselves to whatever they like that isn't spiked fast.

A Rocky-Mountain teamster, in a buckskin suit, a slouchy white hat of uncertain age, long hair and long moustache, stood combing the mane of a mule. It was Sunday morning, after breakfast.

A Chicago gentleman drew near him, and asked, "How much, my friend, will you charge to carry ten of us over to the brook where trout are caught, and show us some of the curious places along the way?"

Not enough interested to look up at his questioner, he drawied out, "Five dollars a head."

"Pretty steep, stranger; but you may hitch up."

He did so; and the ten, all men, were jaded ten miles to the south in a lumber wagon, caught a dozen brook trout, and searched for something queer to carry home. Even a common cobblestone was called a rarity, because it grew on the "Rockies." And the enthusiasts threatened to weep because they couldn't carry a mountain. They thought it would be such a treat to have a pet mountain in Chicago; and so it would.

Other wagon companies went other ways, and thus the majority "kept the Sabbath" that time.



A CANYON IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

The good and wise mothers staid by the train. They even held a little meeting of sacred song and prayer, inviting in the laborers about the station. They didn't see why they should behave worse in the Indian country than in Chicago, surely. And some of them said they knew something awful would happen to somebody before night for breaking the Sabbath so. How did they know?

Said a stalwart young Chicago alderman to me, rather slyly:

"There is a fine little hand-car down the side-track; let us get it and give some of the ladies a free ride."

"Agreed," said I.

It was almost night; but nobody appeared to know or care when our train would move on, or whether it ever would.

A moment later the little car stood on the main track. We were ready to run down and capture the moss-agate bed somebody had informed us existed down the grade a mile or two. Our passengers were an elderly lady of nervous temperament, one young lady the Chicago alderman was fond of, "Em," and our little girl.

Down the long hill we started, urged by many cheers from those we left behind. Mr. D—— and I played deep and rapid strokes upon our pump-like engine, and in five minutes down that mountain-slope we were shooting with the speed of twenty miles an hour!

"Button your coat! jam down your hat! and stop laughing!" I shouted to my comrade, setting the example in all but the latter command. He couldn't stop laughing. The rush against the wind was starting tears and carrying away the ladies' handkerchiefs as they tried to dry their eyes, and their ribbons were turned into little flapping flags. The baby-girl clapped her hands and thumped her heels, while her mother and the young lady held on for dear life. But our "elderly lady of the nervous temperament" grew alarmed for her own safety.

"Hold up, gentlemen!" she cried, "or I shall fall and my dress'll be ruined."

"No danger!" replied Mr. D——, as he noticed that her strong shawl was fastened under her chin, then planted his foot firmly on the corner which fell back upon the car-floor.

We had made the mistake of giving her a front seat, so she could get an early view of the country.

But, feeling her safe, if not her dress, how could one look at her and repress laughter! There she sat, scolding continuously; her feet dangled down from the forward edge of the car; her long dress-skirt swept backward beneath the car, and already was torn into kite-tails, and her exposed mountain-boots stuck out ahead like a real cow-catcher.

But the only fall she got was falling into fidgets. Then she threatened.

Said she, "I'll jump, if you don't stop; and I'll tell my husband, if ever I get back alive."

But none of these things moved us to anything but laughter. Of course, we wouldn't have seen her harmed for the price of a corner lot; but we cruel men (as she thought us), being on an excursion, were bent, first, on fun, even if we had to scare somebody else's wife almost to pieces to get it. And it was but little short of that misfortune that we stopped. We might properly have been counted among those who, starting on an excursion, leave at home their tender regard for others' feelings. Possibly we were not free from the unkind tendency of modern youth to make merry at the expense of mature age.

"What time have you?" I inquired of Mr. D——, with a moist and weary look, at last.

"6.15," he replied.

"Then we've been riding down-hill about fifteen minutes. How far have we come, think?"

"Don't know," said he; "haven't seen any moss-agates, anyway."

But the laughing engine to our train was getting out of breath; just enough left to whistle "down brakes!" We slackened labor and the car slackened speed. What a ripple of joy then ran over the face of our elderly passenger! We "cruel men" had her benediction at last.

The brakes smoked through another quarter of a mile, and we came to a full stop; that is, all but Mrs. Elderly. She indeed stopped her fidgets, but she kept up her antipathy against that hand-car. The instant it stood still she bounded from it with the boldness of a lady fighting a mouse. She seemed so to "thank her stars" for escape, that she heeded not her tattered dress-skirt, which had so faithfully dusted ties by the mile.

"Never!" said she, as she straightened up at a safe distance from the track and faced us frowningly, "never will I go back on that frightful thing!"

And, curiously enough, the good soul kept her

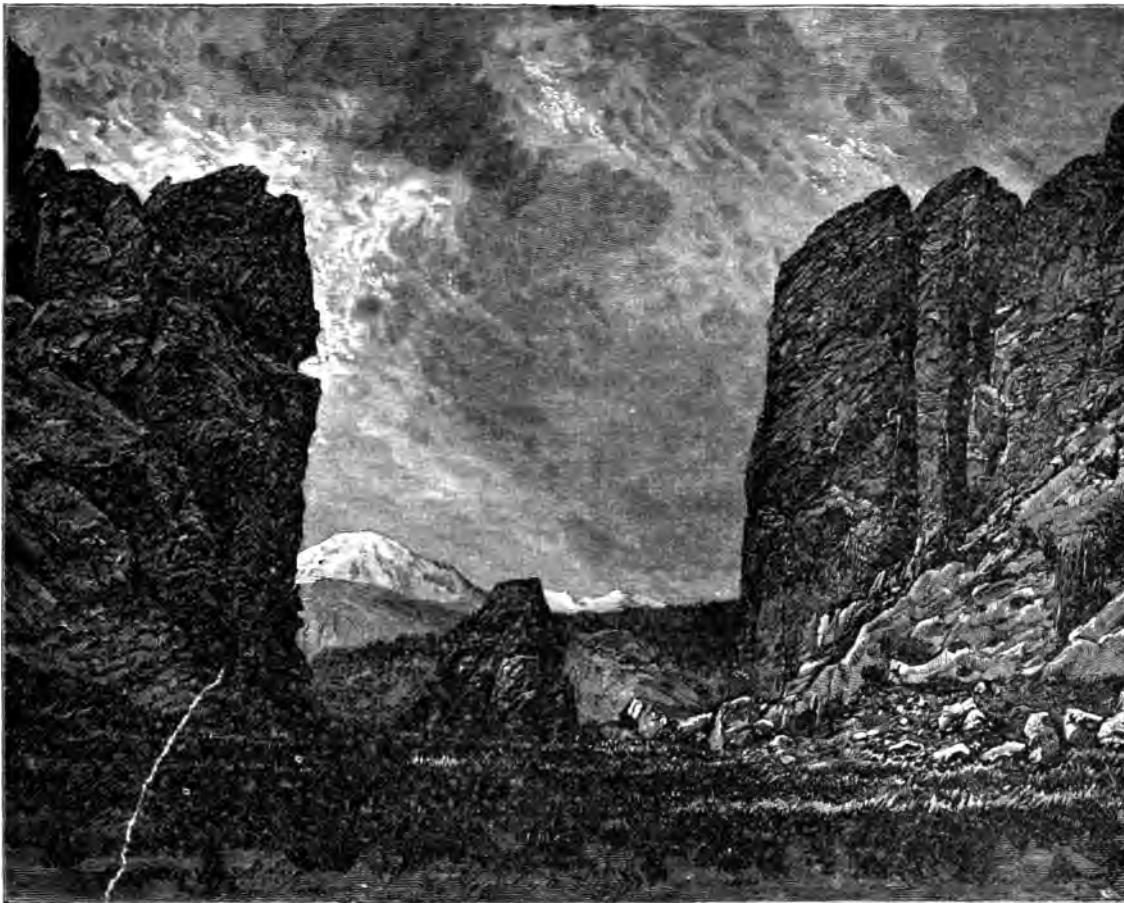
word better than we all did the Sabbath. You think she died there? No; too much spunk for that.

But when she made that vow out on the desert, she puzzled the best of us. We didn't know but that she was going to enter a homestead claim on government land there. She did not, though. She

"Let's go and climb yonder steep hill," suggested "Em."

"Better keep a sharp look-out for Indians, then," said I; "they're in this region, and they hate this railroad and all who ride on it."

She looked down at our little girl, then wondered, "Hain't we better start directly back?"



"THE LAND RYDS."

sat down upon a rock and patted its side with her parasol,—the new settler embracing the old settler.

All others sat and rested a moment on the car, and laughed, as we drew fresh mountain-breath, to think of our returning and Mrs. Elderly's remaining on that ancient rock. And as we sat there we cooled off with fond looks at the unmelted snow in June on Long's Peak, a hundred miles to the south of us. But for curves and cuts, we could not see a hundred rods up the track we had just come down.

Mr. D. pooh-poohed the idea of danger, till "Em" questioned him, "What if some do come?"

"Well," said he, laughing, "I really don't know what we shall do; but there is Mrs. Elderly, she isn't wife or sweetheart. Miss Fox blushed, to either of us men; she declares, too, that she'll never go home on this 'pesky' car, and I don't see any other way for her. So, perhaps, if Mr. Indian comes along dressed in a scalping knife, the rest of us can run away while he is chucking

to see what a kind old lady Mrs. Elderly is to sit still and wait for him."

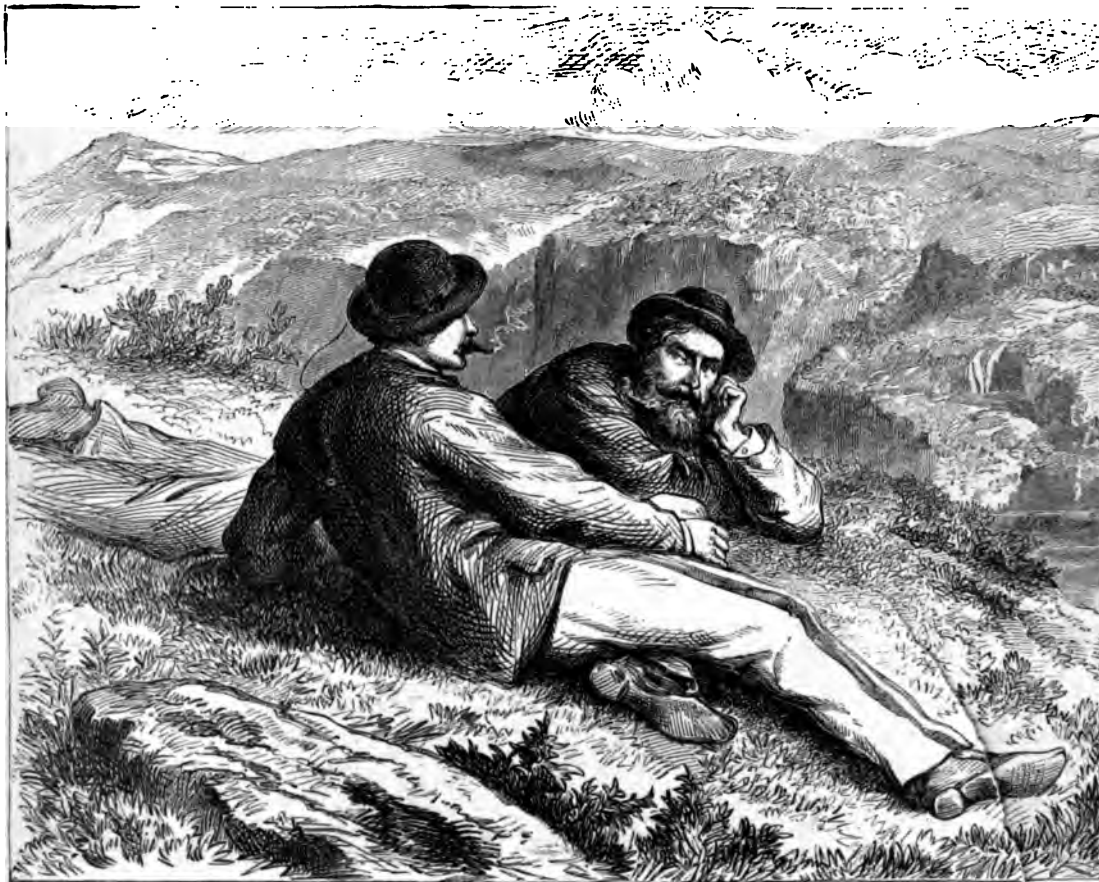
"Oh, you heartless man!" cried the two ladies.

"I know," said he, "it looks so; but she hates this car so badly that I guess a wild Indian, in comparison, will look very tame to her."

"Come on!" said he, a moment later, assisting Miss Fox from that cushionless car-seat. How

among the loose stones and our hands grasping the stunted cedars before us, when, from the vicinity of the lady we had left behind us, there came a screech rolling up the hill that would have passed for a prize war-whoop in any Indian battle. A moment after, it seemed strange that we had heard nothing else.

The screaming ones among our four and a half



HOW TWO "KEPT THE SABBATH."

easy a hard bench becomes when occupied for the fun of it only!

And up the barren, brown hill we four folks and a lady started, *sans* Indians and moss-agates. But our passenger of the staying qualities sat motionless upon the rock, with her "face to the foe;" that is, she sat and eyed that hand-car as if she "wished it were in Pontiac."

We had been off the car five minutes, perhaps, and were half-way up the hill, our toes tucked

gave involuntary echo, feeble, but their best. They were sure that Indians, anacondas, or gigantic vultures were about to take supper with our friend, Mrs. Elderly; that is, she'd be the supper and they'd do the eating. Even lightning was not wholly absent from our hasty conclusions.

And, in fact, lightning had struck her, but not hard enough to kill. At first turn of my eyes over my shoulder, there she sat upon the rock, tight as a huge lichen. That once scream had

exhausted her, and she was temporarily calm,—for the moment cured of fidgets.

Having accomplished a face about without rolling down the hill, in full view of the disaster we stood and laughed. People on excursions are expected to laugh at every occurrence; and they generally come up to this expectation. Mrs. Elderly had really witnessed a splendid bit of excursion fun which the others of us had half-missed, only she didn't have the knack of enjoying it suddenly and all at once. Fun came to her by evolution from alarm; at first she was badly frightened. Whatever event had hand-car in it was calculated to disturb her nerves.

I said we laughed. Yes; so we did. At what? Why, the glimpse of something about the size of a yoke of oxen *hawing* and *geeing* through the air twenty feet above the railroad track! But it wasn't a yoke of oxen.

As the first screech left our ears, in came that of a locomotive, and those oxen of our fancy were half-hidden in heavy smoke. Pell-mell, quick as flash, into sight and out again, flew the lightning express train from the East! And the object in air that suggested flying oxen never chewed its cud; it was an elevated hand car; in short, our pet hand-car,—Mrs. Elderly's hated hand-car. Tired of being ridden, it was about to take a ride.

Seven minutes, to a second, had elapsed since we had brought the car to a halt a short distance west from the curved cut behind the hill, as unconscious of danger as we were reckless of it. So closely and like the stealthy panther had the train pursued us, till out of its covert of the cut it sprang, and, as if enraged at loss of better victims, it thrust its nose beneath the hand-car and tossed it with a twist above its smoke-stack. There had been no time to whistle "Take care!" there

was neither time nor power to stop; hence the catastrophe.

Ordinarily, men shudder to find they have missed death only by so thin a shaving of time as seven minutes! Yet, in spite of the rule, the laughter mania seemed to rest on us. And, barring our narrow escape, the situation was comical. Even



THE TROUT STREAM

the hand-car acted in spite of the rule, and instead of going to pieces and flying off to the side when struck, it rose up into the air quite gracefully, Mrs. Elderly told us, considering that it was making its first perpendicular trip in air, and that it had behaved so naughtily (as she thought) on land. And as it had shot up, the locomotive had shot ahead, and we on the hillside had turned just in time to see our "castle in the air" fall right

side up, but possibly broken, on the tender heaped with coal.

As the train ran off with our toy on its back, it uttered not a "Thank you;" but rather, through the lifting smoke, I thought I detected a tickled smile on the face of the engineer; and the parting scream of the locomotive seemed to say, "Serves you right! You must always expect trouble when you get ahead of lightning!"

No time-table had been given us to run our hand-car by; and on that Sunday the lightning express was trying to run without one, too. And by thus foolishly following our aldermanic example it had come near to making an example of us. The habit of the road was to have its fast trains keep up with the "end of the track," which galloped along a mile or more per day, whence travelers took the old overland stages for Salt Lake and more western points, till they met the equally agile "end of the track" on the Central Pacific, then pushing up the western acclivity of the continent.

The train that ran behind time and our hand-car had telegraphed from Cheyenne to Sherman to clear the track, as it would not stop there that day. But the pleasure party didn't know of that order, and were too thoughtless to ask questions; the railway men didn't see us start off; and the result was that nobody knew of our danger till, fifteen minutes later, that terrific lightning on wheels came tearing through Sherman and had doubled its speed down the hill behind us!

Then horrified friends thought of us and felt us lost, all in one breath. General merriment gave way to general mourning.

"Conductor," said friends, who were sad while we were gay, "there is a hand-car load of our party only a few moments in advance of that express."

"Dead!" In that one word he rendered his comfortless verdict.

But he kindly manned another hand-car with two brakemen (the husband of Mrs. Elderly accompanying them) to go and pick up such proofs as they could find of our former existence. He would hold his train, too, till this hospital car could be heard from, though he had intended to pull out as soon as the express passed.

While kind friends thus arranged to look for us with microscopes, we enjoyed the situation hilariously. We seemed conscious that a huge joke

had been cracked between that locomotive and our hand-car; but we were not sufficiently calm to see that we were the victims of it. Even staid Mrs. Elderly met with a sudden change of feelings, and fell fully into the spirit of an excursion. She stood erect on the top of the big rock where she had been sitting, and, taking off her bonnet, swung it round and round her head and cheered lustily. Not one of us took thought of Indians.

When Mrs. Elderly saw us coming to her from the hill, she twirled her bonnet anew and laughed like the rest of us. We persuaded her to sit down and take breath. We didn't know but fidgets had run into some worse mental disorder. But she seemed perfectly lucid when quiet.

"What is the matter?" said I.

"Nothing," said she; "it's gone."

"Gone? What's gone?"

"The matter."

"Which way did it go?"

"Went West."

"How did it go?"

"On the train."

"What did it look like?"

"Like a hand-car."

"Sure enough!" I assented, with clear conviction that there was nothing the matter with Mrs. Elderly. "But why did you laugh so?" I inquired.

"Well," said she, drawing a good long breath, "I was just tickled almost to death to see that good-for-nothing old truck of a hand-car that worried me almost to death piled up on that train so neatly and carried clean out of my sight!"

"But what made you scream so at first?" I asked.

"Oh," said she, "that was when the engine first dashed out of the cut, before I saw what a good friend of mine it was going to be."

And then we all laughed to see her at last really enjoying the excursion. To afford her pleasure we felt willing to sacrifice almost any number of the railway company's hand-cars.

"How," asked Mr. D——, "will you get back to Sherman?"

"I don't know," said she, "and don't care much; same way you will, I suppose. I shall keep my word, anyhow, and not go back on that old hand-car."

We all finally concluded that we were sure to be sent for; and then we sat down near the track



A SETTLER'S BIVOUAC NEAR SHERMAN.

and had another laugh,—a saucer almost always in order on an excursion.

We had sat there perhaps ten minutes, jolly in spite of adversity, when clattering around the eastward curve into full view came the mate to our departed car. On catching sight of us the brakemen looked a good deal more astonished than we did, and not half so good-natured. They had come out to see a tragedy, and found only a farce. But the husband of our nervous matron was so overjoyed at sight of his better-half, safe and sound, that he leaped from the car before it fully stopped, spraining his ankle and opening a pocket in the knee of his pantaloons. So he who had left Sherman with funereal feelings went back a worse wreck than we who were thought dead.

The brakemen told us we had wandered five miles away; yet we had made the run in fifteen minutes! The return, upgrade and the load heavy, consumed an hour. This time Mrs. Elderly took a back seat beside her lame husband, and she didn't scold a bit. The four able-bodied men walked, pushed, and rode by turns.

Just at sunset, more tired than hurt, and the

men coatless, we puffed up to the little depot in the pass. As the words "All right" went round, a long breath of relief was drawn, as though all had been holding their breath for an hour and a half. Joy succeeded sorrow. But it was not hilarious joy; it was joy expressed in praise and gratitude to God that we were safe, and that our conversion of his day into a sporting day had not been followed by serious calamity to some of us.

Even the conductor, a few moments later, called

"All aboard!" in a solemn tone. All laughter was hushed during that evening. Even the landscape, bathed in the tender light of the new moon half-way up the sky, added new calm to our hushed spirits. And as the train moved gladly homeward, and we "monuments of mercy" had detailed our adventure over and over again, those good, consistent women who had tarried at the station all the day struck up:

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow!"

Even those who had been rudest by daylight

joined at twilight in this and other sacred songs. The danger we had passed seemed to leave a practical sermon in its wake that made the evening hours of that Sabbath its best.



THE CALM EVENTIDE.

A RURAL HOME.

By GUY AINSLEE.

FAR from the vain and giddy whirl
Of Fashion's centre stands a cot;
Naught but the brooklet's soothing purl
And bird-song haunts the spot,

Save when the happy household band
At home's pure altar meet to praise,
And to the Father, hand in hand,
Their cheerful voices raise.

The tenor of their earnest toil
No vexing changes e'er annoy;
The vineyard and the fruitful soil
Their willing hands employ.

No shrine to Mammon here is reared,
The lust for power is all unknown;
But Wisdom's counsel is revered,
Her precious gifts they own.

The night of rest comes sweetly down,
Soft as a floating feather falls;
Sweet peace and sleep their labors drown,
Till the clear morning calls.

O quiet shades! O blest retreat!
How beautiful a home is here!
Love makes its humble walls replete
With constant grace and cheer.

LORA.

BY PAUL PASTNOR.

SECOND MOVEMENT.—THE OCTOBER MARSHES.

ALL day long, at the mouth of Lamville, in the marshes,
 Sportsmen were firing, and over the amber-hued water
 Echoes returned with a crying and beating excitement.
 Flocks of wild duck came and went, ever whistling and
 screaming.
 Crackled the sedges as through them went stealthily creep-
 ing
 Slim, dripping dogs, with torn lips and eyes bloodshot,
 Seeking the birds that had fluttered away from the fowler.
 Oft from his long, painful posture of stooping and watching
 A sportsman would rise in the rushes and stand like an
 oak-bole,
 Rejoicing in rest that poured down like a torrent and bathed
 him,
 Then into an ambush retreat, like a monk doing penance.

October's brief sun had descended the hollow of heaven,
 And darkness came on ere the sound of the shooting was
 over,
 And groups of tired sportsmen and dogs from the marshes
 emerging
 Wended their way through the dusk toward the bridge and
 the highway.
 At the door of the toll-house stood Lora, and, gazing to east
 ward,
 Saw the bright sparks from the pipes of the hunters wind-
 driven,
 Scattering stars in the white, fragrant smoke-clouds behind
 them.
 Then in the Bay of the Half-Moon, that lay to the west-
 ward,
 Saw she the spars and the hull of a catamaran
 Swathed in a garment of gloom, with a single star-button
 Up at the neck of the mast, clasping shadow and shadow!
 "Whose can it be?" wondered Lora; and straightway her
 dark eyes
 Seemed to enlarge, and to gather the last rays of twilight.
 "Some one, perhaps, from the city has come for a day's
 sport,
 And anchored his boat on this side, where the water is
 deeper."

All things were silent: the tall mast nodded in slumber;
 There were no wheels on the dike, nor the step of a foot-
 man.
 Slowly then Lora re-entered the house of her father,
 Closed the dark door—and instant night mantled the island.
 Spattered with blood, and trodden, and fog-wrapt, and chilly,
 Slept the desolate wastes of the sedge at the mouth of the
 river.
 The flutter of sore-wounded duck, and the plaint of the
 plover,

The sough of the wind through the rushes, the plash of the
 muskrat,
 Stirred the black air like the dolorous murmurs of Hades.
 Suddenly sprang from the marshes a current of splendor,
 As though a stalk of the sedge had leaped up like a rocket,
 And o'er the wild, lonesome stretches of bog-land there
 billowed
 A heavy explosion, a dominant soleness of sound.
 Lo! yon stands a sportsman, a moment illumed as he listens,
 Grasping the brown, empty barrels with fingers that tremble,
 And holding his breath till the swift-speeding sound strikes
 the island,
 And bids airy echo return through the darkness to guide
 him.
 Lost in the treacherous bog? and chill is the night wind!
 No place to rest him, and only the tufts of the sedges
 Bridging the treacherous pits that lie thick in his pathway!

Hark!—'tis a rifle's reply, o'er the wilderness screaming!
 Yonder the glare of a signal-fire wavering skyward!
 Almost, it seemed to the wanderer, he could distinguish
 The black, giant forms of his comrades, as often they fed it,
 Or wrestled together with gnarled cedar-roots in the fore-
 ground.
 Earnestly then did he press toward the far-shining beacon,
 Sinking again and again into terrible ooze-holes;
 Raising a foot to advance, and yet scarcely foreseeing
 Where he should set it; with hunger and weariness dizzy,
 Still he plunged on, lest the blaze should grow fainter and
 fainter,
 Laugh in a swirl of derision, and sink into embers.

Meanwhile the Bay of the Half-Moon, reflecting the watch-
 fire,
 Clung on the hip of the island like scimitar splendid.
 The boats of the catamaran were tossing and ringing,
 As the long swells from mid-water broke sharply against
 them.
 Down sank the dim, clouded moon in the lap of the moun-
 tains;
 Then the stars laughed, and the fire on the beach flamed
 more redly.
 Close to the blaze, in dull silence, two sportsmen were
 lying;
 And from their feet and their ankles rose white threads of
 vapor;
 Wearily rested their heads on their palms, and their elbows
 Leaned on the cobble, and suffered the sharp stones to bruise
 them.
 Southward their faces were turned, peering into the dark-
 ness;
 Southward, where lay the fair city, the home of their parents.
 Drearly pictured they then the alarm of the loved ones,—

Messengers flying at midnight, and lights in the windows;
Also the woe of the morning, the calm, restful Sabbath,
Bringing no news of the young men, the pride of their households.

Thus as they talked, the lost one came softly upon them,
Cast himself down in the midst between comrade and comrade,

Spake not, but lay gazing wearily into the firelight.
Slow sank the blaze into embers, and then into ashes,
Ere they began to talk soberly one to another.

"Nay, I could scarce steer aright in this all-wrapping darkness,"

Said he who lay in the midst (for the bridged boats were his);

"Besides, I am bitterly tired, and fainting with hunger."

Even as he spoke, from the toll-house a glimmer of lamp-light

Fell on the shore, and as suddenly vanished in darkness.

"Yonder is food!" cried Luke Gleason, the eldest, upstarting;

"Why should we famish, with farmer's good larder so near us?"

Farmer Laroix was just slipping the bolt in its socket,
When there resounded the tap of a hand against his hand,
Also he heard hollow voices communing together.
Straightway he opened the door and confronted the young men:

Pallid they were, and disordered in dress and in feature,
Damp were their garments, and covered with slime from the marshes.

"Sir," said the eldest, respectfully greeting the farmer,

"Night has o'ertaken us far from our homes in the city;

Weary and famished we are, and the night-damp has chilled us.

Can you provide us with food? We have money to pay you."

Sternly the old man looked on them, nor deigned to make answer;

Grave was he always, and slow of address to a stranger.

But from the brightness behind him, ablush with compassion,

Glided a beautiful girl to the side of her father,

Laid her soft hand on his sleeve with significant pressure.

Meanwhile she modestly spake to the young men before her:—

"Come in, and sit by the hearth-fire; our father is willing,
For an abundance of food yet remains from the supper."

Then with her hand still caressing the arm of her father

Led she him back to his seat in the cosiest corner;

Afterward seated the strangers beside the warm fireplace,

Blushed at their thanks, and hastened away to the kitchen.

Meanwhile the children drew round, flocking out of the shadows;

Beautiful children they were, and of lineage taintless.

Pure blood of France coursed their veins like a river of sunshine:

Liquid-eyed girls, with cheeks red as the grass-hidden berry;

Dark, princely boys, like young noblemen playing the peasant.

Now the door opens, and Lora, the eldest and fairest,
Enters and stands with the children. How charming her picture,

In the dim light, half-surrounded by gipsy-brown faces!

"Supper is ready," she said, in a voice soft and modest;

"Follow me, please." The young men rose up, then, and followed

Her eagerly into the low, dusky space of the kitchen.

There were huge dishes that steamed with a wholesome provision;

Over the table their cloud and aroma were floating,

Sweeter than spice-laden breezes, or breath of deep gardens,

Unto the sportsmen. They, when they had taken their places,

Spake not a word, nor looked up, but ate deeply, in silence,
As on a slope fresh and fragrant, and kissed by the morning,

Browses an ox, with his dew-dripping face in the clover!

Lora remained in the room, at a distance, to serve them,

If they should need aught replenished. Her mother, more timid,

Glided away, and returned to her husband and children.

Still as a star from ten myriad falling, she vanished,

Light as a leaf that steals down through the boughs of an oak-tree.

Soon as their hunger and thirst were appeased by the good things,

Frequently from the young men to the maid in the shadow

Slipped the still arrows, the glances of mute admiration.

Especially earnest the gaze of the handsome Luke Gleason,

As, leaning his arm on the table, in seeming abstraction,

Through his white fingers he peered at the toll-keeper's daughter,

Marveling much at the billowy poise of her shoulders;

Her neck, round and ripe, and half-hid in her clustering tresses;

Her face, like an oval drop pressed from the cheek of a peach!

"Face of a fable!" he murmured—" 'twill fade with disclosure.

I see it through dusk-light and fancy, and bathe it with glamor."

Then, hastily rising, the maiden stepped out of the shadow.

"If you need nothing," she faltered, with down-drooping eyelids,

"I will return to my mother, and unto the children."

Slowly she entered the doorway, still waiting before them,

If they, perchance, should recall her for some service lacking.

But they spake not, and the maiden went gracefully from them,

Raising her eyes, as she vanished, and meeting Luke Gleason's:

Up to her lids surged the blushes, and Gleason perceived them!

Midnight had passed, and the south wind was steadily blowing
 Over Colchester Reef, and straight from the light-house.
 Nevertheless, in the eye of the glimmering beacon
 Bounded the catamaran, from black billow to billow.
 Cheerfully chatted the comrades, and, nestling together
 Under the sail, they kept watch of the stars of the water,—
 Bright beacon-lights on the points and the islands around
 them.

"We shall be home ere the dawn breaks!" cried he who
 was steering.

"Never so staunchly my lady dashed over the billows:
 See how the lights on Isle Grand kiss the rim of the water!"
 Thereupon rose on his elbow Luke Gleason, and leeward
 Gazed with intentness. But now there were stars in the offing,
 And the window of Lora, perchance, was a window of
 heaven!

(To be continued.)

TENNYSON'S POEMS.

Of the vast amount written on Mr. Tennyson's poetry, but a small portion has been devoted to serious analytical criticism. Professor Wilson's attack ("Blackwood's Magazine," vol. xxxi.), full of the boisterous spirits of the writer, was too obviously unfair to be taken as a true opinion, though there was in it much of real and discerning literary insight. Lord Houghton's article in the "Westminster Review," vol. xxxviii., able and admirably written, was yet too much in the tone of a discoverer of unknown lands, who thinks all is magnificently fair which strikes upon him with a sense of newness. This, together with Mr. George Brimley's paper, republished in his collected essays, and an article in the "London Review," vol. i., 1835, are perhaps the only sustained attempts to deal with the real intellectual phenomena presented by Mr. Tennyson's works.

But these all date from a period far away from modern readers, and reviewers have for many years gazed on the poems as men gazed on the sun before spectrum analysis. Able and enthusiastic eulogies have been written from time to time in all the leading periodicals as new works have appeared; here and there attempts have been made to discover esoteric meanings in plain and simple narrative of old chivalric tales; but little has been done to understand them as they are, and explain them, to show their relation to literature, to art, to nature, or to life, to estimate the kind and causes of their beauties or defects. Reviews have been for the most part one chorus of indiscriminate praise. There was a period when the *Times* would at least always essay, if it did not compass literary criticism, but the notices of Mr. Tennyson's recent poems have been almost comic in their abnegation of all a critic's functions. That, for instance, on "The Lover's Tale," simply

quoted as specimens one hundred and thirty-three lines of the poem, together with the larger portion of the little preface, and the remainder of the notice was simply an expansion of the following thoughts, if thoughts they can be called: "Piracy would be popular, if, as was in this instance the case, piracy often enforced publication. This is a remarkable poem for a boy of nineteen, but the essential characteristics of the boy's style are those of the man's." The greater part of other recent reviews have been of the same kind, extracts and platitudes, extracts for the sake of extracting, not as exemplifying a statement or enforcing a position, platitudes in place of thought to save readers the trouble of thinking, of which, to do them justice, they are rarely desirous. This action of the critics in the case of the later poems has only accentuated a conviction long growing in our mind, that criticism of Tennyson was needed and in some respects almost untried, and in the following pages we shall endeavor to supply the want.

Since the greater portion of this article was written, now more than a year since, two papers have appeared in the "Cornhill" annotating Mr. Tennyson as carefully as critic ever edited Greek play, and working out in detail a good deal of what is here sketched. It has not seemed to us, however, that our own broader examination of principles with but few details is superseded by those excellent studies, to which we would refer all those who wish to verify our own conclusions more fully than our space will allow us.

We need not pause to prove the popularity of the works in question. Of course, there have been larger sales of single poems. No such rush for copies has ever taken place in Tennyson's case as in that of Byron or Scott, even when by publish-

ing a ballad in a magazine a cheap form was adopted which placed the poem within the reach of all. Perhaps, too, in one given year, now some time ago, the works of Martin Farquhar Tupper, D.C.L., may have sold a more considerable number of copies than were sold in the same year of Tennyson, but if so the balance was soon redressed. Even evangelical doctrine could not make Tupper's work seem poetry for more than a brief season, and the Laureate's poems have reached quarters where Byron never and Scott seldom came. We do not doubt that at this moment in England more poetry of Tennyson is known by heart, and more could be quoted, than of all the other poets in the language fused into one.

Some of the causes of this popularity are trivial, yet worth a moment's notice. In the first place, Tennyson is thoroughly easy. The great poets who present the most difficulty are loved by their students with a passion often in proportion to the difficulty with which they are approached, and those students can never for a moment believe that the more popular poet is worthy to stand beside their own chosen one. *Æschylus* and *Euripides*, *Dante* and *Tasso*, *Wordsworth* and *Scott*, *Browning* and *Tennyson*, are instances of the contrast we mean; the first of each pair is incomparably the higher poet, but the multitude who read for relaxation and not for study, for facile delight and not for wise counsel, for titillation of fancy, and not for the calm satisfaction of intellect, will never believe it, nor are they able to understand or apprehend it.

When we say that Tennyson is easy we do not mean that there are not here and there passages requiring explanation, and which if an annotated edition were ever published would lead to controversy. The unfoldings of a mind so stored with literature and science will always present difficulties to those who are less educated than the writer. So long as "In Memoriam" is read people will ask, *Who* "sings to one clear harp in divers tones, that men may rise on stepping-stones of their dead selves to higher things"? What is the meaning of "Before the crimson-circled star had fallen into her father's grave"? So long as they read the early poems, and have not read *Dante*, they will fail to understand the words in "The Vision of Sin," "God made himself an awful rose of dawn." But beyond the

difficulty of allusion or quotation there is little difficulty of idea, and none, or almost none, of diction. The words, and this is no light praise, follow each other in their natural prose sequence; there is no effort or straining after metre or rhyme; the words are the best suited to express the meaning whether considered as poetry or as prose.

We open the volume at hand absolutely at random and read:

"Lying, robed in snowy white
That loosely flew to left and right—
The leaves upon her falling light—
Through the noises of the night
She floated down to Camelot:
And as the boat-head wound along
The willowy hills and fields among
They heard her singing her last song,
The Lady of Shalott."

Now, if dismissing for a moment all sense of the assonance of rhyme, we would write this into prose, we shall find that only two changes are possible; we should read "flew loosely" instead of "loosely flew," and place the word "among" at the beginning instead of the end of the line.

Again, opening the volume equally at random, we find the arras on the walls of the chambers in "The Palace of Art" showed, one,

"the reapers at their sultry toil.
In front they bound the sheaves. Behind
Were realms of upland, prodigal in oil,
And hoary to the wind.

And one a foreground black with stones and slugs,
Beyond, a line of heights, and higher
All barred with long white cloud the scornful crags,
And highest, snow and fire.

And one, an English home:—gray twilight poured
On dewy pastures, dewy trees,
Softer than sleep—all things in order stored,
A haunt of ancient peace."

In this passage the only words which could be transposed are the third line of the second stanza, which might in prose read better, "the scornful crags all barred with long white cloud," which, if the rhyme be of no importance, is an equally good line. Now take a passage in "Ulysses," where the question is in no degree complicated by assonance, and we find that no change at all is needed:

"You and I are old;
Old age hath yet his honor and his toil;
Death closes all: but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with gods.
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:
The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die."

If the same test be applied to the works of almost any other poet, we shall find a very different result. Take Mr. Browning in a passage also chosen by the simple test of opening the volume anywhere:

"Fear death?—to feel the fog in my throat,
The mist in my face,
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
I am nearing the place,
The power of the night, the press of the storm,
The post of the foe;
Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,
Yet the strong man must go;
For the journey is done and the summit attained,
And the barriers fall,
Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,
The reward of it all."

To put this highly elliptical passage into prose would need no mere transposition of words, but a paraphrase; it requires and repays study, but the students are to the readers of poetry, as, perhaps, one in a hundred.

The only other passage we will here quote shall be Mr. Matthew Arnold's finest sonnet, which better than any other will exemplify the difference between the poet who writes for scholars only, and him who, indeed, delights scholars, but can be understood at a glance by all:

"So far as I conceive the world's rebuke
To him addressed, who would recast her new,
Not from herself her fame of strength she took,
But from his weakness, who would work her rue.
'Behold!' she cries, 'so many rages lulled,
So many fiery efforts quite cooled down!
Look, how so many spirits, long undulled,
After short commerce with me, fear my frown!
Thou, too, when thou against my crimes would cry,
Let thy foreboded homage check thy tongue!
The world speaks well: yet might her foe reply,
'Are wills so weak? Then let not mine wait long.
Hast thou so rare a poison? Let me be
Keener to slay thee, lest thou poison me!'"

Vol. XVI.—8.

We have taken modern poets only for purpose of comparison, and but a few instances; but the test is one easily applied, and in most cases will be applied with the same result.

Another great reason of Tennyson's popularity is the homely, we may even say commonplace, character of his subjects, within the comprehension of all. They rarely quicken the pulses or stimulate the brain, and therefore suit the average English mind. De Musset's "*On ne badine pas avec l'amour*" will always find more readers than Victor Hugo's "*Marion Delorme*," "*Romeo and Juliet*" than "*King Lear*." However pathetic are de Musset's play and the graceful tragedy of Shakspeare's youth, they do not stir the deep of human souls, or open the pit of fiery hell which lies deep in the central heart of each great nature, as in the heart of our mother, the earth. Take the whole of Tennyson's poems in the earlier volumes, and save, perhaps, "*Fatima*," and "*The Sisters*," there are no poems which deal with any violent or disturbing manifestation of passion. The wail of Cænone and the plaint of Iphigenia are as decorous as if sobbed out in a Belgravian drawing-room, while they are studiously draped and surrounded so as to remind us of nothing in common with ourselves. It is quite otherwise with Shakspeare's grand anachronisms, in which his men and women are not of any age, but of all time. And in those poems which seem exceptional "*Fatima's*" sensations have in them no mind; they are wholly physical and animal. The same criticism will apply to "*Lucretius*;" the physical troubles of lust, not the noble sufferings of love wronged or unrequited, are the subject of the poem. In "*The Sisters*" the tragedy of "three times I stabbed him through and through" is stilled into peace by the lines:

"I curled and combed his comely head,
He looked so grand when he was dead,"

quite another treatment and in quite another spirit to that in which Keats's "*Isabella*" dealt with her terrible treasure in the pot of basil.

Nor when Mr. Tennyson would "tell a tale of chivalry" do his notes ring like those of trumpets to set the blood dancing in the veins. He does not seem to get beyond the plume and the glancing of the spear-heads. He speaks of battle, but "all the war is rolled in smoke," and we see nothing; his combats are as unreal in the "*Idylls*

of the King" as they are in "The Princess," when the poor little prince, exerting all his force, felt his veins

"Stretch with fierce heat, a moment hand to hand,
And horse to horse, and sword to sword we hung,
Till I struck out and shouted; the blade glanced,
I did but shear a feather."

Just so, and the Lancelots and Arthurs, though we are told they were wounded, and groaned, and swooned, or mowed their enemies before them, still leave on us the impression that they were but shearing feathers; it is all like a pageant of battle on the stage; there are sparks in plenty flashing from the swords; the combatants tumble about, and we sit unmoved, knowing it all unreal.

A third cause of Mr. Tennyson's popularity is his freedom from coarse expressions; it is much to have an author as decorous as Cowper or Keble, while far more varied. There is scarce a word in all his writings at which the most fastidious can take exception. And the ordinary reader cares about words. It is true that the things are not always as harmless. Fatima, Lucretius, Merlin, and Vivien are not good reading for girls, neither is the confusion in "Queen Mary" between dropsy and pregnancy; but they are not understood by the majority, and, taken all together, the poems are good and wholesome reading, from which we can only rise pleased and improved.

Within the limits of his power Mr. Tennyson's workmanship is perfect, and in the long run good work is sure to tell. We shall now examine the limits and the workmanship, having enumerated the main causes of the popularity of these poems: their easiness, homeliness, decency of diction, and excellence of work.

When we consider the limits within which Mr. Tennyson restricts himself, we are inclined to think that few save careful students are aware how very considerable a portion of his poems is deliberate rendering into pure melodious verse what has already existed in another form. All poets of course avail themselves of the heritage of the past, and there are few poems of any length which do not owe their origin to some story, event, or other circumstance outside of their author's brain. Not to dwell on Shakspeare's work and that of other dramatists or playwrights, and on storytellers, as Boccaccio and Bandello, we may instance the use of older material by Mr. Browning in his "Dramatic Idylls." It was at once

pointed out by many critics, that "Halbert and Hob" is the expansion of a few lines in Aristotle's "Ethics," and the first incident of "Ivan Ivanovitch" is a story told wherever Russian life and Russian wolves are named. The true artist has seized the principle only of Aristotle's story, and given it a special English and Puritan interest while in the sequel to the poor mother's tale he rises to the rank of the creator, the original poetical genius. But the restraint which Mr. Tennyson has laid on himself is different both in kind and in degree. In very many instances he has not taken an incident and expanded it, but taken the incident already described and expanded to its fullest extent, and by a touch here and there has transmuted the whole into a living poem. So an artist hand will arrange the mass of flowers and green foliage which the gardener brings from conservatory or parterre into the perfect bouquet for bridal or for ball.

How largely this has been done in the case of the "Idylls of the King" is of course known to all, yet a few familiar passages will best exhibit Mr. Tennyson's peculiar mode of working. Our first instance shall be from "Gareth and Lynette," and the text so fairly embroidered by him is from "Popular Romances of the Middle Ages," in which many of the old stories can be consulted most conveniently.

"King Arthur was holding high festival when there came into the hall two men on whose shoulders there leaned the fairest and goodliest youth that ever man saw, as though of himself he could not walk. When they reached the dais, the youth prayed God to bless the king and all his fair fellowship of the Round Table. 'And now I pray thee, grant me three gifts, which I seek not against reason: the one of these I will ask thee now, and the other two when twelve months have come round.' 'Ask,' said Arthur, 'and ye shall have your asking.' 'Then,' answered the youth, 'I will that ye give me meat and drink for a year.' And though the king bade him ask something better, yet would he not: and Arthur said, 'Meat and drink enough shalt thou have; for that I never stinted to friend or foe. But what is thy name?' 'That I cannot tell,' said the youth. 'Strange,' said the king, 'that thou shouldst not know thy name, and thou the goodliest youth that ever mine eyes have seen.' Then the king gave him in charge to Sir Kay, who scorned him

because he had asked so mean a gift. 'Since he has no name,' said Sir Kay, 'I will call him Pretty-hands, and into the kitchen shall he go and there have fat brose, so that at the year's end he shall be fat as a pork hog.'"

Compare with this:

"Last, Gareth leaning both hands heavily
Down on the shoulders of the twain, his men,
Approached between them toward the king, and asked,
'A boon, Sir King' (his voice was all ashamed),
'For see ye not how weak and hungerworn
I seem—leaning on these? grant me to serve
For meat and drink among thy kitchen-knaves
A twelvemonth and a day, nor seek my name.
Hereafter I will fight.'

"To him the king,
'A goodly youth and worth a goodlier boon!
But so thou wilt no goodlier, then must Kay,
The master of the meats and drinks, be thine.'
He rose and past; then Kay, a man of mien
Wan-sallow as the plant that feels itself
Root-bitten by white lichen,

"Lo ye now!
This fellow hath broken from some abbey, where,
God wot, he had not beef and brewis enow,
However that might change! but an he work,
Like any pigeon will I cram his crop,
And sleeker shall he shine than any hog.'"

The words "I will call him Pretty-hands," and other touches in the prose, are not omitted, but given a few lines further on in the poem.

Compare again the following passages on the Holy Grail:

"In the evening, when they had prayed in the great minster, and as the knights sat each in his own place, they heard cracking of thunder as though the hall would be riven through; and in the midst of the crashing and darkness a light entered, clearer by seven times than ever they saw day, and all were alighted of the Grace of the Holy Ghost: and as each knight looked on his fellows, behold all were fairer than any on whom their eyes had ever rested yet. But all sate dumb, and in the still silence came the Holy Grail, covered with white samite, but none might see it, or the hand which bare it; and with it came all sweet odors, and each knight had such food and drink as he loved best in the world; and then the holy vessel was borne away, they knew not whither. Then were their tongues loosed, and the king gave thanks for that which they had seen. But Sir Gawaine said: 'We have had this

day all that our hearts would wish, but we might not see the Holy Grail, so heedfully was it covered; and therefore now I vow with the morrow's morn to depart hence in quest of the holy vessel, and never to return until I have seen it more openly; and if I may not achieve this I shall come back as one that may not win against the will of God.'"

"And all at once, as there we sat, we heard
A cracking and a riving of the roofs,
And rending, and a blast, and overhead
Thunder, and in the thunder was a cry.
And in the blast there smote along the hall
A beam of light seven times more clear than day;
And down the long beam stole the Holy Grail
All over covered with a luminous cloud,
And none might see who bare it, and it past.
But every knight beheld his fellow's face
As in a glory, and all the knights arose,
And staring each at other like dumb men
Stood, till I found a voice and sware a vow.
I sware a vow before them all, that I,
Because I had not seen the Grail, would ride
A twelvemonth and a day in quest of it,
Until I found and saw it.'"

These are not isolated or in any degree exceptional passages; the whole of the "Idylls of the King" are in the same way translated from the prose Arthurian legends, in great part from the "Mort d'Arthur," by Sir Thomas Malory, from Lady Charlotte Schreiber's version of the "Mabinogion," and in part from less-known sources. Touches are brought in from other books, and it is a curious instance of the range and versatility of Mr. Tennyson's reading, and of his retentive memory, that he has in the same way adapted passages from Crofton Croker's "Irish Legends" and fitted them into the Arthurian story. Thus the little maid's account in "Guinevere" of the gladness of "spirits and men, before the coming of the sinful queen," "how the fairies came dashing down upon a wayside flower," how "down in the cellar many bloated things shouldered the spigot, straddling on the butts while the wine ran," are taken from two of the tales in that excellent collection, published in 1825, and no doubt the delight of Mr. Tennyson in his youth, as it has been of so many young people since. The same volume was pressed into the service of one of the earlier Idylls, "Walking to the Mail," where the story of the farmer who intended changing house because of a ghost, but remained when

he found the ghost meant to go too, is slightly altered from the legend of the Cluricaune.

We have now shown Mr. Tennyson's mode of writing when he has a story which pleases him. The applications of it are numerous. Thus "Dora" is translated from Miss Mitford's "Dora Creswell" in "Our Village," and greatly improved in the translation. "Enoch Arden" and "Aylmer's Field" were told by a friend to the poet, who, struck with their aptitude for versification, requested to have them at length in writing. When they were thus supplied, the poetic versions were made as we now have them. Readers who are also students may follow up this clue for themselves, and the wider their own reading the more will they find that the poet knows more than they of the books they know the best. But the fact goes even beyond what they will find; some of the poems which seem most spontaneous are not so, and, with the true art which conceals art, the thoughts of others are made the poet's own. We have been told that when the Laureate was at Cambridge, a friend of his own age and set, himself well known in literature since those days, delivered a speech at the Cambridge Union which made at the time a profound impression. But few of the enthusiastic boys who heard it could have supposed, even in the wildest flights of admiration, that their orator's thoughts, and many of his words, would live as long as the English language in the form of the fine stanzas, "You ask me why, though ill at ease," "Of old sat Freedom on the heights," and "Love thou thy land."

It is needless here to specify how far Mr. Froude and Mr. Freeman have respectively contributed not only facts but phrases to the dramas of "Queen Mary" and "Harold," because here the poet is following in the steps of all dramatists, and his action has nothing in it which is peculiar to himself.

Another limitation which Mr. Tennyson has set to his creative powers is of the same kind, but on a smaller scale. It is to be found in the vast quantity of translated epithets and sentences to be found in his works, where a man of less reading and equal imagination would have often preferred to invent his own appropriate words. We do not of course mean only in such poems as "Lucretius," little more than a cento from the writings of that author, nor of the memories of Homer, so

abundant in "Ulysses," "The Lotus-Eaters," and "Ænone." But "Ulysses," again, is thronged with thoughts of Dante, as *e.g.*, Inferno xxvi. 90-140, and the Dante student will find him at every turn, and always happily rendered. Nor are classical epithets less well translated: the "black pigeon" of Herodotus becomes the "swarthy ring-dove;" Horace's *corvix annosa* "the many-wintered crow;" *ad unguem factus* "finished to the finger-nail;" *trifulca fulmina* "the triple forks." Under the same head also will come the usage of words of other poets, so bravely adopted, with no weak fear that so great a genius could be dreamed a plagiarist, as, "Love wept and spread his sheeny vans for flight," borrowed from Milton—"His sail-broad vans he spreads for flight" (*Paradise Lost*, ii 927); or, "The right ear is filled with dust," from Shakspeare's "My liege, her ear is stopped with dust" (*King John*, act iv. sc. 2); "Brow bound with burning gold," from Shelley—"And thine omnipotence a crown of pain, To cling like burning gold round thy dissolving brain" (*Prometheus Unbound*); "Read . . . deep-chested music, and to this result," from Keats—"His voice leapt out, despite of godlike curb, to this result" (*Hyperion*); "The wild team which beat the twilight into flakes of fire," from Marston—"See the dapple-gray coursers of the morn beat up the light with their bright silver horns" (*Antonius and Mellida*); "Sipt wine from silver praising God," from the old proverb, "The cock when he drinks praises God," explained by George Herbert thus:

"And as birds drink and straight lift up their head,
So may I sip, and think
Of better drink
I may attain to after I am dead."

A third limitation also is that by which Mr. Tennyson restrains his fancy in the creation of incident. Here, too, where Dante or Milton, where Keats or Shelley would have given a loose rein to thought, the more modern poet refrains from the making of ideas. There would scarce seem any occasion so fitted for it as the visions which the sinful soul which built the Palace of Art saw when, lest she should fail and perish utterly, God plagued her with sore despair. The most terrible of all these, when she came unawares "on hollow shades enclosing hearts of flame," is borrowed from "Vathek"—the torment which

Beckford imagined for the lost in the Hall of Eblis was that of a heart eternally on fire: "Soliman raised his hands toward heaven in token of supplication, and the caliph discerned through his bosom, which was transparent as crystal, his heart enveloped in flames" ("The History of the Caliph Vathek," ed. in Bayard series, p. 115); and the image of the soul's perplexities is taken from the Book of Wisdom.

But there is no need to multiply instances, each student can do so for himself; and the further he goes in the garden of literature the more will he find that Mr. Tennyson has been before him, and culled his fairest flowers deliberately, thus restricting his own creativeness. Greek, Latin, Italian, and English appear to be the branches of literature best known to the poet; there is little trace of French influence on his mind or writings, and save one or two possible allusions to the Faust, there is no sign whatever of acquaintance with the German language or literature. This gives us a fourth limitation to the field within which the poet has worked, this last perhaps more accidental than voluntary and deliberate.

We have now to see what are Mr. Tennyson's relations to his age, and what, within the defined limit, he has taught the crowd of eager readers; what it is in which he stands unrivaled in our own age. His work may not be all claimed for it by enthusiastic girls who thumb their Tennyson "Birthday Book" as though its sentences were those of an oracle, or by school-boys who, unable to afford the price of the poems, copy out the whole of "Locksley Hall," as did many years since the writer of the present notice. But it is none the less the work of a consummate artist; of an able interpreter of nature and of science, of one who is considered, and perhaps considers himself, to attain to something of prophetic strain.

Mr. Tennyson's handling of words is of quite a different kind from Mr. Browning's, or Shelley's, or Keats's. His model in his blank verse is evidently Milton; in his lyrics his only rule would seem to be his own delicate ear. His fastidious taste has preserved him from all temptation to *tours de force*, to surprises exciting now and then our admiration, now and then our anger. There is nothing half so clever as Browning's "*Le Byron de nos jours*," with its quaint double rhymes, its metre and rhythm, apart from anything which

had ever been done before. There are no deliberate roughnesses before or after passages of sweet sound, as though to point the contrast; no astonishing rhymes as in Browning and his sweet and strong poet-wife; sound never runs away with sense as now and then with Shelley; nor does the sweetness cloy, as now and then with Keats—the verse flows always melodiously, never straining after effect; each word is the best, and in its true place. The metre, too, is always the fittest; it would seem impossible that any poem should ever have had another form than the actual one. This is a matter which would take long to prove, each reader must verify it for himself; but if any one will compare the earlier and present editions of the poems, he will see how all the changes made have been in the direction of softness and sweetness; how a plural word has been changed to a singular before *s* in order to avoid the collision of sibilants; how carefully chosen have been the dominant letters of the lines, e.g.:

"So all day long the noise of battle rolled."

"Made noise of bees and breeze from end to end."

"Strikes

On a wood and takes and breaks and cracks and splits."

"I heard the puffed pursuer; at my ear
Bubbled the nightingale,"

and will feel himself wrapped round with melody always satisfactory, gently sensuous, but never in excess.

As an interpreter of nature, Mr. Tennyson is, again within his own limits, quite unequalled. The limits would seem to be those imposed by shortsightedness, refusing to allow details of a great scene to be grasped by the vision, but intensifying the grasp of details in all that can be looked into and examined close at hand. Thus when any stretch of landscape is named, that which has attracted the poet has been color and sound rather than feature.

"One showed an iron coast and angry waves,
You seemed to hear them climb and fall
And roar rock-thwarted under bellowing caves
Beneath the wintry wall."

The landscape is vague, the sound is predominant.

Again in the picture from "The Palace of Art," quoted above, the tawny yellow cornfield against the gray undersides of the olive-leaves is what has

struck the poet, and he gives that to us. An eye of greater power to see distant objects would have given us a flash of color in the reaper's costume, but such a surface is not broad enough to be noticed by short sight. The reader will find that in no distant landscape are details dwelt on as, for instance, by Scott when he would describe the Trossachs, or Byron when painting the scenes on which Childe Harold gazed.

But it is quite different when a flower or other object which can be brought close to the eye is to be described. We all remember the delight with which the old literary yeoman in "Cranford" finds that Tennyson had shown himself a keen observer from his simile:

"As black as ashbuds in the front of March."

So, in like way, the little receptacle of the dandelion, with its petals and seeds, has been closely marked by the poet, who speaks of "the arrowy seeds of the field-flower" itself "all gold," and of the tiny targe set with its darts. So, too, how "drooping chestnut-buds began to spread into the perfect fan;" how wheat examined closely is a "phalanx of summer spears," what is "the gloss and hue" of the chestnut, "when the husk divides threefold to show the fruit within;" how the tiny inhabitants of seaside shells push "a golden foot on a fairy horn" through the "dim water world." A hundred like instances will occur to all students of Mr. Tennyson's poems, and will speak to them of one who goes through life keenly and minutely observant, but sometimes dwelling too much on detail to grasp the whole; not able, as the old proverb has it, to see the wood for the trees.

A close observer of nature must always have sympathy with natural science, since that is dependent on the study and obedience of nature in order to control her, and it is easy to see that the discoveries and utterances of scientific men have always had a great charm for Mr. Tennyson, just as the intricacies of the law and subtle psychological study have had for Mr. Browning. But there is this difference, that while the latter poet is suffused and penetrated with his subject, is for the time a lawyer, or follows every tortuous winding of the character he analyzes, as a surgeon lays bare nerves with his scalpel, the former never forgets himself in his subject, but simply and consciously gives a poetic rendering to some scientific

phrase which has struck him from outside, so a fragment of fact rather than a great principle. Once, indeed, and that in pre-Darwinian days, the great dogma of evolution impressed him, as he put the inmost kernel of it into four general lines, omitted in later editions of "The Palace of Art":

"All nature widens upward: evermore
The simpler essence lower lies,
More complex is more perfect, owing more
Discourse, more widely wise."

The fastidious ear has rejected the rhyme: ending with the same syllable "more,"—though such is considered even a beauty in French verse,—and, in fact, the too dominant sound of *o*, without heed to the rejection of the grand thought worth a volume of mere prettiness.

But he has grasped with exceeding interest many physiological facts, such as that one of the ossification of the foetal bones,—a gradual process, consisting in the change of gristle or membrane into bone, about half of which by weight consists of phosphate of lime. The capillary blood-vessels feed the bones with lime, beginning to do so from the time when the first bones, the collar-bone and the lower jaw, begin to ossify. This becomes, when translated into poetry, the admirable lines:

"Before the little ducts began
To feed thy bones with lime, and ran
Their course till thou wert also man."

In the edition of 1833 of "The Palace of Art" we find the marvels of the sky as seen through a telescope condensed with equal beauty:

"Hither, when all the deep unsounded skies
Shuddered with silent stars, she clomb,
And as with optic glass her keener eyes
Pierced through the mystic dome,
Regions of lucid matter taking forms,
Brushes of fire, hazy gleams,
Clusters and beds of worlds, and bee-like swarms
Of suns and starry streams."

These are now withdrawn from the poem, but no reader need be at a loss to find other instances. One still remains in the same poem:

"Still as while Saturn whirls, his steadfast shade
Sleeps on his luminous ring."

On this a great authority says:

"From the motion of spots occasionally seen
on Saturn astronomers find that the planet rotates

on its axis in the short period of ten and a half hours, which for a planet so enormous in size may justly be termed whirling. His equatorial regions are carried round at the rate of twenty-one thousand miles per hour. But while the planet thus whirls swiftly round upon its axis the shadow stays at rest upon the luminous rings, just as the shadow of a sleeping top remains at rest upon the ground. The shadow does indeed creep to and fro upon one face of the rings, and then passes to the other, but so very slowly (remaining more than fourteen years on each face before passing to the other) that it may justly be described as sleeping."

"In Memoriam" especially is full of references to scientific facts, and so is "The Princess," in which the curious protest against vivisection shows how carefully Mr. Tennyson had mastered the details of the dissecting-room.

Theology, as a science, finds no place in these poems; the dogmas of religion have never, as it would seem, had any attractions for Mr. Tennyson; a hopeful but vague faith in a future life and in a God who will redress the wrongs and explain the puzzles of this, is all that can be found for spiritual guidance.

What has been already said about the large amount of transcription into poetry of the thoughts of others will have prepared the way for the assertion that Mr. Tennyson does not possess the highest form of creative art. He is in no sense dramatic. His great rival, Mr. Browning, has a marvelous power of placing himself in the position of his heroes. Bishop Blougram, Sludge, Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau, live before us scarce less vividly as real persons than do Hamlet or Macbeth. It is true they all express themselves in the words of Browning, and that those words have a marked idiosyncrasy, but the characters are defined; there is no confusion of persons, nor do we think for a moment that in any of his creations the poet is reproducing himself. In other words, he is truly dramatic.

Mr. Tennyson's people stand before us only *ὡς ἐν γράφαις*. There is a picture, but that is all. In so far as the speeches in the dramas are translations of Mr. Froude or Mr. Freeman, they vary; in so far as they are not, they all seem studies of the author's self. The hero of "Maud," which is a drama in monologue, is in the condition in which Pope describes women to be:

"Most women have no characters at all."

At best there is a faint suggestion of some things which would help us to build up from it and other poems some likeness of the poet. We could find Mr. Tennyson in his works, but who has found, who can find Shakspeare in his plays? who can find Mr. Browning in his "Dramatic Idylls," in his "Men and Women"? Whatever of dramatic art exists in "Queen Mary," "Harold," or the "Idylls of the King" is that of Froude or Freeman or Malory; beyond it the personages are mere lay figures moving by machinery. The form of the drama is constructed after the pattern of Shakspeare's plays, and those not always the best. "Queen Mary," for instance, closely resembles "King Henry VIII." in form, and is carefully cast in the mould of that unattractive play. In order to be a dramatist it is not only necessary to be very free from self-consciousness and a habit of introspection, but a sense of humor is before all things essential. For life is humorous, a keen contrast of incongruities, and the drama presents these in a condensed form. But there is not a good hearty laugh in Mr. Tennyson's poems from one end to the other. Professor Wilson laughed at him, perhaps, unfairly. Lord Lytton did the same. The poet winced, altered his lines, and retorted in verses of which he has since grown ashamed; but no one has laughed with him. If we divest the "Northern Farmers" of their Lincolnshire burr we find nothing to raise a smile except, perhaps, the one stanza about the sermons to which the poor man had so often listened. The would-be humor here and there is only amusing from its complete incongruity with the poems and their author, and this, it is true, is one element of humor.

The present has seemed a fitting time in which to indicate some of the excellences and defects of a foremost poet, because, although Mr. Tennyson may, and we trust will, long remain with us, he has shown so clearly what he can do in many directions, he is not likely to give fresh work which can alter any general judgment, so that we can examine his work without disturbing elements. Whatever he may bring forth of his treasures, new and old; whether like "The Lover's Tale," a young man's ornate translation of Boccaccio, pruned in some degree by mature judgment, or a lyric written long ago, and laid by for a time, or a rendering of some pages of a modern historian,

is sure to be read with interest, sympathy, and a wish to admire.

But the notes of introduction blown by admirers when such works appear drown the fainter voices of critics, if indeed these are given any chance. Some of the poet's more recent efforts having appeared in a review, they have, to a certain extent, been taken out of the reach of criticism. Journals have been so hasty to quote that they have had no time to examine. In truth, it was better so, for the calmer critic can only feel that, while Mr. Tennyson's polish of words has become less pleasingly artificial, he has in great measure lost his very careful observation; he has, in adopting the ballad form, taken that which requires "swing" and "go," for which his turn of thought most unfits him.

To take an instance from each ballad:

"And a dozen times we shook 'em off as a dog that shakes his ears,
When he leaps from the water to the land."

Now a dog leaps into the water, but he cannot leap out of it. Not only is the bank generally higher than the water, but the animal's coat is so laden with moisture that he comes out slowly and with a bedraggled air, as far from a leap as it is possible that aught should be. Neither does he then shake his ears. A sort of shiver begins at the nape of the neck and runs down the whole body, which throws the water on all sides, and last of all the dog shakes his ears.

This may seem a little matter, but it is not the work of one who is still a close observer.

In the Lucknow ballad we find the refrain:

"And ever upon the roofs the banner of England blew."

To this it may be objected that there was scarce a breath of wind during the whole siege of Lucknow, and that to any one who knows India the cheery fluttering of a banner as in England is thoroughly alien to the local color. And how does a banner blow? We may search the whole of English literature, we shall find only one such

use of the words, and that in Mr. Tennyson's own line in "The Day Dream":

"The hedge broke in; the banner blew"—

far less objectionable than when used as a refrain, lending the word importance through the whole of a long and, it must be said, a dull poem.

We have not analyzed any of the works minutely. In regard to the earlier and better poems, this has been done fully and excellently by those whose articles we named at the outset, especially by the writer in the "Cornhill," and we have dwelt more on general characteristics than on details. Our point has been to account for and to justify in a degree Mr. Tennyson's popularity, and to show the limits of his enduring fame. He is not one of the great world-singers, and will not be placed by after-ages among the sublime figures of Homer, Æschylus, Dante, Shakspeare, Milton, Goethe. Nor, when time allows of calm judgment, will he stand on the first level among our own great ones. If the glories of English poetry can ever be lost, the brows of Chaucer, Pope, Byron, Shelley, Scott, Keats, will all yet catch the sunlight when darkness has fallen on those of the Laureate. But for many a year to come, and maybe for many a century, wherever the language we now speak is spoken or read; wherever good work short of the very highest is prized; wherever men love the music of ordered words, the quiet loveliness of English landscape, the calmness, sometimes the commonplace, of our insular life; wherever they value a terse interpretation of the aspects of nature or scientific facts, a love for what is lovely, and a hopeful outlook on the future, will these works give delight. They will form the studies for boys and girls in the dawn of young feeling and imagination, afford subjects for young painters, and sweet words to ring in our memory as we grow old. It is difficult to forecast the day when Alfred Tennyson's will not be an honored name, and his poems among the treasures of a rich and varied literature.

TAKE this for granted, once for all,
There is neither chance nor fate;
And to sit and wait for the sky to fall,
Is to wait as the foolish wait.
The laurel longed for you must earn,
It is not of the things men lend;

And though the lesson may be hard to learn,
The sooner the better, my friend.
That another's head can have your crown
Is a judgment all untrue,
And to drag this man or the other down
Will not in the least raise you!

ALICE CARY.

A HIGH-HEELED SHOE.

BY MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITH.

"CAN I find a lodging in the neighborhood?" I asked, hoping he would offer to put me up in his own cottage.

"Not within a dozen miles."

"Could not you take me in yourself? Give me those two nice rooms over the porch."

"How do you know of them?" he said, eyeing me suspiciously. "Anyhow, I can't, and that's all to be said."

"Well, how if I can get leave to live in the house itself, would the family object? They never come down, you say, and the place is to let. I might write and ask the 'squire."

"There ain't no 'squire. It's Miss Judith as owns the place, and you can't write to her."

"Then I'll write to her lawyers, or the agent, if you'll give me his address."

An artist, a landscape-painter, who has come unexpectedly upon "good stuff," to use the cant phrase, is not to be turned aside from his purpose by small difficulties. While wandering through one of the most northern counties in search of subjects for my brush, I had stumbled, quite by accident, upon Maxted Manor House, and I was resolved to make the most of my discovery. The place was a paradise for a painter,—an ancient and embattled mansion, lying half-hidden in a wooded dell, but moat-encircled and strongly entrenched with its stout sixteen-feet-thick walls. It stood four-square around an inner courtyard, in which grew one or two fine old yew-trees; it had a grand banqueting-hall, a chapel, with quaint oak-paneled chambers, four angle turrets with spiral staircases in stone, and dungeon-like crypts, doubtless often tenanted of yore by luckless prisoners. A couple of wings were fully furnished with black oak high-backed chairs and curious cabinets; they were hung in tapestry, worth much money, representing the sieges of Troy and Jerusalem, and seemed comfortable enough; but the rest of the house was a vast solitude, an empty wilderness of massive stonework and ancient oak.

Guided by the caretaker, an illiterate, somewhat surly old man, who was also gardener, I had explored all that was on view within the Manor House. From him I had extracted, as though

they were his favorite back teeth, a few particulars about the place. No one had lived in it for years. Why? The Maxteds did not often come north, and they were free to do as they pleased, surely? Now it was to be sold? "No, not sold. Why should Miss Judith part with the property? There had been Maxteds there these hundreds of years."

"Before the flood," I suggested.

"Well, why not? It would only depend upon which flood; they had had many floods in those parts. But Maxted could not be sold. It must go to some one of the same name—there were cousins always—if Miss Judith didn't marry; but that she was certain to do. A proper beauty she was,—a pure Maxted, tall and fair and merry hearted, she is the living image of that picture over there,—it's Lady Dora Maxted." And he pointed to a large portrait of a lady in white, long, flowing, semi-Oriental robes, her face partially concealed by a gracefully draped veil, which gave greater effect to a pair of brilliant brown eyes. I was constrained to admit that if the present owner of Maxted Manor resembled Lady Dora, she must be the possessor of at least one beautiful feature.

I had some difficulty in persuading the old gardener to give me the address of Miss Maxted's agents; he would only tell me that they were to be heard of in Blueborough, the county town. I found them out at length, at Blueborough, but they positively refused to forward my request to occupy the Manor House. Miss Maxted did not seek a tenant, they said, and would not be pleased with them for suggesting the idea. I asked them whether I could not apply in person, and was told that Miss Maxted did not choose to be disturbed by business affairs. I was not to be balked however, and before I left the agents' office in Blueborough, I had ascertained the name of Miss Maxted's lawyers in London. To them I wrote, reiterating my request, but giving no reasons; presently I received a civilly-worded but very distinct refusal. Messrs. Burke and Bingham were instructed to say that Miss Maxted had no desire to let the Manor House, and that my application

could not be entertained. I made one last effort; I wrote to an old aunt, Mrs. Packenham, who was much in the great world, and who knew everybody in it worth knowing. I asked her if she had ever met Miss Maxted, and if or whether she could further my views. Aunt Packenham wrote back to say that of course she knew Judith Maxted. The girl was a near neighbor of hers in the country—an heiress and a beauty. Her fame was widespread; she was a most charming girl. "In fact," said my aunt, "she would just do for you." As my aunt had already proposed some five-and-twenty girls as exactly cut out for me, I did not put much store by this, her latest suggestion. What was more to the purpose was that my aunt had made a point of seeing Miss Maxted, and had made her aware of my wish to pay a long visit to the Manor House. What followed I had better tell in my aunt's words:

"Miss Maxted shook her head very positively. 'He had better not think of it,' she said. 'If you take an interest in your nephew, you had better dissuade him from his project.' I asked her to be more explicit. For a long time she hesitated and demurred. I asked her why she never lived in the house herself. 'I can't,' she answered, as I thought rather abruptly. 'That's nonsense,' said I, thinking she had some stupid scruples as a young unmarried woman; 'you are at liberty to live anywhere you please.' 'I can't live there, at any rate; *they* won't let me.' 'That's preposterous,' I went on, knowing she was quite independent, and, having no relations, would certainly not allow her agents or people to interfere with her. 'Who are *they*?' I asked. 'The ghosts,' she replied, quite as coolly as though *they* had been the rheumatism or smoking chimneys. But after that, my dear Hector," wound up my aunt, "of course you will give up the idea."

Yet I had not the slightest intention of doing anything of the kind. If anything, this news made me all the more keen. My curiosity was piqued, my *amour propre* aroused. Should I, a full-grown man, who had seen and done most things, be frightened out of my purpose by a silly story of a ghost? What if Maxted was reputed to be haunted? The ghost would hardly interfere with my sketching; and, if I succeeded in this, my sole object in visiting the place, I should not mind a little nightly disturbance. So I wrote

back to my aunt in these terms, and begged her to assure Miss Maxted that all the ghosts in Christendom, or out of it, should not drive me from the Manor House if I had but the fair owner's permission to occupy it.

I think Miss Maxted must have been piqued in her turn by her reply. She did not seem pleased that I should make light of her family ghosts; she did not say this in so many words; but in finally yielding to my request, which she did with the best grace in the world, she saddled her consent with one or two conditions which proved to me that she wished to make my tenantry as terrible as possible. She played, as it were, into the ghost's hands. In the first place, she stipulated that I should live in the house by myself, her ostensible excuse being that she did not like the notion of having strange and unknown people about the place. She could rely upon me, an artist, to have a reverent care for the furniture and contents of the house, which, although ancient and worn, were still precious as heirlooms and from their associations. Therefore she let the house to me, and to me alone. Moreover, she hoped I should not want to bring any servants of my own. So far as my personal comfort was concerned, the gardener and his wife would take every care of me. I might not mind a little roughing, perhaps, but the old man had once been a page-boy, and had some knowledge of valeting, and his wife was equal to cooking and caring for a single gentleman. If I agreed to these terms, I might enter into occupation at once.

Of course I agreed. I did not mind roughing it; that was all in the way of business, and I had done it a dozen times already in far worse quarters than a snug country house, and, instead of a gardener and his wife, had often been contented to do without servants at all. Moreover, I seemed to see below these conditions a certain tone of irony and chaff, and I was determined that Miss Maxted should not terrify me out of my purpose by insisting on my facing the nameless terrors of Maxted Manor House alone.

Shall I confess honestly at once that I did not feel quite so courageous when I returned to the place? I reached it late in the afternoon; the season was the autumn, and the weather was somewhat boisterous and unsettled. Heavy clouds hung around like a pall; the trees, with their changing tints, encircled and hemmed in the house with an

impenetrable wall, which seemed to shut it altogether out from the world beyond.

It was not without a certain sense of trepidation—that peculiar feeling of gooseflesh which accompanies a shiver of terror—that I crossed the hanging bridge over the moat, and passed under the old arched gateway. The gardener unlocked, and then swung back with difficulty, the heavy iron-studded oaken outer door; a second presented itself, and opened into the central courtyard. This, which I had especially admired by daylight, with its quaint feudal air, its giant shrubs in full flower, seemed now like the base of a deep wide well. High up, on every side, rose the straight dark walls; windows there were in plenty, but all were closed with shutters, and reflected no light; above all, on one side the tall belfry and clock-tower soared aloft, till its pinnacle seemed lost in the clouds. A grim unearthly silence reigned around, which was mocked and soon conquered by the sounds made by our clattering feet upon the pavement of the courtyard. My impulse up to this point was to turn tail, to withdraw at once from my enterprise, and return without delay to Blueborough.

But now the old gardener had made good his entrance into the house. The moment he opened the door, a flood of welcome light flashed out across the passage into the court. It came from one of the sitting-rooms which had been prepared for me. Miss Ducks, the gardener's wife, had kindled a blazing fire on the hearth; near it dinner was laid on a small oval table, and the fire-light danced pleasantly upon glass and cutlery and snowy cloth. Miss Maxted, as I afterward heard, had desired that I should be made thoroughly comfortable, and under these instructions Mrs. Ducks had felt justified in bringing out the best table-linen and a portion of the family plate. She had done more. From the kitchen, which was at no great distance, came a most savory smell, and assured me that at least I might count upon dining well.

I threw myself into a great high-backed chair before the fire, and felt immediately thoroughly at home. Meanwhile the gardener went to and fro, bringing in all my traps and belongings from without. When he had finished, he asked me if I should like to see my room, and went out to ask his wife in the kitchen in what room she had made my bed. I heard their conversation every

word. The old lady was extremely deaf, and the gardener was obliged to shout very loud to make her understand.

"In the state-chamber, surely," said Mrs. Ducks. "Why not, you old image?" she went on. "It's the biggest and best of beds—the downiest in the Manor House; you ought to know, for we slept in it——"

"Only once, dame, only once."

"Well, and whose fault was it that we did not use it oftener? Yours; you are a cur at best, gaffer. You pretend to be deaf when it don't suit you to hear. But that night you heard more than I did with your capers, for I slept through it all.

"I wouldn't sleep in that room again, not for worlds. You'd better change it. Come."

"I won't. I don't want to do my work over twice, just to fall in with your tantrums. Besides, Miss Judith said he was to have it—so there! The gentleman's not like you, afraid of his shadow; so g'long and show him up to his room."

I gathered much from these remarks: first, that Mrs. Ducks was the gray mare and had a shrewish tongue; next, which was more personal to myself, that there was some mystery about the state-chamber; last of all, that Miss Maxted herself wished me to occupy it,—probably out of mischievous desire to try my courage,—and as this notion grew with me, I felt that I was bound not to draw back.

When the gardener returned, and, holding a candle high overhead, led the way up-stairs, we passed through those rooms *en suite* with that in which I was to dine,—low, snug rooms, with ancient hangings and furniture, and each having two or three small mullioned windows giving upon the moat. On the other side, all the rooms had doors opening upon the corridor, and the windows of this corridor looked into the central court. The last room had a small door at the far end, up three steps, and I asked whither it led? "To the tower staircase, and so to the clock-tower," said the old man, carelessly; "it's locked, and never used." With that we passed out into the corridor, and I found a flight of wide oak stairs leading to the first floor. Here there were rooms the counterpart of those below, and that which I was to occupy was exactly above my dining-room. It was entered from the corridor, and its windows

also gave upon the moat. There was nothing very peculiar in my bedroom, except that it had an old fashioned air. The big bed was of dark old oak, richly carved; there was a press of the same wood; the washstand was of quaint shape, fitted with basin and jug and phials of some metal which, on closer inspection, I found to be silver; the floor was of dark oak, and the only carpet was a narrow rug by the bed, and before the fireplace. This last was a wide cavernous affair, with large brass dogs, and on these crackled and sparkled a magnificent fire, which diffused warmth and comfort into every corner. A sweet smell pervaded the place, as of new lavender and some antique perfume combined. If the ghosts loved this room, they were luxurious ghosts, with a taste above brimstone and sulphur.

"I shall do very well here," I said cheerily to my conductor.

"So you ought; so you ought," he replied, but it was with an effort, as though he knew of reasons why I should not.

"There are a many more rooms," he went on, "if it happens you don't like this one. And you may not,—you may not," he went on, with a dubious mysterious shake of the head.

Half an hour later I was at dinner. Mrs. Ducks gave me some very succulent soup, and a very cunningly-contrived stew, in which there were several kinds of game, rabbit, hare, partridge, and a quantity of vegetables, shreds of cabbage, onions, carrots, broad beans, and soft marrowfat peas. I had brought a case of wine with me, and after a pint of Giesler and a glass of good claret I felt equal to face a whole legion of ghosts, if they wished to force their acquaintance upon me. But the evening slipped away most tranquilly; I sat and smoked, and read an odd volume of "Camden's Britannica," and occasionally dozed. I was disturbed only by the visit of old Ducks, who came about 10 P.M. to ask me if I had any further commands, and at eleven I took my candlestick and went up-stairs to bed. The state-chamber well deserved its name, with its rich hangings, its dark-polished floor, which here and there reflected the fire-light, its gorgeous bed, and general air of mediæval splendor; it was worthy to be the resting-place of a prince.

Throwing another log or two on the fire, I prepared to retire to rest. There was a small table by the bedside, and on this, according to

custom, I placed my candlestick and match-box. I might want a light during the nightwatches. Last of all, I thought it advisable to lock and bolt my door. Ghosts, like love, may laugh at locks, but the latter are useful against living humanity; and, after all, I was alone in a strange deserted house.

I soon went to sleep. How long my slumbers lasted I could not say, but it seemed to me barely a short half-hour before I was suddenly awakened by a most tremendous noise. I could not have been more startled, or have more suddenly regained all my faculties, if I had been drenched from head to foot by buckets of icy cold water.

It seemed to me as if my room had been invaded by a host of armed men—men literally in armor, or carrying a whole arsenal of weapons, for the noise was mainly that of clattering steel and iron. I heard the rattling of mailed gauntlets as they struck upon morion or cuirass, the tramp of heavy heels with loud jingling spurs, the martial clank of swords trailing, of arquebuses grounded on the floor. The noise must have gone on for some seconds before I was perfectly awake; after that it pervaded the room for a time, then abated, but never so far ceased that I was free from the impression that I was in the company of a crowd. The room was quite dark all this time (how long exactly I never knew), and I felt extremely uncomfortable. I may go further, and confess without shame that I was seized with a panic of terror—a fear so paralyzing that for the moment I could do nothing. My lights were there at my elbow, but I did not dare move a hand to reach them. All I could do, as so many of us have done in childhood, and indeed long afterward, was to pull up the bedclothes and try to bury myself among them. By degrees, as there was no more noise, I was beginning to be reassured, when all at once the clamor recommenced, this time, as it seemed, at the very foot of my bed. There was the same hurrying to and fro of heavy feet, the same clattering and banging of steel. Then this was followed by a sudden seemingly simultaneous rush toward the windows. I heard the rattle of one of the casements, a fierce struggle, then a piercing shriek. Something heavy had been thrust out, and had dropped into the moat. I distinctly heard the splash in the water, like a great boulder rolling off a high cliff into the sea. There was another sound of feet

rushing back toward the door, thence out into the corridor; and for some time I still heard them, but growing more and more faint, till they presently faded altogether away.

I lay quiet for some time, quite unable to sleep, but becoming gradually more and more composed. By and by I mustered up courage to strike a light. The room was as snug and habitable as ever. I looked at my watch—it was past three. Daylight was due in an hour. I fancied that there was no fear of a recurrence of my visitation, so I got up and examined the door; it remained locked and bolted as I had left it on retiring to rest. The windows, which I had so distinctly heard opened, were also securely fastened and closed.

I once more retired to bed, and very shortly went off soundly to sleep. When I awoke, the sun was shining brightly into my room. I had been awakened by the old gardener, who was knocking loudly at my door. He was very anxious to know what sort of a night I had passed.

Should I tell him—cross-question him—endeavor to find out whether the same thing happened to all occupants of the state-chamber? No! I felt it would be a premature confession of weakness. I preferred to go further into this mysterious business before I admitted that I had been scared.

All that day I spent in wandering about the place, doing no work, but fixing upon the best points of view. I constantly met the old gardener. I tried to draw him into conversation. I questioned him concerning the Manor House; what was its history—was it very old? had anything odd, any deed of violence, occurred in it? when did the family last live there? and so on. All he would tell me was that it had seen many changes and chances. There had been much fighting there in times past; it had been a garrison for the king, King Charles; it had been beleaguered and besieged, and well nigh lost to the cause through a traitor within the walls, who had betrayed it to the enemy, but who had been detected in time, and had paid the penalty of his treachery with his life.

Was this a clue to the strange noises I had heard? I determined to give the state-chamber the trial of another night. But on this second occasion, although I retired to rest as before, I kept a light burning, and, having fortified myself with two cups of strong coffee, I had no desire to

go to sleep. I read steadily on through the night-watches—my book was a novel of Anthony Trollope's; and as two o'clock came without a repetition of the previous noise, I concluded I was not to be disturbed, and was actually on the point of extinguishing the light and turning over to sleep, when I heard far off, but distinctly in the corridor and making toward my room, a hurried frenzied movement, as of the approach of a number of armed men. Next moment my bedroom was invaded hotly and hastily by a crowd. The noises were exactly those of the night before. My burning candle made no difference whatever; the room was just as fully occupied; my ghostly visitants were as busily employed. After the same delay I heard the window opened, and the same heavy fall into the waters of the moat.

The more I pondered over this strange occurrence, the more I was inclined to think that the mystery was connected with the moat, and with the old gardener's story of a deed of violence done ages ago. I determined to question him further about this moat. Had it ever been drained off? I asked him next day. "Not that he knew of; why should it?" he replied. I suggested that stagnant water was reputed unwholesome, and that the health of the occupants of the Manor House might some day suffer. It was not likely to have many occupants, "except perhaps the likes of yourself," he remarked, somewhat contemptuously, as though he thought me a fool for living there at all. Finding I could make nothing of the gardener, I went over to Blueborough, and saw Miss Maxted's agents. I pointed out that, on sanitary grounds alone, the occasional draining of the moat would obviously be of great advantage to the house. If Miss Maxted would permit it to be done, I should be very pleased to superintend the operation. All the answer I received at first was a series of questions. Did I complain of the unhealthiness of the house? If so, I was the first who had done so, and the remedy was in my own hands. Did I propose to inflict the cost of drainage upon Miss Maxted? She could hardly be expected to meet the outlay, especially for a tenant who had in a manner forced himself upon her. Unless I had better grounds for preferring my request, the answer was certain to be in the negative.

Upon this I had recourse once more to my aunt. I begged her to see Miss Maxted, and inform her

that I was not quite satisfied with the Manor House. It was not exactly uninhabitable, but it was difficult to get a good night's rest there. Miss Maxted would doubtless be well aware to what I referred. I was not particularly alarmed, nor had I even been made uncomfortable. I was prepared to face even worse than that which I had encountered at Maxted; but, in the owner's best interests, I wished to purge the house of the annoyance which troubled it, and if I was given full powers I thought I knew how. What I wanted was permission to have the moat drained, cleaned, and thoroughly examined. Would Miss Maxted agree to this?

My aunt's answer came at length. It was very rambling and rather hysterical. She began by imploring me to leave Maxted Manor without a moment's delay. From that she passed on to a catalogue of all the horrors which had come under her notice during the last five-and-thirty years. It was only toward the end of her letter that she referred to the matter which I had at heart. Then at last she confided to me that she had seen Miss Maxted, who had seemed much surprised, not to say vexed, at what I had written. But whether this arose from concern at my sufferings in the state-chamber, or annoyance at the light way in which I treated the Maxted ghosts, I could not for the life of me make out. All I could gather was that Miss Maxted had somewhat grudgingly yielded to my request, and had instructed her agents to give me every assistance in draining the moat.

So the moat was drained. The whole country side, not a very populous district, came to assist. It was not a difficult job, as the house stood at a higher level than the surrounding ground, and the water from the moat was run off into a large duck-pond near the gardener's cottage. The work was nearly finished toward sundown, and the men went off, leaving the rest of the water still to run. The moat must have been quite empty by midnight. I once more occupied the state-chamber, which after the second night's disturbance I had vacated, and I sat up till two in the morning, awaiting the usual visitation. The affair came off as heretofore, but with one curious difference. The window was opened; there was a struggle, a shriek, and a heavy fall—but not into water, obviously because the water was all gone. This made me all the more anxious to

inspect the bottom of the moat, and I was determined to be the first to do so. Very soon a daylight I was moving, and, having dressed myself, I hastened to the spot to explore. The bottom of the moat was in a filthy condition. Paved with massive blocks of granite, in which the process of disintegration was slow, there had been in all these years but a slight accumulation of muddy detritus or sediment; but the stone floor was encumbered with a thousand odds and ends, a heterogeneous collection of the most extraordinary nondescript things. Fragments of crockery and glass; drinking vessels, some of horn, and evidently centuries old; scraps of various metals; the carcass of a cat, recently drowned and not yet decomposed—these were what first caught my eye. There would be fine pickings for mud-grubbers and *chiffonniers* if they might be permitted to sift and search among these newly-exposed treasures. I did not pause to turn them over myself, but made for that part of the moat which lay immediately below the window of the state-chamber and peered down.

What was that lying all of a heap, like a collection of old iron at the door of a rag and bone-seller's shop? A number of pieces of iron evidently, all oxidized and corroded, covered with red rust and a deposit of slimy aqueous lichen. Without delay I clambered down into the moat and began to examine them more closely. They were clearly pieces of old armor, breastplate, or cuirass, greaves, gauntlets, with a round helmet or morion lying a little apart from the rest. I turned over everything one by one, and, to my horror, discovered within a quantity of human bones, all in excellent preservation, each encased still in the armor which had once been their protection against mortal foes. The breast-bones were plainly distinguishable inside the cuirass, the thigh-bones were within the greaves, the hands in the gauntlets; worse than all, through the open visor of the morion grinned the still perfect teeth of a ghastly skull.

"These, then," thought I, "are the mortal remains of some poor wretch whom revengeful or other passions have sent thus secretly, and probably without warning, to his long account. They must be taken up and buried without delay."

"Hulloa, master, what are you after down there?" cried a voice at this moment, and I saw

the old gardener above, looking at me with suspicious eyes.

"Come and see for yourself. You may as well lend a hand. These bones are human bones——"

"I wouldn't touch them with the end of my long rake," he said, shuddering. "You'd best leave 'em alone, too; what call is there for you to meddle or mix with these things? They don't concern you."

"I'll go bail that when these bones are buried there'll be no more haunting of the state-chamber. Come, don't be an old fool. Lay hold; I'll hand them up to you, one by one."

Very reluctantly, and grumbling audibly, the gardener received the armor and the bones they encased, as I gave them to him. Then I climbed up the stone counterscarp of the moat, and with his assistance removed them all to a corner of the garden. There I made the old man dig a deep hole, and we consigned them to the earth. A small stone was set to mark the spot, in case Miss Maxted or any one might wish to reopen the rude grave.

"There, Mr. Ducks," I said with a sigh of relief, "that's the end of that business. The Manor House will be no longer worried by ghosts."

"The ghosts never forgive, master," said the grave-digger, gloomily. "You may think to muzzle 'em and put a stop on 'em here; but they're like weeds. If they're pulled out of one corner, they'll spring up faster in another."

"I feel certain, at any rate, that they'll leave the state-chamber alone."

"Maybe, and it'll not be a day too soon. But there is a curse upon the old place, I'm afeared, and if you stop here, master, you'll be troubled by them in some other way. Mark my words,—in some other, worser way."

I was right, however, as to the state-chamber. I slept in it that same night, and the next, and still a third, without encountering the slightest disturbance or annoyance. After this I felt justified in writing, through my aunt, to advise Miss Maxted of the success of my operations. In due course, and through the same channel, I received the owner's warmest thanks. But doubts underlay every line. Miss Maxted, like her gardener, mistrusted the completeness of the cure. I might be confident that the Manor House was purged,

but she knew the place better, and feared that manifestations and visitations would crop up in some other shape and form. The message I received ended with a sentence which gave me, as I thought, much insight into Miss Maxted's character. "Perhaps, as I seemed an amateur in ghost-laying," she told my aunt, "I might not mind exercising myself a little longer in the attempt to render the Manor a habitable house." Miss Maxted was clearly chaffing me,—making game of me,—and I am not sure I was altogether pleased.

But the days and nights slipped by without any fresh occurrence. The former I spent at my easel in the air; it was perfect painting weather, and I had already several pictures well on toward completion. The latter I passed in the snug dining-room, lazily replete after Mrs. Ducks's toothsome cuisine, and reading and dozing before the fire. I slept now always in the state-chamber, and retired early to rest. One night—it was about a fortnight after the drainage of the moat—as usual I took up my candlestick soon after ten, and went out through the door giving into the corridor, which, as I have said, margined all these rooms, and led to the foot of the staircase. All along this corridor, it will be remembered, were windows opening into the central court.

I had issued forth a little brusquely, as was my wont; but the moment I was through the door I became conscious that some one was watching my movements from the central court. I caught sight—I was nearly positive of it—of a partially-veiled face at the passage window. It was but a momentary glimpse; directly my eyes rested upon it, it had disappeared. Yet it left a distinct impression on my mind. It could not be mere fancy or imagination. I was perfectly cool and collected, and I had a clear recollection of what I had seen. The head was enveloped in a white hood or snood, which was drawn across the lower features and concealed them, and indeed most of the face but the eyes. Those eyes! as they glittered bright and balefully in their snowy setting, I felt certain I had seen them before. But where?

I did not waste time in thinking. The whole thing might be a mere trick, and I was resolved not to allow myself to be easily deceived. I made all haste into the central court, and, candle in hand, made a close and searching investigation of the place. The light burnt without flickering in

the still September air, and illuminated a large area around me as I moved about. But I could see nothing unusual. All was perfectly quiet. There was no one in the court; no one at least of earthly, ordinary mould,—for the notion that I was not really and entirely alone had somehow gradually taken possession of me, and it was not without a quickened pulse and a slight tension of the heart-strings that I re-entered the passage and made for my own room up-stairs. As I passed along I still had the feeling that something else—I could hardly call it some person, for the companionship was of the vague impalpable kind which argued no bodily form or existence—was near me all the time. I seemed, too, as I got to the foot of the staircase, to hear a light pattering of feet upon the oaken floor, and the gentle closing of a not very distant door.

On reaching my bedroom I locked and bolted the door as usual, and setting down my lamp, sought to recover my somewhat shattered self-possession. This was an entirely new and unexpected line of attack. It was, to my mind, far more weird and ghostly than the other, and I was proportionately the more disturbed. That face with its quaint dress; these eyes, where had I seen them before? I sat thinking, thinking, with my ears on the stretch for any fresh unusual disturbing sounds, and wondering what strange events the coming night would produce. But the house was quiet and silent as death; so it continued till long after midnight. After watching intently till well on in the small hours, worn out but still somewhat dazed and confused, I turned into bed and was soon sound asleep.

I slept late next day, and the old gardener remarked upon it, as I thought, a little pointedly. Did he know more than he chose to tell? I questioned him closely, as I had often done before. My efforts were just as fruitless. He positively denied that he or any one he knew of had come to the house after ten that night. Why did I ask? had I been disturbed? I would not tell him all, but I described the quaint head-dress which encircled the face I had seen, and I asked him if he knew of anything like it anywhere. My eagerness for information was intense.

"Why, master, it's jist that that Lady Dora wears; you've seen it in her picture in the great banqueting-hall."

And then I understood why it was that those

eyes of the night previous still haunted me with their malevolent gaze.

"Has her ladyship the character of being a all uneasy in her grave?" I next asked, in a flippant, off-hand a tone as I could assume. "Is she supposed to walk about this house at night?"

"You don't say you've seen her, master; Her?" And the old man clutched my arm convulsively, looking into my face with a mixture of horror and incredulity which considerably impressed me.

"I think so; last night about half-past ten."

"Dear, dear, dear! I warned you not to be too cock-sure that you'd done with the ghosts. Oh, master, for the love of Heaven be careful. Don't stay in the house, don't; or if you must, keep to yourself. Don't follow her, don't meet her, don't thwart or anger her, or——" He did not finish, but shambled hurriedly off, leaving me a prey to mixed and slightly uncomfortable emotions.

The lady was much in my thoughts the remainder of the day. Would she show herself again at night? I did not wait to be startled; but as soon as the Ducks left the place, which they did as usual at my particular request, I patrolled the centre courtyard for a couple of hours, walking in the dark, but having a match-box handy and a candle-end in my pocket. But nothing appeared, and about eleven I went up-stairs to bed. Nor was I disturbed again that night. Next morning the first disagreeable impression was already fast fading away, and I began to think that my fears had been the father of my vision, and that I had never really seen any Lady Dora, or any other lady, at all.

But now came another phase of the mystery. Artist-like, I am devoted to flowers. Old Ducks humored me willingly in this, and kept my room well supplied. The evening before, he had brought me in an unusually fine bouquet of late roses, which I had myself arranged in an old-fashioned vase and placed on a table of my sitting-room. These roses had been one of the last things I had looked at and handled before going up to bed the night before. When I came down-stairs I missed the flowers. Had old Ducks come in and removed them? I called out for the old man. He was not in the kitchen, nor yet was his wife. Inwardly cursing him for moving the roses, I went out to see where he had put them.

I hunted through several rooms, and discovered them at last in a little boudoir adjoining the state-chamber.

"Fussy old jackass!" I said to myself, as I carried them down-stairs, "why can't he leave things alone?" And I repeated the remark to him directly he came in.

"I never touched the flowers," he replied, in an injured, surly tone. "This is the first time I've been to the house this morning."

"Then your wife did."

"She's down with the rheumatis, and can't come over."

"Who did, then?" I asked, sharply.

"Ah! who knows? But you must expect to find more things moved than that,—aye, and worse, too,—now that *she* is at her pranks again, and trapesing up and down this house."

There was truth in what the old man said. It seemed now as if some especially malicious spirit were resolved to worry and annoy me. I seldom found things of a morning as I had left them in the sitting-room the night before. Now it was my easel, now my painting apparatus; on another occasion I found all the books of the library scattered about the floor. I bore these small vexations stoically for some time. They did not disturb me greatly, as throughout I was never personally visited and annoyed. But at last, as if to goad me to desperation, my tormentor took to interfering with my work. I was in the habit of often leaving my canvases fastened together just as I brought them in from nature. I now frequently found them undone, and hidden in out-of-the-way corners. In some instances the color was still wet, and had been considerably smudged. Had this been all, I might still have borne my troubles with patience. But when ghostly hands presumed to use my own palette and brushes to paint upon my own work, I felt that it was nearly time for me to leave Maxted Manor. Yet this actually happened. One night I had left a carefully-executed sketch of the great gateway, seen from within, on my easel, and next morning I found a figure—a shadowy female figure in white—interpolated in the attitude of passing out on to the bridge. The figure was not badly painted, be it understood, but it was unnaturally large, and its introduction gave the picture a weird, uncanny effect. Next day another sketch, of the exterior of the house from the lawn, had been similarly

tampered with. The same white figure had been introduced, with the same contempt of proportion, and with the same bold, flowing handling of the brush.

I confess that by this time my feeling was one of exasperation rather than of terror. I began to think that it was time either to unravel this last mystery or remove myself entirely from the annoyance which I endured. Only I did not like to beat too hasty a retreat. It would savor of cowardice, and I was no more a prey to this now than before. I determined before I left the place to make another effort to get at the bottom of the thing. Perhaps I might end this as I had already done the mystery of the moat. At least I would watch for a night or two, and try and trace back effects to their cause.

The next night, before retiring to my bedroom, I first made a careful examination of the central court, as I generally did, and with the same negative results. I then entered and looked carefully through all the rooms on the ground floor; I tried all doors and windows in them, as well as those in the corridor or passage. I did the same on the first floor. After that I entered my bedroom, set down the light, and went through the form of locking the door. But I unlocked it in one and the same moment, and left the door a little ajar. Next I put on a pair of list slippers. Then I sat down for half an hour, to wait till my enemy was well established upon the theatre of her nightly operations.

About midnight I crept stealthily out into the corridor. I carried no light, and it was pitch dark, but by this time I knew every inch of my road. I reached the top of the large staircase, passed down them into the corridor on the ground floor, and so toward the sitting-room I always used. More than once I stopped and listened. The house was absolutely still and quiet. But now I was abreast of the sitting-room, and once more I paused. It was here that all the mischief had been perpetrated, and this was the spot I especially desired to observe. I stood in front of the door for quite fifteen minutes, as keenly alert as a hare on its form. But the stillness of the night was unbroken. I could not detect the slightest movement inside. Indeed, I had all but made up my mind to enter the room and finally set all my doubts at rest, when I became suddenly aware that it was really occupied after all. I never quite understood how

this conclusion was borne in upon me. But I know that I heard footsteps within; more than once I detected a slight "hem;" last of all there was the unmistakable grating of a chair as it was pushed across the solid oaken floor.

My object now was to turn the door-handle gently and peer, unobserved if possible, into the room. It was my only way of ascertaining whether any one, and if so, what kind of a person, was there. I might have been a professional burglar, I did the trick so cleverly. I got the door opened quite artistically. There was not a rattle or a creak; everything seemed to play into my hands. Presently there was room for me to get my head through—and I looked in.

What I saw was not unexpected, yet it startled me considerably. A tall female figure in white was seated at my easel, leaning over it and painting busily. I was spell-bound for the moment, and could neither go back nor forward.

How long I should have remained thus it is impossible to imagine. But after a few minutes, perhaps under that strange mesmeric influence which conveys to all of us the impression that we are being watched, the female raised her head suddenly and looked round. I saw the head, with its face half-concealed, of Lady Dora Maxted—the same which I had seen through the window in the court—the same which I knew by heart by the portrait in the great hall.

She did not give me long to observe her, however. The moment our eyes met—how well I remembered those great wild brown eyes!—she rose to her feet with a startled exclamation, and glided rapidly away. It was a strange but not unearthly shout; on the contrary, it had a distinctly human intonation, and was not without a tinge of mockery and laughter. I rushed into the room, and gave chase. All the doors of the rooms *en suite* were open—had they been left so purposely?—and the figure on passing through the first banged it behind her. This gave her the advantage, and increased the distance between us. It was the same with the next door, and the next; still I was close behind her, and might eventually have overtaken her had the race been a little longer. But the last door was that into the turret with its winding stairs. This she also banged behind her, and I distinctly heard the bolts shot in the lock, accompanied by another sound, that of suppressed laughter.

She was gone. I struck a light then, tried the door, shook it repeatedly, but it withstood all my efforts. I knew that I had failed, yet I was not dissatisfied with my adventure. At least I had driven my tormentor off the field, even if she had left no trace behind her.

No trace? There I was mistaken. The ghost, or whatever she might be, in her hurried exit had lost one of her shoes, and there it lay just where she had disappeared,—a pretty, dainty, artistically made high-heeled shoe.

I took it up and examined it closely by the candle-light. It might have been the property of some supernatural personage, but it gave me a very distinct impression that it had just fallen from a human foot. There was nothing shadowy or unsubstantial about it; it was made of good honest purple kid, adorned with a fresh rosette of crimson ribbon, and lined within with soft pink silk. That I held in my hand a clue, however, to the mystery of Maxted Manor, I was more and more convinced as I turned over and inspected my high-heeled shoe.

It was not till I had carried the shoe up-stairs to my room and had made a second inspection, that I discovered names and a number stamped upon the sole. The names were somewhat blurred, but I made out at length what read like Brogue and Brodequin, 295 New Bond street. Below, at some distance, were the numerals 379663.

The names, of course, were those of the makers, the number that of the customer's last. I surely might ascertain from the shoemakers whether this customer was a denizen of this or another world. Full of this idea, I walked over to Blueborough next morning and telegraphed to a friend in town to go to Bond street and inquire. If Messrs. Brogue and Brodequin made any difficulties, I determined to proceed to London myself and prosecute the search. This accomplished, I breakfasted at the hotel, and then returned to Maxted, leaving word at the telegraph office to send me over any message that might arrive.

My road back to the Manor House led me past the gardener's cottage. As I passed, it occurred to me that I might perhaps extract something from old Ducks, and I paused in front of his door. As I did so, I caught sight of a face at the window up-stairs,—the face of a young girl, as I thought,—but the moment I looked up it disappeared. Ducks was not in, nor was his wife seemingly. I called to

them both, but no one replied. I was turning to leave the cottage, when I heard heavy clattering footsteps descending the stair. I waited, and presently a young woman entered the kitchen parlor, and walked straight up to me.

In spite of the heavy brogues which I had heard and now saw, I was fairly taken aback, for I did not remember to have ever met a prettier girl. She was tall and shapely, and had a noble, a strikingly noble and handsome face, with bright curls rippling over a sunny brow, and large brown eyes full of expression. There was breeding in every feature. A lady surely, although so quietly, not to say shabbily, dressed. But the plain drab frock of dark homespun fitted her figure perfectly, and the pink ribbons in her hair and at her throat, if faded, were yet arranged with the taste that argued a cultured mind.

"Pardon me," I began, raising my hat. "I had no idea——"

Then she spoke, and all poetry, all sentiment, vanished.

"What's your wull?" she said in the sweetest voice, marred by the most atrocious northern burr; "Oi canna help ye, can oi?"

"I was looking for old Ducks."

"Oncle's out; so's aunt. What's your wull?"

"How is it I have never seen you before? Do you always stay here with the Ducks?" I felt rather disposed to hold her in conversation.

"Na; I'm only biding for a wee. Oi'm soon gangin' whoam." She stopped, and, looking me full in the face for a moment, said, abruptly, "And you'd better be gangin' too. You may'nt bide here."

"Well, perhaps you're right; tell your uncle I'll call again. I want to speak to him about something I picked up in the Manor House last night,—a shoe."

"I'll tell him. A shoe, eh? What like? would it fit me?" she said, sticking out a foot which seemed enormous in a coarsely-made heavy hob-nailed boot.

"Hardly, unless——"

Somehow I had my suspicions about this girl. Her accent did not sound quite true; I thought it varied. She had a ring on one finger. These boots were too obviously ill-fitting. What if they had been assumed as a disguise? As these thoughts passed rapidly through my brain, I kept my eyes on hers, struck no less by their beauty

than by their resemblance to another pair I had seen only the night before.

It was she who put an end to the pause by once more saying, "You'd better be gangin'," and pointing with her thumb to the door. Of course, I could not well stay at the cottage, and I could not well tax her with having been a party to the annoyance I had endured at the Manor House—not, at least, without more evidence than I had just then. So I said good-bye civilly, and turned on my heel.

Just outside the house I encountered the telegraph boy on a pony. He had just trotted over from Blueborough with my answer. I tore open the yellow envelope and read:

"Have seen shoemakers; no difficulty. Three hundred and seventy-nine thousand six hundred and sixty-three, number of Miss Judith Maxted's last."

I knew it! It was the fair owner herself, who, from a mischievous desire to try my courage, had been haunting the house. More, it was she herself whom I had just seen in the cottage.

I hurried back, and, without knocking, hastily lifted the latch and ran in.

"Who's that? How dare you come in here?" The voice was the same, but the accent was gone, and I saw my young friend trying hard to conceal something which she held in her left hand.

"I beg your pardon, but I came to restore something to its owner," and I produced the shoe. "You have its fellow there in your left hand. Allow me to present you with your property, Miss Maxted."

She started. "I'm not Miss Maxted. My name's Barbara Ducks. What do you mean?"

"I mean that I've found out the whole trick. You have been too hard on me. Now, of course, I shall leave the house."

"No, no," she said, "it was only a foolish escapade. I am extremely grateful to you for having put an end to the ghosts in the state-chamber, and now I will go away myself, and you will be troubled no more."

To make a brief conclusion to this long tale, I may say at once that she did leave Maxted Manor that evening. I stayed on till the end of October. But that winter I renewed my acquaintance with her under pleasanter auspices in London, and the following summer we returned to the Manor House in a new relationship.

HECTOR BERLIOZ.

BY CHARLOTTE ADAMS.

HECTOR BERLIOZ, the great French composer, is still but little known in America. Indeed, it is only since his death, in 1869, that France herself has accorded to him a position among the first of her musical geniuses. His life was passed in a struggle for recognition, the endeavor to revolutionize the musical systems of France and to introduce his robust and colossal theories of harmony into her orchestral methods. The friend of Heinrich Heine, he bore a strong resemblance in character to the poet, in the bitterness and cynicism of his disposition, his perpetual antagonism with the world, his brooding and sneering contempt of his enemies. The grotesque and the weird, the graceful and the subtle, found in his music the same utterance that Heine afforded them in his verse. Added to this, he possessed a wonderful fire, brilliancy, and daring, a remarkable sense of color, a sweeping audacity of conception and execution, which find their parallels in the mighty brushstrokes of some of the great French painters of the century, such, for instance, as Henri Régnault. Berlioz's genius is essentially French,—the genius of revolution. His life was one long war with circumstance, and the lesson to be learned from it is that of patience, courage, and the great final triumph of truth and art.

Hector Berlioz was born in a small town not far from Lyons, in 1803. He began to compose in childhood. At nineteen he was sent to Paris to study medicine; but he felt a profound dislike for the profession chosen for him, and he announced to his father his fixed intention of becoming a musician, and notably a composer. This led to a quarrel and finally a rupture with his family, who withdrew all means of support from him. For several years he studied in Paris, suffering every privation, and supporting himself by teaching the principles of his art, and singing in the chorus of a theatre. The first public performance of a work of his took place in 1825,—the rendition of a mass in the church of San Roch. Most of his work up to this time had been pronounced worthless by the leading musicians of Paris. His first enthusiasm was for Gluck, which

later mingled with a passionate love of Weber and Beethoven. On these three great models he formed himself, and it is fair to suppose that the consequent productions of his genius, with the addition of his own fiery originality, would not meet with the approval of pseudo-classicists like Boieldieu and Cherubini.

At last there came a change in his circumstances. In 1828 he won the second prize for composition at the Conservatoire, and, two years later, the first prize, which gave him the privilege of two years' study in Rome and a certain sum of money. In Rome he lived for a short time on terms of intimate companionship with young Mendelssohn, who, however, failed to recognize in the stormy French youth the absolute genius of the future, and wrote, in one of his letters to his mother, that Berlioz was without a spark of talent. These two composers, these contrasts of musical art, did not meet until Berlioz, in his mature manhood, set out on that journey through Germany which so richly compensated him for his early sufferings. They met in Leipsic, in the full flush of their triumphs. Mendelssohn was just stepping down from the leader's desk, from which he had been directing the rehearsal of his "Walpurgis-Nacht," when Berlioz approached and greeted him. At his request Mendelssohn gave his former comrade the baton with which he had been leading, and the following day the French composer sent him his own in return.

One of the great mental crises of Berlioz's life, which exerted a lasting influence upon his compositions, was the sudden revelation to him of the genius of Shakspeare, through the performances of an English dramatic company, headed by a somewhat celebrated actress, who afterward became Berlioz's wife. Previous to this, like most Frenchmen, he had only known the great English poet through garbled and unintelligent translations. The influence of Shakspeare gave to his talent the stamp of romanticism which belonged to the French artistic development in the first half of the century. The best of his early works are the direct musical interpretation of Shakspeare's

themes, such as the "Overture to King Lear," and the symphony of "Romeo and Juliet," while the robust form and brilliant *verve* of his entire artistic utterance owe much to the impetus given him by the study of Shakspeare's colossal combinations.

Heine said of Berlioz that his music had in it

overwhelmed him with praise. It was at his instance that Berlioz composed the famous symphony of "Harold in Italy." It grew out of a desire expressed by Paganini that Berlioz should write something for the viola. Five years later, at the close of a concert given by Berlioz, at which "Harold" was played, Paganini, being unable to



HECTOR BERLIOZ.

something primeval and gigantic. He called the composer, as Berlioz himself tells us, "a colossal nightingale; a lark of eagle's size."

One of his earliest friends and appreciators was Paganini. Berlioz was then still a struggling musician, absolutely penniless, and but just married to the woman whose poetic interpretation had revealed to him the mysteries of Shakspeare, and who was penniless, like himself. He gave a concert, at which Paganini was present. At its close the great violinist sought the composer, and

express his admiration by word of mouth, since the disease from which he afterward died prevented his speaking above a whisper, fell upon his knees before Berlioz on the stage among all the musicians and kissed his hand. Upon the following day Berlioz received a note from the great Italian *virtuoso*, in which, after telling him that "Beethoven being dead, Berlioz alone could take his place," he begged him to accept the sum of twenty thousand francs as a mark of his profound admiration. This generous, and more, magnani-

mous gift, so rarely paralleled in the intercourse of artists, enabled Berlioz to abandon the horrible drudgery of musical criticism and review-work by which he had been earning a scanty living, and devote himself entirely to composition. The inspiration of Shakspeare and the munificence of Paganini produced in a short time the symphony of "Romeo and Juliet," thought by many to be Berlioz's greatest work.

The cordiality which the musicians of other countries extended to Berlioz is in marked contrast with the frigid and jealous reserve that had been shown him from the beginning of his career by the musicians of Paris, notably the faction headed by Cherubini, who saw in him the leader of a musical revolution and a robust and vital system against which their faded harmonies could not stand ground.

During his first journey through Germany he gave orchestral concerts, producing his own works and meeting everywhere with unhopd-for success. His genius lay exactly parallel with the Teutonic spirit; unlike most Frenchmen, he worshiped the musical gods of Germany, and his fount of inspiration in Shakspeare was one they had been taught to revere by their own great lights of romanticism. In every city he had the musical world at his feet, and in many places the king, the princes, and the court testified their appreciation of his genius, as in Saxony, Prussia, and Hanover.

It was not strange that Berlioz should regard Germany as the home of his soul. In Dresden he met Richard Wagner, who had just received the appointment of assistant leader of the orchestra to the King of Saxony. Wagner assisted Berlioz with his rehearsals, and in return received a meed of appreciation and friendly criticism from the French composer which was doubly significant, coming from an inhabitant of that musical world of Paris which had been so inhospitable to Wagner during his residence in the French capital, and remembered him only as the author of some articles published in a musical paper. It was at this time that "Rienzi" and the "Flying Dutchman" were receiving their first representations. The influence of Wagner is somewhat noticeable in a certain philosophic and intellectual treatment of the themes of some of Berlioz's later works, among others the "Damnation of Faust," composed during his second journey through Ger-

many and the Austrian Empire, and produced upon his return to Paris in 1846.

Berlioz's progress through these various countries was a veritable triumph, paralleled only, in the personal honors shown him, by the career of the Abbé Liszt, whose friend he was. What a contrast with the life of the poor unknown boy, who had eaten his scanty dinner of dry bread and raisins at the foot of the statue of Henri Quatre on the Pont Neuf, of Paris, brooding over the refusal of his work, and the judgment of failure passed upon himself, and the mother's curse which had followed him from the little town in the heart of France! Berlioz was, personally, of anything but a patient disposition, but the history of his life and development is surely a valuable example of the genius of patience.

In the following year he went to Russia, and gave concerts in all the principal cities. The remainder of his life was passed principally in Paris, composing operas and cantatas, and works in other forms. His domestic relations were unhappy. Both his marriages contained an element of discord. The death of his only son, as old age crept over him, was the last drop of bitterness in his cup. His grand opera of the "Trojans" was, in the popular sense, a failure. The sense of the inappreciation of his countrymen preyed more keenly upon him as he grew older. He demanded a great national recognition, for which the flattery of musical *dilettanti* and amateurs could not compensate him. In the apathy of soul which seized upon him his thoughts turned to Germany as to the true fatherland of his genius.

In his latter years he went once more to Russia, at the invitation of the Grand Duchess Helena, and the Russian court heaped honors upon his head. The sadness and bitter loneliness of his last years recall the later days of his friend Heine. Berlioz's genius died a slow death, settling by degrees into a torpor and apathy from which no enthusiasm had power to arouse him. Heine's body withered away under the slow disease that held him fast.

Berlioz died in 1869. His funeral was attended by all the musicians of Paris, but it is doubtful whether they realized the greatness of the loss to French musical art or the place that Berlioz's music would take in the future. He has been dead too short a time for the world to measure him properly. In approaching a colossal statue,

one sees only the limbs that support it. Only distance can give it full perfection.

Berlioz stands alone in the history of music. The child of Gluck, Beethoven, and Weber on the one hand, of Shakspeare and Goethe on the other, baptized with the blood and the fire of fifty years of France, he admits of no comparison with another mortal.

It remains to consider the "Damnation of Faust," probably the most characteristic of Berlioz's works, and the only one as yet given in America. Berlioz calls it a musical legend. During his trip through Germany the influence of Shakspeare upon the composer's mind gave place to that of Goethe. He chanced to read Goethe's "Faust." It struck a responsive chord in his soul. During his second journey through Germany he studied the local color, the various types of humanity introduced into the poem, and the scenes from which Goethe drew his inspirations. Perhaps, too, as he grew in maturity and consequent bitterness and disappointment, the *naïve* sublimity and primitive strength of Shakspeare gave place to the introspective doubting and questioning of Faust, the despair of mind and soul, the moral lassitude and recklessness, that led to his compact with Mephistopheles. It is noteworthy, as characteristic of the bent of his genius, that he alters the text of the poem to suit his design of the eternal misery of Faust. In Goethe's poem Faust is redeemed from the power of Satan. The hopeless bitterness of Berlioz's tortured soul is here fully expressed. Never did the fatal problem of humanity presented in the poem receive so faithful an interpretation as at the hands of Berlioz. Faust might be the composer himself, and the progress of the legend the history of his own mental and moral nature. None but an accomplished musician can rightly appreciate the magnificent orchestral and choral combinations of the work; but any powerful nature, of artistic instincts and a soul that can suffer and enjoy, can recognize the superb human significance of this musical cycle of pleasure and pain, of rapture and despair.

One of the earliest numbers in the legend is the song and dance of the peasants in the fields, for chorus and orchestra,—a most charming pastoral. Then follows the stirring march as the soldiers file past, awakening the melancholy Faust from his meditations. This is a paraphrase of a Hungarian national march, and one of the most inspiring

movements ever composed. Berlioz wrote it the night before leaving Vienna for Pesth, and before its introduction into the "Faust" it was played in his concerts in Hungary with the greatest applause, and was demanded again and again by the enthusiastic people. It introduced the noises of battle, cannon, musketry, trumpets, drums, the shrieks of the wounded, the tread of soldiery, the tramping of horses, the triumphal shout of victory. What wonder that the smouldering, revolutionary fire of the Hungarian people, burning with hatred of the Austrian, should, so near to the critical period of '48, have vented itself in a frenzy of delight, and have hailed the French composer as a herald of freedom? After the concert, a poorly-dressed man came to him, tremulous with emotion, "You are a Frenchman, a revolutionist; you know how to write music for revolutions!"

The song of Faust follows, and then comes the scene with Mephistopheles. Probably the most striking of the *solo* portions are those assigned to Mephistopheles, in which it seems as though all Berlioz's pent-up soul found an utterance in bitterness and scorn. His "Song of the Flea," with its grotesque *pizzicato* notes, illustrative of the movements of the insect, is one of the most singular things ever composed. The "Song of the Rat," sung by a student, is equally picturesque, with the strange, squeaking noises and hurried scrambling of the violins. The student's chorus is a musical satire,—a burlesque on the fugue,—a form of composition particularly detested by Berlioz. Marguerite's "King of Thule" has the archaic form of the popular ballad music that has been handed down from the Middle Ages among the German peasantry.

All the scenes between Faust and Marguerite are of surpassing sweetness, and the character of Marguerite is interpreted by Berlioz as Goethe conceived it,—a simple village maiden of no great intensity or tragic quality, crushed by a weight of suffering and despair which she is too ignorant to understand; the victim of fatality, bruised to death in the remorseless course of Faust's search for experience. It is more a philosophic than a dramatic characterization.

The whole comprehension of the poem is remarkable in a man who was German only in sympathy. It is a shining example of the universal intuition of genius. The most exquisite thing in the legend is the "Dance of the Sylphs," a

thing that sparkles like the finest thread of cobweb hung with dew-drops in the moonlight. All the strange and lovely visions that beset Faust on all sides are reproduced with a supernatural beauty. By degrees the graceful, airy notes die out of the music, the love and youth depart, the gay songs and choruses, the stirring ambition of the march, the passion and longing of Marguerite's garden disappear forever, and Faust is left alone with his soul and his tempter. The music becomes stormy, defiant, fierce. The approach of eternal misery,

the human remorse and agony, are indicated in the wailing and shrieking of the instruments. All the wildest passions of humanity seem let loose upon the world. Here occur the finest effects of the score. One superb climax follows another, to the everlasting torment of the *finale*, and the mind and ear at last, unable to resolve the chaos of sound into order, call in the aid of the imagination and interpret the musical problem before them as the mirror and expression of the Titanic tortured soul of Hector Berlioz.

ART NEEDLEWORK.

BY ANNIE M. HARPER.

IN our last article we devoted ourselves mainly to the subject of art needlework as applied to embroidery. We shall resume the subject with some additional suggestions on embroidery-work, and then take up crochet-work.

The object of working art embroidery should be either to represent nature as accurately as may be, or go at once to the formalities of ecclesiastical or conventional work; but intermediate styles are not admissible in strictly art needlework. When undertaking a piece of work, see that you have sufficient of all shades to finish, or you may possibly be mortified to find that you cannot match any exhausted shade. This is accounted for by the fact that when a batch of crewels has been dyed, the vats are emptied, and the next installment cannot be expected to correspond exactly with another.

One of the accomplishments which every lady should learn and try to excel in is the ability to mark well in indelible ink. Clothes of every kind, and particularly handkerchiefs, are constantly in danger of being lost; and there is no security so great against their total loss as an intelligible mark. An embroidered wreath with the name in ink is very handsome, and so is one all embroidered. The stitch used in embroidery is the same as for any fine muslin work. After acquiring the

necessary knowledge for marking in ink, a little careful practice will enable a lady to copy any beautiful embroidery pattern in ink, even to close

the shading with the pen. Embroidered handkerchiefs look very beautiful when the corner containing the name is marked in ink with a corresponding design; for instance, the embroidery may contain roses, pinks, etc., or a set pattern of block-work or scrolls. If the corner containing the name is marked

to correspond, it makes the handkerchief very elegant. The name can be written in the leaf or in the flower.

The drift of the feminine mind, it may be remarked, has of late years been inclined more and more to fancy needlework, as is fully demonstrated by the great craze for novel and unique designs. The demand for these is daily increasing, and art and fashion journals are taxing their utmost to keep up the supply. But as we have previously stated, we should not alone devote ourselves to the execution of art needlework after copied designs, but originate designs as well. It is the importance of this fact that we would impress most forcibly upon our needleworkers. It is significant of false taste and consequent decadence in any art when it becomes imitative of another, or even when it is merely suggestive of the forms



FIG. 9.—PINCUSHION, CROSS-STITCH EMBROIDERY.

and designs only suitable for other materials and other manipulation. It would be well, therefore, if ladies would devote a little more time and

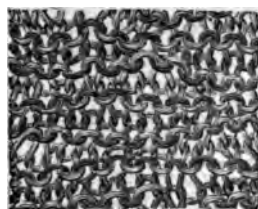


FIG. 11.—PATTERN (KNITTING TOP OF FIG. 10).

attention to producing some original designs; a piece of work, for instance, that might be seen and gazed upon with pleasure in the far time to come. A handsome memento of the nineteenth century might be constructed without any difficulty, that would be esteemed with admiration by future generations,—a piece of carpeting, an embroidered curtain, a quilt, or indeed what not; and such a design as would vie with, if not excel, anything produced in the past might easily be obtained, specially prepared by some of the very clever amateur designers of the present time.

We observe that among feminine occupations painting is becoming more and more fashionable, being introduced almost everywhere, in toilette as largely as in decorative work. Crests, flowers, and numerous devices continue to be scattered on ribbons, buttons, satchels, gloves, shoes, muffs, hoods, etc. Even the once snowy table-cloths receive their touches of color to blend with the china service. Lace, velvet, satin, kid, leather, coarse canvas, pottery, and glass are all mediums for the artistic mania. In fact, painting has been appropriated to items as trivial as garters. By reason of this craze, art needlework somewhat loses in favor, and its best artists think it more refined to display their talent by the brush than by the needle. The result, as easily guessed, is here, as



FIG. 12.—FRINGE FOR FIG. 10.

everywhere else, a superabundant supply, which directly lowers the price. Independent ladies and jacks-of-all-trades may shift from one pursuit to the

other at their own sweet will; but the breadwinner should surely mark out a path for herself, and persevere in it. Instead of running after all the whims of fashion, why not, for instance, take up with industrial designing,—a reliable occupation, well remunerated, and free, as yet, from almost any competition.

We notice that the great feature in the embroidery line this season is the lavish use of gold thread, either as an outline or filling in, for both home and dress purposes. Singly or twofold, the metallic thread meanders around crewel or silk flowers, birds, deer, tigers, insects, etc., and further defines veinings, limbs, paws, and, in short, any point requiring relief. It is also intertwined with gold silk cord, an edging very much in requisition for heavy hangings in twill silk, satin, velvet, cloth, or serge. Some of these cords are nearly as thick as a little finger, and agree with the massive character of the gold embroidery they

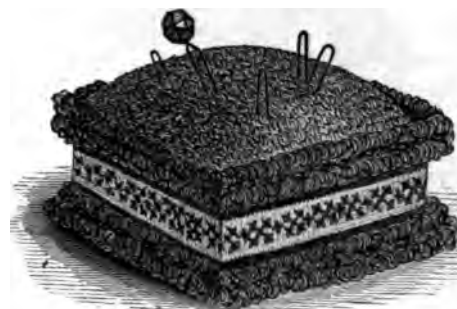


FIG. 10.—HAIR-PIN CUSHION.

adorn. The glittering thread also traces delicate scrolls on various knicknacks, as blotting-pads, satchels, stationery-boxes, bellows, table-screens, together with plastrons and facings for dressings. Lines of gold curiously lend lustre to the rustic chair-backs, in coarse linen, oatmeal, and sheeting, with their rough crewel patterns. Gloves and shoes are favorite objects for gold-thread ornament; in some of the latter mother-of-pearl spangles are intermixed. All the stylish winter shoes are now being prepared with somewhat of this handsome character. Loose gold chain-stitch and open links carry out many of the effective designs wrought on scarfs, bands, robings, cuffs, lace, etc., and enhance most fittingly the Oriental hues of the leading dress fabrics; indeed, it is to the prevalent taste for Eastern manufactures that we owe the vogue of bright garish tints and metallic thread.

It is well known that an immense deal of gold embroidery prevails in Eastern countries, and



FIG. 13.—FLOWER-POT COVER.

from this source are mostly obtained the ideas after which our modern designs are drawn. Eastern needlework is now most prominent in the embellishment of drawing-rooms, and even occasionally of ladies' attire. Large straight pieces appear, in all their varied beauty, as double portières, panels, screens, fire-place and piano draperies, mantel valances, etc. Smaller remnants do service as cushion-covers and chair-backs, or are cut into strips to be daintily applied as borders to table-covers and curtains. The veriest scraps, too, compose interesting little doilies, dice-shaped patches for hand-screens, etc.

Ladies who possess quite a collection of Oriental embroideries sometimes employ their imaginative skill in arranging them for the ornament of entire suits. We have seen boudoirs fitted up in this style; handsome cashmere shawls and loose Indian drawers were cleverly turned to account for hangings and folding-screens, while the rich

needlework of gauze vests and scarfs figured plentifully in the lighter trifles of the apartment, as, for instance, the window valance, curiously stretched behind the curtains, together with squares and rectangles placed corner-wise over lounges, cushions, and foot-stools. We have noticed that even the heavy Scinde rugs are adapted in this wise to furniture upholstered in plush. One large rug, for instance, covers the back and seat of the sofa, the curved borders and elbows, if any, being in plush, red, peacock-blue, or dark-green, according to the prevalent color of the Oriental mat. Smaller rugs are distributed on the easy-chairs, as well as the quaint three-cornered ones; the squares for the backs being set in straight, and those for the seats in diamond fashion.

The brightly-tinted work and the time-mellowed grounds of these open-meshed Oriental fabrics impart a great similarity to their appearance; but the connoisseur will generally discover in each some characteristic which betrays its origin. Even the stitches form an interesting study, although as yet they have not tempted many imitators. These peculiar stitches are not at all difficult, but they are so cunningly altered in slope and tightness that the filling-in of a single flower will present a wonderfully-diversified aspect. Such varied filling-in is specially noticeable in some of the leaves and blossoms of Persian work, the surface of which is covered with compact stitchery of two different



FIG. 14.—POMPADOUR.

kinds of sloped lines, cordonnet alternating with back-stitching. The former occupies three threads

in width and slants one thread, and the latter takes three threads in length. This gives a straight linear stitch following an oblique direction, and

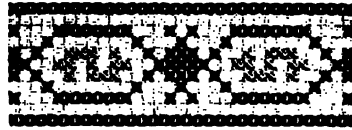


FIG. 15.—EMBROIDERY DESIGN FOR FIG. 14.

worked next to a wider stitch sloping in the reverse way. The disposition of these raised and sunken stripes, more or less loose, imparts that very changeful effect to the work which suggests an unfounded difficulty.

The principal points in embroidery, it should be observed, are good design and good coloring. Good coloring is so essential to a piece of embroidery, that, while harmonious coloring may atone even for faulty design, a good design will certainly be spoiled by vulgar coloring. As the coloring is a matter of so much importance, the embroiderer cannot be too particular in considering it well beforehand, that all may be in harmony and keeping, not only with itself, but with the purpose and position for which it is intended. As conventionalism in form is imposed upon us as a necessity, it also follows that the same necessity has to be observed in our imitation of nature with regard to color. This becomes apparent from the very outset. In many cases it is utterly impossible to give the natural coloring of a particular flower; we may, perhaps, be able to get its general tone, but the subtle gradations which are with difficulty reproduced in painting are quite out of reach in embroidery. The difficulty in the way is to get silk or wool dyed the proper shades, and even could this be overcome, a greater one will arise: that of mingling the tints, with all the delicacies of tones and intermixture of shade that are found in many flowers, without producing a confused

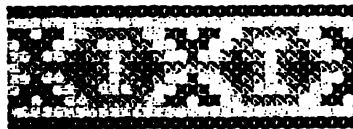


FIG. 16.—EMBROIDERY DESIGN FOR FIG. 14.

and unsatisfactory effect. And there is another consideration. It must be remembered how different are the surroundings of flowers, as used for

decorative effect either in painting or embroidery, from their surroundings in the open air. Therefore, in adapting their color to their place in indoor decoration, the more subdued tints and less brilliant aspect should be chosen; for the brighter colors have the clear air, the sunlight, their natural texture, and, above all, their evanescence, to render them delightful. The pure color alone, without these aids, transferred to needlework, would be glaring and gaudy. And as there is no raw color in nature, but an admixture of yellow in most of her hues, it is a great mistake to render her brilliancy, which is chiefly owing to subtle qualities of texture, by raw and gaudy silks and



FIG. 17.—SATCHEL (EMBROIDERY AND NEEDLEWORK).

wools, which smite the eye without pleasing the sense. It being impossible, therefore, to reproduce the fluctuating iridescence of natural flowers, it is better to take nature as a suggestive guide rather than as a pattern for servile copying, and to choose colors with regard to their general harmony rather than their separate exact truth to nature.

Embroidery is a decorative work, and, therefore, must be regulated by the rules of decorative treatment; and as harmony is one of the first considerations, the attempt to combine a close imitation of nature in color with conventionalism in form would be a fatal error. Consistency of treatment must be aimed at, and, having simplified the forms of nature, we must, for corresponding

reasons, simplify the colors also. Color is so much a matter of feeling, and of so subtle a nature,



FIG. 19.—A COFFEE COZY.

that only the most general rules can be safely given, and even these more as guides than as laws to be implicitly obeyed. Shades and tones are so varied and uncertain that it is impossible to describe them in words; the eye must be educated to appreciate them, and to learn their combinations and effects, which in the description may be so easily misapprehended. A master of color will produce harmonies where, with the same materials, another would only produce discords.

With these plain yet suggestive hints on this subject, we pass to that of crochet-work. Some persons have come to the erroneous conclusion that crochet is out of fashion, because the commoner sorts are no longer displayed as worthy of admiration, or, indeed, much esteemed. The reason is not because embroidery and point-lace work have been introduced, but because fancy-work itself has received the impetus of improvement, and ladies now display real works of art as the product of the needle. Crochet will always

hold its place as an art of needlework, but it is the rich raised-work in stars or flowers, or the delicate tracery of the Irish lace, which is valued. Any one who can work simple crochet patterns well and quickly, may readily learn to work the Irish lace, which is neither difficult nor tedious, being so much made up of mere chain-stitch.

Crochet has the following advantages over knitting. First, you see your pattern as you work it, and are aware with what exact intention every stitch is put in; secondly, with close observation, any piece of work can be copied by looking at it; thirdly, it is hardly possible to drop a stitch; fourthly, much more beautiful and artistic work can be produced by this method of working.

The best practice for learning to work crochet well, having mastered the several stitches in cotton, is to buy a bone crochet-hook, and an ounce of double wool, and make a pair of cuffs in double crochet. To do this, work a chain, and unite it in a ring by working a plain stitch through the first one of the chain. When united the chain must be more than large enough to slip over the hand by about six stitches, because it shrinks in size in working. On this chain work round and round plain double crochet stitches. Work another pair of these cuffs in triple crochet, and a third pair in plain crochet. It is better to practice at first in wool, because beginners are apt to draw up the cotton too tight, and so be unable to work a second row on the first one. Wool requires a lighter touch, and shows immediately any irregularity in the stitches. We recommend



FIG. 20.—TABORET (APPLIQUE EMBROIDERY).

this advisedly, for, if you at once proceed to work from paper patterns, you will be liable to

acquire a mannerism in your work, and be unable afterward to execute either round or square patterns with any degree of success or of satisfaction to yourself.

As directions for this kind of work are usually given in abbreviated forms, we would furnish our reader with their significations, so that they may more readily comprehend them. Ch. stands for chain; p. c., plain crochet; d. c., double cro-

Premising that most of your readers are conversant with the several stitches, we have not deemed it necessary to explain each particular kind of stitch in this class of art needlework, preferring to offer such suggestions only as might prove a valuable auxiliary to those already somewhat proficient therein.

We offer with the present number some additional designs for needlework, both in embroidery

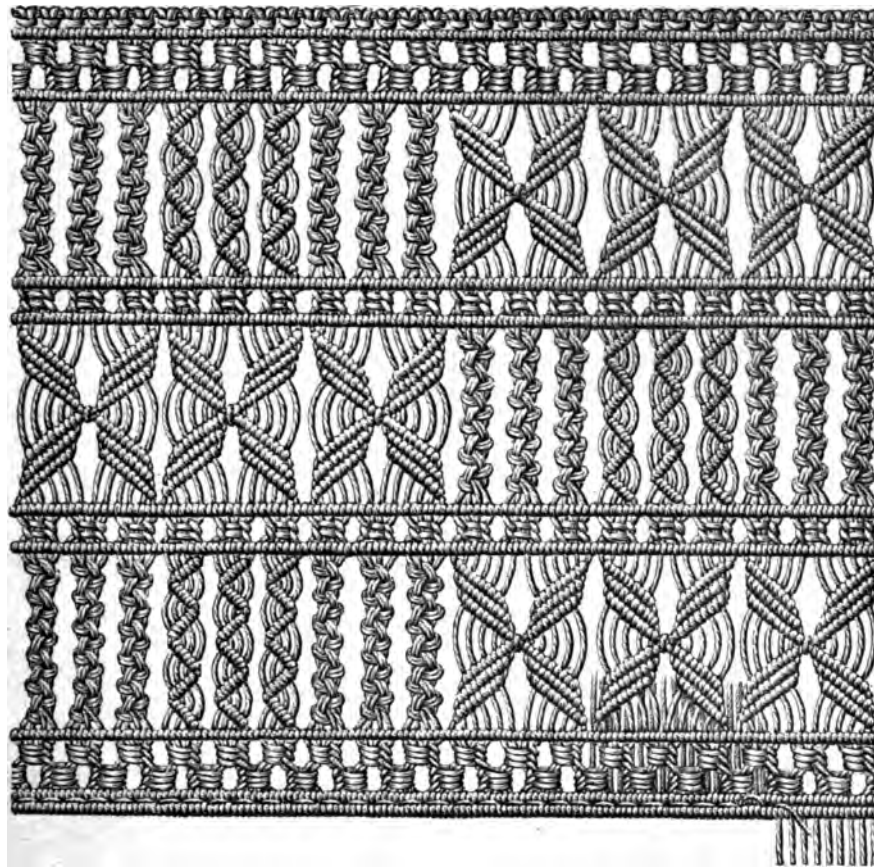


FIG. 18.—KNOTTED-WORK FOR FIG. 17.

chet; tr., triple crochet, or long stitch; dot, this is **only** worked in the centre of a chain. Thus, "five chain, dot, five chain," means five chain, work three more chain for the dot, and one plain into the last stitch of the five, to make a little dot. Or, in other words, you must make eight chain and one plain, four stitches back from the needle, or the fifth stitch from commencement. Make five more chain. This is only used in the modern or *guipure* crochet, and Irish crochet lace.

and crochet, with directions in a general way for working them. The designs are very tasty, and applied to the purposes named will give to the worker very beautiful specimens of her handicraft.

Fig. 9 represents a pincushion, in cross-stitch embroidery. The cushion is of red satin, and has a piece of congress canvas, *couleur du mode*. Work the centre with a simple drawn-work pattern; outside of this make a cross-stitch border,

and a figure in each corner. This is done with red silk, and the scalloped edging and tassels are of the same color.



FIG. 21.—PAPER BASKET (EMBROIDERY AND KNOTTED WORK.)

Fig. 10 represents a hair-pin cushion, in *fantaisie* work. For the frame-work make an open box of card-board, cover the bottom with gray linen, and the sides with Burgundy red plush; for the top knit two square pieces with very thick needles, and stretch them evenly over the box, which must first be filled with horse-hair; the first square (lower one) is of Burgundy red zephyr; the upper one, as seen in Fig. 11, is of two shades of olive-green crewel, which are knit in alternate rows. Fig. 12 shows the natural size of the fringe border, which is made by taking six threads of olive-green crewel, and knotting these together with four of black cotton; these four threads are then used, two by two, to fasten the loops. Unite two rows of such fringe, so that the loops meet, as in Fig. 10, and cast in a few loops of the red silk. Finish with an old-gold ribbon with cross stitch embroidery.

Fig. 13 represents a flower-pot cover, in *fantaisie* work. Embroider a border and ruche (like lam-brequin) for the top. The narrow borders are linen or satin bands, embroidered with cotton or cordonnet silk; the bands are put on the pot slantingly, so as to cross each other; they are embroidered, and are finished in Armenian lace; two

stitches in the edge of the ribbon are required, and the thread is drawn through between the two stitches, which makes the point; for the next draw the needle through the ribbon, and by this obtain the long thread. For the larger points, make three stitches into the edge of the ribbon, draw back the thread between the first and second, work another stitch between second and third, then catch both threads, and work another between the two stitches in the second row. Sew these stripes on your cover with invisible stitches. The ruche at the top is of the same material, and is scalloped and box-plaited. This ruche should be lined.

Fig. 14 represents a Pompadour, used as a work or chatelaine bag. Either white, black, or colored satin may be used for this, but it must be lined with a thin silk of the same shade. If cut in one piece, the lining must be fourteen inches long and seven inches wide. The bag is seven long; seven inches at the bottom and five inches wide at the top. The satin must be twenty-three inches long if the bag is cut in one piece, in order to puff it on the lining. A narrow plaiting of the same goods trims the top and the sides. Place a narrow band of embroidered velvet, one inch wide, between the bag and the plaiting, and also down



FIG. 22.—KNOTTED-WORK FOR FIG. 21.

the centre of the bag. The centre stripe holds the puffing in place and is fastened with fine gold or strong silk cord. Then sew the bag together, until

within an inch of the top, which is kept stiff by means of an inserted whalebone. A double cord for a handle, and tassels to match, will give an elegant finish. For the embroidery we give the designs shown in Figs. 15 and 16.

Figs. 17 and 18 represent a satchel in embroidery and knotted-work. For the making of this satchel, a piece of card-board twenty-five inches high and sixteen inches wide is required. This piece is sloped off two inches on each side. It is then covered on the outside with gray linen, which previously has been embroidered, as shown by the illustration. The middle has an insertion of knotted-work (Macrame) underlaid with satin. The inside is lined with gray satin. Between the outside and the lining the side parts are inserted; they are gathered on the top by means of an elastic cord. The silk bag is then added and furnished with a shirr, into which gray silk tape is run. Fig. 18 gives the knotted-work in full size. The embroidery may either be worked with shaded crewel-work or floss-silk in chain-stitch. The larger figures are further ornamented with a few fancy stitches. A narrow serpentine braid is used to edge the satchel.

Fig. 19 represents a coffee cozy, in crochet cross-stitch and loose embroidery. Crochet four plain light-gray stripes in Afghan stitch, then embroider each stripe with three bouquets in olive-color crewel and pale-blue floss-silk, while the narrow stripes done in flake-stitch must be dark-red (Burgundy). Each light stripe must be commenced with thirty stitches; then work forty-seven rows. In the next thirteen rows drop a stitch at the beginning and at the end of each row. In the fourteenth row drop three stitches, and then continue by dropping one stitch until you have no more on your needle. On the plain gray stripe crochet a dark-red border in the flake-stitch. Then crochet all the stripes together. Crochet two rows of single stitch around the cozy; in the third row the flakes must be made. They are separated by a single crochet. For the flake, wrap the thread around needle, skip the next stitch of the last row, and under that stitch in the second last row draw a long loop, repeat twice into the same, then wrap thread around the needle, and draw all the threads together. The next four rows are done in single crochet, repeating the flakes. Crochet small scallop around the cozy. Top centre is closed by crochet button with loop, on which you can hang the cozy.

Fig. 20 represents a taboret made out of an old chest or trunk, with tapestry and *appliqué* work. These old things can be used as ottomans, and at the same time as receptacles for larger pieces of work that find no room in the sewing-basket. The lid has a cushion three inches high, covered with *appliqué* work on Pekin canvas, which is made in stripes by embroidering four-inch-wide stripes with blue silk. It must be done so as to give the canvas the appearance of having the silk woven into it. On the striped ground work the *appliqué*, and fill the plain stripe with gay tapestry embroidery, which, when done in old-gold, gives a beautiful effect; for the middle pieces take old-gold damask brocade, and for the side pieces plain brocade. Embroider the damask brocade in satin-stitch, with dark-red and pale-yellow to heighten the beauty. The stems of the wheat should be done in brown silk, and fine, dark-red cord mark the grains of wheat lying closely together. The stamens work should be in yellow silk, with their points in red. The lid is edged with a border in embroidery, the corners ornamented with handsome tassels made of rich colors. Properly worked and arranged, this will afford a very handsome and useful household article.

Figs. 21 and 22 represent a paper basket, with a crochet of twine. Rough brown twine, colored floss-silk, and crewel are the materials used for the two lambrequins, which are fastened between the ring-handles of the basket. Each lambrequin consists of five stars, and the borders crossing each other. Stars and borders are crocheted with twine, the wrong side of the crochet being used for the right, and is embroidered with loose stitches in silk and wool. Fig. 22 shows a star of the natural size, and the embroidery in silk and crewel, not quite finished, so that the crochet pattern can be seen. It is commenced in the middle by a ring of right chains; each star is embroidered with a different colored silk in two shades. To unite the border and stars, baste them right side down on card-board, then sew them together, after taking off the card-board, which consists of scallops. In the lower part of the lambrequin insert the fringe in the scallops. The fringe consists of tassels, separated by two or three knotted strains, and is made of twine and crewel. The basket is lined with dark-red satin, and the top has an embroidery of three twisted colored threads. Place bows of satin ribbon at the handles.

LAUNCHING A SHIP.

BY GEORGE BANCROFT GRIFFITH.

NOT one-half the people who witness the launching of a vessel can tell how it is done. They hear a great sound of pounding and driving of wedges for half an hour or so, then a loud shout is raised, and the ship starts slowly at first, but, gradually increasing her speed, slides with a steady, stately motion from off the pile of timber and blocks where she has been standing for months; and where, but a moment before, the huge creature towered aloft, nothing remains but a *débris* of timber and planks, while out on the water floats one of the most graceful works of man.

When the ship is about ready to launch, her immense weight rests principally upon blocks some eight or ten inches square on the ends, and perhaps some fifteen or eighteen inches in length. These blocks are placed directly under the keel, and in order to launch the vessel it is necessary to transfer the weight of the vessel to the ways,—two long lines of heavy timber reaching about two-thirds the length of the vessel on either side, and about midway the bilge or bottom. These ways are simply two lengths of timber with a thick

layer of grease between them, so that as soon as the ship acquires any momentum they will slip one along the other. To transfer the weight of the vessel on to these ways so that gravity—the stem or heaviest part of the vessel being much lower than the bow—will cause her to move, is the whole secret of launching. To do this, between the top of the ways and the vessel are driven pine wedges, which, of course, raise her somewhat, and so relieve the blocks under the keel of part of the weight resting upon them. This done, workmen take their places under the vessel, and with iron wedges cut and knock away the blocks. When these are removed, the entire weight of the vessel settles at once upon the greased ways, and the result is exactly the same as would be if a person should seat himself upon a sled pointing downhill upon an icy slope—away she goes!

There seems to be a strange sort of fascination for most people in the launching of a large vessel, and in our ship-building ports it is not uncommon for a thousand persons to be present to enjoy the spectacle.

IN WINTER TIME.

BY H. F. G.

WITH pitiless rigor rules the stern Frost King,
A fierce usurper he, who punishes
With death, and death-like sleep, and banishment,
The loyal subjects of sweet Summer's reign.
The plashing waters, that erst danced for glee,
He fetters in an icy prison, where,
Their laughter and their lisping all forgot,
They lie a-cold and mute. He slays the flowers,
Scatters the leaves in death, and all the birds
He exiles, save wee somber-coated sprites
Who know to chirp naught but a feeble note;
For music loves he not, except the kind
The tempests make, when loud they flap their wings,
And fly abroad to do his stern behests.

But what of the fair queen now robbed of crown?
Think'st thou, Frost King, that thou hast slain her too,
And wrapped her in her winding-sheet for aye,
And carven icy immortelles to deck
Her last repose? And think'st thou the rude chill

Of pallid snow, like marble of a tomb,
Is evidence that she will wake no more?
Look up! See where the sun his chariot drives
Along the azure fields! mark well his course!
See how he mounts! Higher he rides to-day,
And later than last evening he will reach
The western gateway o'er yon snow-capped hill.
Each day the shadowy minions of thy realms
That morn and eve beset his path he'll rout,
Till one sweet morn he'll come, like Prince of old,
To kiss the Sleeping Beauty on her lips.

Then, stern usurper, will thy harsh reign cease;
Then, conjurer, shall thy spell lose all its power;
The ice-bonds shall be loosed! And while thou steal'st,
In gloom and silence, to the frozen North,
To work thy will among its solitudes,
Thy captive, with a face made wondrous fair,
By fair and wondrous dreams of nearing Spring,
Shall wake to find that her sweet dreams are true.

NEPTUNE'S LETTER-CARRIER.

BY FRANCES E. WADLEIGH.

THE balmy south wind breathed gently through the open windows, waving the lace curtains and filling the long low parlor with the thousand perfumes of spring. The birds twittered and sang in the rose-bushes, the fountain danced and sparkled; all nature rejoiced at its own awakening. Without, all was peace.

But within, in the old Griffith homestead, there was not peace, but rather discord. One glance at Frank Leighton's frowning countenance or at Olive Griffith's determined features told that very plainly; you would hardly need to listen to their conversation to know that there was at least a vigorous dispute, if not an open rupture, between them.

"What else can I do?" Olive was saying for the fifth or sixth time. "I promised papa that I would be a sister to them."

"When you gave that promise, both you and he supposed that they had money enough to support them for a time; at least until they could make up their minds what to do for a living."

"Yes, papa said that they probably had five or six thousand dollars; but now it seems they haven't as many hundreds."

"If they had any spirit, any sense of honor, they would never expect you to do a thing for them—but there, how can one expect honor in any Lavergne!"

Frank was bitter; a Lavergne, an uncle of the two girls in question, had once defrauded him of every dollar he possessed, and he hated the very name; he despised all who bore it.

"If you were not going abroad, we might all live together for awhile," suggested Olive.

"Indeed, we might not! Amy I could look on almost as my sister; she is very like you, and is your half-sister; but Hortense and Regina can never live under the same roof with me. And then I *must* go abroad; my small salary will not allow me to lose such a chance to improve my pecuniary prospects. No, there is no way, that I can see, of your being my wife and still taking care of them."

"Couldn't they board with Eva?" cried Olive, as if she had settled the difficulty.

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"No!" replied Frank, angrily. "My sister doesn't take boarders; and if she did, I would not choose *those* girls as her first boarders."

"As you please."

Frank, like most men, could not jump at a conclusion very readily; Olive could. Like a flash it had revealed itself to her that if Hortense and Regina were boarding with Mrs. Eva Corbett, Frank's widowed sister, the five or six hundred that she would receive from them would relieve him from the necessity of paying her the three hundred a year which he now did out of his moderate salary, would provide a home for the girls, and leave Olive free to join Frank.

Leighton did not understand Olive's proposal; he was disappointed and angry because she had told him that she could not carry out their plans,—that she could not marry him and go abroad with him.

"If you cared very much about me, Olive, you would find some means of keeping your promise to me as well as that to your father. Those girls have no claim on you, your step-mother's daughters by a former marriage. Rent your house, give Hortense and Regina to understand that they must shift for themselves, and come with me."

Now, if Frank had made a petition of that instead of a command, if he had put his arm tenderly around her and had uttered those last three words in the tone of a true lover, not of a stern master, the probability is that Olive would have explained her proposition that they should board with Eva, and *that* Frank would have approved.

But he was angry, and she was tired and unnerved; her father had been dead but three months, and since his death she had had a great deal of care, not the least of which was the thought of the future of Hortense and Regina, when she discovered that they had been allowed by their indulgent mother to squander the small property left by their father, and when she learned that they knew of her promise to her father and expected her to keep it to the fullest extent.

"What is the use of going all over it again? I cannot break my promise to papa," answered

she so wearily that at any other time Frank would have pitied her.

"Say rather that you will not!" he exclaimed.

She made no reply. She said to herself, "I will not argue any more now; perhaps when we have both thought it over calmly, one of us can suggest some way out of our difficulty."

"Very well," continued Frank, as he sprang to his feet; "if you will not do this for my sake, if you will not consider me as well as those girls, your love for me cannot be very deep. I am glad I have found out, *before* marriage, how little heart you have."

Olive was so amazed that she did not interrupt him; indeed, while he was speaking she hardly comprehended the full force of his words.

"You will not consent to give up Hortense and Regina; I will not consent to play second fiddle to them or any one else. If you——"

"Why, Frank, what do you mean?"

"That our engagement has evidently been a great mistake, and our professed love entirely one-sided."

"So it would seem," answered Olive, bitterly; but to Frank's dull ears her voice sounded only indifferent; he answered:

"Then you really will not marry me and go to France with me?"

"I *cannot*—not now."

In his excitement he did not understand, perhaps hardly heard, the last two words. He replied, firmly:

"Then that ends the matter. I will never ask you again. I want no half-hearted wife. Good-morning."

And without one more glance at her he was gone.

Olive could not believe that his anger would last long; yet while it did continue she could say or do nothing new.

The girls referred to, Hortense and Regina Lavergne, were six and five years old when their widowed mother became Mr. Griffith's second wife; their father, a Frenchman, was a visionary but talented man, and by no means domestic; his daughters inherited his visionary disposition, but only in a slight degree his talents. They were pleasant, good-natured, and bright, and were almost like sisters to Olive, who was just between them in age. Mrs. Griffith had died but a year before Olive's father, and left one child by her

second marriage, Amy, now twelve years old. She was kind to Olive, making no difference between her and her own children, and was sincerely mourned at her death. Had she been the traditional step-mother, perhaps Olive would not have felt so much bound to Hortense and Regina.

This quarrel with Frank, though she did not believe it a serious one, set Olive thinking, and the result of her deliberations was that though she did not feel obliged to support Hortense and Regina in idleness all their lives, or until they married, they evidently expected her to do so. In justice to herself and to Frank she could not permit this; even Amy had no legal claim upon her fortune, as it had been bequeathed to her by her maternal grandfather after her mother's death. She determined to talk with Hortense, the more sensible of the two, and delicately hint to her that as she was twenty-two years old, and her sister but eighteen months her junior, she was quite old enough to take care of herself and induce Regina to do the same.

After supper that evening, as the four girls were sitting chatting in the soft twilight, Olive said:

"I think, girls, that we may as well discuss our future plans now as at any other time. Do you agree with me?"

"What plans?" asked Hortense.

"Where do you intend to live?"

"Why, here, I suppose!" replied Hortense; and Regina, opening her big black eyes to their widest extent, asked:

"Where else can we go?"

"You have two uncles; I thought——"

"Oh, it is no use to think of them, Olive," answered Hortense, earnestly. "Uncle Gustave is as poor as poverty, and Uncle Louis is traveling in Europe somewhere; besides, his wife hates us, and we hate her, don't we, Regina?"

"Thoroughly! Why, are we not to live here together as we've always done?"

"You know I expect to be married soon," began Olive; but Hortense interrupted her:

"And Frank Leighton don't like us. Very well, we will think of something, and let you know our decision to-morrow. Come, Regina, let's go up-stairs and talk it over; if we have got to go away to make room for Mr. Leighton, the sooner we do so the better," cried Hortense.

"Why not?" interposed clear-headed little Amy. "This house and its furniture are Olive's,

the little money that papa left belongs to her and me, and everything else is hers. Why should she support us three?"

"There is no law compelling her to do so," answered Hortense, coldly; "to be sure, some people (not the Leighton's, however) might think that her promise to her father would require her to give us a little out of her abundance—a shelter over our heads, at least. Come, Regina."

And the sisters sailed out of the room before Olive had a chance to say what her intentions might be. And indeed she hardly knew that herself; until after a calmer interview with Frank, she could not decide how much it would be best for her to give them, for she had never for an instant thought of turning them penniless out into the world.

The next morning she received a parcel from Frank containing her letters and gifts to him, also a brief note, saying, that as by her own decision their engagement was at an end, he returned her letters, and presumed she would destroy or return his. Instead of doing either, however, she wrote:

"I have just received your note. As you say our engagement was canceled by my decision, I am sure you misunderstood me yesterday; if you will call this afternoon or evening, I will make myself a little better comprehended. We were both somewhat worried yesterday, and perhaps I was less patient than I should have been."

Addressing and stamping it, she herself dropped it in the post-office.

Two days passed. Hortense had not yet announced her decision as to the future, and no notice had been taken by Frank of Olive's note; when twenty-four hours had thus passed, Olive did not know what to think.

"Olive, I've heard such a queer piece of news," cried Hortense, as she came in from a walk the second day.

"What is it?" asked Olive, listlessly.

"That Frank Leighton is engaged to Bertha Merrill! I think you might have told us that you had broken with Frank."

"I didn't care to discuss the matter," answered Olive, truthfully, yet evasively. "Who told you?"

"His sister Eva. She is very angry; she and Bertha never were friends, and she says when Frank came and told her that you and he were 'out' she cried like a baby. She says, 'Tell Olive

I know it was every bit Frank's fault;' she seemed to feel real bad."

That evening Olive returned Frank's letters and gifts.

Nothing more was said about the necessity for Hortense and Regina to leave her, and before the summer was over, both the girls were engaged to be married, so there was no necessity for them to speak again of earning their living.

In the meantime Leighton went abroad, but not as Benedict; Bertha Merrill had no notion of abridging her *trousseau*, and Frank exhibited no lover-like anxiety for her to do so. His engagement to Miss Merrill, a "young" lady who had been "out" so long that she had some reason to fear that she must dress St. Catherine's hair, was as much of a surprise to him as to his sister and Olive. He called upon Bertha the evening after his quarrel with Olive, and feeling in a reckless, nervous mood, had talked all manner of nonsense; he was not accustomed to indulge in idle badinage, and perhaps Bertha thought he was in earnest when he said that she was the only woman he ever loved; perhaps she considered herself justified in dropping her eyes and faltering out that his words had made her *so* happy; perhaps she was not trying to pin him to her when she exclaimed to her mother (who entered the room at that important crisis), "Oh, mamma, kiss me, and don't say *no* to Frank!"

It was an awkward predicament for poor Frank. Mrs. Merrill was perfectly sincere (whatever Bertha had been) in pouring out her happiness, pouring it out so volubly that Frank had no chance to explain. But what could he say or do? The Merrills were not people who could be insulted with impunity, and it would have been nothing less than an insult if Frank had said, "I was in jest when I said I loved her." Such jests were not customary.

So the summer waned. Olive held her peace and grieved in secret, mourning not Frank's defection only, but the loss of her ideal, for the man to whom she had given her heart was, she believed, too true and too devoted to change so suddenly. For Bertha, wearing her honors gracefully, took good care to let no one suspect, what she well knew, that Frank Leighton did not care any more for her than for twenty other girls of his acquaintance.

But Bertha Merrill was doomed to die unwed.

Early in the autumn she had a severe attack of brain-fever, from which her body recovered, but her mind relapsed into hopeless idiocy. Her parents wrote to Frank and begged him to hasten home, as the physicians united in saying that the only hope they had of restoring any semblance of reason was in his presence; if her lover's touch, her lover's voice, failed to rouse her dormant brain, then it was indeed a hopeless case. So in October he sailed for home; the fact that he cared nothing for Bertha did not retard his return, perhaps it facilitated it, for, having no love to give her, he felt that he owed her double service.

The second day out from Liverpool a stranger accosted him as he was quietly smoking his post-prandial cigar in the room devoted to burning incense to the goddess Nicotina:

"Beg pardon, sir," said he, "I heard some one address you as Mr. Leighton. May I ask how you spell it?"

Surprised, Frank informed him.

"And your Christian name is——?"

His interlocutor's tone robbed his words of all rude inquisitiveness; he answered:

"Frank Page."

"Yes; Frank P. Leighton, of No. 754 King street, New Hope."

"Pray how did you know that?"

The stranger opened a letter-case, and handed to Frank an unopened letter.

"This is for you, I think?"

Frank looked at him in amazement.

"Are you Neptune's letter-carrier?" he asked.

"For this occasion only. I don't wonder that you are surprised, so I will explain how I came by it. I have been in Russia and Sweden ever since last June, and my letters have sometimes had a hard time finding me. A few days ago, a week maybe, quite a number were sent me from Moscow; one of them, from a friend in New Hope, seemed uncommonly thick. I started to open it, and discovered that it was two instead of one. My friend had sealed her letter with extra care—and mucilage—and your letter had fallen on it, face down, while the mucilage was still soft; the two letters had thus become stuck together, and got into the foreign mail-bag as one, traveled half over Europe as one, and at last were separated by me. I trust this delay will not prove of any serious consequence to you. I could not help seeing that it was from a lady."

It was Olive's letter, which now reached Frank for the first time after so long a journey.

As he read it he cursed his own folly in having been so ready to judge Olive harshly. What could he do now? Nothing. He was pledged to Bertha, and was now on his way home to try his best to restore her to life. If he succeeded, as Mrs. Merrill seemed convinced he would, he would be more than ever bound to keep his word, for who could say what might be the result if he turned from her? And if she remained imbecile, how long would it be before he would feel justified in considering himself free to again woo Olive? Could he hope that Olive still loved him, and would ever be ready to listen to his apologies and explanations? These and a hundred similar questions harassed him during the voyage.

At last he was in New York. At last he entered the cars for New Hope, and there sat Olive Griffith! Half her seat was empty, and he requested permission to sit beside her. He fancied that she changed color when she recognized him, but the station was dark and the car darker. After a few commonplace remarks on both sides, Frank suddenly said:

"Olive, did you ever wonder why I did not reply to your last note? why I did not visit you that evening?"

"I so soon heard of your betrothal to poor Bertha, that I had little opportunity to wonder at anything else," replied Olive, trying to make her words sound indifferent, but an unintentional emphasis on the last word gave Frank courage.

"I am not surprised that you wondered at that," began he; but she interrupted him:

"I did not say that I wondered at it. Why should I have done so? I trust that your return will prove beneficial to her."

No reply. She continued, for silence now was too suggestive:

"Eva is anxiously expecting you; I saw her at the wedding last week."

"Wedding? Whose wedding?"

"A double one, that of Hortense and Regina."

"We needn't have quarreled over their future, need we?" said Frank, sadly.

Again no reply. This time it was Frank to bridge the silence:

"Olive, that note of yours went to Moscow before it reached me; had I received it sooner——"

"How came it to go to Moscow?" asked Olive, hastily.

So Frank related its wanderings, and added:

"What a miserable fool I was? Can you forgive me? Can you——"

"Forgive? Oh, yes; but remember, you are Bertha Merrill's *fiancé*."

"I will tell her all, Olive; I know she will free me. Then may I come to you?" Frank queried anxiously.

"It may be years before she will be sane enough to release you willingly and with safety to herself. Meantime you are bound in honor to think of no other woman."

"Must I marry a woman I do not love? Must I make myself wretched and—yes, I can see it in your face, Olive, you do love me still! I cannot wreck the happiness of you and me both,

for the sake of trying to make Bertha happy! I will not! I will tell her——"

"Nothing! You will say nothing to her, if you are the honest man I think you, until you are sure her mind is restored. Put off your marriage, if you wish——"

"If I wish!" echoed Frank.

"New Hope!" shouted the conductor, and the train paused at the station.

As Frank stepped from the car, Mr. Merrill's book-keeper hastened to him, saying:

"Are you come at last! This way, I have a carriage here."

"How is Bertha?" asked Olive.

The young man hesitated.

"How is she? She cannot be worse?" reiterated Olive.

"No; she died an hour ago."

FONTAINEBLEAU.

By A. L. BASSETT.

AMONG the royal palaces of England and France I found none more interesting than Fontainebleau. History has made us familiar with the many romantic and tragic scenes enacted within its walls, and fiction, with its fascinating mingling of truth and falsehood, has thrown its glamour around it; but that which gives it its greatest charm is the fact that modern improvements have been excluded from many of its chambers and not allowed to sweep away with ruthless hands the souvenirs of those who loved, laughed, suffered, or reveled beneath its roof.

After a delightful *déjeuner à la fourchette* at one of the *cafés* in the Palais Royal, we hurried to the railway station, but arrived only in time to see our train slowly moving off from the platform, leaving us to meditate, for an hour or more, upon our indiscretion in lingering at table, before the next train bore us swiftly away from Paris toward the small town of Fontainebleau. At the end of two hours we gladly exchanged the dusty car for an omnibus, which conveyed us up a pretty shaded street to the château.

Passing through an arched gateway, we entered a large, stone-paved courtyard and beheld the grand palace. It is built of glaring red brick,

with a steep roof adorned with windows, and has a broad flight of stone steps leading up to the main entrance. No statues claimed our notice and made us linger in the courtyard as at Versailles, and we entered the château with a feeling of disappointment, expecting to find the interior as modestly unpretending as the outer walls. We had only to cross the threshold and look up, to discover how glorious a mediæval palace could be even in the comparatively primitive days of Francis I. and Henry IV. Gilding in richest profusion beamed dazzlingly down upon us, and exquisitely frescoed faces laughed on the lofty ceilings at our republican ignorance and simplicity.

The first apartment which the guide showed us was about fifty feet long, with its walls entirely covered with most beautiful miniature paintings on Sèvres porcelain. Hours might have been spent in studying these *petite* but enchanting creations of art, delicately copied by the fairy fingers of the wondrous fire-spirit that dwells in the furnaces of Sèvres; but we were hurried through this fascinating room with such provoking impatience, that memory had only time to photograph mentally a few of the historical scenes presented to our view. One of these was a picture

of Louis XIV. and Madame de Maintenon. The "grand monarch," who obeyed none of his own laws, is bending over the back of a chair, in which sits his last love, with an expression of eager devotion worthy of a youth of twenty-one, while Madame de Maintenon has her eyes cast down with a well-affected appearance of shrinking modesty. This jesuitical actress has seen many fair women play her part and retire from the palace stage scorned and humiliated; she knows how *they* moved their pieces on that checker-board of life and lost the game by the enemy capturing their king, so she gains her point by feigning a retreat; she guiles her adversary to the battleground her wisdom has chosen, and there conquers. The painter has been lavish in his gifts of grace and beauty to both the royal lover and his mistress; he, in his powdered wig and splendid dress richly adorned with lace, appears both youthful and handsome, and she is "passing fair" with her soft smooth brown hair, and dark eyes fringed by long dark lashes.

A second picture I may mention, for it, like many others, was wonderful from the number of perfect figures depicted upon a piece of porcelain not more than twelve inches square. It gave us a glimpse of the bed-chamber of Marie de Medici, soon after the birth of Louis XIII. The queen lies beneath the silken canopy of her couch, supported by pillows, gazing with proud affection upon the tiny infant that Henry IV. holds aloft to be admired by a crowd of gaily-dressed courtiers; they are evidently shouting their welcome to the heir who has come to establish his father more firmly on his blood-stained throne.

From this gallery of "fine china," as it might be called, we passed to another filled with oil-paintings of French victories on land and sea. Many of these were worthy of mention; but descriptions of pictures give only a poor idea of them and rarely interest the reader, though charming to the art-loving sight-seer, so I venture to name but one, and that one because it gave us Americans a hearty laugh at the expense of our French allies. It was the "final order for the attack at Yorktown." On the homely porch of an old house (which does very well for the Nelson homestead) stands a group of officers, looking eager and excited; some with eyes fixed upon the troops in the distance already in motion, some listening attentively to the orders being given. The most

conspicuous person in this national memorial of victorious France is General Rochambeau, a fine-looking fellow indeed, for whom the artist's admiration was so great that he slightly confused the historical records of that fortunate day, and in his enthusiasm makes it appear as if General Rochambeau was giving instead of receiving the order for the final attack upon the British. General Washington stands modestly on one side of the apparent commander-in-chief.

Henry IV. is seen here as frequently, and in as many different garbs, as Louis XIV. at Versailles. In one comparatively small room, called for him *le salle de Henri le Grand*, we found a fine equestrian statue of him and also a full-length portrait. Wherever his intelligent face meets the eye, it bears the same striking individuality,—that characteristic which, combined with boldness and diplomacy, won for him the title of Great.

The library is large and beautifully symmetrical. At one end of the room is an exquisite painting of Joan of Arc taking her vow at the wayside shrine of the Virgin; at the other end another picture, equally beautiful, representing Diana of Poitiers pleading for her father.

Two immense globes, once the property of Napoleon I, stood near the door, one of which I thoughtlessly turned in passing, and then laughed outright at the furious anger of our guide. He stamped his foot and gesticulated in the wildest manner, while he poured forth a volley of reproofs and exhortations for the future about one-tenth of which I comprehended. I believe all Americans have an insane desire to touch the relics they see; it is surely a bad habit, and one that deserves censure.

We next visited a magnificent suite of apartments fitted up by Louis XIII. Here no modern upholsterer has ever been allowed to enter and disturb the silent, mournful souvenirs of those who calmly slept, or tossed and moaned, beneath the faded silken canopies that hang in heavy folds above the ponderous beds, just as they hung centuries ago, when they were nightly drawn aside by hands that have long since mingled with the dust.

The first chamber we entered was carpeted with Gobel tapestry, and the same famous material draped the walls and covered the antique furniture. Its bright colors have long since vanished in the sunshine which crept in years ago through

the old windows, and now only a dead-leaf brown relieves the yellowish white ground of the canvas. An immense bedstead with high posts stands conspicuously forth, occupying a goodly portion of the floor; heavy gold-embroidered crimson velvet curtains shroud the royal couch, which is covered with a velvet spread to correspond with the curtains. Here Marie Antoinette laid her weary limbs after an exhausting hour with "Madame Etiquette," who could not permit a queen even to assist in dressing or disrobing herself. Here Josephine tried in the still hours of darkness to resign herself to her fate, and tearfully gazed upon the magnificence around her which would speedily welcome the heartless, frivolous Maria Louisa, and here Marie Amélie and Eugénie slumbered peacefully in the early days of their reign.

In the closet opening into this room is shown the marble bath of Marie Antoinette, in which she laved the fair throat then so unconscious of its cruel destiny; also her golden ewer and Sèvres basin. The shape of the first is anything but graceful; it looks like an inverted flower-pot with a handle attached. One just like it occupied a humble position on the washstand in my chamber at the Hotel du Sonore, only mine was made of plebeian tin. The basin was immense, and was covered with delicately-colored flowers. Quaint cabinets, elaborately carved and filled with drawers, here supplied the place of the bureau in our luxurious modern homes.

The second apartment of this suite, next Marie Antoinette's ante-chamber, is gorgeously decorated, and rivals in elegance the royal *salons*. It was occupied, we were told, by Pius VII. from June 19, 1812, until January 24, 1814, when he was the prisoner-guest of Napoleon I., who, during this period of splendid but real imprisonment, forced the pope to ratify himself the celebrated *concordat*, to which he had before been compelled to agree through his cardinal. The old bed with its embroidered silk canopy and coverlet was immense, quite large enough, it seemed to me, to have accommodated comfortably all three of the rival claimants to the Papal throne, who, a few centuries before, distracted the Christian world by fighting for the "triple crown." Gobelin tapestry covered this floor also, and the rich gilded furniture, heavy and cumbrous as it was, would have made an antiquarian wild with delight.

Opening into the pope's sanctum is a handsomely

furnished waiting-room, which was used by the cardinals. The windows to these apartments were all curtained with heavy white silk, bordered with crimson, blue, and gold-embroidered bands. These must be comparatively modern; for all the state apartments are similarly draped, and the silk looks quite white and fresh still.

Wandering on through innumerable halls and galleries, we paused a moment to look at the small round mahogany table on which Napoleon I. (with a mental reservation) signed his abdication. The guide lifted the top, and showed us the silver plate beneath commemorating the event.

The emperor's *salle de spectacle* quite dazzled us with its brilliant coloring. Gold-colored satin, thickly wadded with cotton, made a soft-cushioned covering for walls and furniture; the effect is striking, but not gaudy, and it is without exception the most elegantly decorated theatre I ever saw. We entered the gallery, in which are the seats for the emperor and his court, and looked down upon the stage and the pit, which is appropriated to such guests as may be honored with an invitation to witness the play. The stage was destitute of scenery or furniture, and gave us no idea of the possible effect of a tragedy or comedy acted there.

A person's character is often betrayed by the inanimate objects surrounding her. The arrangement of flower-vases, the unconscious position of chairs and tables, the open work-basket or desk, all tell their voiceless story of care or neglect, of neatness or slovenliness. Every one has felt the truth of this, and it is this which makes us gaze with interest upon the special sanctum of any great man or woman; but I never was more impressed with the correctness of the idea than when I stood in the bed-chamber of Madame de Maintenon. Remote as it is from the grand state apartments, one seems suddenly transported to the retreat of some wealthy devotee, who, though forced to be in the world, sought to prove herself not of it. Very diminutive is the room the puritanical widow Scarron called her own. A plain, narrow bedstead stands uncurtained against the wall, by the side of which are three carpeted steps, on which her bare feet trod nightly when, weary with the scheming, the strategy, the masquerade of the day, she sought rest and refreshment in sleep. She needed repose, poor woman! in order to prepare her for the fast-coming acts of the

tragedy in which she, as the "power behind the throne," was to make laws to gratify her Jesuit prompters. The small space between the walls afforded standing-room for but little furniture; this, though of rich material, was sombre in coloring,—gilding and brilliant hues were banished from her presence. Her "closet," or dressing-room, was but a niche in the old palace walls. In the days of farthingales one must have mounted upon the washstand in order to turn around without crushing the delicate pearl fringe that at that time adorned many a court-train. The marble bath was without ornament, and the ewer and basin were in concert with the pervading simplicity of each costly article of her toilet. Her spirit seemed hovering around us, mutely striving to persuade us that circumstances, not strategy, duty, not inclination, had placed her an unwilling, veiled queen in the royal palace of France, with no alternative left her but to make the best of her position and use it for the good of the nation and the benefit of the Church.

Weary with our walk through miles of those long corridors and magnificent galleries and state apartments, we were glad to sit down at last beneath the shadow of the grand old trees and rest our tired limbs, our aching eyes, and exhausted minds, which had vainly striven to store away a treasure of precious memories beyond the power of any human being to dispose of in the most capacious brain.

The grounds around Fontainebleau cannot compare with the landscape-gardens of Versailles; but the broad walks are very lovely, overshadowed as they are by trees whose trunks tower like gigantic columns on either side of you, while their branches, artistically cut, form arches of emerald above your head. An artificial lake ripples close to your feet as you wander through the winding paths, with pretty water-fowl floating on the placid, cloud-reflecting surface of the pond; some idly drifting about, looking complacently at their graceful shadows in the liquid mirror, while others were hurrying towards the tiny green island in the centre of the lake, which is crowned by a picturesque rustic temple, where they seemed to find food.

Seated beneath the whispering branches of the trees, with the *forêt de Bicore* (which covers sixty-four square miles), stretching far off in the distance, carpeted with wild-flowers, from which is extracted a delicious perfume, one would dream for hours of this haunted château and the scenes enacted within its walls,—scenes of feasting, of revelry, and of blood,—for it was here that the strange, stern Queen Christina, of Sweden, had her equerry, Count Monaldeschi, executed in 1654; but "time and tide" and railway trains wait for nobody, and after reviving our exhausted energies by some dinner at the château hotel, we bade adieu to Fontainebleau and its empty, voiceless palace, and turned our faces again toward Paris.

A HEART-ECHO.

By JAMES HUNGERFORD.

"I LOVE thee!" These words of endearment my heart
Forever is softly and fondly repeating
In days, slow and gloomy, that keep us apart;
In hours that unite us, so happy and fleeting.
Oh, darling, I know that thy faith is as bright,
Thy love is as true as the heaven above thee;
And, therefore, I say, with the fullest delight,
With trust that is earnest and perfect, "I love thee!"

"I love thee!" So knew I the moment we met,
When first thy mild looks rested tenderly on me;
That sweet soul-expression I ne'er can forget,
Revealing the beautiful spirit that won me.

There never has been, since that happiest hour
When but thy dear glances I needed to prove thee,
A moment I could not have sworn, with the power
Of all my full heart, before heaven, "I love thee!"

"I love thee!" Though fortune be gloomy as night,
With faith in thy faith I can never be cheerless;
Thy love to my life is a ceaseless delight,
O'er all other pleasures unconquered and peerless.
Best, dearest! Oh, would I had words that were rife
With light and with warmth from the heaven above thee,
To tell to thy true heart, thou life of my life,
My joy and my darling, how wholly I love thee!

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

BY LOUISE SEYMOUR HOUGHTON.

TAKING it for granted that Jack built it with a view to matrimony, and in the expectation that Jill would come to his aid in the matter of furnishing, the point is to give Jill a few hints which may be of use to her in the task. As a matter of course, Jill is a little artistic; or, if she dare not call herself quite that, yet she fain would be so; and Jack, too, though with ideas of the crudest, has yet a real longing after the beautiful, and a determination to seek after it, as far as may be, in the sweet, new, untried life.

The matter of first importance, then, in the outset, will be for them both to take courage from the consideration that their delight in pretty things, and in the art-work to which it naturally tends, is not, as some people rather scoffingly affirm, the result of an art "craze,"—which will pass away like any other craze,—a mere transitory fashion. Far from this, it is the result of long years of steady upward progress among the few, and of honest work and study. The early years of our history were too much crowded with other and sterner needs, to spare much time for ministering to one part of our nature which, nevertheless, has all the time cried out for nourishment, and in the later years has made itself heard by some who had the time to listen. Their long, patient efforts to meet this want, which they felt in themselves, and which they knew was crying out dumbly in their fellows, have at length been rewarded by the revival of those dying instincts which now, full-fed and strengthened, will not again be put down.

Therefore, let both Jack and Jill take courage in their work, knowing that they are obeying no idle whim of fashion, which a few years hence will issue a contradictory command, but that they are laying the corner-stone of a better and more enduring edifice than their house; namely, a home which shall be a thing of beauty to them, and an influence for good to all who may come within its sphere.

This, of course, only as far as they work intelligently and in accordance with the dictates of real taste. Mistakes they will make in abundance,

but in these they will at least have the consolation of not being singular. It is indeed laughable, but for the pity of it, to see the horrors daily perpetrated under the name of household art; and although they are really the outgrowth of a movement in the right direction, yet we cannot be surprised to learn that in London an anti-æsthetic society has been formed (by husbands and fathers, presumably) with the object of putting down the sham and affectation of higher culture, and suppressing the æsthetic "slang" which does so much duty by way of conversation just now.

It is comforting to reflect that wherever there is a sham there must have been first the real thing, and to know that shams are in their nature frail and perishable, while the real lasts on. The principle of "survival of the fittest" holds good in the department of household taste, at least; and wherever we find an idea which has held its own, even for a few years, to that idea we may hold fast in pretty assured hope that we have found something really of value.

But we are wandering away from the consideration of the house that Jack built. We may be sure that Jill has seen to it that it is not a very small house. Jack may, perhaps, have urged that a tiny little house would be the more snug and cozy, and could be fitted up all the more completely. But Jill will have remembered that too small a house leads to removal, and to the consequent destruction of all the pretty household goods; and when the lares take their flight, who can imagine the direful result? No; the house which Jack builds will be amply large, even though its size necessitates rather sparing furnishing at first.

That indeed will be found to be one of the prime advantages of a house somewhat larger than they require. The furnishing need not be done all at once. With all the help which will come from artistic friends and æsthetic upholsterers, and better still, with all the really sensible notions which both Jack and Jill have discussed over and over again, they will constantly find themselves repenting of something. Better thoughts will

come to them; their artistic taste will be educated by whatever pretty and fitting things they will have gathered about them; their very mistakes will teach them, and they will know better what they really want. Best of all will be the daily delight of making the new house more and more complete. Every one remembers how precious used to be the doll or the skates or the story-book for which one had been longing for ages before the birthday which brought it; how much more precious than the unlooked-for gift which seemed to have been sprung upon one quite unhopèd for. So Jill will find that the loveliest thing in all her house will be that picture or hanging or rug that she had really needed for ever so long, for which, perhaps, she had privately been making up a little purse before that delicious day when Jack took her out to choose her own "Christmas." No danger of mistakes then! She had had weeks and months to consider, and knew exactly what was pretty and tasteful, and she knew, too, the very shop where the best and most artistic thing of the kind was to be bought for the smallest cost; for had not "looking" been the secret relish of her walks for six months or more?

There is one great advantage in living in the very house that Jack built, and which is sure to be the house for years,—an advantage quite beyond the pleasure of possession. It will be well worth while to make it pretty outside. I do not mean architecturally just now, nor by any of those devices of paint and other decorations which fall rather within Jack's province,—after due consultation with Jill, of course,—but by things in her own particular department. She will find it quite worth while to set out some of those climbing-plants of which we have now so many beautiful varieties, and which are themselves the best and most permanent of decorations. Though they be long in growing, she can afford to wait and to take the yearly comfort of their development, and meantime she will have her window-boxes. It is good to see this fashion so steadily gaining ground, although, except perhaps in the windows of some of the best restaurants, we are still far behind the French and Germans in the matter of window-flowers. One has no idea, until one makes the experiment, how our ugly house-fronts can be transfigured by this use of flowers and foliage-plants; but, the experiment once made, it will be found to be one of the most permanent of house-

hold delights,—a succession of sweet surprises,—by which in time the whole home will become transfigured.

While the vines and plants are growing, Jill will go on with her furnishing, in which we are all permitted to be accessory before the fact. And at the very outset we find ourselves confronted with a principle which is a recognized canon of household taste. "Get a definite idea of the general effect you wish to produce before deciding upon particulars;" the harmony of the whole is a cardinal point in house decoration. "But I have not a definite idea," interrupts Jill, just here, "and I don't exactly know what you mean by such a thing." Perhaps not; though, no doubt, her ideas are more definite than she supposes. We all have an inkling of those delicious day-dreams which have come to her by way of the needle which helped to fashion her *trousseau*. No doubt she has succeeded in conveying to Jack a pretty clear notion of the fair dream-realm which he is to share with her, and no doubt, too, those wild, impossible ideas of his, "so like a man," over which she has laughed a dozen times, have yet been incorporated into her home-pictures, and have gone some little way toward giving them tone and vigor. Somewhat vague, as yet, they are, of course, but whenever she sets herself persistently to think out her dreams, she will find them taking on more definite form than she now has any idea of.

It is evident, however, that we who have not shared the dreams, nor overheard Jack's ridiculous suggestions, would be quite out of place in giving the definite instructions which Jill most probably thinks she wants, and would simply mar that unity of design which will be the chief beauty of the new home. A few general principles may help her to realize her own vague notions, and that is all that she will need until she has learned what it is precisely that she wants to know.

First of all, we will beg her not to be afraid of sunlight in the new house. This is not speaking figuratively, though there is a figure there, and a truth in it; nor is it on sanitary grounds that we would urge Jill to throw her windows wide open to the sunlight, although such grounds ought to be sufficient. But there is no such thing of beauty as the sunshine. Who has not, once in her life, at least, gone into some old-fashioned kitchen,—perhaps they are not so common now as when

some of us were younger,—with its dark rag carpet on the floor, and its straight-backed chairs set stiffly against the yellow-washed wall, and its unbeautiful cook-stove, and with the sunlight streaming in at the west window, flooding every nook and cranny with glory and bringing out the immaculate afternoon neatness, and has not exclaimed, involuntarily, “Oh, how lovely! How sweet and cosy this is!”

The sun is the great art-teacher, too, in that he opens our eyes to see, and that is really what we most need. It is not so much taste as sight we lack; the taste is false, because we do not see truly. Does any one doubt it? Does Jill, at least? Let her try to draw a three-legged camp-stool, and see what she makes of it if she really thinks she sees what she is looking at. One needs no art-teaching to draw seven tolerably straight lines, and the seven lines in the right place will make the camp-stool. Has she put them there? No, for she does not know where they are! Then let her welcome the sunlight, and let it anoint her eyes that they may really see.

One of the first lessons that it will teach her will be that there is too much color in most rooms. They do look better with blinds closed and curtains drawn, for the half-light subdues the brilliant hues, and in the darkness we remember they are entirely gone, which would be an excellent thing if one could make it permanent.

Quiet designs and neutral tints on floor and walls are much more effective than bright and showy ones. One reason for this is found in what is generally considered the first principle of decorative art, although we have put the sunlight before it. “Never go out of your way to make a thing or a material look like what it is not.” Now walls and floor are flat surfaces,—the framing of the home. One would not wish to distract attention from the brilliance or richness of one’s jewels by any mere prettiness in their setting. The pictures, the ornaments, the articles of furniture in one’s rooms, may all, even though not costly, be artistic, and capable of giving true artistic delight. A work of art wall-paper could not be, were it never so elaborately expensive; and although some carpets and rugs do come under that designation, they are assuredly not the most showy ones. The floor is designed for walking upon, and to leave it bare would probably be the most artistic way of treating it, but for certain

considerations of comfort and convenience, which are the prime objects even of “high” decorative art. A bare floor of valuable woods would most probably be more expensive than Jack could well afford. If made of pine, it will be ugly. Whatever its material, it is noisy, easily defaced, and in our climate uncomfortably cold. And Jill will therefore do wisely to cover at least some portion of hers; but whatever she decides upon doing with it, she must remember that it is a floor she is furnishing, and not a flower-garden nor a forest, nor the façade of a temple, nor any other absurd and impossible thing. Moss is soft and beautiful,—damp also, frequently. Jill would not walk upon it in her dainty morning slippers. And the more exquisitely delicate and real may be the flowers in her carpet, the greater reluctance will she feel in ruthlessly trailing her long home-dress over them. Nor will Jack be inclined, on coming home after a long day’s work, to climb up the best-proportioned of vine-wreathed columns, nor to perch upon the most classic of scroll-embellished pedestals. The floor is flat, and should be treated flatly; and this is one reason why good authorities in decorative art insist that all natural objects must be “conventionalized” when imitated in this branch of art; that is, not drawn in relief and shaded, but drawn after geometrical principles, and made to appear perfectly flat. This seems, at first, a disagreeable doctrine to those of us who have really enjoyed the naturalness of many of the pretty flowers and fruits upon our carpets and upholstery; but the more one reflects upon it, the more one becomes convinced of its truth.

If the paper on the walls presents only quiet tints and unobtrusive forms, the pictures and other ornaments about the rooms will stand out in all the brighter relief. So Jill must not allow herself to be wheedled into buying any of the dark, richly-decorated papers which have lately been “all the rage.” The shopman may treat with scorn her request for a light-tinted small-patterned paper, and say, as one did to me, three months ago, that “nobody would have such a paper even in the kitchen!” but let her not fear him, he is perfectly harmless. However, as the fashion of dark paper, like so many of this world’s fashions, is passing away, Jill’s art instincts will not, perhaps, be put to any such severe test.

The fashionable style of dividing the wall

latitudinally is one which Jill will be glad to follow. There is everything in favor of it, and though the fashion may, and probably will, eventually go "out," let us keep to it till the last moment. There are several different methods of this treatment. The most common, we all know, is that of "dado and frieze:" a band three or four feet high, of a darker, richer paper, above the the surbase, separated from the body of the wall by a strip which represents the old-fashioned chair-rail, and below the cornice again a border from a few inches to two or three feet deep, according to the height of the ceiling, and the money to be allowed for the wall-paper. It is very nice to have the "chair-rail" a real rail or moulding of wood stained and polished, and another narrower one below the frieze. The space between dado and frieze need not, in that case, be papered, but, if Jill prefers, painted, or, better still, kalsomined in some delicate tint, which will bring out her pictures beautifully, is inexpensive and very neat, as it can be freshly done as often as she likes. The dado should be darker than the rest of the wall, and the upper border or frieze should be bright, repeating the colors of the dado on a lighter tone of the same grounding; gilt, if it cannot be afforded elsewhere, is so effective in the frieze that at least a little sparkle of it should be managed there.

A very pretty way to treat a wall, which is not

quite as common as the dado-and-frieze style, has one real advantage. Let the paper or paint or kalsomine run from surbase up as high as the top of the picture-frames—say seven or eight feet. Carry a wooden moulding around it, and have the wall above treated in an entirely different manner, either in a plain neutral tint with a bright line under the cornice, if the wall below be papered in a small arabesque or conventional pattern, or, if it be tinted, let the upper part be covered with a bright rich paper in the frieze style. The pictures being then hung upon the rail or moulding, the picture-cords, which are always unsightly, are no longer necessary, and Jill will be spared the trouble of finding a stud to hold her picture-nails, which she will otherwise discover to be one of the most perplexing of all her house-furnishing problems.

Whatever she decides to do, let her not be frightened out of it by the superciliousness of shopmen, nor by the doubts and fears of inquiring friends, who will assuredly begin, before her work is half complete, with "Oh! are you going to have it so?" "Do you think that will be pretty?" Let her get all the ideas she can from them and every one else, and then go on and do as seems best to herself. Only by this course can she possibly achieve anything like success in furnishing and making beautiful the house which Jack had so thoroughly and painstakingly built.

SOMETHING ABOUT MARY SOMERVILLE.

By M. H. FORD.

MANY people, and especially many people belonging to the "superior sex," have an idea that woman's brain is not fitted for the comprehension of great things; that domestic and intellectual qualifications counteract each other, and that if a woman penetrates very deeply into trigonometry, for instance, her knowledge of pastry is apt to be rather shallow. It frequently happens also that women who devote themselves to intellectual pursuits are either unmarried, and free from the cares of domestic life, or are so situated, in spite of encumbering husbands, that the ordinary feminine occupations sit but lightly upon their shoulders. Therefore the astute masculine

draws down the corners of his mouth, and, pointing his index finger at these lawless individuals, observes, "Look, now, where are their firesides? Did they ever darn a pair of socks?" forgetting that Tennyson never chops his own wood, while Spinoza did not think it necessary to relieve his philosophical labors by working in a blacksmith's shop.

There is one woman, however, whose life was a complete refutation of all such opinions. A learned woman she was, so learned that John Stuart Mill, on receiving a letter which she sent him, speaking highly of his book on the "Subjection of Women," wrote to her, saying, "Such praise from you is

sufficient reward for having written the book ;" while Faraday, the candid, earnest scientist, addressed her thus : " I almost doubt when I think I have your approbation to some degree at least in what I have thought or said about gravitation, the forces of Nature, their conservation," etc.

Mary Somerville was the daughter of a Scotch admiral, and belonged to that same family of Fairfax which counted the mother of Washington among its connections. She passed her early life in the little town of Burntisland, near Edinburgh, among surroundings which gave but slight promise of that intellectual development to which she afterward attained. As late as 1790 the Scotch entertained very narrow ideas upon the education of woman, and if a lady was taught how to read and write, and keep accounts, besides being instructed in the mysteries of housekeeping, she was considered very well educated, while the pursuit of any more extended branches of study was believed to render her incapable of fulfilling her wifely and motherly duties. The Fairfax family, though by no means illiberal, shared the prejudices of their age, and Mrs. Somerville did not even receive what is now called a "common-school education."

When she was twelve years old she could read intelligibly enough for her own enjoyment, but was unable to read aloud without making the most absurd blunders in pronunciation. Her father coming home from a long voyage at this time, found her a "hoyden," and declared that she must be sent somewhere to learn writing and decorum ! So she was placed at a fashionable boarding-school, where her little form was fastened into tight stays of a very uncomfortable design, and she was taught reading and writing. After remaining here a year, it was decided that she had received sufficient education, so she was brought home once more, and immediately became more of a "hoyden" than before in her joy at regaining her liberty.

Mary Fairfax was anything but a dunce, however, and she soon began to develop tendencies which showed the bent of her mind, and hinted at the proficiency she would afterward gain in certain lines of thought. She spent her winters in Edinburgh with her mother, learning painting, music, and dancing, and studying Latin and Greek, "because she had nothing else to do."

The little incident which attracted her attention

to mathematical studies was rather singular, showing how slight a thing frequently turns a current strong enough to influence a life. She was invited to attend a tea-party with her mother, and among the older guests was a young lady with whom she became acquainted, and who asked her to go and see some fancy-work she was doing. She went to visit her next day, and while there looked at a fashion magazine with colored plates, in which she saw what at first appeared to be an arithmetical puzzle, but turning the page she found some strange looking lines with X's and Y's. Upon asking their meaning, she was told that it was a "new kind of arithmetic, called algebra," and this was all she learned about the matter.

She could not forget those odd-looking lines, however, and waited patiently for an opportunity to learn something more upon the subject. She studied navigation, hoping this would supply her need ; but the only light she gained from it was the discovery that astronomy does not consist in merely watching the stars. At length a tutor was engaged for her brothers, and she ventured to lay her troubles before him. She had not dared to mention the subject to any of her friends, knowing they would disapprove most decidedly of such inclinations. The tutor, however, was sympathetic, and procured her the books she needed ; and after demonstrating a few problems in geometry with him, she pursued her studies alone and in secret.

From this time, one may say, her fate was marked out for her and her troubles began, troubles which embittered all the first half of her life and left their impress upon her temperament in the sensitiveness and diffidence which always formed her chief characteristics. Scarcely ever has a human being been endowed with such an overmastering thirst for knowledge, and seldom has a thirst remained so unquenchable through life.

Her intellectual tastes met not the slightest encouragement from any source ; she was obliged to study in secret, and could not speak to any of her intimate associates of the subjects which interested her so deeply. The only time she had for prosecuting her mathematical studies was at night when the family had retired. Then she was accustomed to rise, and read far into small hours, finding ample refreshment in the knowledge she gained. This practice, however, she was not allowed to pursue uninterruptedly,—fortunately

for her health, perhaps,—for one of the maids discovered her intellectual way of sleeping, and when Lady Fairfax complained of the manner in which her candles were wasted, she told her that “it was little wonder the candles didn’t last long when Miss Mary sat up till morning reading.” So candles were prohibited, and the indefatigable girl immediately began to review what she had learned, demonstrating problem after problem from memory, and fixing firmly in her mind the foundation for that intellectual superstructure which she was one day to build.

So she went on, year after year, keeping her mind ever on the alert for fresh opportunities, occasionally obtaining a book which gave her a new start. Yet the progress she made must have been very discouraging, for, in spite of her eagerness to work and advance, she had absolutely no chance. Fortunately, though very sensitive, she possessed a quiet, patient temperament. She was one of those who can wait. She never stormed or raved about her disappointments, her lack of sympathy and appreciation, but buried it all quietly in her heart and trudged on, keeping Parnassus steadily in view.

At last there came a change, though not in all respects a change for the better. She married her cousin, Mr. Greig, and went to live in London. This union does not seem to have been a love-match, on her part at least; for her husband was entirely uncongenial to her, took no interest in her pursuits and ambitions, and in fact regarded them as rather unwomanly and reprehensible. She did not, however, relinquish her studies, but kept on whenever she was able, hoping for better times.

Thus far our sketch has dealt chiefly with the student side of Mrs. Somerville’s character, but she was by no means a cold, unsocial bookworm. On the contrary, she was remarkable for the harmonious development of her character. While she became one of the most learned—perhaps the most learned—of women, she was simple and unpretending in feeling and taste. She was always a devoted wife and mother; educating her children herself during their early years, and, after her second marriage, living in the closest and most tender union with her husband. Fond of society, she enjoyed the theatre and opera, as well as social entertainments, and felt keenly the deprivation of such pleasures. In her youth she

was quite a belle, for, though without a dowry, she was very pretty, and considered attractive by the young gallants who moved in her circle. Moreover, she could cook, and once, when Mr. Somerville was sick, astonished his critical relatives by making him some delicious currant-jelly. She was also passionately fond of music and art. She always found time to practice four or five hours a day, until advanced in years, and played Beethoven, Clementi, and Mozart with delight and appreciation. She painted, too, and loved to reproduce on canvas the scenes and phenomena of Nature, which she loved so well.

So that if Mrs. Somerville had never penetrated the mysteries of the higher mathematics she would have been considered an extremely accomplished woman. Her mental activity was, in short, marvelous, and it manifested itself in every direction, leaving no part of her nature poverty-stricken, making her loving, tender, sympathetic, as well as learned and strong.

When she was about thirty-three years of age her husband died, leaving her with a small fortune and two boys to care for. She took her children and went home to her father’s house. And now, at last, she felt that her opportunity was come. She was independent, and could follow her own tastes. She shut herself up within the friendly limits of home, refused all invitations to go elsewhere, bought books and studied. Her mind was ripe for the knowledge she had been deprived of so long, and her progress of course was marvelous.

From this time forward her life was as happy and full of sunshine as it had formerly been obscured by clouds. She married again, after a time, and this marriage was all that could be desired. Mr. Somerville was a man of culture and liberality, proud of his wife, and eager to assist her in every way. He possessed considerable literary ability, and had been a great traveler, but he was indolent, and preferred to assist his wife in her labors, rather than make an effort to become an author himself.

Their union was an ideal one in its sympathetic strength. They studied, read, walked, and talked together. They became interested in mineralogy, and collected stones and minerals, spending their evenings in classifying and discussing them. They became interested in botany, in geology,—in fact, it is difficult to say what this phenomenal couple did not become interested in. Mr. Somerville’s

sole thought seemed to be to stimulate and encourage his wife, and it is almost impossible to estimate the effect of his companionship and sympathy upon her genius.

Their tastes and position threw them into a delightful set of people, and they had the benefit of friends who never failed to teach them something. The Herschels, Dr. Whewell, the Napiers, Miss Edgeworth, Joanna Bailie, besides many others, were their intimate associates, and as Mrs. Somerville advanced in years she found new friends among the incoming generation of scientists as she had among their predecessors.

After her translation of La Place's "Mechanicism of the Heavens"—a book which Sir John Herschel said not twenty men in England could read at that time—she became as well known to the French scientists as to those of England, and as she advanced in years and learning she corresponded with wise men all over the world. In Italy, France, Germany, England, and America the greatest men knew and respected Mrs. Somerville, not because she was a charming woman, but because her learning called forth their candid and unequivocal admiration.

She received a pension of two hundred pounds a year from the British government, in order that she might pursue her studies without interruption, and she was a member of all the prominent scientific associations in the world. All this she accomplished through the possession of those qualities which women are supposed to lack,—patience, perseverance, the faculty of waiting intelligently. Besides her translation of the "Mechanicism of the Heavens,"—which she not only translated, but popularized,—she wrote "The Connection of the Physical Sciences," a "Physical

Geography," and "Molecular and Microscopic Science," works which, for profundity and research, deserve high praise.

The latter portion of Mrs. Somerville's life was unusually calm and happy. She passed most of her time in Italy, wandering from one beautiful city to another, painting on the Roman Campagna, watching the stars at night in the brilliant Italian heavens, surrounded wherever she stopped by a society of cultured and intellectual people. She lived to be ninety years old, retaining her faculties to the last, and losing none of her interest in scientific matters.

A few years before her own death she lost her husband and her son, Worongow Grieg, sorrows which affected her deeply, for her love for both was true and warm. She was sustained, however, by the thought that the parting would be but a short one, for she possessed a firm belief in a future existence. While liberal in all her thinking, and not bound by any theological code, she was naturally religious in temperament, and the "unseen world" was very real to her. She was not a controversialist in any respects, and lived among friends of very conflicting views upon religious subjects; but though she never discussed such matters, except with those with whom she was on very intimate terms, her views and feelings were clear and decided. She was something of a Nature-worshipper, and God was to her a beneficent fatherly power, the origin of law, who both created and loved the universe.

Mrs. Somerville's life is one which ought to be familiar to all of her sex, for she accomplished much which women are usually considered incapable of performing, and in spite of obstacles great enough to have discouraged a weaker nature.

A FICTITIOUS LETTER.

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

I BELIEVE that the hardest piece of literary work I ever did, long as I have been addicted to scribbling, was in helping Van to get his wife, or rather to keep her. At college he had pulled me out of many a scrape, but this one effort of mine is deemed to have canceled all debts. If it had been a question of brains, I could not have done it; but it was just a matter of hard work.

The whole story is rather curious, and not a little romantic.

Van was a favorite editorial writer on the same metropolitan daily newspaper to which I was attached as real-estate reporter,—a slow, plodding place, asking nothing more than steady diligence and care. He had been down to do a critical account of ceramics at the Centennial Exhibition,

and returning, just caught the afternoon fast train up. It was densely crowded, but he finally found a seat, and was settling himself for the ride, when, chancing to look across the aisle, he saw a tall, loaferish German, with a trombone in a green bag, just about to take somewhat forcible possession of a seat beside a remarkably pretty young lady, the only vacant place in the car. Her eyes, full of dismay, met Van's. With a telegraphic glance he stepped quickly across the car, and touching the fat German on the shoulder, remarked, "The young lady is my friend; I can offer you my seat with pleasure."

Before the Dutchman fairly comprehended what the affable young man was saying, he found himself gently sidled into the empty seat left opposite, while Van was stowing the young lady's bundles into the rack and commenting on the crowded condition of the train as calmly as if he had known her a decade.

That young woman, sir, was my Cousin Alice; and, 'pon honor, she never did such a larkly thing in all her life before or since! But as she said to me afterward, what could she do? The polite audacity and thorough self-possession of this handsome cavalier who had rescued her from the awful infliction of a massive Teuton, redolent of lager and sausages, were irresistible, and she saw at a glance that Van was the real gentleman we all know him to be. So, reflecting that the train would arrive in New York early in the evening, and that there would be the end of it, she resolved to make the best of what was a not wholly disagreeable adventure, and was soon chatting entirely at ease with her merry companion.

The outskirts of the Quaker City were scarcely passed when the cars came to a halt.

"I thought this train did not stop this side of Jersey City," Alice remarked, in some surprise.

"Nevertheless it has," replied Van, "and apparently has no intention of going on again. I say, brakeman, what's the detention?"

"Freight-cars off the track ahead, sir."

"Will it keep us here long?"

"About an hour, I suppose."

"Heigh-ho!" said Van, turning to his companion. "Lucky that; well, that Meinherr has a whole seat to himself." And he pointed to the curled-up German, already asleep, and blissfully hugging his trombone.

"His music hath soporific charms," laughed Alice.

"I fancy it is his beer."

"In either case the cause is found——"

"In a horn," Van interrupted.

"Precisely, since you suggest it; but I was going to philosophize on the slender distinction between Orpheus and Morpheus."

The rueful face with which Alice had looked out at the deepening September twilight, reflecting how frightfully late it would be by the time she got to New York, was thus happily changed to smiles. There was no possible help for her predicament, which she was shocked to find she could not realize as so very dreadful, after all. What worried her was that her father was not expecting her, and there would be no one at the railway station to meet her. She would not have minded this in the early evening, but midnight was a different matter. Was her adventure as likely now to end at the ferry-boat as a few moments ago she thought it would?

After an hour Van went out on a tour of inspection, and came back with a mischievous grin.

"We are in for it!" he reported. "The workmen haven't begun to get the track cleared. They promise everything; but I suspect it will be fully two hours before we move."

"Oh, dear, what *shall* I do!"

"Do? why nothing. For *your* sake I am sorry; but, so far as I am concerned, I don't mind the delay. I am going to get out some grapes and some marvelous knickknacks, recommended as good to eat, which a French exhibitor of confections gave me. Have you the courage to try them?"

"They are delicious."

"I am glad you think so. Not very substantial, though. I shouldn't refuse a slice of our friend's bologna and a sip of his beer as *pièces de résistance*," said Van, with great coolness. Presently he added, "You were at the Memorial Hall this afternoon?"

She gazed at him in astonishment.

"Yes—how did you know?"

"I saw you there, talking with a friend of mine—Monsieur Le Vieillot."

Alice turned on him like a flash, intent on a *coup d'état*.

"And are you Paul Deyrolle, the '*cher ami*' he is forever talking about?"

But this strategy was a failure. Van was unmoved. The rascal only shook his head with a quizzical smile, and kept silent.

"That gesture is a challenge," said she. "But I do not choose to accept it—at least not at present."

"Ha, ha," laughed Van; "*now* I must look out!"

Then they fell to talking of the Exhibition, and she directed the conversation very adroitly, with the result of finding that his acquaintances comprised men in every branch of business and professional life, among them not a few of world-wide reputation, and numbered several persons whom she knew or knew about. Moreover, she was convinced that this gentleman was not assuming anything about himself beyond the truth, but had had a very wide range of experience, and had kept his eyes open. *Whom* he was she did not know; *what*, she could only guess.

As for his impressions, they were that he had met a far more than ordinarily well-informed and bright-witted little woman, and he enjoyed it hugely.

At last Alice spoke out suddenly, relying on her incognito, and disarming him at the start:

"It is useless for me to ask excuse from *you* for impertinence, but I have been trying to conjecture what your profession is."

"How do you know I do not follow a trade?"

"Your finger-nails show the cultivated gentleman." And at that Alice caught herself and blushed prettily, by way of apology.

"Well," said Van, "guess a little. If you hit right, I'll tell you," whereupon the provoking fellow folded his arms and leaned back in the seat, ready to be cross-examined with that same quizzical smile, as much as to say, "No cracks in *my* armor."

But he reckoned without his host. Alice looked hard at him an instant, then dropping her gray eyes in charming hesitation, said slowly, and as if vast consequences depended:

"*I guess that you are a journalist.*"

Van sat bolt upright with an abruptness suggesting a spiral spring.

"How did you know?"

"I didn't, *surely* (clapping her hands gayly), but I do now. I am right! You have betrayed yourself!"

"I suppose," remarked the somewhat crestfallen

Van, "that I may now introduce myself—no, ha, ha! On second thought, I'll let you guess a while on *that*. You are amazingly shrewd."

"Oh, that I shall not try," Alice replied. And then, with sudden soberness, "I confess, after an unusually fatiguing day, to being very sleepy. And as the train seems to be starting at last, if you will kindly hand down my shawl and put my hat in its place, I think I will try to take a nap."

Having done so, and folded it into a pillow, the young lady thanked him, turned her face to the window, and departed to the land of dreams.

Meanwhile the train had started and sped through the darkness at terrific speed. It was late now, and even to Van the car seemed cold. So taking his rug he gently spread it across the lightly-cloaked shoulders of the slumbering girl at his side, "nilly-willy," as he thought to himself, then settled in his own corner to rest. Although tired, he was too used to night-work to feel sleepy, and his thoughts drifted away to the fictitious scenery of a magazine story he was trying to sketch. But the first situation had hardly been contrived when he noticed that with the incessant jar of the train his fair companion was slowly but surely slipping downward, pillow and all. Van took in the situation on the instant, and, sitting up straight, extended his arm conveniently along the back of the seat. In three minutes the fair head, with its bonnie brown hair half-escaped from luxuriant coils, was lying snugly and peacefully on his shoulder, and the warm rug was folded very closely about the slender form. How he watched the delicate nostrils rise and sink as the breath came through, counted the blue veins in the motionless eye-lids, even had a flitting temptation to bend down and touch the sweet half-parted lips with his big moustache!

Still the "lightning express" sped on, and the girl slept,—slept soundly,—with an excess of weariness very evident in her tightly-closed eyes and her absolute quiet. His own arm, stalwart as it was, ached with its constrained position, but for the wealth of the metropolis he would not have awakened that delicate child resting so serenely against him. He dreaded lest the train might stop again and so rouse her; but past dim village stations, through woods and fields of blackness, over hollow, roaring bridges, in and out of the light of large towns,—never a pause for almost a hundred miles,—until the broad salt-meadows of

the Hackensack were far behind, and the gaslights of Jersey City appeared. Then Alice heard a grave, kind voice very close to her ear:

"Don't you think you'd better wake up?"

She pondered it a long, long time, as it seemed to her in her dream, and opened her eyes to find her head pillowed on Van's shoulder, and his eyes smiling down upon her, sprang up and hid her face; but the blush was too quick, and she knew that her very ears were red, and that the shame was leaking rosily through her fingers.

"The motion of the train," she heard Van say quietly, "gradually jarred you down upon my shoulder, and I thought you might as well stay there. Have you had a good sleep? This is Jersey City, and it is after one o'clock. If you are going to New York or elsewhere, I hope you will let me arrange for your safety. It is very late for a lady to be left alone."

"I know it," she answered meekly, and followed him out of the car.

"Now if you will allow me," said Van, as the ferry-boat touched the New York pier, "I will call a carriage and go with you to your destination. Permit me to introduce myself, since our joke has taken a serious turn: I am Henry Van Horne, a member of the staff of *The Daily Forum*, and very much at your service."

This with a grand bow.

"And I," replied Alice, simply, "am the daughter of Mr. Girard Casseltine, and we live at No.—, East Thirty-ninth street. I certainly should dislike to be left alone here, but I must choose horse-cars instead of a close carriage at this hour."

"I admire your prudence," said Van, and led the way to the cars.

Thirty-ninth street reached, a moment's walk brought the young lady home, and with her foot on the step Alice paused and extended her hand.

"I have to thank you, Mr. Van Horne, for great kindness; I hardly know what I should have done, otherwise. And I hope you will not think me altogether ungrateful if I ask you not to consider this episode an acquaintance. We seem to have so many mutual friends, that doubtless we shall some day meet more—regularly, shall I say? Then I shall be very glad to thank you again. Good-night!"

She had been meditating this little set speech all the way up, and wanted no protest or reply.

He could only say, "As you wish; I shall not go out of reach until I see you safely in," before she was up the steps and had pulled the bell. It was quickly answered, and Van walked away, calling her a "trump," quarreling with the native politeness that had led him to give a promise without pleading his opposite wish.

"If I ever happen to see her, she won't recognize me," he grumbled to himself. "I *must* discover somebody who knows her and will vouch for me. Jolly adventure, at all events."

Now, sir, I didn't hear one quarter of these facts when I called upon my pretty cousin the next evening. It was merely mentioned that the train was five hours late, and that a gentleman who had shared her seat had been very polite, offering to accompany her to the horse-cars, and so she had got safely home. Of course I never suspected my old chum was the man—such coincidences don't happen once in a century—until I saw him the next day, and he at once began to give me a limited sketch of a certain adventure, ending with a tirade against his "luck," which was always putting the ambrosial cup to his lips only to dash it down. Of course I saw through the whole of it at once, but I made no sign. Loving Van like a brother, and loving Alice like a sister, I had no objection whatever to their meeting; but, withered old boy though I am, I wanted to get a taste of the romance of it in my own mouth. So I kept my own counsel and waited for a good opportunity, while Van seemed in no danger of forgetting his *compagne du voyage*.

One day, a little later, there was to be an exhibition of art-stuff up-town, which I promised Alice she should see; and meanwhile I let my aunt into the secret, and secured her consent to my little plot. The evening before, just as we were finishing a game of billiards at the Press Club, I remarked to my friend:

"Van, there are some new pictures and so forth opened at the Academy to-morrow. Wish you'd drop in on your way down, about eleven o'clock; I shall have a friend there I'd like to introduce you to."

I don't suppose it ever occurred to the fellow that there was a woman in the case, and he promised off-hand.

While Alice was engrossed in the pictures that morning, I kept an eye on the stair-case. Finally

Van's bushy head rose slowly above the railing, and its owner stopped before a statuette. Evidently he didn't care a copper whether he found me or not. So, having skillfully manoeuvred the innocent Alice into a corner, I went over to him.

"Come, old fellow, I want to introduce you." Here I turned the corner sharp. You should have seen those two faces! I believe for the first time in his life Van was staggered. Alice blushed to the temples, but kept her wits about her, while I rubbed my hands like a papa in the play, and announced:

"Miss Casseltine, Mr. Harry Van Horne."

Of course we had a very jolly time over it, with some luncheon afterward. I confessed the plot, and we promised to call on Alice in the evening. I couldn't go, after all; but Van kept his word with great satisfaction.

An acquaintance thus romantically begun must of course ripen into intimacy; and in Van's case it grew rapidly from friendship into love. Alice, however, was a little shy of confessing herself caught in such piratical fashion, and, I imagine, put on a colder mien than she felt.

About Easter, Van was promoted to a desk which gave him a better salary; and having secured a pretty sure sale for his stories besides, thought he was able to try his luck with Alice. He believed the dear girl would be willing to begin home-life modestly, if she loved him as he hoped she did. I thought so, too; and we were right. When I saw him again he was radiant with success and brimming over with happiness. His exuberance having subsided a little, I mildly suggested that to me he owed the key of this delightful situation; that he ought to be grateful, and that I had not yet dined. Whereupon we went somewhere or other, and had some extra dry, I think it was, and a bite to eat, which took two hours to dispose of it. I remember wishing I had a hundred lovely cousins to introduce to a hundred good fellows, in order to have the chance to discount their obligations on the same terms.

Well, the course of their true love ran smooth. Old Casseltine was agreeable; they were going to be married in October, and now the day was only about a fortnight off. As for my own affairs meanwhile, they had not been so serene. In the first place, my boarding-house burned down one night, and I lost a goodly pile of books and other

articles of value. Taking temporary refuge at my uncle's after this catastrophe, I had at length been permitted to make a home there, although I rarely ate more than breakfast at their table. And now, a few days before the following exciting little episode, I had sprained my ankle by slipping on the marble staircase of a hotel, and had been confined to a room there for several days. I am not sure but this was a blessing in disguise; for if I hadn't been chained to that hotel room, I might have tried some other and worse way out of the scrape than I did.

One afternoon, about two weeks before his marriage, as I mentioned, Van ran down into New Jersey over night. Feeling especially bored that evening, I sent a messenger to Casseltine's, asking some one to look in the left-hand drawer of my study-table, and send me the package of papers to be found there tied up so-and-so.

In due time the messenger came back and brought me, not the package I asked for, but the following letter to Van Horne, enclosed open in an envelope addressed to myself:

"MR. VAN HORNE: How could you deceive me so cruelly! You told me you had never cared for and had not spoken a word to that horrid woman for years. Now, a chance (which I hate!) has given me this dreadful evidence of your perfidy. You have broken my heart, and I cannot forgive you. Oh, Harry, if you had only told me the truth! I loved you so much, and now I hope and pray never to see you again. I shall go far away to-morrow morning. ALICE CASSELTINE."

Then I unfolded the enclosure and read, scrawled in Van's chirography on a torn sheet of letter-paper, the following interesting sentences:

"MY PRECIOUS ONE: There are not words strong enough to tell, in this last letter, how it crushes me to say good-bye. The future which seems so brilliant to other people is utter blackness to me. I would rather to-day sink down to the grave, clasping you passionately and forever in my arms, than tread the 'gay' path which I must. Milly, Milly, my first and only love, why *did* I let you go! Paradise was just before us, and now——"

There the sheet was torn off. I had long ago lighted my pipe with the rest! I knew the whole history of it. In the first place, "that horrid woman," whom Alice referred to with such disgust, was a little actress for whom, years before, Van had had *un grand passion*. He hadn't even known

where she was for a twenty-month, but, like a fool, had told Alice all about it. Why will a man be such an ass as to confess everything he ever knew or did as soon as he fancies himself seriously in love? A woman don't do it; she plays her innocence of all previous attachment as her trump-card, and so when the smash-up comes and she uses his ammunition he has none to retaliate with. Little confession they'll get out of me!

Well, I knew Van's *fiancé* had nothing to fear from that quarter. As to this torn letter, it was nothing more nor less than a piece of manuscript. As I wrote to Alice: "I got a glimmer of a plot into my head, and catching Van's story-making fever, I started to write it out. When I had got to that part where the letter came in, I stuck fast, and asked Van's help, whereupon he dashed off the rough draft you have miserably got hold of. This I copied, and (as I supposed) afterward threw away. That is the whole history; and your jealousy, my dear girl, is directed toward an ideal woman."

Perfectly confident of the adequacy of this explanation, I was considerably moved to get an answer in an hour to the effect that I had behaved in a very uncousinly way in espousing the cause of a man who had treated her (Alice) so basely, and that, much as she wished to, she couldn't believe my story; in the first place, because the name of the person addressed was "Milly," and in the second place, because it was in the highest degree improbable that I, Aleck Adams, reporter of the real-estate market, would ever write a story. In short, she disbelieved everything and everybody, was glad she was going away on an early train, and had mailed a note to that effect to Mr. Van Horne's home address.

I opened my eyes pretty wide at that! The case was getting serious. She would be gone before Van got back, and I did not know where a message would immediately find him. Yet something must be done on the instant. What? While I was cogitating I happened to turn the note over, and on the back I saw written:

"If you could show me the manuscript, I might begin to believe you. Oh, I wish I could!"

Did this help matters? Not a particle. No further manuscript than that single wretched letter had ever been penned. I had fibbed to that extent. The unvarnished facts were, that Van and I had talked it over; *he* was to write the novelette,

not I, and an actress in love was to be the heroine. We had debated a little on the form of this letter, whereupon he had scribbled a rough draft (as I had said) to express his notion at the moment. In the similarity of characters the name of his old stage-friend naturally suggested itself as he hastily wrote, but the emotion was wholly feigned. Beyond these preliminary notes the tale had never gone. I saw at once the scrape I had got myself, as well as him, into; and it gradually dawned upon me that the only way out was to manufacture a story, more or less complete, to fit the letter, and to do it before daylight!

I rang the bell and glanced at my watch: ten o'clock.

"Here, boy, get this telegram off, and take this note to — street; but first get me a quire of foolscap and some more cigars."

The telegram read, "Alice: Will bring MS. in the morning." The note was a brief intimation to Van of the trouble ahead, and a suggestion to show himself at Casseltipe's as soon as possible after eleven the next day.

Then I set at work. I remembered the plot pretty well, and had only to fill it out; but this cost me as hard work as it did Robinson Crusoe to hew his great canoe, notwithstanding he had the desired shape of the craft thoroughly in his mind's eye.

A young English nobleman, poor, but with great expectations and a proud family, falls in love with a jolly little comedy actress, whom he knows to be refined and noble-minded beyond her position. He loves her and she returns it, but it is all a secret between them. They have various adventures, and an affecting time. Meanwhile his family have arranged for him a diplomatic marriage which has at least to recommend it that the lady concerned, a cousin of his, is very fond of him, though he cares little for her. But by this marriage diminished estates will be restored to their ancient breadth, depleted purses filled, and a brilliant future open. To all this he is indifferent, and concerns himself only in devising some way to make the actress his bride. But his father gets wind of his love, fears the *mésalliance*, acquaints the little actress with his son's prospects, pleads, cajoles, and threatens until the girl, tearing out her heart by the roots, vows she has been playing false to her lover, and utterly refuses to see the nobleman any more. Heart-

broken and helpless, he is obliged to submit, and after a stormy scene with his father offers himself "to be sacrificed on the altar of the family pride." But on the eve of his wedding he yields to the yearning of a feast of memory, and rises from it worsted by the temptation to write to his old love this letter, the draft of which had nearly shipwrecked us all.

This much I had to write. There was little need to go far beyond it. I had accounted for the letter, and had done my level best to save my friends. Dawn was peeping through the blinds as the pen dropped from my stiffened fingers, and I leaned back in the invalid's chair where I sat, and fell sound asleep.

You can have little idea of the immense mental strain that story caused me. I was used, as every newspaper man must be, to long and rapid work, but I had never done anything whatever of that character; and ever since then I have had a profound respect for the story-writer, whom before I had rather sneered at.

A porter waking me at ten o'clock the next morning, I had a quick breakfast, and managed, with his and my crutches' help, to put myself groaning into a carriage. At Casseltine's a manservant came at once to assist me, and led me straight to the library, where Alice and her mother were sitting in dreadful gloom,—a gloom that was infectious,—and between this and my ankle I could only groan out, as I sank down upon the sofa:

"Alice, I am sorry you couldn't have trusted me. There is the manuscript."

She glanced at it, saw my handwriting through it all, even to the hated letter copied into its proper place, fled, and hid her face in her mother's ample bosom.

Then I told all over again the tale of the unlucky scrap she had found in searching my study-table, confessing not a word of my innocent ruse, but dilating gently on Van's faithfulness to every friend, and his love of absolute truth (fortunate for him I had a less Quixotic regard!), until an impatient jerk at the door-bell interrupted me.

"I never can meet him!" cried Alice, and darted away, sure it was who rang. But she was too late. He caught her on the staircase, and I suppose he must have seen in her eyes that all was right, for there was nothing but confidence in his tones as he folded her in a close embrace and whispered:

"Doesn't my darling know that she is the only woman in the world to me?"

"Now I do," she answered, faintly, out of the lapel of his coat, as it were; "but you frightened me terribly."

And so he brought her in, bewitching in her rainbow of blushes and smiles and departing tears; and I was glad of my night's toil over that fictitious love-letter.

KNITTED WORK.

By MARIAN FORD.

KNITTING, the pastime of our grandmothers, has recently claimed a prominent place among the various branches of fashionable fancy-work, and the readers of POTTER'S AMERICAN MONTHLY will doubtless welcome directions for making the ribbed silk stockings now so much admired. Many are the pairs of pale-blue, cardinal, and black hose that have been knit by the following rules since they were supplied the writer through the kindness of an English lady.

LADIES' RIBBED SILK STOCKINGS.—Materials: Four ounces knitting-silk. If a tight knitter, use No. 16 needles; if a loose knitter, No. 17. The

term rib, here employed, means knit three, seam one alternately.

Cast one hundred and twenty-one stitches on one needle, knit them off on three needles, knitting three more on the first than on either of the others, which, when the stocking is joined, by knitting two from the first needle on the last, will leave forty stitches on two needles, and forty-one on the third. The forty-one stitches must be on the back needle, which is the one where you see the thread of silk left at the commencement of the stocking. The stocking is ribbed by knit three, seam one every round, excepting on the back

needle containing the forty-one stitches, where the centre or twenty-first stitch must always be seamed. With this needle proceed as follows:

Knit three, seam one; knit three, seam one; knit three, seam one; knit three, seam one; knit three, seam two; knit three, seam one; knit three, seam one; knit three, seam one; knit three, seam one; knit three, seam one.

Continue to knit round and round the three needles, according to the foregoing directions, until the stocking is fourteen inches in length, when the narrowing of the leg commences. This is always done on the back needle.

When within three of the centre-stitch knit two together, seam one, seam the centre-stitch, knit one, slip one, knit one, put the slipped stitch over the knitted stitch, then continue to rib the stocking as before, by knitting three stitches and seaming one.

On reaching the back needle again, it will be found to have two stitches less; therefore knit two stitches and seam one in the ribbing close to the centre-stitch on each side.

Objections have been made to ribbing on account of the difficulty in narrowing; but it can be very neatly done by carefully following these directions, knitting or seaming the stitches as the rib looks best. Always seam the centre-stitch, and leave one stitch on each side between it and the narrowing. Seven rounds plain ribbing are knitted between each narrowing.

Narrow twelve times, two stitches each time, when there will be seventeen stitches on the heel or back needle. Then rib two inches and a half before commencing the heel.

HEEL.—Prepare for heel by ribbing to the end of back needle, and from first side, or next needle, rib on to back needle sixteen stitches. Rib the other twenty-four stitches from first side needle to another needle. Rib second side needle to within sixteen stitches of the end; these sixteen must be passed to the heel or back needle without knitting. There should now be forty-nine stitches on the back needle, and twenty-four on each side needle. The two side needles are not used again until the heel is completed.

The heel is made by ribbing alternate rows—the back row is knit one, seam three—until thirty-seven rows are completed. Each row is commenced by knitting, but the first stitch of every row must be slipped instead of knitted. On reaching the

centre-stitch of the thirty-seventh row, seam two together, which brings the centre-stitch to an end. There should now be forty-eight stitches on the heel needle.

Thirty-eighth row. Round of heel is plain knitting; the under part of the foot is not ribbed. Seam thirty-one stitches, seam two together, * turn the needle, knit fifteen stitches, knit two together, again turn the needle, seam fifteen stitches, seam two together. Repeat from * until there are only sixteen stitches remaining on the needle. This completes the heel.

With the needle containing the sixteen stitches take up, and as you take up knit twenty stitches from the side of the heel, knit four stitches off front needle on the same. Rib all the stitches from *both* front needles—except the four last—on another needle. (The front needle is ribbed throughout until the narrowing for the toe is commenced.) The four last stitches must be knitted on a third needle, with which take up (knitting each as it is taken up) twenty stitches from the side of the heel. Add to these eight stitches from the other side needle. There should then be thirty-two stitches on each side needle, and forty stitches on the front needle. The next needle, which is the first side needle, knit plain. Rib front needle. Knit second side needle plain.

First side needle * knit plain until within six stitches of the end; knit two together; knit four.

Front needle. Rib.

Second side needle. Knit four, slip one; knit one, put the slipped stitch over the knitted one; knit plain to end of needle.

Knit two rounds of the stocking plain (always ribbing the front needle).

Repeat from * until the foot is sufficiently narrowed, which will be when there are eighty-eight stitches on all the needles. Knit the foot about eight inches long, including the heel, though this measurement may of course be varied to suit the needs of the wearer.

NARROWING FOR THE TOE.—The front needle must now be knit plain, not ribbed. ~~Put~~ as many stitches on the front needle as there are on the other two together. To accomplish this, take two stitches from each side needle, and place them on the front needle, which should give twenty-two on each side needle, and forty-four on the front needle.

Commence the toe at the front needle by knit-

ting one, slipping one, knitting one, putting the slipped-stitch over the knitted one, knitting plain to within three stitches of the end, knitting two together, and lastly knitting one.

First side needle. Knit one, slip one; knit one, put the slipped stitch over the knitted one; knit plain to the end of the needle.

Second side needle. Knit plain to within three of end; knit two together, knit one. This narrowing is repeated every third round,—the intervening ones being knitted plain,—until there are about forty-four stitches in all left on your needles. Knit front and back stitches together, casting them off as they are knitted.

For the manufacture of these stockings, as well as wristers, purses, edgings, etc., the writer can warmly recommend the "Florence knitting-silk," which may be obtained at the fancy-goods stores in any large town, or will be sent by mail on application to the Nonotuck Silk Company, 18 Summer street, Boston, Massachusetts. While less expensive than the imported knitting-silk, it is remarkably smooth and even, the colors are brilliant, and, still better, will stand washing perfectly, if care is taken never to use *hot* water. It is sold in half-ounce balls at seventy-five cents an ounce, and is furnished in so great a variety of shades that any taste may be satisfied. In the writer's opinion, the prettiest colors for stockings are black, lavender, pale-blue, cardinal, and purple. Pink and old-gold are also much admired, especially for evening wear.

KNITTED SILK WRISTERS.—Materials: Half an ounce of knitting-silk and four needles, No. 17. For a pair of average size for ladies' wear, cast eight-eight stitches. Knit in ribs, alternating three stitches plain and one seamed seventy-four rounds, which will make the depth three and a half to four inches. Bind off loosely, and finish with crocheted edge in shell-stitch.

The number of stitches required for gentlemen's sizes is ninety-six, one hundred, or one hundred and four.

INFANTS' SOCKS.—It would be difficult to find a prettier style of infants' socks than that for which the following directions are given. The design is a white stocking and colored shoe.

Materials: Half ounce of white and half ounce of colored single zephyr-wool. Large size steel knitting-needles. Cast twenty-five stitches.

First row. Seam two, knit two plain, put

thread over and knit two together, seam two, knit six, seam two, knit two, put thread over and knit two together, seam two, knit one, put thread over and knit two together.

Second row. Knit one, knit next stitch, and before taking it off the needle seam it also, knit three, seam two, put thread around the needle and seam two together, knit two plain, seam six, knit two, seam two, put thread around the needle and seam two together, knit two.

Third row. Seam two, knit two, put thread over needle and knit two together, seam two, knit six plain, seam two, knit two plain, put thread over and knit two together, seam two, put thread over, knit two together, put thread over, knit two together.

Fourth row. Knit one plain, knit one, and before it is off the needle seam it, knit one, and before it is off the needle seam it, knit two, seam two, put thread around the needle and seam two together, knit two, seam six, knit two, seam two, wrap the thread around the needle and seam two together, knit two.

Fifth row. Seam two, knit two plain, put thread over and knit two together, seam two, take three off on a long pin, knit three, put the three taken off on the pin back on the same needle and knit them, seam two, knit two, put thread over and knit two together, seam two, put thread over and knit two together, put thread over and knit two together, put thread over and knit two together.

Sixth row. Knit one, knit and seam one without taking off the needle, knit one plain, knit one, seaming it also before taking off the needle, knit one plain, knit one, seaming it also before taking off the needle, knit two plain, seam two, put thread over and seam two together, knit two, seam six, knit two, seam two, put thread over and seam two together, knit two plain.

Seventh row. Seam two, knit two plain, put thread over and knit two together, seam two, knit six, seam two, knit two, put thread over and knit two together, seam two and knit plain all the rest of the needle.

Eighth row. Bind off six stitches, knit five plain (bind very loosely; this forms a point), seam two, put thread around the needle and seam two together, knit two, seam six, knit two, seam two, put thread around the needle and seam two together, knit two.

Ninth row. Seam two, take two stitches off on a long pin, knit two, put those taken off back on the same needle and knit them, seam two, knit six, seam two, take two off on a long pin, knit two, put those taken off back on the same needle and knit them, * seam two, knit one, put thread over and knit two.

Tenth row. Same as second row.

Eleventh row. Same as third row.

Repeat fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, and ninth rows, thus completing a second point.

Again repeat second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, and ninth rows. Cast fourteen more stitches on needle containing the stitches, and proceed as follows:

Seam two, knit two, put thread over and knit two together, seam two, knit six, seam two, take two off on a long pin, knit two, put back the two taken off and knit them. Continue from * in ninth row until three more points are made, then bind off fourteen stitches, and continue according to directions until three more points are made (nine in all). The fourteen stitches are cast out to form the instep. Bind off.

With the colored wool take up fourteen or sixteen stitches across the top of the instep, knit back and forward till six rows are made (twice across

forms one row), then narrow in the middle of the needle, and continue to knit till ten rows are completed, the first six being included in the ten.

With a second needle take up thirty stitches along the right side of the instep, then with a third needle knit across the instep. Use a fourth needle to take up thirty stitches on the other side of instep, and knit round and round like a stocking until six rows are made, then narrow at the end of the first needle, middle of the second, and first of the third. Knit back without narrowing. Narrow next round. Knit back without narrowing, and so continue till there are only seven stitches on the instep needle, then narrow every round till all on the instep needle are used. Bind off the stitches on the other two needles, sew up the socks, and pass a narrow ribbon, the shade of the colored wool used, around the ankle, tying it in a neat little bow in front.

It is a wonderful improvement to the socks to shape them on a tiny wooden last, which can usually be procured at a shoemaker's. Dip them in clear cold water, and draw them over the last, leaving them on the last to dry. It is scarcely necessary to say that but one sock can be dried on a last at one time.

BEAR AND SHARE.

By A. J. H. DUGANNE.

By the Rhine, one summer's day,
Shadows to the eastward lay;
Sunset glories burned afar,
Gilding tower and mountain-bar.

And in shadow flecked with sun,
Faring forward, one by one,
Travelers three, on highway parched,
Wiped their foreheads as they marched,

Till they, one by one, espied—
Gnarled above the roadway wide—
Branches flecked with sun and shade
By an ancient pear-tree made.

And the first, who lightly trod,
Cast his cap upon the sod;
"Here," quoth he, "my bed shall be;
Mother Nature gives it me!"

And the second traveler then
Said, "There's room for other men!"
And he doffed his cap, to lay
Head and heels another way.

Thus the twain, in shadows green,
Silent lay, with tree between,
Till a cheery voice to both
Said, "I join you, by my troth!"

Here be rest for man, I trow,"
Quoth he, as he wiped his brow;
"And around this pear-tree root,
Look, my mates, there's mellow fruit!"

Pears he gathered,—one, two, three;
And, with pause, on bended knee,
Said, "If trees may fruitage bear,
Surely men may fruitage share!"

CAPTAIN HENDERSON'S ESCAPE.

BY A. E. C. MASKELL.

PERHAPS no State was more to be pitied during the late war than Western Virginia. Partly in sympathy with the North and partly with the South, friend and foe were to them alike. Northern soldiers came and pillaged their barns and hen-roosts; Southern recruits came, commanded, and took prisoners. In fact, much of Western Virginia was just like a boy sitting astride a fence, at a loss to know which side to take. In no place in the Union was there such a division of sentiment; in no place were so many houses divided against themselves. It was no uncommon thing to hear the wife and mother sing "We'll hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple-tree," and not an hour later the father or son was singing the same bad luck to "Abe Lincoln." The Northerners knew not whether these people were their friends or foes; the Southerners knew not whether they were foes or friends. In fact, many of the farmers along the banks of the Ohio and the Big Sandy rivers had no scruples about treating the Northern and Southern soldiers just alike. And why not, when their eldest born was, perhaps, in the Southern army, and their youngest, the fair and curly-headed boy, in the Northern?

Deeds of cruelty were committed by both armies, especially by that class of soldiers called the bushwhackers. On the Ohio River, and near the Big Sandy, was a town called Ceredo, and here was stationed a company under the gallant Captain Henderson. It was a trying position for any Union company, since the hills, only a few miles back, were largely infested with guerrillas and Southern soldiers. The blackness of war burst upon them with all its fury. Churches were turned into barracks, and the inhabitants, all that could, fled from their homes, leaving them to be taken possession of by squatters and refugees from farther South. The appearance of this town, when seen by the writer, baffles description. She only remembers a number of squalid houses, with scarcely a whole pane of glass in any of them. Near this place came a young lady from the North, and began teaching in a large frame church. Only necessity compelled this young

and beautiful lady to place herself in so much danger. But she found the Virginia people warm-hearted and impulsive, and very soon became much attached to them.

One afternoon, near the close of her third week of school, at recess, her little ones came running in the greatest fright and flocked tremblingly around her.

"Oh, teacher," they exclaimed, "the soldiers are coming!"

"Are they?" said the teacher, soothingly. "Well, they will not hurt us."

"Dear Miss Annie, you know nothing about them. If they are the guerrillas, they would just as leave shoot one of us down as a crow."

"Are they Union or rebel soldiers?" asked the teacher, soberly.

"They are dressed in blue, but they are coming from the rebel land, and the guerrillas wear the blue or the gray, just as they please."

The teacher moved to an open window, and seated herself that she might see them pass.

Captain Henderson, for he it was, the leader of the band, gave a start of surprise as he beheld such a picture of loveliness. He tipped his hat, bowed, blushed, and then suddenly wheeled around and rode up to the window.

"You are the teacher here, I suppose?" he said.

She bowed her head politely.

"Have any rebel soldiers passed here to-day?"

"I have not seen any," she replied.

"You sympathize with the Union?" he asked, hesitatingly.

"I should hope so," she answered, quietly, considering the State I represent."

"All very well," he answered. "You see, one of the most prominent men in Ceredo disappeared a few days ago, and we have been out looking for him. You may have seen him pass here, perhaps—Mr. Walker?"

"An old gentleman on horseback, sir, with a high hat and a market-basket full of grapevine shoots, sir?"

"The very same. He has a farm three miles back, and was going to visit it. He has not been heard of since."

"How terrible it must be for his family!"

"Yes, they are nearly beside themselves with grief. It is thought that he has been killed, back here among the hills. But my men are getting impatient; I must away. If you ever get into trouble, Miss Annie, you will know where to send for help."

"Indeed, sir, I think there is more danger on the other side. If I can ever benefit you, sir, at such a time, I shall be only too glad to do it."

He looked at her admiringly, and flung a kiss from the tips of his fingers as he rode away.

The teacher looked frightened, when the eldest of her pupils spoke up, saying:

"You needn't care, Miss Annie. He has the name of being the most honorable man in Western Virginia. He wouldn't harm one hair of your head for the world. If we had known it was Captain Henderson, we shouldn't have run, you bet."

"My dear child, why will you use slang phrases? How many times shall I have to speak to you about it?"

"Excuse me, Miss Annie; I forgot," replied the girl, blushing.

Three weeks later, when poor old Mr. Walker was almost forgotten, while a boy was out hunting for his cow, he stumbled against an old black hat, and a few paces on was a market-basket, black with the numerous rains that had fallen upon it, and there, too, was a pair of boots and a human body. The boy at once realized the truth, and fled from the spot to spread the news.

The next day the company at Ceredo went with a wagon and gathered up all that was left of old Mr. Walker.

The teacher and her pupils, with faces white with awe, went out to the wagon, and tenderly Captain Henderson raised the white cloth that they might see the remains.

Annie Compton shuddered, and clutched hold of the wagon for support, while she murmured, "This horrid, horrid war!"

"Yes, this horrid war!" repeated Captain Henderson. "The poor old man was shot in the back, and from the look of his clothing fourteen riflemen discharged their weapons at once."

"But why should they feel such hatred towards this poor old man?"

"Because he had orders to draft them for Union soldiers, and draft them he did."

"Poor, poor old man!"

"The cowards will be arrested and tried for murder."

"Captain Henderson, do they really know who shot him?"

"Most as sure as we want to, who were the ringleaders. I shall give all my spare time to ferreting out the case; and the assassins shall suffer."

"Oh, Captain Henderson, I am really afraid you will get yourself into trouble." And the fair girl's delicate brows knit with pain.

A tender look lighted up the captain's handsome face for a moment, and then, with a quiver in his voice, which stirred up strange feelings in the maiden's soul, he replied, "Duty must be done at the sacrifice of everything. Get up, Dolly." And with a chirrup to his horse, he was off to overtake his company.

It must have been near midnight, a month after this, that Annie Compton was awakened by hearing something like the pattering of rain-drops or the continual dropping of leaves.

Very much surprised, because the stars were smiling in blandly upon her from the open windows, and also because it was a hot night in June, not the time for falling leaves, she crept out of bed softly and went to the front window.

What was her surprise to see a long line of soldiers filing as noiselessly as possible down the long lane toward the house.

"What lawlessness are they up to now!" she thought, with a shiver, as she stood riveted to the spot until the last one had passed, and was seeking admittance at the back part of the house. "They won't get much this time," she added to herself; "for Mr. N—— keeps his horses locked up in the cellar, and Mrs. N—— has all her silver buried under the coal-heap." Then she was startled by hearing low voices under her back window.

She flitted to it like a trembling bird, and sank down on a chair, if perchance she might hear anything that was said.

"Get the fellows something to eat; we are hungry," she heard in rough, surly tones.

"You shall have it as soon as we can make it ready," she heard Mr. N—— reply.

"I say, N——, are there any Union folks around here? You see, we've got a job to do arter we get our grub, and you don't suppose there'll be any slippin'-up on us while we are eating?"

"None at all. My family are all as true as steel to the persecuted South. We know when to hold our tongues, however. A man don't want his property confiscated. Stay! one moment; I forgot. There's a Yankee school-marm on the place; but she's only a woman; couldn't do much."

"Better lock her in her room until after we are gone, then. An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure, you know. We'll give Captain Henderson no chance to escape. This night we capture him, and perhaps hang him on the first tree we find."

"But," expostulated Mr. N——.

"He deserves every bit of it, sir. Think how many he has imprisoned in that Walker affair."

Annie Compton's veins were swelling ready to burst with mingled feelings of fear, anguish, and something else she could not just then define. But the poor child was in love with Captain Henderson, and he was to be cruelly murdered. One moment she felt that she must faint with terror, the next she braced herself up against the feeling, and felt that she must fly to the captain at all hazards. At that moment she heard a key turn in her lock and knew that she was a prisoner. Down-stairs she could hear the preparation of a great meal, while she paced her room wringing her hands. Suddenly she paused before the front window, with the thought, "Yes, I believe I can do it, though I never did such a thing before in all my life. I can but try it, at any rate." Then she threw off her night-clothes with trembling haste, and soon robed herself entirely in black.

"Now I shall be just the color of the night, and they will not see me," she murmured to herself, as she fastened the last pin. "If I can but get out on the piazza and slide down one of the pillars to the ground, I am safe; then away across the fields to Ceredo. If I can but save him! Dear Lord, help me!" And with this prayer she was out on the piazza, and had fastened herself to one pillar of the portico as closely as a leech.

With a beating heart she reached the ground, and with swift-gliding footsteps sped over the fields.

But the poor child trembled almost as much when she drew near Ceredo as she had when sliding down the pillar of the portico. Her extreme sensitiveness made her shrink from coming in contact with so many soldiers, and as a sentinel cried out, "Who goes there?" she answered,

in trembling tones, "Oh, please, sir, I am nobody but a woman come to see Captain Henderson."

"A rebel spy, I suppose," answered the man.

"Oh, no, no, sir; but there are five or six companies of rebels down the road, and they are coming to take Captain Henderson. Please let me see him, quick, that I may tell him all."

The man said not a word, but gave a shrill whistle, which was answered by a soldier.

"Here, show this lady to Captain Henderson. She has important news for him."

"Miss Annie, is this you?" inquired Henderson, approaching her with extended hands.

"You are in danger, Captain Henderson, and you must flee for your life," she gasped; and she trembled so that he came and placed one arm around her waist.

Her head sank upon his shoulder, and with tears and tremors of nervous fright she soon told him all.

"Ha! that's their game, is it? Well, then I must be getting ready for them."

"Oh, Captain Henderson," she pleaded, "please don't fight. There are so many of them, that you can do nothing. There is not a person in all Ceredo they care about but you and your company. Please, Captain Henderson, just give them the slip this time, won't you? They'll never know but that you had an errand somewhere. Oh, sir, for my sake, *don't* fight to-night!" And she clung tremblingly to him.

"Annie, dear Annie," he murmured, "for *your* sake I would do anything that is right. I will send my company away to a place of safety and then I shall be back to take you to your boarding-house."

"But suppose we should meet the rebels?"

"They will come the back road from Mr. N——'s, that they may take us unawares. I shall go the front, and we will be so on the alert that if they do chance to take the front road we shall have time to turn down a cross-road or into the woods. Just remain here until I come back for you."

In ten minutes Captain Henderson was at the door, mounted on his horse.

"I could not get a side-saddle for you," he said; "so you may ride on my horse, in front of me."

A picket lifted her up and placed her in the captain's arms.

Annie felt his arms tremble as they clasped close around her waist, and her heart was so full of joy that she could not speak a word.

"Annie, tell me," he whispered, as they drew near the farm-house, "do you love me?"

"Oh, Captain Henderson!" she whispered.

"It seems to me, if I only knew it, it would make the long days of this horrid war shorter, Annie; and then we should get married, you know, and I would try so hard to make you happy, dearest." And he clasped her closely to him, and laid his cheek appealingly down upon her forehead.

"Captain Henderson," she whispered, "have I not proved that I love you?"

"Enough, my good angel! Just one kiss now, and I am satisfied until the war is over. What! crying? Don't, dear, you unman me. It won't be long, now, I think, and if we pray, God will save us to one another. But if He does not, we shall meet in heaven, Annie."

"Yes," she whispered, tearfully, and then glided down from his arms and entered the front gate.

He waited until she regained her room and fluttered a white handkerchief to him, and then he was off to join his company.

The rebels were foiled; and they do not know to this day that Captain Henderson was saved from their hands by his own beautiful wife when in girlhood.

THE GOLDEN LEGEND.

By ELLA F. MOSBY.

THE Musical Festival Association, of Cincinnati, in order to encourage the development of music as an art within our country, and stimulate the efforts of our musicians, offered the prize of one thousand dollars to the native-born composer who should produce the best composition employing both chorus and orchestra, and occupying at least half an hour in its performance. Twenty-five works were sent to the Festival Board for examination, comprising a wide variety of subjects and styles, and many of them of no mean merit. The judges were men full of enthusiasm for the art of music, and possessed of a large and delicate appreciation of its grand accord of harmonies and its subtler shades of exquisite significance. They were Theodore Thomas; Otto Singer, of Cincinnati; Dr. Leopold Damrosch, of New York City; Mr. Asger Hamerik, of Baltimore, Md., and Mr. Carl Zerralm, of Boston, Mass. The majority of these judges decided in favor of a symphonic cantata for solos, chorus, and orchestra, entitled "Scenes from Longfellow's 'Golden Legend,'" by Mr. Dudley Buck, of New York, widely known for his church and organ music, and famous as the composer of the Centennial Cantata.

This composition bears a double interest to us, from its being founded on the work of an American poet, and composed by an American musician, giving us reason to hope that the day may not be

far distant, when, to the pride of our freedom, and the broad brotherliness of our social life, and the glories of our landscapes, may be added the charm of an artistic atmosphere, clothing even the common things of our labor and domestic life with beauty. Nor should it be forgotten, when that morning dawns, how much we owe to the noble-spirited and high-minded citizens of this Western city, who, in the midst of the smoke and coal-dust of Cincinnati, have given green parks to delight the wearied eye, and a fountain so exquisitely illustrating the uses and delights of flowing waters by its carved figures and groups, as well as by its sparkling and springing waves, that a king and an artist in one has envied its beauty; who have thrown open to the people the rolling grandeurs and choral harmonies of Music's greatest works, and in the beautiful suburbs have given gracious homes and wide-stretching grounds, lovely woods and gardens, for the pleasure of every passer-by. No one can come to this city from the carelessly-kept lawns and huge, unsightly edifices of the usual American capitalist and not bear away with him some new suggestion of the meaning of wealth.

It is interesting to trace the difference of treatment which the two artists, poet and musician, necessarily use with the same theme. This, "The Golden Legend," is not based, as would seem

from its title, on the famous *Legenda Aurea*, but is simply so called by the poet, because as gold is above all baser metals, so the love, self-sacrifice, and devotion commemorated in the story excel all baser passions, surpass all lower motives. The tale is a simple one, and was told (and perhaps invented) by one of the old Minnesingers of the twelfth century, Hartmann von der Aue. A prince, Henry of Hoheneck, has long languished under a distressing malady, which one of the doctors of Salerno, with the usual weird and superstitious character of medicine when it was rather a species of imposture than a science, tells him can only be cured by the blood which a maiden shall shed willingly for his sake. Lucifer, in the garb of a wandering physician, after giving him an elixir to drink, which bore the then unfamiliar Arabic name of alcohol, persuades the prince to accept the gift of life which Elsie, an obscure but noble-hearted peasant girl, offers him. They go to Salerno together for this purpose; but, at the last, Prince Henry's slumbering manhood awakens in his soul, and at the risk of his own death he averts the sacrifice, and returns home, full of strength and vigor, to Hoheneck, with Elsie as his bride. The poet uses the comparatively unimportant feature of the journey to Salerno to illustrate fully and beautifully the wild, varied, and picturesque social life of the Middle Ages, which existed then out-of-doors to a far greater extent than at present. They witness a miracle-play as they travel onward, hear a monkish sermon, and attend festivals of the Church, which boldly dominated and deeply colored the lives of the masses of the people in that period. As they stop to rest at the various monasteries along the high-road, the opportunity is given for a fine contrast of monkish character: the solemn meditation in the twilight-haunted cloisters, the wild revelry among the sensual and earthly-minded brethren of cowl and gown.

The composer has, of course, laid aside much of this material, and indeed has left to the orchestral numbers the representation of this rich and quaint society. In this respect the music of "The Golden Legend" belongs distinctively to the modern school rendered so popular by Berlioz and Liszt. Berlioz, in his dramatic symphony, "Romeo and Juliet," has even employed the orchestra for the scene between Juliet in the balcony and her lover, wandering in the moon-

lit gardens of the old Italian palace-grounds. The music throbs through the languors and splendors of the Southern summer night, and weaves itself as through long sprays of flowering vines, heavy with fragrance and dews, into the trembling ecstasies of the human lovers. So the orchestra here takes up the recital of the journey, as

"Onward and onward the highway runs to the distant city,
impatiently bearing
Tidings of human joy and disaster, of love and of hate, of
doing and daring,"

and the little band wends on its way over the high Alps, through early mornings, and noontides and evening shadows, with weariness and rest and hidden hopes, winding another thread into the many-colored woof they see, until it closes with the holy music of St. Hildebert's hymn.

PRINCE HENRY.

Hark! What sweet sounds are those whose accents holy
Fill the warm noon with music sad and sweet?

ELSIE.

It is a band of pilgrims, moving slowly
On their long journey, with uncovered feet.

PILGRIMS.

Urbs cœlestis, urbs beata,
Supra petram collocata,
Urbs in portu satis tuto,
De longinquo te saluto!

To the orchestra is left also the description of the monkish carouse in the far-off convent of Hirschau, situated in the shadows of the Black Forest, and a rich piece of coloring is translated into the language of tone in this instrumental narration. It is an assemblage of monks in the refectory at midnight, stirred to wild revelry by the earthly and voluptuous songs of Lucifer disguised as Friar Paul, who sings a mediæval drinking-song, which has been well translated for this work by Edmund C. Stedman, but to whose unctuous enjoyment of the flowing wine no translator could do justice. It is as follows:

Ave! color vini clari,
Dulcis potus, non amari,
Tua nos inebriari,
Digneris potentia!

O! quam placens in colore!
O! quam fragrans in odore!
O! quam sapidum in ore!
Dulce linguæ vinculum!

Felix venter quem intrabis!
 Felix guttur quod rigabis!
 Felix os quod tu lavabis!
 Et beata labia!

CHORUS OF MONKS.
 Funde vinum, funde!
 Tanquam sint fluminis undæ,
 Nec quæras unde,
 Sed fundas semper abunde!

Translation by Mr. Stedman.

Hail! thou vintage clear and ruddy!
 Sweet of taste and fine of body!
 Through thine aid we soon shall study
 How to make us glorious!

O! thy color erubescant!
 O! thy fragrance evanescent!
 O! within the mouth, how pleasant!
 Thou the tongue's prætorius!

Blest the stomach where thou wendest!
 Blest the throat which thou distendest!
 Blest the mouth which thou befriendest,
 And the lips victorious!

CHORUS OF MONKS.
 Pour the wine, then, pour it!
 Let the wave bear all before it!
 There's none to score it,
 So pour in plenty, pour it!

This riotous bacchanal (in which the first theme, which is always used to represent Lucifer, or the principle of evil, and which sounds like derisive whisperings through the journey to Salerno, is heard repeatedly) ends by the sudden entrance of the Abbot, speaking his condemnations and reproaches through the mouth of the trombone in the stately Gregorian measures. There is, throughout the whole composition, a contest and struggle between the two principles of selfishness and love, characterized each by its appropriate melody, or melodic phrase. The first Gregorian tone is used in all the music descriptive of Elsie and her pure and gentle womanhood, and the Gregorian music, in its chants and majestic measures, reappears in every triumph over evil. We may consider the wild scene on the church-towers of Strasburg, with which the cantata opens, as the key-note to the whole composition. It is a dark night, and as the powers of wind and tempest sweep through the troubled air, the evil spirits are abroad, seeking to pull down the cross and the bells, and desolate the inner sanctuary. Each time are they driven back, baffled and con-

quered, before the invisible consecration and the guardianship of spiritual hosts. After every defeat the bells break forth into a grand Latin hymn, and at last, as the malignant spirits of the air sweep away in a rush of despairing rage, the sounds of the organ and of choiring voices arise from the interior of the old church, speaking of eternal vigilance and protection. Nothing could be more perfectly mediæval than this whole prologue.

LUCIFER.

Hasten! hasten!
 O ye spirits!
 From its station drag the ponderous
 Cross of iron, that to mock us
 Is uplifted high in air!

VOICES (*female chorus*).

O, we cannot!
 For around it
 All the Saints and Guardian Angels,
 Throng in legions to protect it;
 They defeat us everywhere.

THE BELLS (*male chorus*).

Laudo Deum verum!
 Plebem voco!
 Congrego clerum!

LUCIFER.

Lower! lower!
 Hover downward!
 Seize the loud vociferous bells, and
 Clashing, clanging, to the pavement
 Hurl them from their windy tower!

VOICES.

All thy thunders
 Here are harmless!
 For these bells have been anointed,
 And baptized with holy water!
 They defy our utmost power.

THE BELLS.

Defunctos ploro,
 Pestem fugo!
 Festa decoro!

LUCIFER.

Aim your lightnings
 At the oaken,
 Massive, iron-studded portals!
 Sack the house of God, and scatter
 Wide the ashes of the dead!

VOICES.

O, we cannot!
 The Apostles
 And the Martyrs, wrapped in mantles,
 Stand as wardens at the entrance,
 Stand as sentinels o'erhead!

THE BELLS.

Excito lentos!
Dissipo ventos!
Paco cruentos!

LUCIFER.

Baffled, baffled!
Inefficient,
Craven spirits, leave this labor
Unto Time, the great Destroyer!
Come away, ere night is gone!

VOICES.

Onward, onward!
With the night-wind,
Over field and farm and forest,
Lonely homesteads, darksome hamlet,
Blighting all we breathe upon!

CHOIR FROM WITHIN THE CHURCH

Nocte surgentes
Vigilemus omnes.

The same Gregorian tone that closes this prologue is the basis of the chorus which ends the work by celebrating the victory of love over the ignoble selfishness of evil. It is only broken by the lines that tell of the downfall of Lucifer, and his vanishing away like the dying echoes of a cry of lamentation.

The great ecclesiastical organization of the Middle Ages spread like a network all over the land of Europe; and in every gathering of men and women at home and abroad, in every transaction, domestic or public, at the *fête* or the market, there is plainly evident its mark and distinctive tendency. This prevailing color, if I may so speak, is very happily varied and brightened by the three sea-pieces beautifully introduced toward the close of the cantata. It is true that in the first, Elsie's song from the terrace at Genoa, there is still present in her mind an image of white-robed choristers, as she listens to the waves along the low sands, following each other from deep caves, one after the other, to die away on the shores below. But in the dreamy *barcarolle*—for the orchestra only—which succeeds, we seem to be taken close to the heart of the deep sea with its mystery and romance. Only one fisherman may be seen, floating alone

"With shadowy sail, in yonder boat,
And singing softly to the night,"

and he grows to us the embodied voice of the sea, whose soft, unspeakable murmurings interweave

his verses with tones of melodious rest. In this the sea calls to the maiden, and if it were not for the warm human love at her heart, we feel that its longing, its breathings of mysterious sweetness and calm, could not be denied.

Fresh and clear follows the chorus of Mediterranean sailors in Chorus XI., with the bracing stir of the quickening wind and dashing spray, and the swift bounding movement of the felucca on the waves. There may be "a dash of rain in the air"; but these merry seamen, who pray to the "good Saint Antonio," feel no fear of bank or breaker as they dash on their short journey southward.

It would have added much to the dramatic force in both the poem and the cantata if the two characters of Prince Henry and Elsie had not been so attuned to the same minor chords of regret and meditation. They are alike grave, thoughtful, and inclined rather to the neutral colors of the contemplative life than the passionate joys and pains of more marked natures. Still, there is in Elsie's purity a suggestion of a white lily growing in virginal glory of untouched and stainless whiteness in the cloister of its own blades which leaves us little to desire. The twilight coloring that usually surrounds them is beautifully broken with gleams of color in the last duet, which I will give as a fitting close to an interesting work of American artists.

PRINCE HENRY AND ELSIE.

Behold! the hilltops all aglow
With purple and with amethyst;
While the whole valley deep below
Is filled, and seems to overflow
With a fast-rising tide of mist.

PRINCE HENRY.

The evening air grows damp and chill;
Let us go in.

ELSIE.

Ah! not so soon.
See yonder fire! It is the moon
Slow rising o'er the eastern hill.

BOTH.

It glimmers on the forest tips,
And through the dewy foliage drips
In little rivulets of light,
And makes the heart in love with night.
In life's delight, in death's dismay,
In storm and sunshine, night and day,
In health and sickness, in decay,
Here and hereafter, I am thine!

THE SNOW-BIRD.

BY DUDLEY DIGGES, ESQ.



The winds of Winter fiercely blow,
The trees are rigid, sad, and bare,
The flowers are wanting everywhere,
The air is filled with fluttering snow.

And yet to-day there flew a bird
And sat upon my window-sill;
Methought his happy, cheery trill
As sweet a song as e'er I heard.

He came, I know not how or where,
Or why he came to sit and sing,
Unless he knew I longed for Spring,
And thought his song would take me there.

And so it did. I thought again
The flowers had come and decked the earth;
The birds were here in all their mirth:
And yet I could not miss the strain

Of that sweet bird that sat so still,
While yet the winds did fiercelier blow
And fill the air with eddying snow,
And sang upon my window-sill!

His song was simple, yet so sweet,
That never robin sang in Spring,
In all his happy caroling,
A song whose joy was more complete.

O snowy-breasted snow-bird, oft
I'll dream of thy sweet song, till Spring
Her merry troop of warblers bring,
And flowerets sweet fill every croft.

And when those brighter days are here,
Know, little bird, whose simple art
Hath through the snow-storm touched my heart,
Still shalt thou be in memory dear.

CURRENT TOPICS.

Success of American Competition.—In his new book on "Foreign Work and English Wages," Mr. Thomas Brassey, M.P., maintains a hopeful feeling with regard to England's immediate industrial future, yet freely admits that in the long run the United States must "succeed to the place of the parent country as the first of commercial and manufacturing powers." The present success of American manufacturers in certain trades, he says, "may reflect on the want of adaptability and versatility shown by English firms in meeting the particular wants of markets whose conditions are unlike those with which the English exporter is chiefly familiar; but they do not indicate any decline in English superiority as regards the great wholesale trades. Cuba, for example, prefers to import her agricultural implements, and especially her plows, from the United States, because Americans—probably one or two American manufacturers—take pains to study the special requirements of Cuban agriculture, and adapt their wares to the need of their customers. Similarly, American engineers have of late obtained a preference in our own colonies for their locomotives and railway cars, and great alarm and annoyance were felt in England on this account. But the explanation is simple. The conditions of colonial railway-making resemble those of America and not of Europe. Their lines, extremely long in proportion to the amount of traffic, require light and cheap carriages, ill-adapted to European lines; and American experience and ingenuity meet these conditions. The ax, again, is the special American tool, the tool of a nation which has been for two hundred years engaged in clearing regions largely occupied by primitive forest; and the American axes are consequently better for countries similarly situated than any that Sheffield or Birmingham produce."

Mr. Brassey seems to overlook the fact, of which he must be well aware, that the lines of manufacture which he has here specified are far from being the only ones in which America has risen to successful competition with England both at home and abroad. American cutlery has found sale in Sheffield, and coals have been carried to Newcastle in the shape of American prints to Birmingham. The success of American locks in English markets has filled English locksmiths with well-grounded alarm. But one need not thus multiply instances. Every reader of the newspaper press must recall them in numbers.

Moreover, precisely the same industrial conditions and general business methods which have enabled us to achieve such success in disputing England's supremacy in so many departments in the great markets of the world still exist, and there seems to be no good reason why they should not lead us to new and yet greater triumphs in the future. The inventive genius of the American people has become proverbial, and it is more than possible that we have as yet hardly begun to realize the splendid possibilities of invention. And the nation that leads in invention may be expected in the future, as in the past, to gain the lead also in productive

power and in everything else that contributes to supremacy in industrial and commercial competition. This principle Mr. Brassey admits when he says: "American invention is undoubtedly quicker and more active, as well as far more versatile than our own, and meets with far more encouragement both from the law and from the public." So long as the present favorable conditions remain, and they will remain till the character of our people changes, one may feel perfectly sure that America's advance to the forefront in industrial affairs will be certain. And no one need be surprised if in commerce and manufactures we shall gain supremacy by the same rapid strides as in agriculture.

George Eliot.—The republic of letters has lost one of its most honored leaders. George Eliot is dead. After a long life of literary activity she passed quietly away a few weeks ago. Her age was about sixty years. Curiously enough, the precise year of her birth is not known. Neither is it known whether she was the actual or only the adopted daughter of an English clergyman, in such obscurity rest the facts of her early life. Surely we can no longer with reason reproach the age of Shakspeare with negligence in preserving for posterity so few authentic records of the personal life of its great master-spirit, when, in this age of all-penetrating inquisitiveness, of insatiable curiosity, about the lives of all who are prominent in letters or affairs,—in this age of ubiquitous reporters and interviewers,—so little is known with certainty about the early years of this "Nineteenth Century Shakspeare," as her enthusiastic admirers have delighted to call her.

She has been described as "small, plain-featured, intelligent-looking, observant rather than animated—in short, a well-bred Englishwoman." But for some reason little curiosity is felt about the person and life of Marian Evans, or Mrs. Lewis, or Mrs. Cross. This is largely due, no doubt, to the fact that her life was comparatively uneventful. Our great interest clusters about that wonderful intellectuality whose acquaintance we have made under the name of George Eliot. Every one likes to imagine what her person should have been; but we are perfectly certain that there was no corresponding reality.

Unlike most writers of her sex, she took little pleasure in society. She always shunned the broad glare of publicity. Her preference was for a life of simple retirement and quiet study. At the age when most young ladies are interested with the last new thing in fashions, and with the doings of society, Marian Evans was deeply engaged in the study of the classics and the pursuit of philosophy. Her attainments in both fields were extraordinary. When still a very young lady she became the associate editor of the "Westminster Review," and made many contributions to its columns. Her first book was a translation of Strauss's "Life of Jesus." This was in 1846. It was not until twelve years later, when she was nearly forty years of age, that her first

essay in the field of fiction was made. "Scenes of Clerical Life" appeared in "Blackwood's Magazine," and at once attracted favorable attention. "Adam Bede" followed the next year, and the author was instantly recognized as gifted with pre-eminent genius. Since then she has published six novels, three volumes of poetry, and a volume of essays under the title "Impressions of Theophrastus Such."

The early philosophical writings of Marian Evans are little read, and are not held in very high admiration. "With their literary workmanship," as one critic has said, "no fault can be found; but she was plowing that somewhat barren and decidedly unattractive field, where, in Mr. Justin McCarthy's words, 'German metaphysics endeavors to come to the relief—or the confusion—of German Theology.'"

Nor can much be said in praise of her poetry. The verse is correct; the diction high and noble; the thought pure and lofty. But, for all that, one feels the lack of that ineffable something which kindles correct verse into burning poetry. She did not sing as the birds sing, and as all true singers do, because there was something in her heart which must break forth in music. Our feelings are not in the least shocked by thinking of her poems in the shape of prose. And yet it is said that she herself esteemed her poetry more highly than her prose. Perhaps because of the much greater effort it cost her. At any rate, this affords another instance of the inability of a writer to judge of his own work. Milton preferred "Paradise Regained," to his longer epic. A celebrated English painter is said to have considered his poetry, which no one else could tolerate, worthier of praise than the best efforts of his pencil.

When, however, one comes to speak of her work as a novelist, criticism is all but silent; admiration is profound and universal; one is left to a consideration of the attributes of her high art. It used to be the correct thing to compare her with the brilliant Frenchwoman, George Sand. But she fills an entirely different world, and, to our mind, is vastly superior. She lacks the wonderful gift of improvisation which lends such a charm to George Sand as a story-teller. But the life which George Eliot depicts is the actual life of the world about her, with all its strivings, its difficulties, its gloom, its *ennui*, and its hopes too, and aspirations, while George Sand transports us at once to an ideal realm, where morals and motives are strangely different from those we know and feel in the great life of the world.

The genius of George Eliot has often been described as masculine. And this is correct enough if one means by this epithet that one would not, from reading her works, suspect that they came from a woman's hand. To one not knowing her sex, we feel sure that nothing in her various works would afford sufficient grounds even for a suspicion that their author was a woman. But, knowing the fact, one can, no doubt, find here and there traces of the feminine manner. In reading George Eliot, one is, first of all, struck with the absorption of the author's personality in her work. One is invited to a view of life as it actually is. One may make his own inferences, may draw his own conclusions. No opinions or pet ideas of the author are constantly obtruded upon him. No theories of this, that, or the other thing are flaunted in his face. And yet, for all that, the novels are something more than mere stories. Profound moral problems,

social questions of far-reaching significance, are everywhere discussed, or rather are brought out in the lives and conduct of the characters. But the novels are not didactic performances, or novels with a purpose, in the ordinary sense of these terms. To quote Mr. Justin McCarthy: "The deep philosophic thought of George Eliot's best novels quietly suffuses and illumines them everywhere. There is no sermon here, no lecture there, no solid mass interposing between this incident and that, no ponderous moral hung around the neck of this or that personage. The reader feels that he is under the spell of one who is not merely a great story-teller, but who is also a deep thinker."

Especially noteworthy is the conscientiousness of her work. Nowhere did she hurry. She was content with a few masterpieces when she might, no doubt, have given us many more. If one idea more than any other comes out in her works, it is the glory and value of doing some work worth doing well. It was upon this principle that she herself always worked. Not how much, but how well, was her aim. And so every character, every scene, is elaborated with the utmost care. There are no lay-figures in her stories. Every character is a person of flesh and blood clearly individualized and made distinct from every other.

Her power in the analysis of motives is unrivaled. As with a scalpel, she dissects with un pitying hand every feeling and motive and impulse of the human heart. Their hidden grounds and causes she lays bare to our sight. By no author is one so forcibly and constantly reminded that moral character is composite, that the grounds of human action are always complex. Moral problems are never presented in naked syllogisms to the human heart. A thousand ifs and ands obscure their meaning and weaken their force.

A recent critic says of her: "Her truest note—indeed, her only true note, one may almost say, so conspicuously is it her own—is struck in a sentence of her first story, in which she says: 'Depend upon it, my dear young lady, you would gain unspeakably if you would learn with me to see some of the poetry and the pathos, the tragedy and the comedy, lying in the experience of the human soul that looks out through dull, gray eyes, and that speaks in a voice of quite ordinary tones.' To call 'The Sad Fortunes of the Rev. Amos Barton' George Eliot's best and most truly characteristic work would be to provoke the derision of the eulogists of 'Daniel Deronda;' but, slight as it is, we believe it could be so called more truthfully than the more celebrated story. Its personages are drawn with a firm hand, and the 'pathos in their very insignificance,' of which the author speaks, is affecting enough. The low-toned picture, with its gray lights and deep shadows alternating across a wholly unremarkable scene, was followed by others of the same sort in 'Adam Bede,' 'The Mill on the Floss,' and 'Silas Marner,' successively. 'Romola,' with all its Florentine mellowness, 'Felix Holt, the Radical,' and 'Middlemarch' are not essentially different. The element of fate pervades them all as distinctly as it does the Greek drama."

The same critic sums up his account of her by placing her in the first rank of novelists, with "Fielding, Thackeray, Balzac, George Sand, and Turgeneff, whom alone one thinks of associating with her." This is certainly not too high praise. No one of the present generation of writers is surer

of immortality than she. Among the undying stars her light will shine on and on to all after-times.

"Her life's expense
Hath won for her coeval youth
With the immaculate prime of Truth."

With deep sorrow the throngs of English readers turn in tearful silence toward her newly-made grave.

America's Peace Policy.—Our most sanguine expectations have been more than satisfied with the results obtained by the recent census. Our population is in excess of fifty millions, while the evidences of our material prosperity are overwhelming in force. Beyond all possibility of dispute, America from this time takes her stand as one of the first-class Powers of the world, "amongst the Powers," as the *Nation* pithily says, "no one of which any other Power could assail without taxing its own resources to the uttermost." In our own proud estimation we have long held this enviable position. But Europeans regarded this notion of ours as a harmless vagary of our overheated imagination, or of our nervously-sensitive self-consciousness, to which it was not worth their while to pay serious attention. The remoteness of our situation and our absolute lack of all interest, save that of an observant spectator, in European politics contributed both to our boastful belief and to the foreigner's incredulity and indifference.

It was the recent war, with the immense results which have followed it, which began to open the eyes of Europeans to our real position and strength. All their preconceived notions about the instability of our institutions when brought to a serious test were shown to their confusion to be groundless. The brilliant achievements of our citizen soldiers, led oftentimes by officers who a few months before knew no more of war than the reading of their leisure hours had taught them, the patriotic enthusiasm with which our people responded to the call to arms, the cheerful willingness with which they submitted to the excessive burden of taxation and to being drafted for military service, showed the European politician and theorist that he had been counting without his host when he had imagined that the first shock of civil war, the first serious crisis, would shatter the fabric of our civil institutions and reduce our free and hopeful democracy to a chaos of anarchy and despair. An impression quite as profound was created by the alacrity with which at the termination of the war our armies were disbanded, and our soldiers, many of whom had spent four of the best years of their lives in the field, hastened back to counting-room and shop and farm. The marvelous growth of our industry and commerce since the war, the unprecedented rapidity with which we have opened new fields, developed new industries, gained control of or entrance into new markets, the willing submission to a continuance of heavy taxation, the steady advance in our credit, the imposing celerity with which we set about paying our national debt and its wonderful reduction, are a few of the causes which have kept the European mind busy these last few years in trying to explain and understand the United States.

In this connection, an article in a recent number of the *Spectator* deserves more than passing notice. After giving a glowing account of our material prosperity, and paying a

splendid tribute to the "superb pride" with which our people accepted the weight of taxation, and wondering at our "financial triumph" unparalleled "in the history of any nation," it proceeds to take us to task for not doing more for the world at large. With "the strongest, the freest, the most prosperous people within our borders," "no nation in bonds," "no struggling people," "no perishing race," looks to America for assistance, or even so much as hopes to find in her a champion. "One American shell would liberate the Armenians." At any rate, in Mexico and the South American States we should take it upon us to keep order and prevent war.

Such, in substance, is the *Spectator's* homily. An active, intermeddling foreign policy is what it would prescribe for us. But this is not our way. We believe in attending to our own business and generously allowing other people the same privilege. We believe in the powerful though silent influence of good example. We believe in the triumph of the arts of peace and quietness. And by our example and prosperity this gospel, for which the ages have waited, we are preaching with tremendous force to the whole circle of the world. The old ideas of knight-errantry, in accordance with which some "gentle knight pricked forth" into the world,

"Yclad in mighty arms and silver shield,"

in search of wrongs to redress, or helpless maidens

"To save from shame and thrall,"

however much these may appeal to our imagination and sentiment, find no place in our sober, practical, common-sense creed. We believe more is done for the world by doing the duty that lies next, by establishing peace and prosperity and freedom within our borders, than by neglecting that to run off to some far corner of the world to make a theatric display of philanthropy. We do not believe for a moment in the mission of any nation to attempt to elevate races or peoples by cutting other people's throats.

We do not believe in standing armies and navies, except to do police work, and that is not the highest or noblest kind of work, we think. We haven't much faith in missionary wars, or wars of deliverance, such as most wars nowadays are called. We fear behind them lurks some opium scheme or "scientific frontier" humbug. It is all very well for the Englishman to "lay that flattering unction to his soul," that in the recent invasion of Afghanistan he was waging a "war of deliverance" for the poor Afghans from Russian oppression. But what does he suppose the Afghan himself thought of this fine theory when, his towns in ruins, his fields laid waste, his flocks driven off, his house in flames, his brethren gibbeted, he fled in terror to his mountain fastnesses? Would the great British nation not have done more for the world by using the hundred millions of treasure, poured out with the blood in that wild Afghan campaign, in ameliorating the condition of her own people in helpless and unhappy Ireland? When one contemplates Ireland in her wretched and forlorn condition, while England is waging "missionary" wars through the world, one is reminded of the ragged, neglected urchin who lacked for clothes and cleanliness, because his mother was president of a mission society and had to sew for the heathen.

No; there is a better way of helping mankind forward, of

bringing "sweetness and light" into the dark and bitter corners of the world, than by entering the lands of the oppressed with flying banners and needle-guns. We are teaching the world that a great nation can live in peace and happiness and abundant prosperity without being constantly upon a war-footing, without standing armies, without imposing military chiefs, or military glory. Armenia, in her distant mountain glens, will feel the sunshine of our example and be encouraged. The people worthy of liberty achieves it. But is it not known to the *Spectator* that American railway projects and American commercial enterprise and American evangelists have already begun the peaceful conquest of Mexico? Does it not know that from the success of our institutions the South American republics take heart for new efforts in purifying themselves and establishing democratic principles?

Immeasurably more glorious is it for hosts of intelligent men to be devoted to evolving new plans of production, of increasing the wealth and comfort of the world, of winning from barbarism new fields for commercial activity and civilization, than to be leading armies on Don Quixotic campaigns,

or lounging about camps and *cafés*, or making new and more terrible inventions for the destruction of human life and the products of peaceful industry. The lesson that America teaches the world just at present—and it is a most needed one—is that prosperity waiteth upon peace.

Venus, Jupiter, and Saturn.—The three brightest planets now visible in the western sky are Venus, Jupiter, and Saturn. These are all in nearly a direct line from the setting sun to near the meridian, Venus being the most western, then Jupiter and Saturn.

Venus is remarkably brilliant now, and about the first of April will be visible to the naked eye even when the sun shines.

Venus will pass Jupiter on the 22d of February, five degrees to the north, at which time these planets will present a rarely beautiful sight. And on the first of March it will pass Saturn, so that from the middle of February till the middle of March the three planets will possess unusual attractions.

On the 22d of April Jupiter will pass the sun and Saturn, an event that will not occur again this century.

TABLE-TALK.

Apples.—Apples are the most useful fruit we possess, and the most wholesome. Eaten raw, or cooked in a hundred different ways, they take an important share in our domestic economy. Apples may be divided into three classes,—dessert, baking, and cider fruit,—the number of different varieties in each of these classes being enormous. It is much easier to choose a good dessert-apple than to be sure of a good cooking-apple; for very much of the fruit sold for baking purposes is only fit for cider. It makes a great difference in the success of a recipe whether the apples used have a fine flavor when cooked, and whether they retain their form or cook into a smooth pulp. For those who possess orchards of their own it is best to keep each variety distinct, and use first any that may have been mixed. A room with a good draught of air through it, and with shelves all round the walls, made of laths of wood two or three inches apart, or of perforated zinc nailed on a framework of wood, is best for the apples. Do not let them touch each other, and if they have air all round them they will be in good condition when other fruit is rotten. Of course, they must be carefully picked by hand from the tree, the bruised ones being used first. Some varieties will keep three or four months longer than others, and these should be carefully looked after. By looking over the apples once a week, and taking away any that show symptoms of decay, the winter stock of fruit will amply repay care and attention.

Mending.—As soon as children have learned to darn on canvas perfectly by taking up one stitch and leaving one, and are also equally perfect in crossing their darns by the same rules as I gave in a former paper, they ought to be taught to make their darns another pattern, by taking up

one stitch and leaving two, and then another way by taking two and leaving two. One square of canvas can contain three or four darns, in all different colors. It is a good plan to let an elder child teach a younger one; this not only saves the mother or governess, but impresses the lesson indelibly on the small teacher. It is a lesson also to the child who teaches, in patience and in gentleness of tone in speaking,—two virtues which she no doubt will illustrate with the measure wherewith they have been measured to her. When the canvas darning is an easy and familiar lesson learned perfectly, the children can then be promoted to stocking darning; but it must be a coarse cotton stocking, cut up into squares, for a whole stocking or sock is much too difficult at first, because the way to hold it on the left hand is a tiresome thing to a child. In all these little matters, as we grown-up people call them, the teaching of children calls for a loving sympathy and a large and divine patience,—the patience that daily teaches line upon line, and as patiently waits for the results.

I fear that many mothers expect the results to be far greater in proportion than the line-upon-line teaching entitles us to do. It is not so in nature, whether in the animal or vegetable kingdom, neither should we expect it in the mental growth or deftness or handiness of children. It will not be long, however, before a child carefully and daily taught to darn in the way I have described will be able to put a neat darn in a "real" sock or stocking, and the greatest prize you can give is that they shall have the honor and glory of darning mother's or father's. Then promote them to the darning of house-linen. The easiest thing to begin upon is a rather coarse table-napkin, cut into small squares. Let them hem the squares, and then learn, in the same way

as on the stockings, every alternate thread, but not allowing them to leave loops, only to leave the thread easy top and bottom. The proper thread to use for bed and table linen is flax thread, and at a good trimming and small-ware shop the proper varieties in size can be bought. At a draper's only a coarse size is usually sold. In darning, match your thread with your material.

Darn all cotton things with cotton, all linen with linen, all woolen with woolen. It not only looks better, but amalgamates with the material, and when washed does not show as much as darning a material with a foreign element would. The same principle applies to the mending of gowns. If you can manage to darn a slit in a merino, cashmere, or paramatta gown with its own ravelings, it will scarcely show; but, at the same time, you must not take the ravelings from the tear you are going to mend, as those ravelings help to fill up the darn. Never remove the threads that are left in any sort of tear in any sort of material. Before you begin to darn a hole, examine it well, and pull out the edges with your finger and thumb, and see what you have to work upon. The washing and mangling it has undergone crumples up and conceals many little scraps that can be pulled out and used as a foundation to cover the rents. In stockings and socks, holes should always be drawn together before darning. This should be done by "lacing" it with very fine cotton, black cotton for white stockings and white for black stockings, and then you can pick out the threads when your stocking is darned. In drawing a hole together, be careful not to draw it out of its natural proportions, but observe where the threads naturally lie, and make a lattice-work across the hole gently. Some holes can be quite drawn together. Filoselle is the best thing for darning black lisle thread or fine merino stockings; not the filoselle for embroidery, but large skeins, as four threads are sufficiently thick, and sometimes two are enough.

II. B.

Husbands and Housekeeping.—We have read of "Bachelors' Ways, and What they Teach the Housewife," but we do not think the subject of "Housekeeping from the Husband's Point of View" has ever yet been treated. It is, however, an important one, and one over which we housewives are continually pondering and lamenting, whether we express our feelings or not. We say lamenting, because the fact is, most men know nothing whatever about housekeeping, and are apt to take all that is done for them so entirely as a matter of course (though they are ready enough to find fault if it is not done), that their wives very naturally get disappointed and out of heart at their exertions being so scantily recognized and so little appreciated.

Not very long ago, Mrs. Oliphant, in a magazine article on the "Grievances of Women," gave vent to her own views with respect to the masculine fashion of regarding housewives and housekeeping with contempt; and what she said embodies so much of that sense of injustice against which we are always struggling, that we must quote from her. "Housekeeping," she remarks, "is a science full of a multiplicity of tasks, all more or less indispensable. The husband has his hours of work out of doors, and then comes home to rest and be waited upon. The wife, at least in the lower and middle classes, finds her work cut out for her,

and spread over every moment of the twenty-four hours; so that she may be said to have 'never done.' House, servants, children, mending, patching, general supervision of domestic affairs—none of these tasks may be neglected. There is little or no time all day for recreation or for cultivating the mind; and the evenings must be devoted to the husband's wishes and requirements, and to the inevitable plain sewing. And all this drudgery is undervalued and ignored, and not looked upon in the light of 'work' at all. It is only woman's duty, and no particular credit is to be given her, no matter how well she acquits herself. The attitude of men toward us is ungenerous in the extreme."

We chanced once to be present at an afternoon tea at a friend's house, when the article in question was under discussion among several ladies, all of whom were on sufficiently intimate terms with each other to relate their personal experiences. "Of course," said one, "these remarks are intended chiefly for the lower classes, but a good many of them could be profitably applied to ourselves. Now don't we, many of us, know what it is to be pottering all day, doing all kinds of little odd jobs about the house which no one else can do, and which must be done, though we have not much to show for them, and for our husbands to come in to dinner, and say, 'Why haven't you written that letter? Why didn't you go to such and such a place? Why didn't you do this, or that, or other? What on earth can you have been about all this time?' And they get dreadfully cross, my dear, too, if one attempts to argue and explain the hundred and one little potterings which have frittered away the morning and the afternoon!" "Very true," answered another; "men have an idea that all one's ordering and marketing can be got through in about half an hour, and that all the departments of the house will arrange themselves naturally without any of our needless fuss, as they call it. They don't see the process; they only see the result, when everything is made straight and smooth for them, and so they imagine house-keeping is all plain sailing, and cannot understand or sympathize with its difficulties." "No; there is no getting them to understand," said the first speaker. "Not even personal experience will convince them. When we have been away from home for a week or two, and have left things to the servants, and found a bad state of affairs both up-stairs and down on our return, our husbands will often have it there is nothing wrong; it is only our imagination. Then perhaps another time he will take a fit of interference himself, and discover, just when we don't wish it, that the cook is wasteful, the housemaid is not fit for her work, and that the nurse neglects the children; and he will want them all to be dismissed. When a man does wake up to the sense of household difficulties, it seems to me it is always at the wrong moment, and more harm is done than good." "I have had a great deal of that kind of thing to contend with," chimed in a third lady; "but I think I have pretty well cured my husband of it by trying the experiment of giving up the housekeeping to him entirely for a fortnight, without helping him by any suggestions or interfering at all. And the result was that he was glad enough to surrender the reins to me again! He would have it that one general order in the morning was enough for the whole establishment, and that everything would work properly, and fall into its

natural place, if only matters were left alone. So he followed out his own plan, and found, as you may suppose, that the weekly bills ran up to double their usual amount, the servants got dreadfully careless, and all his little pet comforts and indulgences were overlooked and neglected. I felt very triumphant, I can tell you, when at last he was obliged to own that I was the best manager, after all!"

"If they could only *all* be brought to own that," said the lady who had opened the discussion, "what a good thing it would be for us! If our work, which is more important to them than they know, were given its full value, and its little homely details, which seem so trivial and are really so necessary, were recognized as part of the household machinery, and not sneered at as 'useless fussing,' it would give us a much higher interest and pleasure in fulfilling our appointed tasks. We must 'potter' more or less over them; and we cannot help it. Just look at the time it takes (setting aside ordering dinner and marketing) to sort the household linen and keep it in order every week, to put down the accounts accurately, and to superintend the nursery or the school-room, or perhaps both, while keeping a watchful eye over the kitchen. Unless we are rich enough to keep a large staff of competent servants, we must do all this ourselves; and even arranging flowers, tidying a room, and writing a *menu* takes time. Our husbands' wardrobes are under our charge, too, and their thousand little wants and crotchets must be our constant study. And yet these men take it all for granted, and say we have nothing to do, and might lie on the sofa all day and read novels if we liked. It would serve them right if we did, I think. But we 'are too conscientious.'" And thereupon there was a laugh, and the discussion ended. But it left a permanent impression on our mind to the effect that a more full and perfect recognition of women's work *per se*—domestic, not professional—would be a far greater step towards advancing the social position of women in general than the attempt to confer upon them masculine privileges, which few really desire, and fewer still rightly understand.

Courtesy.—A person who is courteous to others feels the happier for his courtesy; and it creates sunshine and happiness around. We feel drawn involuntary toward a person who treats us with courtesy and speaks kindly to us. If we think a brother is in error; if we wish him to receive any view of divine truth which we have formed ourselves; if we wish him to adopt any line of conduct in preference to the one he is now pursuing, a courteous and respectful forbearing will enable us the better to accomplish our end. We cannot lose anything by elegance of manners; we may gain a great deal. A man with a disrespectful manner, and with rough and hasty words, damages the cause he wishes to promote. Study to be respectful. Study to be easy, graceful, kind, in your general demeanor. You will find in passing through a world like this that it will pay well to be courteous.

Health Hints.—Those who desire and appreciate health should be as willing to make some effort to secure it as they do to obtain the other and good things which increase the pleasures of life. Pure water is essentially necessary to good

health. All wells, cisterns, and springs should be thoroughly cleaned in the early spring or in the autumn. The usual method of placing a large stone on the top of the cistern is injurious to the water, unless an aperture is left in the stone and fitted with a wooden cover. The air should not be wholly excluded from the cistern, else mouldy conditions will predominate,—although perhaps not apparent,—and the water will not be wholesome, and in it sometimes there may be found various kinds of insects and reptiles.

Water is the natural drink of all living creatures, and it serves several important purposes in the animal economy. First, it repairs the loss of the aqueous part of the blood caused by evaporation, and the action of the secreting and inhaling organs; secondly, it is a solvent of various elementary substances, and therefore assists the stomach in digestion, though if taken in very large quantities it may have an opposite effect, by diluting the gastric juice; thirdly, it is a nutritive agent; that is, it assists in the formation of the solid parts of the body.

Kitchen Economy.—Dr. Edward G. Love, the present Analytical Chemist for the Government, has recently made some interesting experiments as to the comparative value of baking powders. Dr. Love's tests were made to determine what brands are the most economical to use. And as their capacity lies in their leavening power, tests were directed solely to ascertain the available gas of each powder. Dr. Love's report gives the following:

"The prices at which baking powders are sold to consumers I find to be usually fifty cents per pound. I have, therefore, calculated their relative commercial values according to the volume of gas yielded on a basis of fifty cents cost per pound."

NAME OF THE BAKING POWDERS.	AVAILABLE GAS. CUBIC INCHES PER EACH OUNCE POWDER.	COMPARATIVE WORTH PER POUND. CENTS.
"Royal" (cream tartar powder).....	127.4	50
"Patapsco" (alum powder).....	125.2	49
"Rumford's" (phosphate) fresh.....	122.5	48
"Rumford's" (phosphate) old.....	32.7	13
"Hanford's None Such".....	121.6	47½
"Redhead's".....	117.0	46
"Charm" (alum powder).....	116.9	46
"Amazon" (alum powder).....	111.9	44
"Cleveland's" (short weight ¾ ounce).....	110.8	43
"Czar".....	106.8	42
"Price's Cream".....	102.6	40
"Lewis's" (condensed).....	98.2	38½
"Andrew's Pearl".....	93.2	36½
"Hecker's Perfect".....	92.6	36
Bulk Powder.....	80.5	30
Bulk Aerated Powder.....	75.0	29

NOTE.—"I regard all alum powders as very unwholesome. Phosphate and tartaric acid powders liberate their gas too freely in process of baking, or under varying climatic changes suffer deterioration."

Waste.—There must be, of necessity, a percentage of loss in all the material transactions of every-day life, whether these be carried on in the workshop, the counting-room, the kitchen, or the laboratory; but this inevitable waste can be so far reduced by good management that it amounts to but little in the course of a year. Observation has convinced us

that the loss in large workshops must be considerable, for in a great majority of cases we have seen materials lying about under foot,—bolts, nuts, washers, kicking around in the mud out in the yard, new work exposed to injury from the elements, tools misplaced, essential articles or tools necessary to the perfection of certain parts of the work, at great distances from each other, and an infinite number of abuses which, although small of themselves, when summed up make a grand-total loss at the end of the year. As the thirty-second part of an inch is too little on one piece of a steam engine, a sixty-fourth on another, and as much on still another will result in great derangement of the functions of the machine, so infinitesimal waste, continually occurring, is the representative of hundreds of dollars for which there has been no return. No matter what the nature of the trade or manufacture, it is very certain that a material reduction of the expenses of every department can be made by careful attention to the minor matters, and these remarks are made with the hope that all interested will give them attention.

"Science in Aid of the Housewife.—Mending of all kinds of clothing, table, and bed linen, etc., and elegant embroidery, is now done on the Wilson Oscillating Shuttle Sewing Machine, without an attachment. Wonders will never cease in this age of progress."—*Scientific American*.

Neuralgia as a "Warning."—The great prevalence of "neuralgia"—or what commonly goes by that name—should be regarded, the *Lancet* says, as a warning indicative of a low condition of health, which must necessarily render those who are affected with this painful malady especially susceptible to the invasion of diseases of an aggressive type. Neuralgia indicates a low or depressed state of vitality, and nothing so rapidly exhausts the system as pain that prevents sleep and agonizes both body and mind. It is, therefore, of the first moment that attacks of this affection, incidental to and indicative of a poor and weak state, should be promptly placed under treatment, and as rapidly as may be controlled. It is worth while to note this fact, because, while the spirit of manliness incites the "strong-minded" to patient endurance of suffering, it is not wise to suffer the distress caused by this malady, as many are now suffering it, without seeking relief, forgetful of the condition it bespeaks, and the constitutional danger of which it is a warning sign.

There is nothing equal to crocus powder for cleaning and keeping steel. Mix it with pure salad-oil, cover the steel over night with it; rub off well next morning, and polish with equal parts of dry crocus and powdered brick-dust.

LITERATURE AND ART.

My Hero. A Love Story. By MRS. FORRESTER. *Author of "Mignon," "Roy and Viola," "Diana Carew; or, for a Woman's Sake," "Fair Women," "Dolores," "Rhono," etc. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.*

"My Hero" is a strong and thoroughly captivating love-story. It is a delicious life-picture, and is written in Mrs. Forrester's best and most charming vein, the style being full of vigor and dash. There is a breezy freshness pervading the entire novel which is particularly acceptable, and now and then come bursts of humor welling forth in the most spontaneous fashion. The scene is laid in a charming locality in the interior of England, which is described with great felicity and picturesqueness, and the glimpses given of the little village of Colton are simply fascinating. The characters belong to the gentry, and form the high society of the delightful rural district they inhabit. All these personages are well drawn and clearly individualized. Doris Keane, the heroine, is sketched with special power and fidelity to nature. From the time she first meets her "hero" in the Southcote Woods until her illusions are rudely shattered, and she at last finds a husband truly worthy of a pure and spotless woman, the picture is complete and enthralling. The portrait of Jack, Doris's manly brother, is also drawn with a master hand, and Mr. Carruthers, the kind and patient lover, is as fine a life-sketch as can be found in any novelist's pages. The plot possesses unflagging interest, and has the merit of absolute novelty. It is admirably handled from the first to last, the development displaying an unusual

amount of tact and skill. The incidents are all good, and some of them are dramatic and thrilling in a pronounced degree.

The Twin Cousins. By SOPHIE MAY, *Author of "Little Frudy Stories," "Dotty Dimple Stories," "Little Prudy's Flyaway Stories," etc. Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*

This constitutes one of the delightful series of "Flaxie Frizzle Stories," written by the above author for the instruction and entertainment of the young folks. Its highly moral tone and pleasing character well adapt it to the purpose for which it was designed, and no more charming little volume could be selected for the youthful reader. Its illustrations also are quite artistic as well as attractive.

The Rhyme of the Border War. A Historical Poem of the Kansas-Missouri Guerilla War before and during the late Rebellion. By THOMAS BROWN PEACOCK, *Author of "The Vendetta" and other poems. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.*

The principal character of the poem is the famous guerilla chieftain, Charles William Quantrell, and the various incidents constituting the song of these rhyming verses are those which are to be found in the early and tragic history of Kansas. Its author, known as the "Kansas poet," through his many previous poetical effusions, has well earned the reputation, if quantity is to be considered a measure. As

to quality, however, there is much that is open to fair criticism; yet, notwithstanding such defects, minor in themselves, there is much deserving of favorable commendation. We find many fine gems of poetic thought, expressed in language both chaste and select. In fine word-painting, especially, does he show a most gratifying skill; some of his poetic imagery possessing much original and striking beauty. Of these we have space to notice but a few. The introduction conveys in pleasing metre the aims of the writer:

"I build the fair and lofty rhyme,
Of deeds heroic sing the praise.
Though now I touch the breathing lyre,
To sing past war, if of those days
Should other harps than mine aspire,
It boots not who best wears the bays,
So that the poem hath expressed
The music of the poet's breast
With feeling that to time imparts
A light of pathos melting hearts,—
That mystic power of poesy,
Defineless as the Deity.
I sing as now my whim suits best,
And leave to man and time the rest;
I sing of war—red, cruel war,
The desperate deeds of desperate men—
Of war, whose echoes yet afar
Low thunder over hill and plain."

And a peroration to Kansas, which is exceedingly graphic and fine:

"O Kansas! land of many a change!
Land of promise! Land of fairest things!
Where war and carnage oft did rage,
Now Peace and Beauty spread their wings.
* * * * *
Here John Brown, the fanatic, made
A name which few this day admire;
And Jim Lane here his powers displayed
In orations touched with fire.
Here bold Montgomery led his men
Like Rhoderick Dhu through Scotia's glen.
* * * * *
Here journalism first betrayed
The hope the law would be obeyed,
Through the *Herald*, *Free State*, *Speer's Tribune*,
Which bloomed a flower that perished soon
Then thy first bard, Realf, did essay
The Muse—his poems seem like day
Amid that one dark night of time,
When all was vengeance, hate, and crime."

His descriptions of the battles fought by the bushwhackers are equally well and forcibly expressed, and none more so than the opening lines of Canto VI.:

"Lo! Phoebus climbs the hills of morn!
And white-robed day is newly born.
Far o'er the prairies, fair to see,
Wild yellow sun-flowers flourish free,—
For miles and miles a golden sea.
Here countless wild-flowers breast the wind,
As in Shakspeare are most thoughts enshrined
Which breathe the beauty of immortal mind.
One mile, and scarce a mile, apart,
Are now encamped two warlike clans;
But soon from their still rest they'll start,
For each prepares for battle's dread demands!"

As a class, poets themselves play a part in the scenes they portray, and the character they assume is usually that of the lover. We fear that the poet, in the present instance, has failed to conceal his identity sufficiently, unless his desire

has been to place the incident he so happily relates with those that so strongly mark the career of the new State. We shall not, however, divulge the *modus operandi* by which we solved this problem from out the labyrinthian mazes of his Canto IX. Tom Reworb was certainly as brave in love as in war, and he deserves to have his praises recorded in verse. In reading "the lover's flight" we were very forcibly reminded of how much depended upon a saddle-girth, but presumed that Tom, like all gallant lovers, made sure of this!

Decoration.—A valued exchange presents the following sensible thoughts upon decoration as a refining power. We take pleasure in calling our readers' attention to them:

"Criticism has, probably, been no more exercised than in endeavoring to formulate the traits of particular artists into general principles, which may account for that subtle power to please which some works evince, and which, if it can be long sustained, is a positive indication of the presence of genius, or, at least, of well-defined talent.

"While the attempt to arrive at such principles can never result in any other outcome than a few cardinal rules which may be generally applicable, it does tend to show in what manner various forms of art differ, and what requisites are, under certain conditions, indispensable. The same criteria which would be adopted with reference to pictorial art, or the art of sculpture, could not, in many instances, be used with reference to decorative art. The consideration of true drawing, perfect technique, or grand conception which would admit of the reception into galleries of paintings morally debasing, or of statuary meretriciously suggestive, might be of no weight in determining whether the same works, although admitted to be of the best art, should be introduced to the companionship of households. In the one case, the artistic worth is alone regarded; in the other, that worth is also measured by the direct effect which is produced upon those with whom it is to come in daily contact.

"In some forms of decoration this attention to the personal influence is all important. The refining tendency, the elevating tone of household surroundings, must be thought of as a first principle; and in no case is this more certain than when the decoration is the work of women. Embroidery has a purpose beyond the dexterity which the workmanship manifests and above the part which the colors play, though 'color be divine.' When James Thomson said that

"The rooms with costly tapestry were hung,
Where was inwoven many a gentle tale;
Such as of old the rural poets sung,"

or that

"Sometimes the pencil in cool, airy halls,
Bade the gay bloom of vernal landscapes rise,"

he appreciated the power which gentleness and womanliness and refined feeling could give to the very walls and the carpets and the furniture.

"Without doubt this is the highest aim of decoration, and the more intimately the form in which the object appears is associated by custom or necessity with the idea of work especially suited to women, the more should the power to refine and elevate be held in view as one of the foremost requisites to distinguish good work."

A new descriptive catalogue of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s publications has just been issued. It is an octavo of two hundred and fifty pages, and describes all of their books and periodicals in all external features, size, form, binding; and, besides giving the contents, either characterizes these so as to aid the reader in understanding their value, or, more frequently, quotes the estimates of competent critical authorities.

This catalogue contains a quite remarkable array of notable names in literature,—Agassiz, Aldrich, Andersen, Bacon, the British Poets, Dr. John Brown, Robert Browning, Bryant (his translation of Homer), John Burroughs, Carlyle, Alice and Phœbe Cary, Dr. E. H. Clarke and James Freeman Clarke, Joseph Cook, Cooper, Dana, De Quincey, Dickens, Emerson, Fields, Fiske, Goethe, Bret Harte, Hawthorne, Hillard, Holmes, Howells, Hughes, James, Mrs. Jameson, Miss Jewett, Starr King, Miss Larcom, Lewes, Longfellow, Lowell, Macaulay, Harriet Martineau, Owen Meredith, Montaigne, Parton, Pascal, Nora Perry, Miss Phelps, Adelaide Procter, Saxe, Scott, Scudder, Principal Shairp, Stedman, Mrs. Stowe, Bayard Taylor, Tennyson, Mrs. Thaxter, Dr. J. P. Thompson, Thoreau, Ticknor, Waring, Warner, Whipple, Mrs. Whitney, Whittier, and scores of others hardly less distinguished.

It has a very full index, containing the names of authors and distinctive titles of all works included; also classified lists, embracing architecture, art, biography, education, essays, health, history, illustrated books, juvenile books, law, medicine, novels, poetry, politics and political economy, religion, science, short stories, travel, and description.

The catalogue contains thirty-two full-page pictures, selected from the illustrated books published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., notably from their new edition of Longfellow's Poems.

This catalogue will be of great value to all public and private libraries and to all who buy and read good books. It will be sent by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston, on receipt of fifteen cents.

To Literary Aspirants.—The opening of a literary career is such a shifting diorama of disappointments, such a dreary, desperate struggle against circumstances, that, could intending recruits view it in its completeness, the vision would be enough to cool the most ardent. There is among young writers a very popular superstition that an article has only to be written, sent to an editor, and the author immediately becomes famous, and, as a necessary consequence—wealthy. Those, however, who have put this fairy-like arrangement to the test have discovered, I believe, that it has no existence in fact. A first article is pretty sure to be rejected; perhaps the second, third, fourth, and maybe more. The reason is not far to seek. Editors, like the heads of other professions, choose experience. They have never a lack of matter to pick from—rather the contrary; and in the interests of the readers of their publications they insert the best. Then for the aspirant there is the bitterness of delays. An article is accepted; he receives a note from the editor to say that it must be cut down in certain portions. He readily offers the MS. on any terms. It may afterward be months before it appears in print. Victory at last! he thinks, when he views it. Hope is increased with the dispatch of every other article, and despair at its return. How disappoint-

ments like these must embitter even the most sanguine of temperaments!

The interval, too, between the sending of the MS. and the receipt of the usual "compliments and thanks" is generally utilized by the author in building air-castles on his supposed success. He indulges in a pleasant little dream, in which he sees the editor poring in rapt admiration over his production, and laying it reverentially aside for the compositor. The reality may be the MS. deposited among a score of others, all to be returned to their respective owners at some future and convenient opportunity. Poverty comes quickly to those who make literature a means of livelihood. At times the stopping of the postman at the door will be wished and watched for with the keen anxiety of an empty stomach. This is in the experience of every literary man. The aspirant gets sick at heart with his failures; his friends lose their faith in the intelligence he was thought to possess; and he finds, with the quaint song, that

"The crony wha stuck like a burr to your side,
An' vowed wi' his heart's dearest bluid to befriend' ye,
A five-guinea note, man, will part ye as wide
As if oceans and deserts were lyin' between ye."

The glorious uncertainty of the law in its action is small, comparatively speaking, to the uncertainty of literature in the wrestle for fame. The aspirant sees the successful author envied and admired; the dark clouds of heartburnings and misfortunes are lost in the background. To those, however, who suffer under such an acute attack of *cacoëthes scribendi* that the above is of no avail, we would, in consideration both of themselves and their editors, address the following observations.

First, as regards writing an article: for it to read well there must be an amount of experience even in the forming of the sentences. Editors at times take matter written in a very indifferent manner, but it is only where the subject happens to be a novel one, or of great general interest. A choice of interesting topics and style will only come with practice. In commencing to seek the favor of editors, let the articles sent be brief; this is important. See that the production is legibly written, well spelled, and grammatical. It should also be observed that the journal to which the article is forwarded must be one in which a similar style of matter is commonly to be met with. Above all, let the article stand upon its own merits; never bother the editor with such remarks as that it comes recommended by a friend of that personage. To say that it is a first attempt will be superfluous; the honorable gentleman at the head of affairs will see that at a glance. Never go from the editor's head to his heart and plead poverty. The aspirant is on a level with a begging-letter pleader at once; besides, no editor cares to deal with a contributor who is "hard up."

An editor's judgment may be relied upon, but some will accept what others refuse; so, if an article be returned from one office, do not be chary of sending it to another. Keep constantly writing, have three or four articles at different offices at once—there are publications enough.

The above are a few practical hints, not given with the view of pointing out a road or encouraging the aspirants to start upon a most precarious career, but merely that the elementary obstacles may be smoothed.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

A One-sided Feature in our Social Life.—In the "Home and Society Department" of one of our magazines I saw, not long ago, an article written by a lady on "The Plague of Formal Calls." Our whole system of making calls, formal or informal, seems to me a very one-sided one. The only foundation on which the making of calls ought to rest is a desire for the companionship of people who are agreeable to us, or to whom we can make ourselves either useful or agreeable. Of course, if neither party is agreeable to the other, usefulness is out of the question. Take a pleasant afternoon in September or October, not in a metropolitan city, but in one of a few thousand inhabitants, for such cities represent the average of American social life far better than the larger ones do. Go on to the streets, not where business is transacted, but among the attractive residences, and you will meet callers at wonderfully frequent intervals. But the one-sided part of it is this: These callers seem to be all ladies. In fact, you see only two classes of gentlemen making calls. You meet the doctor who is calling on the sick, and the clergyman who is calling in his wake on the dying, or on those who have lost friends, or, to take the most cheerful view of the case that is possible, on his parishioners. Both are making professional calls. There are newcomers in a place. They were at our church last Sunday and made rather an agreeable impression. They ought to be called on. So the madam calls on the madam. Each of the gentlemen remains a stranger to the other; but the requirements of etiquette have been complied with, and in due season madam's call will be returned.

Now can it be true that only the ladies need what comes of making calls? It may be that ladies find in the society of ladies, as they flit from house to house, what gentlemen certainly would not find in the society of gentlemen. I am very sure that they would never flit in full dress for the sake of any social enjoyment so completely one-sided. But are not gentlemen confined to business to such an extent that making formal calls must be left largely to the ladies? Yes, they are; there is no denying that. But there might be a new departure that would make our American social life a good deal pleasanter than it now is, without giving up the so-called plague of formal calls, which really is not half so bad a custom as some people think it is. Why should not most places of business be closed at a seasonable hour, and then, after tea, why should not the husband call with his wife and make the acquaintance of a lady and her husband at the same time? Women are at their best in the presence of other women and men. Under the present system of making calls the men are nowhere. I protest against having them ignored as they have always been under the present, one-sided system of making and receiving formal calls, where the women keep debt and credit as punctiliously on the social ledger as the men keep it on the business ledger at the counting-house. It is a monopoly that ought to be
—it down.

E. L. B.

Girls' Allowances.—One hears pretty constantly of the necessity of keeping accounts, and that to be a good housekeeper a woman should possess at least a rudimentary knowledge of the value of money. But, curiously enough, no one ever suggests from whence women are to get their knowledge, rudimentary or otherwise. In former days—and the tradition still lingers—it was believed that complete knowledge of cookery and housekeeping would come by nature as soon as the ring was fitted on the bride's finger (let her maiden life have been as free from any domestic care as it is possible to imagine), and many a miserable hour that delusion cost the new-made wife. Thanks to cooking-classes, etc., it is now in a great measure explained. But still we firmly believe that our daughters, brought up in girlhood as ignorant of anything concerning money as any lilies of the field, will develop, at any rate, a sufficient knowledge of its value and management the day they undertake the charge of a household. Some may do so, but very certainly most do not, and in consequence go through an immense amount of worry and trouble before they acquire experience. Now, experience must be bought; it can neither be borrowed nor given. So in common fairness we should try to let our dear ones buy theirs as cheaply as may be, and not, to save ourselves trouble and anxiety, expose them to the danger of purchasing it, at the last moment, at a price that may cost them much actual suffering, and even in some cases their domestic happiness. As soon as they are able to understand a little what money is, children should have an allowance, however tiny, for their pocket-money. By means of this they will gradually learn the value and use of money. They will learn that if all is spent to-day, there will be none to-morrow—a lesson, by the way, that many of their elders would do well to learn!—and also the true meaning of charity. Giving children money to give to the poor may be a pleasure to them, and a pretty way of helping those in want; but this will not teach them the meaning even of the form of charity that consists in giving. Simply giving our money or our time, when we have plenty of both, is hardly real charity, which surely does not mean giving what costs us nothing. But if the money or the time have cost us some self-denial, in the way of personal exertion or economy, then truly the gift blesses both giver and receiver. By the way, this may explain what one hears of so often from people; namely, "the ingratitude of the lower orders." The rich give of their superfluity, and expect in return gratitude. If gratitude were as easy as giving what it costs us nothing to spare, the exchange would be fair enough; but, unluckily, ingratitude is at least as difficult a virtue as self-denial. Both virtues come naturally to some people, no doubt; but those people, I fear we must confess, are not the rule, but the exception that proves it.

But to return to our children and their pocket-money. As soon as they are old enough for responsibility, the allowance should be increased to cover some necessities, as well as

their *menus plaisirs*. Girls at twelve or fourteen should be given so much a quarter for pocket-money, and for gloves, ties, and the repair of their boots and shoes. Some people give the allowance for the *chaussure* itself; but this is hardly a safe plan. Growing children should never wear either tight or short boots and shoes; but girls don't understand what suffering the transgression of this rule will entail in after-years, and naturally think that if they choose to economize on their boots, at some personal inconvenience, it is quite fair. This allowance should always be punctually paid, and the recipient be made fully to understand what she is to provide with it, and the tidiness and thorough repair of such articles should be always insisted on. As they get older, girls should always, if possible, have an allowance for their dress and little personal expenses. This is not the cheapest way of clothing them, for the mother's experience always enables her to lay out the money more profitably than the girls are able to do, at any rate at first. But to dress the girls economically and prettily is not a mother's only object. She has to teach them the value of and responsibility entailed by money, and lets them buy, at a low rate and at her cost, the experience they would otherwise purchase far more dearly at their own or their husband's expense. If properly managed, a girl's allowance will be a capital means of teaching these lessons. A girl should be given a fair stock of clothes and an account-book, in which she should be taught to enter everything she spends or receives. This book should be balanced every quarter when the next allowance is given, and strict accuracy insisted on. Debt should never be allowed. She should be taught that if a thing cannot be afforded, it must be dispensed with till such time as the means of paying for it are in hand. Still, in spite of all precautions, some girls will get into trouble. If they do, don't scold them, so as to make them hide it next time, which would entail worse consequences than even the debt; but point out the fault, pay the debt at once if possible, and hold the girl responsible for it, until by degrees and self-denial she has paid it back to you. Don't take a girl's allowance away because she is troublesome to manage; but watch her, and oblige her to be careful, encouraging her if she really tries her best, but making her feel the inconvenience and trouble caused by extravagance and carelessness. While avoiding frightening a girl from confessing her difficulties by over-severity, don't give way to the opposite extreme, and teach her to think lightly of debt. If she gets to feel that when she exceeds her allowance she has only "to go to papa" or "tell mamma," and coax the required deficit from them, or at worst submit to a scolding and so get it, all the good of an allowance is done away. She gets not to mind debt; for will not her father give her a check if she asks for it prettily at the right moment? or will not mother, after half an hour's lecture, pay it out of her own pocket, while the culprit gets off scathless?

Strictly-kept accounts should be insisted on. Girls cannot too early learn method, and this is one very good way of teaching it, besides teaching them the value of money. One often hears people say, "Oh! what is the good of those strict accounts? I had so much in my purse yesterday, and now there is only so much, and all the accounts in the world won't bring it back." Granted; but, if properly kept, they

will show how the money went, and that is sometimes a difficulty when one depends on one's receipts for the large and one's memory for the small items of one's expenditure. I heard once of a lady who was considerably annoyed by finding herself short of some money. Reckon it how she would, she could not account for the loss. The house was searched, servants questioned, and a thoroughly uncomfortable feeling produced in the household, as every one felt the money must have gone *somewhere*. The lady was very particular, and, though not keeping regular accounts, prided herself on her accuracy and memory, and keeping all her receipts and housekeeping-books in splendid order. At last her husband insisted on her putting down every small sum she could remember, in spite of her protestations that she had done this herself; and little by little, with a good deal of trouble, she accounted for some of the missing change. Eventually the whole sum was accounted for by one of her children, at school, writing to thank her for some small present she had sent and totally forgotten. Now, if a person who is particular as to money matters can produce such confusion, imagine the results of carelessness! Until *strict* account is kept, no girl realizes how rapidly money will expend itself; and, bad as the effect of this carelessness will be as a girl, judge what it will be when she is a woman, with a household and its innumerable small wants!

Among the poor, girls learn *very* early the value of money, as wives have usually a very fair idea of making the most of what comes in their way, in spite of the accusation of thriftlessness so often brought against them. (When contrasting the comforts of their households with the wages weekly earned by their husbands, one must remember that it is only a part of their pay which the women get, and in far too many cases only a very small part). But girls of the upper and middle classes rarely learn anything of money by actual experience. Their allowances are not so definitely fixed and kept to as to teach them its value even in dress necessities. If they get into debt, they are allowed to scramble on as best they can, or else they are helped out by main force, as it were. It is far easier to pay the debt when one discovers it, and let the culprit off with a more or less severe scolding, than to exercise the constant care and watchfulness that will keep the girl from mischief, or at any rate, teach the girl to see the consequences of her folly, and help her, by self-denial, to atone for it.

It may seem a hard view to take of what may be called the natural carelessness of youth; but there is an old saying, "As the sapling is bent, the tree grows," and if a girl who is careless of debt is not taught right as a girl, what can she be when she grows up? If she is allowed to think that if she cannot "cut her coat to her cloth," as the proverb runs, the fault lies with the cloth, not the cutter—can you wonder if, as a woman, she is extravagant and careless in money matters, fully convinced that this carelessness is at worst an amiable weakness, for which *she* is in nowise to blame, the real culprit being fate, which has denied her a sufficient fortune for her wants, or her husband, who fails to supply her with the necessary liberality.

S. B. P.

Self-Sacrificing Daughters.—We read much of self-sacrificing parents, especially mothers. Who has not, in

the circle of his friends, one or two who are the admiration of all for their brave, self-sacrificing endeavors to bring up and educate fatherless children, and who, with little or no means, manage to do it? But who thinks of the self-sacrificing daughters of widowed mothers, who, never recovering from the shock of their bereavement and consequent added cares of a family, long ere old age become incompetent for business and the management of their households? Scattered through the world, see these brave daughters,—for rarely do sons abstain from marriage, that they may keep a home for a mother,—assuming all responsibilities, exerting themselves in schools, in offices as copyists, in stores, shops, and any place where an honest living may be made, toiling day after day, year after year, that a home may be kept for mother or father; for often fathers, losing the mother of their families, become disheartened and incompetent to provide alone for the support of children.

These dear, brave girls, for their parents' sake, turn a deaf ear to the prayer of lovers, to the offers of homes, where they could have ease and plenty; see their mates becoming wives and mothers, and surrounding themselves with helpers, and reigning as queens amid them; and as they feel themselves growing old, the bright cheek fading, the beautiful hair becoming threaded with silver, perchance with a long-drawn sigh ask, "Who will care for me when I am old? Who will love me after mother has gone?" Taking up their burden of life again, who shall blame them if they sadly say, "It might have been."

Yes, dear girls, "it might have been." You *might* have been so happy as to have found in a marriage all that a manly, true man could give of tenderness and care, been sheltered all your life from its inevitable storms, and you might—have married a drunkard, seen children cry for bread you could not give them, or lived to see those children depraved criminals. Marriage is a lottery; but the care of an invalid parent, the practicing of filial duties, who ever knew them to bring sorrow? Not but that these duties are often trying, often disheartening. Life has so little at its brightest to offer, it is not strange that you should at times regret that you cannot at least enter for its prizes. But every year that goes by only brings you nearer the heaven promised to them that "endure." What wonder that when you see some old playmate, happy in the midst of her children, with a strong arm between her and the world, you should strangle a sob, as you say, "No child will ever call me mother; no arms to shelter me; I must shelter others." What wonder that sometimes you ask Heaven why it is.

Do not think you alone suffer. Oh, the tears these dependent ones shed in thinking of all your care and toil for them! the hours in the darkness, when they pray to Heaven for blessings on you, and even ask—oh, so often!—that God, by taking them, may ease your heavy lot! As I write, there comes before me one of these daughters whose life, though sad, was a constant blessing to others.

Her mother widowed while she was a child. She married, at twenty, one the world thought a prize. Ah, how soon to find he was a miserable inebriate! After a few years of wretchedness, in which three children were born to them, the youngest, a boy of three years, died from the effects of low from a drunken father's hand; then her own health

was undermined by a year's nursing of her husband, who at last died from the effect of drink. Three years after his death she lost her eldest child, a promising young man, with quick consumption; then, broken-hearted, she returned to her aged mother, past work, and, gathering up life's broken threads, set herself to the task of keeping a home over their heads. Friends helped what they could, and, taking work from a clothing-house, she stitched away the long years, until (her mother over ninety, herself over sixty, her eyesight nearly gone, her health ruined) she was obliged to make over the sum she had contrived to lay by for a last sickness to a relative, who took them to his home, where the mother died in a few weeks, and she followed in less than two months. One in life, not long divided in death! "Life's battles over, oh, how sweet their rest!"

Shall brave deeds be mentioned, heroes applauded by adoring crowds, and not these self-sacrificing daughters' names be rescued from oblivion? I have spoken of the shadows of their lot; is there no bright side to the picture? What if the pert young miss flaunt her glossy ringlets and rosy cheek beside the fading ones of the old maid, as she calls her, and wonder how she can live poked up with that whining old mother of hers. Does not some dear old mother in the church, some saintly pastor, point her out as the beautiful young lady who is such a pattern of filial duty? They see beauty other than that of cheek or eye or curl. Does not she herself, as the years go by, and she sees one and another of her married friends come to grief or shipwreck, seated cosily by her mother in their neat little home, send up, silently, a little note of praise and thanksgiving that this lot cannot be hers. No husband can disgrace her, no child bring her gray hairs in sorrow to the grave. At every stage of her journey some blessed compensations are vouchsafed her for all the lost dreams of her youth, and though she does now and then smother sobs, on the whole she is not unhappy or unthankful. No, no; God is good, she believes; others have their burdens, this is to be hers, though, dear loving heart, she does not always feel it a burden; only sometimes when the poor body is tired out, or some happier lot is flaunted before her, does a little sigh escape her; but she returns to her fealty, faithfully trying to serve God in this. Some poet asks:

"Is there no bright reversion in the sky
For those who greatly think, or bravely die?"

Much more may we ask, Are there no blessed satisfactions here, as well as a heaven of brightness hereafter, for those who bravely live and endure for others' sake? Yea, verily, to the inner vision these self-sacrificing ones oftentimes seem to be walking haloed with "a light that never was on land or sea."

Cousin CONSTANCE.

Old Maids.—It is an aphorism oft quoted, that "nothing succeeds like success, and that nothing is so wretched as failure." How often we verify in life, that whoever succeeds draws to himself the homage of scores of his fellows, who otherwise would be, if not positively sneering, at least unsympathetic and indifferent. While he who fails has the misfortune of such failure put down as his own fault; and the world at large, like the priest and the Levite of the parable, pass by on the other side.

It is much the same way, we fancy, with old maids. Given a happy or desirable marriage as the goal of every woman's life, if she fail in attaining it, she is looked upon, especially in the eyes of every other woman who is married, as having failed in the prime object of existence. She is made the butt of playful ridicule on all sides, and, in fact, is supposed to be a kind of female Ishmael, with every one's hand raised against her, and her hand raised against every one. Tradition associates her with cats and parrots, on which she is supposed to lavish all that is left of affection in her withered heart, while she loathes babies, those curled darlings of conjugal love, and doles out but sparingly the milk of human kindness that every breast is supposed to hold for ties of blood and kindred.

Scandal and gossip are looked upon as her especial forte. It is the study of her existence; the one interest of her life being to discuss the frailties of others, and to gloat over them. In it she is eminently proficient and at home. Her orthodox horror of all the softer emotions, and the strict rectitude of her judgment thereon, unbiased by any weakness of feeling, is as proverbial as the angular, unwomanly harshness of physique by which comic journals delight to depict her. Male cynics, with decided opinions on woman's rights, persecute her with a barbarism worthy the dark ages, while it is a decidedly unpleasant fact that her own sex is the most sarcastic toward her, indulging, with a zeal worthy a better cause, in covert sneers or sly innuendoes at her expense, or in those shafts of ridicule that pierce the stoutest armor and unseat the most doughty champion.

We once came across a curious old book which contained many quaint and original conceits. One of them was the division of old maids into classes, somewhat after the Linnean system in botany. With questionable gallantry, it made by far its largest class of spinsters of those who were so involuntarily, from having thrown away their chances. Rich in charms, they coquetted them away, and like the butterfly sipping sweets from flower to flower, made no long stay at any one; glorying in the heart-burnings and admiration of Adonises without number, playing ducks and drakes with hearts innumerable, until, the heyday of her fascinations past, the heartless flirt is left astrand, while her quondam lovers, weary of such trifling, have betaken themselves to plainer but, perchance, more steady and faithful damsels, leaving her an involuntary old maid. She sees, when too late, the mistake she has made in forgetting that beauty is ephemeral, and that men, "to one thing constant never," will sooner or later turn to pastures new, leaving her on the shelf, a failure in the matrimonial market. As it were ungracious to dwell upon the errors of the past, we propose to devote a little attention to the still larger class of voluntary old maids. That there are many women who remain unmarried from their own option, we all know. Of the sublime class of those who devote themselves to God and to poor, suffering humanity, giving to womankind the nimbus of the saint and martyr, of whom, as was said of their divine example, "the world is not worthy;" and of those who, having once loved and lost, thereafter close the door of their hearts on a sacred memory, volumes might be written.

Love is a holy and sublime passion. True love, either in

man or woman, rarely comes more than once in a life-time. It is said that what is commonly called first love is the one and only affection of our lives. This may or may not be true. For ourselves, we rate the love of a man or a woman sufficiently matured in the world's sad experiences more valuable, deeper, more lasting, than the susceptibility of temper, the exuberance of fancy, the pleasing torment of those earlier and more romantic years before contact with the world has reft the heart of so much of delightful illusion. Still, who shall say that a method in this madness is desirable? Was it not rather the very inanity of its blindness that lent it its subtle charm which no clearness of after-vision could imitate,—the delicate bloom on the fruit which the first touch of rude hands destroyed? In this go-ahead age, we fear the true in love is not so common, after all, and that many men and many women marry for marrying's sake alone. A certain affection grows upon them; but it is not the unquenchable, yearning love over which the heart, from its inmost workings, has long lingered; and when the loss of its object explains the voluntary old maid, how shall we enough honor her? It is a noble nature that gives its all, and then silently passes on its solitary way with but the cold comfort of the past to light all its after-life.

Perhaps the pleasantest kind of old maid is she who, in all sweet truthfulness and simplicity, has kept the shrine of her heart inviolate, seeing the years pass by her and yet no sail. She may have met many whom she respected and liked as friends, but not the one for whom alone she cared to live or die. She has never loved, and has never been disappointed; her feelings are never roused by any bitter reflections, nor her temper sobered by miscarriage of expectation; she mingles in society, sensible, genial, helpful, regretting nothing in the past, with no secret chamber in her heart, no wound to hide, no dear memory to make the things of to-day of little importance, but content with what is, and satisfied to wait for the future. Another class might come under the head of forced old maids: those who have lost by death or some other poignant sacrifice the man of their choice, with whom lie buried the hopes, affections, and anticipations of a blasted life; or, possibly, those who have given their hearts away in utter confidence and good faith, such as true love alone knows, only to find that they have, after all, been sacrificing to a false god,—that thistles, not figs, awaited their outstretched hand. Of the class of necessary old maids, whose ranks our above-quoted old author insinuates are filled with those ladies whose deficiency in outward charm is at times a slight bar to their matrimonial prospects, we will only say they are of far too small a number to occupy our pen, and knowing, according to the terse and homely adage, that "every Jack must have its Jill," we are much more inclined to cancel this last class most indignantly from the category than, by taking up cudgels in their behalf, admit of their existence.

HART AYRAULT.

Loud talking and animated discussions are out of place in public places of resort. If every one indulged in such habits, the congregation of numbers of persons in one spot would be far from an agreeable recreation. Strict reticence of speech and conduct should be observed in public at all times.

POT-POURRI.

Now that the pavements have donned their winter coat, the man who is constitutionally tired can sit down whenever he wants to, and sometimes when he don't want to.

It is at this time of the year that the dainty-footed miss, whose head comes in sudden contact with an icy sidewalk, wishes that she were a Chicago girl.

The man who leaves home in the morning without kissing his wife may feel uncomfortable all day; but the man who forgets his ice-creepers is much more likely to feel that way, and the pain won't be in the region of the heart, either.

A fashion magazine says that tigers' claws, prettily mounted, are the prevailing fashion in cloak-clasps. We always gave the girls credit for better sense than that. If they are tigresses—angels, we mean—they're foolish, mighty foolish, to advertise it by displaying their claws in that way. But perhaps these clasps are intended only for married women.

No matter how small the ice-crop may be, there is always enough to go round among the pavements. That's one consolation, anyhow—for surgeons.

They had just plighted their troth, and he had sealed the bargain with a kiss.

"Charley," she whispered, as she laid her velvet cheek on his shoulder, and a tender smile played about her rosy lips, "Charley, don't go yet; I cannot bear to have you leave me."

"Jemima," he exclaimed, rapturously, "dear Jemima, I won't go home till morning! And may I—may I come to see you every night?"

"Well, I hardly know," she thoughtfully replied. "You see the gas-bills are so awful high, and pa says coal is going up; but I guess I can fix it!" And she was mad because he left three hours before the cock crowed.

Bronson Alcott may be a gentleman and a scholar, but we defy him or any other sage, past, present, or future, to explain why a woman's sympathies always go out to the dog—confound it!—when her husband trips over it, clutches madly at vacancy, and fetches up against the arm-chair at the other end of the room with a frown on his brow and a black and blue crescent on his shin.

A Philadelphia boy came home from school the other day with eyes suggestive of tears.

"What's the matter, Tommy? Did your teacher whip you?" inquired the anxious mother.

"Tain't that," said the boy, beginning to sob. "Knew she was going to w-whip me, and put r-robin on my hand, but the nasty ruler wouldn't break. Boo-hoo!"

You want to sell your old ulster, don't you? Well, when the little old man with a nose like a crook-necked squash comes round, name your price, and when he holds up his hands in holy horror and asks you "vedder you tink he vash a Vanderbilt," and moves toward the door, don't give in. Let him go. He'll come back, and if he backs out a second time, let him go again. The third time will fetch him, sure.

It is said that Disraeli received \$50,000 from his publishers for the manuscript of "Endymion." This announcement has given birth to several thousand willing-to-be novelists, and caused a sudden boom in the waste-basket business.

If Grant turns his back on the pension fund, it is hardly probable that Hayes will follow his example. The man who can make his guests drink his health in Apollinaris water, and gives a barrel of frozen apples (presented to him by a rural admirer) as a Christmas gift to an orphan asylum, is not likely to stand off and see a quarter of a million pass by without making an effort to secure it. Even if he were, Mrs. Hayes would soon bring him up to time.

Logic.—Tommy Dodd's mother baked a large cake the other day, and put it out in the yard to cool off. When she wanted to take it in it had disappeared, only a few crumbs remaining on the plate.

"Tommy," called out his mother, "who ate that cake?"

"Give it up," replied Tommy; "didn't the dog do it?"

"No."

"Well, I hardly know, then," he said, thoughtfully; "if the dog didn't eat it, I guess I did it myself. That's the only way I can account for it."

No Use for Tracts.—It was on South street. A gray-headed old man sat on a box in front of a second-hand clothing store. He had a seedy air about him, and his coat was worn and threadbare. His arms were folded on his breast. His head was bowed as if in grief. His bronzed and bearded face was touching in its misery. There was a dread frown on his brow, and his small gray eyes stared moodily into vacancy with an expression of unutterable woe. His lips were firmly compressed. Occasionally his head would rise and fall with a sad and dreary motion, while his white lips moved convulsively as if in prayer.

What dark thoughts were coursing through his brain? Why did he start to his feet, and strike his brow with his clenched fist and shade his eyes with his hand as he looked down the street? Was he meditating suicide, and did he fear detection?

These were the thoughts of a tall, thin, white-chokered man who had been watching him for some time, and who now stepped up to him, and said, "Be calm, my friend, be calm! Remember there is joy for the sinner that repenteth."

Here is a tract. It asks you if you want to save your soul. Read it."

The "sinner" turned, shook his fist in the other's face, and shouted, "Tam dose dracks! Don' you saw dot mans down de sthreet valking? I oxed him only fife dollar by dot coat, und soldt 'im for dot, und he half more als feefty in his bocket! Und you dalk apout dracks! Holy Moses!"

The Kitchen Club.—The Milkman's Bell.—There were twenty-five of them. They were in the habit of spending their Thursdays in social intercourse, when one of their number (an illustrious descendant of a long line of kings, who had been transplanted from her native bog by cruel fate and a steamship, and was now serving in the humble capacity of a cook), Miss Bridget Ballywhack, of Ballywhack Castle, county of Ballywhack, Ireland, conceived the idea of forming a club composed of her suffering fellow-servants. Accordingly, when her turn came, she invited her friends to a "tay party." She welcomed them in true Ballywhack style in her mistress's kitchen; and after the weekly feast of cold "mate" and biscuits, and tea sweetened with stolen sugar, Miss Ballywhack arose and gave vent to her feelings. Her idea was to form neither a religious organization nor a literary society, but rather a club for the mutual protection and entertainment of its members. She was not quite prepared, however, to unfold her plans, and so the Kitchen Club's aims and purposes will not be fired upon an expectant world until it suits Miss Ballywhack's convenience to reveal them. At the conclusion of the address, Miss Sally Grimshaw, the housemaid at No. 10, asked the indulgence of her friends while she read "a pome took from life," which she "writ," she said, after having "suffered terrible." It is highly dramatic. This is the "pome":

THE MILKMAN'S BELL.

I.

There it goes now—
Drat the old thing!
The milkman's bell
Is beginnin' to ring.

"Run for the pitcher!
Open the door!"
How many times
Have I heerd that afore!

I slams the back-door
Jest to spite missus;
There goes the baker
A-throwin' me kisses!

No mud on the steps;
No dirt in the yard;
And the Lord be praised!
For scrubbin' is hard.

The people is sleepin'—
Every poor sinner—
Jest like my master
After his dinner.

No folks out o' bed;
The city is snorin';
An' there goes the butcher
A-aboutin' an' roarin'.

The streets is all quiet—
"Oh, put a quart in!"—
Jest like the parlor
When that young man's a-courtin'.

"Gimme the change now!"
How the steps glisten!
Like young miss's eyes
When her beau she's a-kissin'.

II.

My pitcher is filled;
The milk's white and nice,
Jest like the powder
Miss puts on her face.

But I must stop musin',
Though musin' is nice;
And before I says "beans"
I slips on the ice!

III.

O Lord! Where am I?
I must be in heaven:
I sees the stars twinklin'—
But the clock's strikin' seven!

Where are the cherries!
In their white garments?
"Sally, come in here,
An' feed the young varmint!"

Law sakes! that's no sperrit!
That's missus a-callin';
An' those plaguy young brats
For breakfast is bawlin'.

I mus' be on earth yet,
Along with poor sinners,
Or the devil has took me
To cook him his dinners.

"Come into your work!
No more of your tricks!"
Ain't that my missus?
And ain't these the bricks?

I must 'a slipped down,
An' I'm almost froze;
My ears is as red
As my master's nose!

Where is the pitcher?
I'm all in a flutter.
Lord! won't I catch it?
It's broke in the gutter!

"An' I did catch it," said Sally, folding up her manuscript; "'s if it wasn't enuff to fall down an' almos' break my neck; an' I give her a week's warnin', so I did, for I won't put up with no sass from nobody, I won't; but she med it all right agin, beggin' me to stay an' givin' me a new dress; so I give in, an' she's been's sweet as pie ever since."

Sally's "spunk" was heartily applauded, and a general discussion ensued as to the merits of the milkman.

Sarah Bilkins said that she hated the milkman because he always pounded on the front gate before she was up, and tramped all over the steps in muddy weather.

Mary Blobbs thought that milkmen were only made to worry servant-girls. They roared like fog-horns, hammered on the gate "like mad," and always gave short measure.

Eliza Barkis said that she once knew a milkman who

¹ Cherubs.

used to tell a wonderful ghost-story every Monday morning, and after he had gone she was always two tickets short.

Katherine Malone said that she knew only one "daycint" milkman, and he was her first cousin.

After some discussion, Miss Bridget Ballywhack proposed a vote of thanks to Sally Grimshaw for her "illegant pome," which was carried, and it was decided that it was the sense of the meeting that the milkman should be abolished.

There is no butter, howsoever tended,
But has its lock of hair;
There is no hash, how well soe'er defended,
But one brass stud is there.

She Ought to give Them a Monument.—An exchange contains an account of a recent encounter between Queen Victoria and a live newspaper reporter. While she was lunching out-doors with the Princess Beatrice and a few attendants, she was surrounded by eight reporters, who planted themselves near the table, and kept staring at her in spite of a hint to leave from the princess, and would not go until one of the attendants threatened to kick them out. Now, that's nothing. That's higher grade journalism. Those reporters probably wanted to find out if the queen ate with her knife and wiped her mouth with her sleeve, or perhaps they were waiting to be invited. Here in America they wouldn't have waited. A *Herald* reporter would have walked right up to the queen, winked at the princess, raised his hat, and said: "Beg pardon, Vic. Sorry to interrupt you, but it can't be helped. I represent the *Herald*, you know, and I want to get your views on the Irish agitation question. Spit 'em right out! Perhaps you'd better finish eating first. I just had my dinner, but I guess I'll pitch in to keep you company. Oh, no thanks! We newspaper men, you know, often put ourselves out to accommodate people. Waiter, one beer! Can I help you to the cheese, Vic?" And that ungodly reporter would have stowed away enough food to start a free-lunch counter, and pumped the queen drier than a salt mackerel. Clearly, Victoria ought to give those English reporters a monument.

There is no orchard, howsoever tended,
But has a tree stripped bare;
There is no sugar-barrel, howe'er defended,
But one small boy is there.

Ohio.—There is a period in the life of every man when it appears to be all up with him. His money is gone. His good luck has deserted him. His friends have given him the cold shoulder, and his girl has gone back on him and plighted her troth with a bald-headed man in the soap-boiling business. Then he locks himself up in his room, with a bottle of laudanum in one hand and a seven-shooter in the other, and tosses up for first choice. This is all wrong. He ought to present that revolver to an Irish landlord, give the laudanum to some fellow's mother-in-law, and say it's Hop Bitters, and move into Ohio.

Let him move into Ohio, and if he has any earthly use for poison or lead inside of six months, we'll eat our helmet. We once knew a man who kept a dairy. He did a thriving

business, sold oceans and oceans of milk, and made lots of money. He awoke one morning, and found himself not famous, but water-logged. His pump had run dry! He was in despair. He sent for a plumber and well-digger, and had a well dug. But there was no water. He spent his last cent in boring for water, but it was of no use; and when ruin stared him in the face a friend advised him to move into Ohio. He did so. In three weeks he became acquainted with the governor's private secretary. Through him he got to know the governor. The governor procured for him contracts for supplying milk to all the State institutions. When election time came he "fixed" things in his ward, victory perched on his banner, and then he waited on the governor and presented his claim. In a month he got a government clerkship. Then he cast his eye on a fat sinecure in the Treasury Department, held by a Pennsylvania man. He expressed a longing for that office to a friend of the President. Presto, change! and it was done. The Pennsylvania man was removed for "incompatibility," and the Ohio man was put in his place. And now they talk of creating a new cabinet office for the sole benefit of that Buckeye granger.

Whenever you feel like giving up, put away your evil thoughts and move into Ohio. You'll never regret it. We would move there ourselves, only—yes—ah—that is to say—we're a Democrat, that's all,—a red-hot-never-say-die-come-up-to-the-scratch-every-time-and-get-knocked-down-again Democrat! Confound the luck!

There is no concert, howsoe'er defended,
But one dead-head is there;
There is no village, howsoever tended,
But has its own church fair.

A Lesson in English.—What queer blunders these foreigners make! A German woman living on Tenth street had a severe attack of cramps the other day, and a doctor was called in. He gave her some ginger to relieve the pain. Next day he called again, and said:

"Well, Mrs. Bummenschlager, how do you feel to-day?"

"Fust-straightdt, doctor," was the reply; "shoost so goot als never vas!"

"Do you feel any pain?" he asked.

"Vell, I'fe god a leedle pain in my sthummick, but it don't hurd me!"

The grin on that doctor's face sprouted into a guffaw when the door closed behind him, and burst all the buttons off his coat by the time he reached the street.

Keeping the Secret.—There is a man living on Twelfth street named McSorley. McSorley has a wife. He is always making an ass of himself. Some say he made an ass of himself when he married her. Her birthday falls on the 1st of March, and, wishing to surprise her, McSorley bought a handsome ring for her. Last night he said to her:

"My dear, did Jane tell you that I intended to give you a ring for a birthday present?"

"Why, no!" she answered, in surprise.

"It's all right, then," said McSorley; "somebody said she told you, and I didn't want you to know till the time came. If Jane had given it away, I would never forgive her."

POTTER'S AMERICAN MONTHLY.

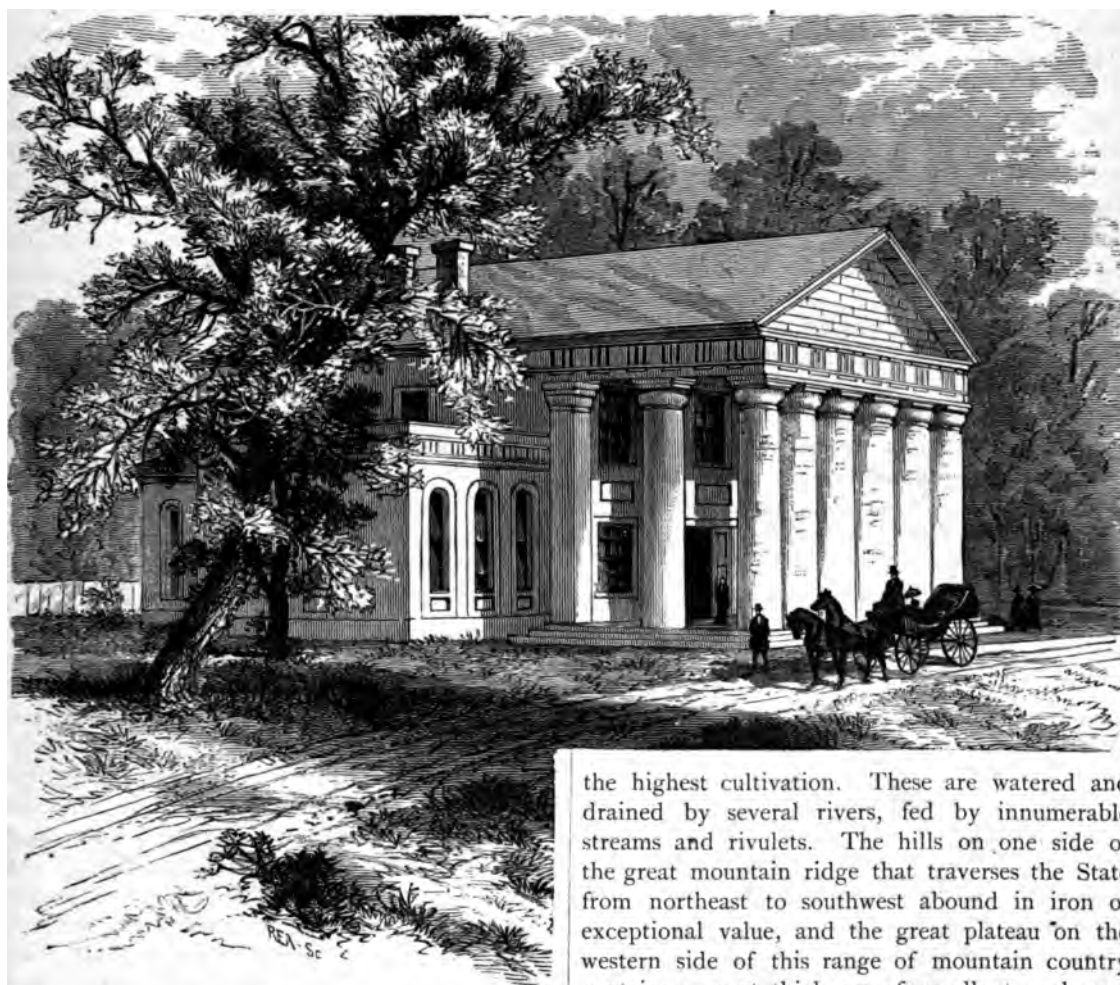
VOL. XVI.

MARCH, 1881.

No. III.

THROUGH THE HEART OF VIRGINIA.

By G. S. S. RICHARDS.



THE ARLINGTON HOUSE.

Of all the States of the Union, Virginia enjoys perhaps the greatest natural advantages of position, climate, fertility, picturesque beauty, and mineral resources. It has mountains crowned with noble forests, wide and rich valleys feeding numerous flocks and herds and noted for the depth and range of their unexhausted, if not inexhaustible soil, and wide plains susceptible of

the highest cultivation. These are watered and drained by several rivers, fed by innumerable streams and rivulets. The hills on one side of the great mountain ridge that traverses the State from northeast to southwest abound in iron of exceptional value, and the great plateau on the western side of this range of mountain country contains a great thickness of excellent coal, rendered available by numerous deep and narrow gorges that intersect the plateau, and allow the water to run off.

The Appalachian Mountains and the outlying parallel mountain tract to the east, called the Blue Ridge, cross Virginia, and form the natural boundary between the old State and that portion recently separated, and which constitutes the present State of West Virginia. The chain extends

from Canada almost to the Gulf of Mexico, and affects in the most marked manner the whole physical geography of North America. There was a time, geologically not very distant, when the ocean occupied the vast valley of the Mississippi, reaching almost to the North Polar Sea; when, through this ocean, instead of across the Atlantic, the Gulf stream made its way; when the west coast of Europe was covered by glaciers, and when the reindeer was one of the most common quadrupeds of southern France and the vine-clad valleys of the Garonne and its tributaries. The Appalachian chain, not so lofty perhaps at that time, formed the backbone of a smaller America; but all the general features of the country existed then as they do now, and while the gently-sloping and low-lying plains on the eastern side were rich prairie-land, feeding countless herds of buffalo and deer, the higher valleys and plains of the West were less accessible, and were intersected by deep ravines, resembling on a smaller scale the celebrated cañons of the Colorado. The gradual rising of the whole continent has now converted the ocean floor into a vast fertile valley; but the cañons still exist, and penetrate far within the mountain range, forming at present a means of communication from East to West, and connecting the Atlantic with the great West.

The valleys of Virginia and the land adjacent are destined to play a great part in the future history of America. Where there are great stores of coal and iron near together and accessible, it is impossible that there should not be manufactures, and the great centres of manufacture cannot be without great political importance.

There is everything to induce immigration, and especially that of mechanics, to occupy this district, although at present the population is still somewhat limited. The white inhabitants a few years ago were decidedly the least energetic and the worst provided for of all the people in the State, and even now there is still a good deal of poverty, but, as the property changes hands, the quality of the owners improves. But this is most applicable, to the population west of the Blue Ridge. In the Valley of Virginia, and other parts of the Old Dominion, there is and always has been a more active and prosperous people. Slavery as an institution had its redeeming features in this State, but its abolition will ultimately prove a great and lasting benefit. It will raise the char-

acter of the white laboring classes, and remove from them the stigma of poverty, bitterly felt by the poorer white families when all the land belonged to a few large holders, who, however, were little the better for their lands and the slaves that belonged to them. The war has left little bitterness behind, and another generation will obliterate all traces of it. It only needs that the sections should thoroughly understand each other to bring about that entire restoration of mutual confidences which shall aid in the development and improvement of the country's vast resources. That an active prejudice exists in the Northern States against the South and its people is still asserted, but it is simply an assumed prejudice, based upon political grounds. That this prejudice is mighty in its influence for evil on the nation, and that by it and through it the conditions of the country are largely disquieted, is, alas! only too evident. Much of it is fomented and kept alive for ends ulterior to the common weal, and the real interests of the nation are kept out of sight in keeping it alive. Much, too, if not all of it, is due mainly to wrong information concerning the facts existing in a large portion of the South.

We are pleased to note, however, that during the past few years this prejudice has been steadily growing less and less with the influx of Northern men and Northern enterprise. Fair-minded men, men of enlarged and unprejudiced views, have visited all parts of the South, and studied closely its social and commercial interests, and in all cases return highly impressed with the courteous treatment and hearty welcome received at the hands of its people. And why should it be otherwise? The South very well comprehends its needs, and readily understands that it is only through Northern capital and Northern enterprise that it can expect to develop its vast and unlimited resources. Knowing this, it is to its interest to welcome with courteous hospitality the elements which shall aid in its true development, either by settlement or the investment of capital, or indirectly through the removal of that prejudice which heretofore has proved a bar to its advancement.

Personally, we have never felt prejudiced against the South, because we deemed the aristocracy of race, founded upon its peculiar institutions, as the result of a cause entirely beyond its control. Inherited by its people, it could only be divested by some violent disruption or a voluntary aban-

donment. The latter process was as a matter of course impracticable. The former, on the contrary, while it accomplished the end, was nevertheless the forerunner of a new and strange condition of society and life, which, although attended for a little time by material disadvantage and loss, will ultimately redound to its great social and commercial prosperity. The South of the future, imbued with a new spirit and its energies vitalized by the thrift and energy of the great North and West, will be as far in advance of the

hence must crave the reader's pardon for the digression. Our object is to give a brief account of a second trip "through the Old Dominion," of what we saw, and our impressions of the country as we passed through. We have said our *second* trip, because we had gone through it once before—after a fashion. But then it took us so long to get through it, and the route or routes were so multifarious and devious that ten volumes of the *MONTHLY* would hardly suffice to record all the "ups" and "downs" we experienced in our efforts to get



GREEN'S MANSION HOUSE.
The Site of Braddock's Headquarters.

South of the past as America to-day is in advance of the early colonies. Even to-day, with its brief experience of home rule, the material progress made by the South is everywhere visible. And in no respect is this more apparent than in the matter of its railroads. Already long lines of well-built and fully-equipped roads are in operation throughout its length and breadth, intersecting the States and connecting the many important cities from the Atlantic to the Gulf and from the seaboard to the great commercial centres on the Mississippi. The traffic, daily increasing, promises to invite additional capital and investment in new roads for such sections as are yet unprovided for, and where products, mineral as well as agricultural, only await development.

But we did not design going "through the South" when we commenced our article, and

through! And besides, we had such excellent transportation furnished us on our second journey, and were enabled to appreciate the glories of the country so much better than in the first instance, that we prefer relating the experiences of the last trip.

The reader will no doubt surmise that we visited the national capital, as most travelers of the present day are accustomed to do, before entering upon our journey through the Old Dominion. To admirers of our beautiful capital, with all its points of interest and attractions, a visit at any time proves entertaining and instructive. It is the gate to the Valley of Virginia, and lies directly on the line of the great through-route to the South and the Southwest. Furthermore, the many great attractions and points of interest in and about Washington are of such importance to



MOUNT VERNON, THE HOME OF WASHINGTON.

every one of the grand sovereigns of this nation, that we, as one of them, could hardly think of going through without making a stop. Then we would not think of giving our worthy member of the lower House the go-by, either, and besides, with the great interest we feel in having the wheels of our government run smoothly, it becomes our duty, as one of the sovereigns, to call upon our chief servant at the White House, to see that he is attending to his duties as he ought to. Business before pleasure, you know! This attended to, if one desires to see some real downright fun of an unalloyed character, he should go to the opposite end of Pennsylvania Avenue. Not feeling inclined in that direction, we devoted our spare time to the moving panorama that greeted our vision from the magnificent avenue before us.

The time for our departure arriving, we bid adieu to the Willard, and hasten to the depot. It is a matter of only a few brief moments, and we find ourselves *en route* for Alexandria. Over the Long Bridge, with its beautiful views of the distant Potomac on either side, whose shores possess so much

of historic interest to every American. Before us, standing upon a prominent elevation, we behold what was once a most noted mansion in the days before the late war, but which now shows plainly the ruin and destruction so fearfully visited upon it. The eminence is Arlington Heights, and the mansion is that of the late George Washington Parke Custis, the adopted son of Washington, and heir to many of the personal effects of the beloved patriot. It is best known as the Arlington House, and was built of bricks and stuccoed. With its centre and its grand portico of eight massive columns, sixty feet in front and twenty-five in depth, and two wings, it presents toward the river and National Capitol a front of one hundred and forty feet. It is about three hundred feet above the Potomac. In its rear and on each flank was a grand old wood stretching far back before the scythe of civil war mowed down the forests of Virginia; and from its front, sloping toward the river, was a grassy park of two hundred acres, dotted with groves of chestnut and oak, and clumps of evergreen-trees. Through the forest,

on its right, was a winding avenue of approach up to the mansion from the highway. Between the lawn and the river lay richly-cultivated fields bearing tons of vegetables for the Washington City market every year. From its portico may be seen all of the public buildings in the capital, and nearly every private one, with a portion of Georgetown on the left, and the navy yard and the fertile hills and valleys of Maryland on the right, away southward to Fort Washington.

Very little of special interest attracts our further attention before reaching Alexandria, six miles below Washington, and we are only strikingly reminded of our first journey to that city, made under very different and far less pleasant circum-

Alexandria is situated on the Virginia side of the Potomac, and has still that antiquated though aristocratic look with which it impressed us upon our first visit. There are many signs of improvement visible, however, we are pleased to note, showing pretty conclusively that a new and enterprising spirit is finding its way, slowly but surely, into its limits. The Virginia Midland and the Washington and Alexandria railways, with the Alexandria turnpike, supply ample communication with Washington City, and the Potomac line of steamers with Norfolk, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, and Boston; the Norfolk steamers making connection with the Allan line to Liverpool *via* Halifax, Nova Scotia, and Queenstown,



stances. Upon that occasion we went afoot, upon one of the hottest days of the hottest summer months we have ever experienced. They called it **marching** in those days.

THE TOMB OF WASHINGTON.

Ireland. The latter steamers also connect with the Norfolk railways, which in turn connect directly with the Virginia Midland, bringing freight and immigrants to all points along their line to this city.

In this respect the location of Alexandria as an inland port of entry, with its attendant river, canal, and railway systems, offers most unusual facilities. It has besides, for a city of its dimensions and population, much that should recommend it to the consideration of those seeking healthy, cheap, and desirable city homes. It



AN OLD DOMINION HOMESTEAD.

has a population of about sixteen thousand, is lighted by gas, abundantly supplied with water, and furnished with the best of schools and churches, and one of the finest and best equipped market-houses in the whole South. A new and beautiful commercial exchange building, a commodiously arranged and elegant government custom-house and post-office are prominent features that strike our attention as innovations in this old and time-honored city. Of its various industries and business institutions much might be said in detail. It has no less than five banks and banking-houses, two national, one savings, and two private; one ship-yard, only worked to a limited extent, however; two machine-shops and

iron foundries; one spoke factory; two soap factories; a plaster mill; steam bakery; broom factory; three cigar factories; two steam flour-mills, one with a capacity to manufacture eight hundred barrels of flour a day; two sash factories and planing mills; three coach factories; two steam sumac-mills; two steam breweries; three furniture manufactories, doing a large and lucrative trade; one steam cotton factory, employing one hundred and twenty-five hands; the largest tannery in the State; one pottery; the

most extensive fish packeries in the South; a number of shipping and commission houses that do a large business with the interior, and a few that import to a considerable extent salt, plaster, and other articles. In addition to these, there are other branches of business industries equally worthy of notice, and all inviting and admitting of further enlargement.

The town is old and historical, and proud because of both. A half mile, perhaps, back from the wharf, there is a very unpretentious Episcopal church, upward of a hundred and twenty years old. The building is very old-fashioned, of brick, with little eight-by-ten panes of glass in the windows, and galleries on three of its sides, and is kept in almost precisely the same condition in which it was in Revolutionary times. Gas has been introduced, a furnace, and the wood-work has been painted. Otherwise it remains unchanged.

The interest attaching to this edifice grows out of the fact that within its walls are the family pews of the families of General Washington and the late General Robert E. Lee. In memory of these distinguished men, tablets have been placed in the wall and suitably inscribed in each case.

The early associations that have their roots

among the graves of almost a century and a quarter ago cluster as thickly about this church as the ivy that conceals its walls, seeming in its all-embracing tenderness with youth and vigor to sustain their tottering age; and their voicelessness is mightier than the noise of hammer and saw and the click of the trowel; is a patient protest against the sacrilegious solicitations of modern architecture. The church-yard surrounds the church, but

ourselves in connection with the scenes through which the town had passed since the close of the late civil war. As these incidents would be little likely to interest our readers from their purely local character, we will not take space to recount them here.

The great point of interest and attraction, however, the one that draws public attention more generally to this town than all else, is the home of the



FAIRFAX COURT-HOUSE IN YE OLDEN TIMES.

the stones are most of them very old and moss-covered; many of them, perhaps the greater part, dating back to the last century. There were but few names that have been handed down by history.

Another point of interest to the visitor is the building where General Braddock had his headquarters previous to his fatal expedition. This has been incorporated with a new addition, and the whole constitutes the present "Mansion House," a first-class hostelry, under the management of Mr. Green, a courteous and gentlemanly host. From him we learned many facts of interest to

"Father of his Country." Mount Vernon is nine miles below this place, and, we dare say, there are few places with which our readers are more familiar. Few travelers this way would for a moment think of passing on without a pilgrimage to this venerable shrine of a nation's adoration.

As we wandered about the place, pausing oftentimes to muse upon the many objects of interest that met our gaze, or to catch some new beauty of the landscape, we recalled the words of Commander Gibson, given to the world in his recent volume of verse:

"And this, then, is Mount Vernon! and I view,
Beyond the wide reach of Potomac's flood,
Maryland and Virginia, in the blue
Of distance, blending in sweet sisterhood.
As close, as sisterly, as lovely, should
Your real Union be, his children States.
Oh! by your freedom, in him unwithstood,
From the Orient sea to sunset's golden gates,
Clasp every link of love which here he consecrates!"

The Mount Vernon mansion is situated on a swelling height, and commands a fine view of the Potomac. The estate is under the control of the

Let it remain as the Mecca of the American patriot.
However high party spirit may run,

"Yet, Washington, we worship at thy tomb,
Cold though the marble, cold thine ashes here.
In all our sad perplexity and gloom,
May patriot hearts, from passion freed and fear,
Grow noble in the calm of memories they revere."

After devoting several days very profitably in the examination of points of special interest to ourselves in and around Alexandria, we proceeded on our journey through the Old Dominion. And

just here it behooves us to say that we found at this stage an old landmark gone, one, too, by the way, we well remember. This was the once familiar "Orange and Alexandria," a railroad run by two companies, "Uncle Sam" at the one end, and the "Confederates" at the other. Instead of the old-time depot and insignificant rolling-stock, we have now the handsome offices, the depot building, and the extensive machine-shops, locomotive and car-works of the Virginia Midland Railroad, which has absorbed the old line, and now



A VESTIGE OF THE WAR.

Ladies' Mount Vernon Association, which has carefully preserved it, and to add to its interest has from time to time exercised its influence and efforts to secure additional mementos of the honored and much respected man who once graced its halls with his commanding presence. Almost everything one sees bears the impress uneffaced of the yesterday it recalls, but not of yesterday in decay; for the efforts of this association have been zealously directed at all times to the restoration and preservation of the estate. Beyond these objects it is probable the spirit of improvement will never venture, for this is one of the very few spots in America that should be sacredly kept free from innovation, as a bequest in trust to the centuries.

operates one of the most extensive lines of railway in the State. Their machine-shops and locomotive works are of a capacity fully adequate to supply the equipments of the road, and these compare very favorably with any of the leading roads in the United States.

The course which this road follows is one which traverses the entire State in such a central position that by it equal benefits are conferred upon and received from all the railway and water lines which pass through the State from east to west. It strikes the Piedmont district, which it follows through its entire length until it reaches Danville. This district is more elevated as well as more varied in its surface than the tide-water district, which lies

between it and the Atlantic, and possesses a combination of advantages which makes it compare more favorably with the great and fertile valley lying to the west.

Recognizing the fact that railroads must to a great extent depend upon their local freight and travel, the Virginia Midland, we find, uses every exertion to facilitate immigration to and settlement in this region of Virginia. With this in view, the

We would also observe that the production of the mines throughout the Piedmont district, its fields, gardens, waters, and forests, can be made as fruitful of great results as the most favored of lands. The recent discoveries along almost the entire line of this road, of specular, hematite, and magnetic iron ore deposits, asbestos, kaolin, marble, porphyry, gold, jasper, fine clay, plumbago, slate, argentiferous galena, manganese, fire-proof



A SCENE IN THE UPPER VALLEY.

company has started on a new career of assisting in the settlement of cities, towns, and rural districts through the region traversed by the road. Under authority of the legislature of the State it has purchased large quantities of land throughout this district and along the line of the road, which it proposes reselling on long credit to actual settlers. This we understand is the first effort of the kind ever made by any railroad corporation in the State, and should commend itself to the community generally as the most efficient mode yet devised of accomplishing the settlement of surplus lands.

stone, mineral substances for paints, copper, blue, red, and gray building-stone, etc., promise a most prolific source of revenue with their development, and in this work there is need only of the strong arm and the energetic will of industrious and thrifty settlers.

To the traveler seeking a route which will present him with a continuity of points of interest, and at the same time an opportunity of passing through a delightful region of country, we would commend the Midland route. These were the considerations which moved us to select this route, and we were not disappointed in our expectations.



A FAMILIAR SCENE BY THE WAYSIDE.

Leaving Alexandria, we pass in a westerly direction through Fairfax County, within whose borders are many objects of note and some of national interest. As an object worthy of note, we would mention the Protestant Episcopal Seminary and High School, with its beautiful grounds and extensive library. As objects of national interest, we find here Fairfax Court-House, where the will of General Washington is recorded; Pohick Church, which he assisted in constructing, and where he

worshiped; and also Mount Vernon, to which we have already referred.

This county is remarkably well-wooded and watered, as is the entire region through which our journey lay. It has a diversified soil, from sandy to red clay, and produces all the cereals and many of the fruits and vegetables consumed in the adjacent cities. Much of the land here has been cut up and subdivided into beautiful and highly-cultivated farms, which are owned almost entirely by Northern settlers. Some of these lands have increased in value from twelve to one hundred dollars per acre, and this is not to be compared with what the results would be along the Midland if the lands there were subjected to similar treatment, for in most places the soil is of a far superior quality.

Burke's Station, some fourteen miles from Alexandria, has still some of its old familiar look, but its surroundings have suffered a complete change. Adjoining it lies one of the most beautiful little farms to be seen in this part of the county. From the cars one can see everything that

a thrifty farmer could well desire to have on a place of its size. Meadow and upland and orchards alike are in excellent order. Here, truly, is an instance of what good farming can accomplish for land heretofore characterized as poor.

The next point, after passing Fairfax Station, is Clifton. This place was for a considerable time during the war used as a depot for army supplies. Many earth-marks are still visible on the surrounding hills. It has a small population, three

churches, one hotel, a spoke factory, and saw-mill. It is an attractive village, and we learn is much resorted to during the summer months by boarders from the cities. The residents are directing their efforts to fruit culture, and with great success, some of the fruit commanding excellent prices at a home market.

After leaving Clifton we soon enter Prince William County, which we traverse in a southwesterly direction until we reach Manassas, now a very flourishing village. Here a branch road, called the Manassas Division, forms a junction with the main line. The town is situated on the summit of a high table-land, and commands a beautiful view of the surrounding country. No place in the State has been of so rapid growth since the war. As late as 1868 there was not a vestige of fence or building on the spot where it now stands. To-day it is the largest town in the county, has a population of six hundred, one newspaper and real-estate journal, saw and grist-mill, churches and schools, a number of fine stores, and two hotels, one of them a large, new, and commodious building. More than a dozen different States and nationalities are here represented, all harmonizing with Virginians and Virginia institutions as well as the most liberal-minded could possibly desire.

The productions of the county are varied and rapidly increasing, with ample facilities for transportation to the best of markets. The development of minerals in the vicinity of the road is progressing, and bids fair to become a source of considerable profit. The red sandstone deposit crosses the railroad track near the town of Manassas. Several quarries have been opened, and the stone is being extensively shipped to Washington and other markets for building purposes, for which it is said to be a very superior article. The best of hematite iron ore has been found in large quantities near Thoroughfare Station, on the Manassas Division. Other minerals of

value have also been discovered at various points in the county, but none of them have as yet been developed to any very great extent.

This division extends to Strasburg, in the Shenandoah Valley, and by its connection can be made at this point for Winchester and other points in the upper valley westward and northward. Here it is worthy of mention that about six miles to the northeast of this place, in the direction of Fairfax, was fought the first battle of Manassas. At Bristoe, the next station south, and situated about two miles west of Brentsville, the county seat, several battles were also fought during the war, one on the 27th of August, 1862, between Generals Hooker and Ewell, and another on the 14th of October, 1863, between Generals Warren and A. P. Hill. And although this immediate section suffered very considerably from the ravages of the contending armies, we are pleased to notice that it has rapidly recovered therefrom, and to-day very few traces remain visible to the passing traveler.

Shortly after leaving Bristoe we enter Fauquier



A SCENE NEAR THE BLUE RIDGE.

County, one of the finest counties, if not the finest, in this portion of the State. This is the beginning of the grass or grazing region, which extends with but few local exceptions of diminishing importance through Culpeper, Rappahannock, Orange, Madison, Albemarle, Nelson, and Amherst counties. Fine sheep, cattle, and horses are raised in this entire region, but nowhere of

sought for, and are rapidly supplanting the old and now discredited system. There is scarcely an industry that is not improved or encouraged with a prospect of largely-increased profits in the near future. The people here are evidently looking forward to the time when they shall be able to compete with the most progressive in agricultural productions. They no longer seem contented with



MONTICELLO, THE HOME OF JEFFERSON.

higher pedigree and qualities than in this county. The old Virginia fondness for fine horses and fox-hunting is still to a considerable extent indulged in. Many gentlemen keep hounds, and sometimes it happens that the English immigrant brings with him hounds of famous foreign breed only to have them outstripped in the chase by the more hardy native.

We find also a growing disposition, everywhere apparent, to advance small industries of every kind. Skilled labor and machinery are eagerly

the old, indifferent way of doing things, but prefer adopting the most approved and ready means to secure the best and most profitable systems, scientifically considered, opportunity may offer. With a proper extension and growth of this feeling and spirit, it will become only a question of time when the staple productions of this county will be multiplied an hundred-fold. Its mineral productions also bid fair soon to be of as much importance as any other of its industries. In the southern section of the county numerous gold-diggings are

now in operation, and in certain other sections of the Virginia Midland connects with its main line. This branch extends to Warrenton, the county seat of Fauquier County, near where are some of the finest varieties of iron have been discovered. The iron industry awaits only the intel-



A HARVEST SCENE ON THE VIRGINIA MIDLAND.

ligent application of capital to the construction of : located the widely-known White Sulphur Springs. furnaces to make it one of the most prosperous : Here annually resort some of the most distinguished people from all parts of the country, to industries of the county. enjoy both the excellent society and the health-

At Warrenton Junction, the Warrenton branch

giving properties of the spring-water. It is only nine miles from the junction, and is situated on a commanding eminence in the very heart of the county. In passing through this section many interesting incidents of the late war recurred to our mind, and especially was this the case when we arrived at the junction. For here it was that the "Ohio men" polled their vote on a certain election day while on a march little less than the double-quick. There was no repeating, personating, or use of tissue ballots, we believe, but if we recollect aright there was a serious attempt made to break in upon their exercise of the elective franchise, which came too late, however. That vote went "solid for Mulhooly," notwithstanding. It was in every sense a *running* vote, cast under serious difficulties, and we believe, if the presence of bayonets is an evidence of an unfair election, this must have been the unfairest ever held. But then, kind reader, there was no civil-service reform in those days!

Bealeton and Brandy stations, next in order, are passed, both with their well-known war histories; but the mutations of time have worked many improvements in the general appearance of the surrounding country. The land is of an excellent character, well adapted to agricultural purposes, the soil generally of a deep red, and the surface beautifully diversified and fertile. Culpeper County, the next in order, shows much agricultural and some manufacturing activity. Population, capital, and labor are alone wanted to bring into full cultivation her waste lands, and restore her that abundant prosperity which she enjoyed in former years.

The mineral wealth of Culpeper County has only been partially explored. Some rich specimens of magnetic ore have been found between the town of Culpeper and Mitchell's Station. This ore may be seen along the railroad track between these two points on the farm of Major E. B. Hill. Other surface indications have been found near Mitchell's Station and on and near Slaughter's Mountain, and there is but little doubt that future explorations will prove the vein, when found, of a rare and valuable variety of ore.

The town of Culpeper is the first place of real prominence we strike upon our route thus far. It is located immediately on the line of this road, and from its elevated position commands an extensive and beautiful view of the surrounding

country, and the Blue Ridge Mountains beyond. The growth of this place since the war has been rapid and continuous, and its population has more than doubled. There has been a wonderful display of energy and enterprise exhibited in the efforts put forth, to produce such results as we see developed here. Its large number of excellent business houses; its court-house, one of the handsomest and most costly in the State; its many churches, representing every denomination; its schools, banks, and mills, place it in point of importance by the side of any town of equal population in the State.

In the County Court of Culpeper is the following record:

"July 20th, 1749.—George Washington, gentleman, produced a commission from the President of William and Mary College, appointing him Surveyor of this county, which was received; and thereupon took the usual oaths to his Majesty's person and government; and took and subscribed the abjuration oath and test, and then took the oath of Surveyor, according to law."

Washington was then in his seventeenth year, and continued in office for three years.

Within a half mile of the suburbs of the town are located the Fair Grounds of the Piedmont Agricultural Society, one of the most energetic and successful in the State, and which bids fair to rival, in the number, excellence, and variety of its exhibitions, many of the older institutions of the kind. The grounds are near the Virginia Midland road, by which all articles and stock for exhibition can be promptly transported. Many of the most prominent men of the Piedmont region have, by their energy and business tact, materially aided in building up this institution and making it a decided success. In these efforts they have been ably seconded by the cordial aid and influence of the enterprising management of the Virginia Midland.

We would also note the fact that in this vicinity is to be found the finest of building-stone. This, as has been demonstrated by experiments made at the Smithsonian Institution, in Washington, and at other places, has stood a pressure of over forty-eight thousand pounds to the square inch without suffering the least fracture. Quarries of this stone have been opened along the line of this road between Culpeper and Mitchell's Station, and the supply is seemingly inexhaustible. The greater portion of it can be excavated from the quarries

without blasting or drilling, coming out in beautiful cubical blocks suitable for rough walls without dressing.

Culpeper County is left as we cross the Rapid Ann, when, leaving Cedar Mountain, with its war recollections, to the rear, we enter the red lands of the southwest mountain range, famed of old as the nursery of statesmen, among whom may be named Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, and Taylor, who reached the Presidency, and the three Barbours, all of whom filled exalted positions in the government. These red lands have been very productive,

Great Mountains, describes the region around Rapid Ann Station thus:

"1st September, 1716.—At eight we mounted our horses, and made five miles of our way through a very pleasant plain, which lies where Rappahannock River (Rapid Ann) forks. I saw there the largest timber, the finest and deepest mould, and the best grass that I ever did see."

Since crossing the Rapid Ann we have been passing through Orange County, and on our way take in Orange Court-House, Madison, Somerset, Barboursville, and Gordonsville. The first has a



THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA.

but have been much impoverished by a series of exhausting crops, by superficial plowing, and by general careless and slovenly farming. Their recuperative power, however, is great, and they respond readily to any effort at improvement.

Passing from the red lands, the road enters what is known as the Limestone Valley, from a small vein of limestone which traverses the State, extending into Maryland and North Carolina. The flats of this valley are extensive and well suited for meadows. The hills are thin, but might doubtless be made rich by the limestone which seems to have been placed here for that purpose. Lower down, this valley, as it approaches the Rapid Ann River, widens considerably, and has within its area many most excellently cultivated farms.

Governor Spotswood, in his journey across the

population of about eight hundred, and is built upon and among commanding and beautiful hills, while the surrounding country is dotted with elegant residences.

The next in order is Madison Station, located on Madison Run, which takes its rise in the lands formerly owned by President Madison. His residence, Montpelier, is distant two miles from this station. Many valuable marble, limestone, and iron deposits have been discovered here, and are worked to a limited extent. Extensive veins of red, brown, and yellow hematite, twenty-five feet in thickness, have been opened, and the indications are that still deeper a specular variety of iron ore will be found. The continuity of the magnetic ores of the adjoining county of Albemarle, and the facilities for obtaining coal and

wood, offer a fine field for the erection of furnaces and the manufacture of iron in these counties. Even now in some places these veins are being actively worked, and the ore is shipped, with large profit, to the furnaces on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway. Near Stony Point, in this county, large deposits of fine ore are being developed, and preparations are now being made to work them on an extended scale.

Gordonsville Station is situated about one mile north of the flourishing village of the same name. This town expects, and with apparent reason, to become, if it is not already, the great railroad centre of the Piedmont district. While its growth has not been by any means phenomenal as in the instance of some of our far Western towns, it has nevertheless been remarkable. There is probably no village in any of the old settled States which has advanced more rapidly than this place has done since the close of the war. Before the war it was a place of little business activity, and of meagre population. It now claims, however, to have a population of some fifteen hundred, with some forty or more business houses, quite a number of manufacturing establishments, churches, and schools of the very best character. The buildings are for the most part of wood, yet they are tasteful and handsome structures, and the general appearance of the town is both pleasant and attractive.

The place gained some notoriety during the war. It was an important point by reason of its railroad junction, and for a long time was the base of supplies for the Confederate armies in the valleys of Virginia.

The surrounding country presents some very attractive features, and its peculiar conformations materially add to the fertility and richness of its soil. No section of the country can be more blessed with purity of air and salubrity of climate than is this. The waters of the red land are soft, cool, and healthful. The springs, though not bold, are numerous and never failing, and it is rare, indeed, that a valley is found without its abundant stream of pure water. Such is the healthful character of its climate that even the most transient visitor, at any season of the year, will feel himself invigorated by breathing its pure air when walking, riding, or hunting among its varied and beautiful hills.

From Orange the road passes toward the south-

west through the Montpelier estate, the home of President Madison, and shortly after enters Albemarle County. After a run of some twenty miles, and passing through a delightful section of country, somewhat rolling and mountainous, though esteemed one of the finest agricultural, grazing, and mineral districts in the State, we reach Charlottesville. This is the county seat, and is situated on the right bank of the Rivanna River and some twenty miles distant from the base of the Blue Ridge. No town in Virginia possesses greater renown and is more entitled to distinguished consideration at the hands of the traveler than is Charlottesville. The advantages and industries of the place are worthy of special mention. Charlottesville contains nine churches, embracing almost every creed; four public and six private schools; two national and two savings banks; a large number of mercantile establishments; one smoking tobacco and cigar factory; several plow, broom, fanning-mill, carriage, and wagon manufactories, and one iron foundry. Just outside of the town are the Charlottesville woolen-mills, which are apparently doing a large and lucrative business. The manufacture of cigars is also an important industry of this place, the production approximating a million or more annually. The extensive cultivation of the grape hereabouts has led to the formation of a wine company. Large quantities of wines are made, and of most excellent quality, if we may be considered a judge. On all sides the visitor beholds evidences of a thrifty and industrious people, and the society one meets here is of a high order of intellectual refinement and culture. Hospitable and courteous by nature, the stranger meets a welcome both considerate and hearty, and in leaving carries away with him a lasting impression of the most favorable character.

From various points in and about this town the scenery is grand and imposing, and the country on every hand presents most beautiful and picturesque situations. It is here and in its vicinity that in times past many of the distinguished men of the State resided whose influence and abilities were pre-eminently exerted in the councils of both the State and the nation. Among these we find the honored names of Madison, Jefferson, Monroe, Wirt, and Lewis. Two miles in a southeasterly direction from here is Monticello, once the residence of President Jefferson. Here this

earnest patriot and statesman lived, died, and is buried. One mile west of the town, and within its suburbs, on gently rising ground, is the famous University of Virginia, a State institution, which owes its origin to President Jefferson. This institution is the best in the South, and takes high rank among the best universities of the United States. It is becoming more and more useful, attractive, and comprehensive in its system of instruction, and promises at no distant day to command a respect and influence that will make it one of the chief educational centres of our land. It has an average annual attendance of four hundred students, and possesses the finest and best equipped laboratory in the State. Its faculty consists of some fifteen professors, all representative men, though not selected as representative of any particular creed, philosophy, or religion. The Alumni of this institution, we understand, are endeavoring to raise an endowment fund of \$500,000, and are meeting with marked success in their efforts. Here connection is made with the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway for Greenbrier, White Sulphur, and many other medicinal springs and pleasure resorts of Virginia and West Virginia.

South of Charlottesville we pass through a

fertile and picturesque section of country, although somewhat mountainous. The mineral developments through here bid fair to become of more than ordinary importance, as already large quan-



THE SOURCE OF THE ROANOKE.

ties of a fine variety of iron ore have been discovered and shipped to Baltimore and Philadelphia for experiment. The principal productions are tobacco, the cereals, and fruits.

Beyond Coveseville the road enters Nelson County, which lies upon the north bank of the James River. This county is watered by the Rockfish, Tye, and Piney rivers, the first emptying into the James at Howardsville, and the others uniting and emptying at New Market. These and other mountain streams give to the country a superabundance of fine water power for manufacturing purposes. The greater part of its surface is hilly and mountainous, the soil is generally rich, while the intervening valleys are extremely fertile. All parts of the county are especially adapted to the culture of fruit, particularly apples and grapes; of the former, the two most excellent varieties are the Albemarle Pippin Wine-sap and the Pilot.

Some twenty-two miles of travel through this section to the Tye River, where we cross into Amherst County, and a further run of about the same distance in a southwesterly direction brings us to Lynchburg, popularly known as the Hill City of Virginia, and located on the south bank of the James River at a point where the Midland Virginia crosses the river and the Atlantic, Mississippi, and Ohio Railroad. To the west and the immediate north of the city, one gets a glorious view of the mountains of Amherst County. The passage of the James through the Blue Ridge is a magnificent spectacle. Lofty mountains rise on every side, and shadow the ravine and rapids below. Nothing more sublime is to be seen in the entire length of this mountain-chain from the Potomac to the James.

The James River affords ample water power. Capital intelligently applied is alone needed to make it available. Already on the two levels of the adjacent canal, the Kanawha, are to be seen two rolling-mills, three large foundries, two large flour-mills, two bark and extract manufactories, and numerous other factories. It is difficult to conceive of a place much better suited for every species of manufacturing. Labor and living are as cheap as at any accessible point on the continent, with coal, iron, and lumber within easy reach, with cheap water transportation east and west, and with railways diverging to all points of the compass by which to transport all the possible productions of the most extensive manufacturing establishments. No better point for the development of new wealth can be found by capital and skilled labor than is here presented.

Lynchburg is a flourishing city, and its people

are very enterprising. Although their fortunes were to a considerable extent swept away by the ravages of the war, the same basis of wealth remains, and they are again making it the foundation for future accumulations.

The great staple of trade and manufacture in this city is tobacco, and it is estimated that there are some seventy or eighty establishments engaged in its manufacture or manipulation in some form or other. The Lynchburg brands of smoking and chewing tobacco are those best known in the markets of the world.

The population of the city is something less than seventeen thousand (16,959), and its social and commercial interests are of a high order, fully developed, and showing an uncommon degree of progressive enterprise. There are water and gas works, most excellent public and private schools, and churches representing almost every creed or denomination. In the suburbs of the city are the beautiful and commodious fair grounds of the Agricultural and Mechanical Society, which has adorned them with well arranged and appropriate buildings. This society offers annually a large and valuable list of premiums, and we observe that much attention is being given to the display of the best samples of native minerals. The result of this has been to secure an increase in the quality and variety entered, until now it is hardly possible to find any locality or State that can produce such a rare and valuable collection. Large shipments of Bessemer ore are now being made from the James River ore-beds near Lynchburg to the Steel Company of Pennsylvania.

A pleasant feature of this section of country is its excellent climate and marked healthfulness. This, together with its attractive scenery, eligible position, and superior hotel accommodations, make the place one of considerable resort for seekers of health. Besides, there are here, within a radius of sixty-five miles, more or less, many natural curiosities, places of summer resort, and institutions of learning, all easily reached by some one or other of the available modes of travel. Among these we may mention the Natural Bridge, Peaks of Otter, Lover's Leap, the White, Salt, Red, Yellow, and Blue Sulphur Springs, University of Virginia, Virginia Military Institute, Hampden-Sidney, Randolph-Macon, and Roanoke colleges. These already enjoy a national reputation, and

anything we might here say of them could not materially add to their interest nor cause any better appreciation of their excellent features.

After leaving Lynchburg, we enter the fine lumber regions of Campbell County. This and the adjoining county of Pittsylvania offer in the lumber trade an extensive and an extremely profitable field for investments. Already parties have entered very extensively into the business in Pittsylvania, and we understand have prepared, ready for market, more than 3,000,000 feet of the best quality of seasoned timber. The facilities for the ready transportation of this lumber are now afforded by the Virginia Midland, which traverses this section from north to south, in a central position, and which should induce the investment of capital heretofore restrained from lack of such facilities.

The tobacco produced in Campbell and Pittsylvania counties also enjoys a very high reputation for its peculiar excellence; so much so, as to command the very highest market price, due, no doubt, to the peculiar quality of the soil and its skillful manipulation. We need hardly add that it is the main staple of production throughout this section of country.

From Franklin, half way between Lynchburg and Danville, a branch road (the Franklin Division) extends to Rocky Mount, county seat of Franklin County, a distance of thirty-seven miles. This road was constructed to reach the ore-beds of Pittsylvania and Franklin. From Pittsfield on this line about thirty thousand tons of Bessemer ores of unusual purity have already been shipped to the Pennsylvania Steel Company at Steelton, Pennsylvania, and the mine is now actively worked.

The same company has large and valuable mines at Rocky Mount, Franklin County, from which large shipments have been made, and they are now putting in improved machinery,



A VISTA IN THE LUMBER REGIONS.

with the view of working these mines to their full capacity.

These developments have all been made within the past three years, and only indicate the extent and value of the deposits of the richer steel ores, while hematites suitable for the production of mill and foundry irons are found all along the road in immense quantities, and experienced iron-masters have recently published their estimates of cost of

producing iron in this section, showing that pig iron will not cost two-thirds of what it does in the iron region of Pennsylvania.

After a pleasant journey, we reached Danville, on the south bank of the river Dan, the southern terminus of the Midland road where it connects with the Piedmont Air Line to the South. Danville is a place of great activity, and is especially noted for its manufacture of tobacco. It is pleasantly situated on high ground, near the head of navigation, and is surrounded by a fine fertile farming region, which abounds, also, in good coal, iron ore, and limestone. The canal which has been constructed around the falls at this place affords abundant water-power, while the stream furnishes minor transportation for much of the produce of the county shipped to and from this point.

From the number of railroads projected and in process of construction to all points South, Danville bids fair to become one of the principal railway centres of the Southern country. It is a growing and progressive town, with a population above seven thousand, and with every prospect of doubling within another decade. No town has a more energetic population, and no business men enjoy a higher reputation. Its leading industry, tobacco, occupies the most of the commercial establishments; it having no less than eight large warehouses for the sale of leaf-tobacco alone. There are some nineteen factories devoted to the manufacture of chewing and several of smoking tobacco, the respective firms of which enjoy well established trades in their line throughout all sections of the country.

We can only reiterate, in conclusion, what we have already set forth as to our observations of the vast mineral and agricultural resources presented by the Piedmont region of Virginia. They are simply unlimited and awaiting development. Climate, society, facilities of transportation, are all that could be desired. We would further add, that it is our opinion, well confirmed, that the settler here will find far superior advantages to any he may be able to find upon the extreme confines of our western civilization. The hills and valleys of Virginia can support millions of additional population, and it is to secure these that the Virginia Midland has offered, and is offering at the present, such liberal inducements to all immigrants and Northern men seeking new settlements. It is a

wise policy, and one that works mutually to the advantage, not only of the road, but to the country and the settlers as well.

A word more to our friends of the Old Dominion, and we are done with our present article. We may have more to say of our further journeyings in a future article, but having exhausted our allotted space, must draw to a close. Remember, friends, that the South of to-day—the new South—is vastly different in a material point of view from the South of twenty years ago. It behooves her people, therefore, to put the past resolutely behind them, and the sooner the better. This is a practical age. A people cannot live on what has been. They must adapt themselves to their surroundings, and cease repining for that which has gone never to return. There is no reason why the hundreds and thousands of young men in the South, said to be out of employment, should be out employment. There is no reason why any man in the South, who is able and willing to labor, should be idle. It is true that employment cannot be readily obtained in the towns and cities. It is true that there is a superabundance of lawyers and doctors. It is true that the merchants cannot find places for all the young men who wish to be clerks. It is true there are not official positions enough for all the young men who wish to live upon the public. But for all those who are willing to quit the cities and go out into the country, who are willing to put their hands to the plow and the hoe, there is employment and a livelihood. There is no work on the street corners, but there is plenty to do in the fields and the forest. There is untold wealth concealed in the very midst of you, which requires but the sweat of your brow and the use of the pick to unearth. Exert your manhood, drop that spirit of indolence which mars it, and join the band of workers that are so manfully and energetically building up and regenerating one of the noblest of our glorious old commonwealths.

The great need of the South to-day is immigration—immigration that will settle unoccupied lands, that will develop her great natural resources, that will build up and enrich the country, and that will stimulate her people to put forth all their energies in the battle of life. This need, we are pleased to say, the South fully comprehends, and hence to-day it gladly fosters and encourages every enterprise promising such results.

LORA.

BY PAUL PASTNOR.

THIRD MOVEMENT.—DUST AND RAIN.

AGAIN it was August; the days of midsummer, like millers,
Shook out their aprons of dust on the low-lying valleys.
Whiteness on all things had gathered, like hoar-frost in
winter.

Dry was the breeze, as it kneaded the dead, heavy water,
Thick with the down and the pollen that floated upon it;
Even the clouds, that were restlessly roaming to northward,
From their white feet shook a haziness over the landscape.

Oliver Bascom had nodded himself into slumber,
Sitting at ease on the porch of his lodging, the Island
House.

Over his face lay the paper which he had been reading:
Dimmed was the news of the world by the dust of the
island!

Suddenly crept o'er the crest of the quivering hill-top
Two weary horses, and then a long wagon; and in it
Farmer Laroix and Lora his daughter were sitting.
Whitened with dust was the face of the amber-checked
maiden;

Yet was her countenance pure as the face of the Virgin,
Crusted with frost, in the window of lofty cathedral;
While, as she glanced at the dust-laden cap of her father,
Gleamed her white teeth like pearls set in ruddy-hued coral.

Wearily farmer Laroix drew his whip from beneath him
(Where in the straw it had lain till they came to the hill-
top),

Beat from the shaggy black ponies a cloud of deception,
Urged them afresh, as they dashed down the slope with the
wagon.

Thereupon Oliver Bascom, awakened from slumber,
Gazed up the road toward the dust-cloud so swiftly ap-
proaching.

"Who drives so fast in this terrible weather?" he wondered.

"Does he bring news that my barns or my haystacks are
burning?"

Meanwhile the dust drifted by like the smoke of a battle,
Leaving the farmer and Lora, as pale as the wounded,
Behind it. Then Oliver Bascom remembered the maiden,
The night on the Sand-bar, when Lora had ridden beside
him—

Alas, he had almost forgotten, in pressure of business!
"Whither so fast, in the heat?" he called to the farmer,
Bestowing, meanwhile, a man's look on his lovely com-
panion.

"Lora must needs pay a visit," the father made answer,
"Unto her aunt, who is keeping the Sportsman's Inn,
yonder.

There the good lady, I doubt not, will set her to drudging,—

Cooking and serving the game of those idle young fellows
Who have come up from the city to shoot on our island.
But 'tis an obstinate maiden—you cannot dissuade her!"
Merrily laughed then the girl at the words of her father,
Glancing up into his face with the fond, arch confession
That her sweet will ruled supremely, and knew no oppressor.

"But you will stop here, and rest till the cool of the even-
ing?"

Begged the young man. "See! the horses are heated and
weary."

"Thanks—we will stop," said the farmer. Then in through
the gateway

Rumbled the wagon; and Lora was pleased, though she
spoke not.

Gratefully cool was the twilight descending around them,
Ere from the porch of the tavern the travelers descended,
Thanked their good host for the rest and the pleasant
refreshment

Which through the long afternoon he had kindly provided,
Mounted the wagon, which stood by the horse-block in
waiting,

Waved a farewell, and with briskness continued their
journey.

Long stood the land-owner musing, when they had departed.
Ah! that sweet afternoon's talk on the shady piazza!

(For the tired father had fallen asleep in his arm-chair,
Leaving the man and the maiden alone with each other).

"Love I so fondly," mused Oliver Bascom, with earnest,
"All the fair fields toward the sunset I'd give for her good
will!

Oh, when so near me she sat, in that wicker chair rocking,
Waves of her presence went over me, coming and going!

Now she receded, and now she approached like a billow,
Broke on my soul, and o'erwhelmed me with rapture and
worship.

Henceforth I live to possess thee, O beautiful Lora!
Thou art more precious than thousands of fields in the sun-
light.

Slow hath my heart been to yield unto love's sweet per-
suasion,

Parched with self-thoughts, like a day in the height of
midsummer;

Now it pours forth like a shower on the warm, thirsty
upland.

Lora, I love thee! with manhood's full fervor, I love thee!"

Early the dusk had descended and mantled the island,
Hiding its gray, thirstful face with a veil of compassion.
Now, like a pall, fell the darkness on forest and hill-top;
Still-footed night tucked its edges deep into the hollows.

Alone in the Island House parlor, dim-lighted and cheerless,
Sat Oliver Bascom, and pondered the day's events over.

As the rill of a sunbeam glides out at the gates of the
morning,

Widens, and deepens, and girds half the globe with its
splendor,

So, since the morning, his life had grown broad as God's
sunshine.

Thus as he dreamed, on the window there came a light
tapping,

Out in the grass, too, a stir, and a rustle like footsteps:

Also the trees shook their leaves, and laughed into the
darkness;

Pattering sounds, like the feet of invisible couriers,
Rose from the dust in the road and the rails of the fences.

Lo! it had come, the sweet rain! it had come out of
heaven!

Eagerly then the dry earth stirred, and moaned to receive it,
As a sick child, parched with thirst, lifts itself in its cradle,

When from afar come the steps of the night-gracious mother,
And from a bowl in her hand the big plashes are falling!

(*To be continued*).

EMBROIDERY FOR HOME DECORATION.

By MARIAN H. FORD.

DURING the months of November and December lovers of fancy-work usually devote their time solely to the preparation of holiday gifts, but with the New Year comes leisure for the manufacture of many a pretty trifle to beautify parlor, dining-room, or chamber. Various new and charming devices are constantly invented by busy brains and executed by dextrous fingers. Nothing lends home a more cheerful, attractive appearance than the presence of a few bright bits of embroidery.

Bureau sets are now among the articles considered indispensable in a tastefully furnished chamber, and are made of all sorts of materials, from the inexpensive Java canvas, embroidered in various designs in colored wools, to costly laces lined with satin, or silk, satin, plush, and velvet, painted by hand and bordered with lace.

A very pretty style, lately designed, consists of an oblong and two square mats, with another square large enough for a pincushion cover, made of scarlet or blue wool canvas, fringed around the edges and embroidered in cross-stitch with any pretty pattern. After the embroidery is completed, outline each stitch with gold-colored machine silk, D. The effect is novel and charming. White wool on scarlet canvas, and black on blue, outlined with gold color, form a pretty contrast.

The accompanying illustration (Fig. 1) supplies an effective pattern for this purpose. In outlining, pass the needle from corner to corner of the cross-stitch in a straight line; four stitches of gold color will of course be required to outline each cross-stitch.

If it is desirable to have a set that may be washed at pleasure, this pattern can also be

worked on white Java canvas or coarse white linen, using scarlet embroidery cotton for the darker, and blue for the lighter stitches. The effect is extremely pretty, and the labor very trifling. It will be noticed that the pattern is so arranged that it requires very little ingenuity to turn the corners.

If a still plainer bureau set is preferred by the housekeeper, one-half the design may be used, but in this only one color should be employed. In both sets ornamented with embroidery cotton the outlining is omitted and only the simple cross-stitch used.

A very effective, cheap, and pretty bureau set is made of *appliqué* tidies of different sizes,—two small ones for the square mats, an oblong one for the large mat, and a fourth for a pincushion.

Cover the cushion with the color desired, and lightly tack the tidy along the edges. It is well to buy one sufficiently large to have the border extend half an inch beyond the cushion, though if the cover is of handsome material, some persons prefer to get one very much smaller, and fasten it at each of the four corners in such a manner that it forms a diamond-shape on the cushion, displaying the lining beneath.

Cut the shapes for the mats of card-board, and, if an inexpensive set is desired, cover with a pretty shade of silesia. Tack the tidies lightly over them, and finish the edges with a ruche of satin ribbon. When soiled, they can be ripped off, washed, and replaced with very little trouble. For a room in constant use, it would be hard to devise any style at once so pretty, cheap, and durable.

Another variety is made by using for a pincushion a flat, wickerwork basket, filled with shreds of wool, hair, or carpet ravelings, and always keep a handkerchief-case and glove-box on the bureau. Numerous are the fabrics employed in their manufacture, from Russian leather, plush, velvet, and Japanese lacquer-work, to quilted and painted satin, cardboard bound with colored ribbons, etc. An extremely pretty style is shown in the accompanying illustration (Fig. 2).

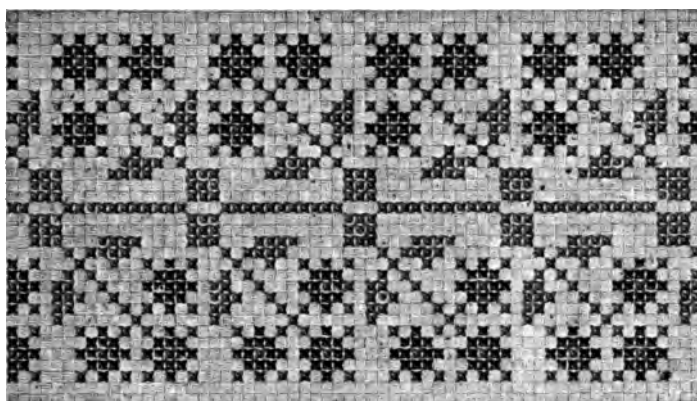


FIG. 1.—BORDER (CROSS-STITCH EMBROIDERY).

covered with a piece of embroidered or painted satin. The oblong and square mats to be used with this cushion may be of painted or embroidered satin of the same shade, trimmed with antique lace. Or, the antique lace squares purchasable at any fancy-goods store can be used, lined with any tint that harmonizes or contrasts prettily with the prevailing color in the room, and bordered with antique lace.

An exquisite set for a bridal gift has a pincushion covered with white satin, on which is painted a spray of orange-blossoms and myrtle-leaves. The oblong and square mats are of the same material, bordered with ruches of narrow white satin ribbon and edged with lace, which may be as costly as the weaver's purse will admit. To make the mats, cut stout card-board foundations of the shape and size desired, cover the outside with the satin, and the inner surface with silk, and finish with the ruches and lace. Chenille may be used with good effect in place of the ruches, if it can be obtained the same shade of white as the satin.

A pretty addition to this set is a pair of glass perfume bottles, covered with white satin, painted to match the pincushion and mats.

Apple-green satin sets, with a design of snow-drops, and pale-blue ones with wild-roses, or a cluster of poppies and wheat, are very beautiful. Decalcomanie pictures or Kensington art-work can be substituted for the hand-painting.

Many persons, besides a pincushion and mats,

Two squares of satin of the size desired are lined with silk of the same or a contrasting color, and interlined with a sheet of thin wool wadding, over which perfumed powder is strewn. The lower square is quilted in diamonds about one inch square, and the upper one overlaid with a cover of embroidered net, a pattern (Fig. 3) for which is given.

This net may be white, darned according to the pattern with white linen floss, or black, darned with gold, blue, or crimson. After laying the cover over the satin, edge with cord of the colors of the outside and lining, and ornament the centre with a rosette of silk or satin ribbon. The glove-case is made in the same manner, but the shape is of course oblong, instead of square.

A very handsome combination of colors, where the other tints in the room will permit their use, is black satin lined with gold color, overlaid with black lace darned with gold-colored filoselle, and edged with black and gold cord. Black satin, lined with white or rose-color, and



FIG. 2.—HANDKERCHIEF-CASE.

overlaid with white, is also a pleasing combination, and very beautiful.

A more simple but pretty set is composed of silver card-board with open-work stripes, each

stripe being embroidered with colored wool. For the handkerchief case, cut a square of card-board for the bottom, and another of the same size for the top. Divide the halves. After embroidering the three pieces, line each with silk the same shade as the wool, and bind with narrow ribbon. Next fasten the two pieces to the square below with small bows of ribbon, three on each side, thus form-

Another variety is made in the same manner, using quilted satin in place of the card-board, and finishing with a ruche of satin ribbon. A very handsome set of this kind, intended for a bridal gift, seen by the writer, was of white satin, quilted in diamonds about three-quarters of an inch square, and finished with ruches and bows of white satin ribbon. Wax beads were sewed at

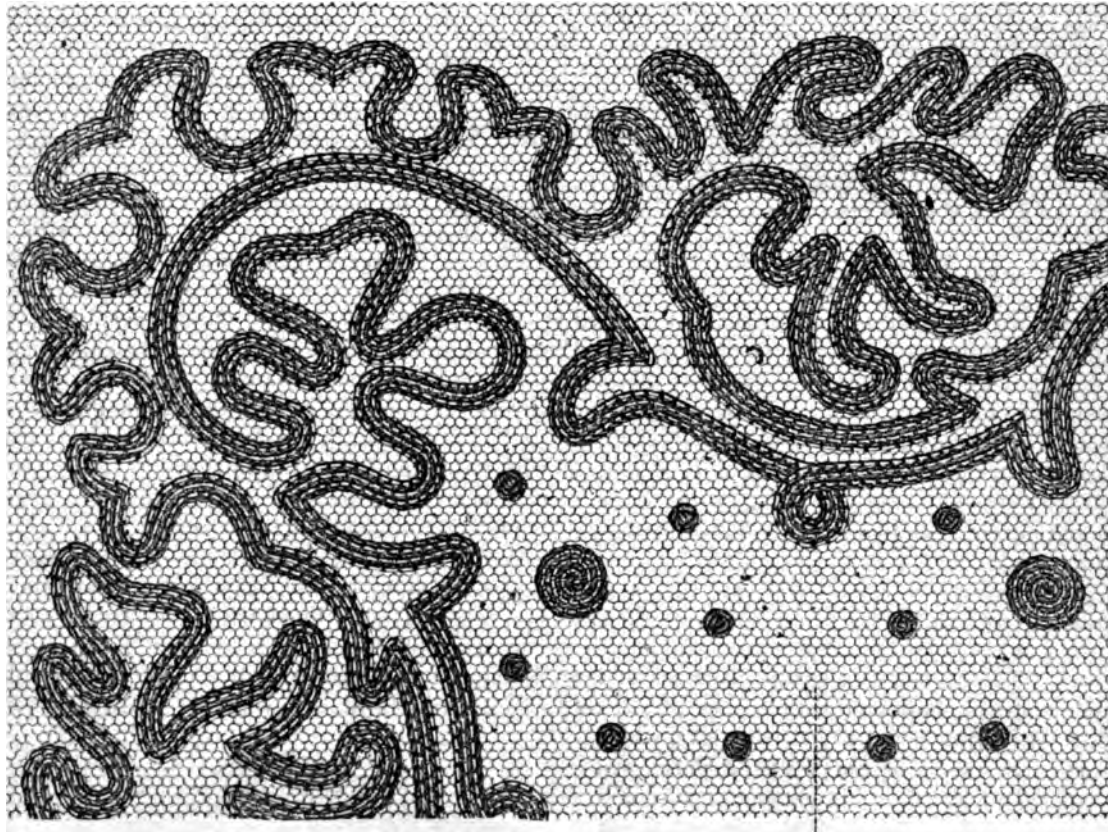


FIG. 3.—EMBROIDERY ON TULLE (DESIGN FOR COVER OF HANDKERCHIEF-CASE).

ing lids. Fasten the lids together in the centre with a single bow, and the case is completed.

For the glove-box, cut two oblong pieces of card-board the size desired, and embroider the one intended for the top. Line both with silk, bind with ribbon about an inch in width, and fasten together with three bows, one at each end and one in the centre. Sew a piece of ribbon half a yard long to the middle of the top, and a similar piece to the middle of the bottom of the case, just where the two edges meet, and tie in a bow by way of fastening.

each corner of every diamond formed by the quilting, the effect produced being extremely chaste and beautiful.

Handkerchief-cases naturally suggest handkerchiefs, and there are doubtless numerous readers of the MONTHLY who will appreciate the exquisite one illustrated in this article (Fig. 4). The pattern (Fig. 5) of the border is so clearly shown that description would be superfluous. Any one even slightly acquainted with this kind of work will have no difficulty in following it. Another article, to be found in almost every apartment of homes

where household decoration is studied, is the table-cover, made in every style, from the most simple to the most elaborate, and of a great variety of mate-

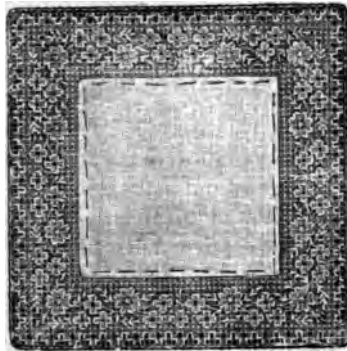


FIG. 4.—HANDKERCHIEF, WITH NET-WORK.

rials, both costly and inexpensive. A very pretty and cheap cover can be manufactured from a square of "butcher's linen," obtainable at any dry-goods store. Fringe the edge to the depth of four inches, then leave a piece of linen an inch wide, draw threads for the space of half an inch, and use the accompanying pattern (Fig. 6) of drawn-work, embroidering with either red or blue wool, silk, or embroidery cotton. Again leave a band of linen an inch wide, and draw a second row of threads half an inch wide, repeating the pattern of drawn-work. One row of drawn-work may be embroidered in red and one in blue with excellent effect.

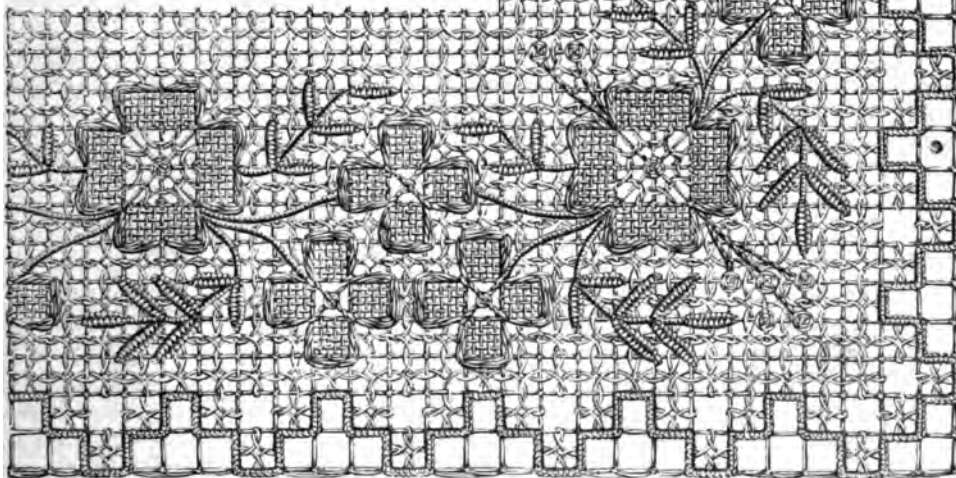


FIG. 5.—NETTED BORDER FOR HANDKERCHIEF.

inches. Pass ribbon an inch and a half wide in and out through the threads, always remembering to leave the same width of ribbon below the threads as is laid above them, and finish with a dainty bow at each of the four corners, where a square opening will remain after the threads are drawn.

Another comparatively inexpensive but very pretty cover is made of a square of felt, blue, old-gold, or dull red, as best suits the room in which it is to be placed. On this square, about two and a half inches from the edge, are laid four strips of felt contrasting in color, fastened to the cloth by rows of feather-stitching. Pink both sides of the strips, and use one row of feather-stitching on each side. In each of the four corners place an *appliqué* figure,—a bird, butterfly, Japanese figure, or spray of flowers,—and finish with a silk acorn, ball, or tassel.

One of the prettiest table-covers of this style is a square of dark wine-colored felt, bordered with

Another finish is to fringe the linen to the depth of four inches, then leave a space an inch wide, and draw out threads for the space of two strips of light-blue or old-gold, feather-stitched with black, or if an Oriental effect is desired, closely covered with rows of feather-stitching,

each one a different color. Each corner is ornamented with an *appliqué* figure of different design, and finished with a tassel made in the following

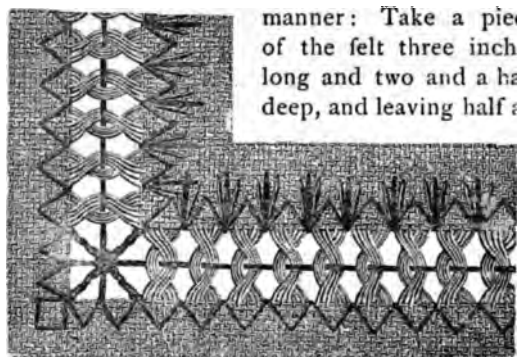


FIG. 6.—BORDER OF DRAWN-WORK FOR TABLE-COVER.

manner: Take a piece of the felt three inches long and two and a half deep, and leaving half an inch at the top, slash it evenly from end to end, keeping a space one-sixteenth of an inch wide between each cut. Make a loop of silk cord one or two inches long, according to fancy, fasten the end of the solid part of the felt to the joined ends of the loop, and wind smoothly and firmly around it, thus forming a tassel of the fringed felt, with the loop in the centre. Sew the end of the felt-roll firmly, then wind embroidery silk around the solid portion of the tassel until it is entirely concealed. The embroidery silk should be of two colors, the upper and lower part contrasting with the shade in the centre. The effect is very pretty, the trouble very trifling, and the expense almost nothing.

Another variety, much more elaborate than the styles previously described, but very beautiful, is a square of scarlet wool canvas, embroidered in cross-stitch with black wool, outlined with gold-colored silk, in the design given in the accompanying illustrations (Figs. 7 and 8), which clearly show the patterns for border and corner. The single stitches of the pattern are made with the same gold-colored silk used for outlining the cross-stitches.

Still more costly covers are of plush, embroidered in out-

line with gold thread, or of sateen with a border of plush, ornamented with a garland of flowers in Kensington art-work, and edged with a rich fringe or antique lace.

A very beautiful material for embroidery is pongee silk. Extremely soft and pliable, it hangs in graceful folds, yet is sufficiently firm not to "pucker" easily in working. It can readily be fringed, and the color of the fabric forms an excellent background, and harmonizes with almost any tint employed in furnishing a room. Sun-flowers, cat-tails, daisies, and blue corn-flowers all look admirable embroidered upon it.

An exquisite table-cover recently shown the writer was composed of nothing more elegant, by way of foundation, than ordinary bed-ticking, in rather wide stripes of blue and white. The blue stripes were covered with black velvet ribbon, fastened by fancy stitches of gold thread, the white stripes nearly concealed by an embroidery of various fancy stitches made with bright-hued silks,—a different stitch and different shade of silk being used for each stripe,—and the whole bound with black piece-velvet an inch and a half wide, feather-stitched on the edge nearest the cover with gold-colored silk. The effect was very Oriental, and very beautiful. The cover was a yard long and three-quarters of a yard wide. If any of the readers of the MONTHLY have time and

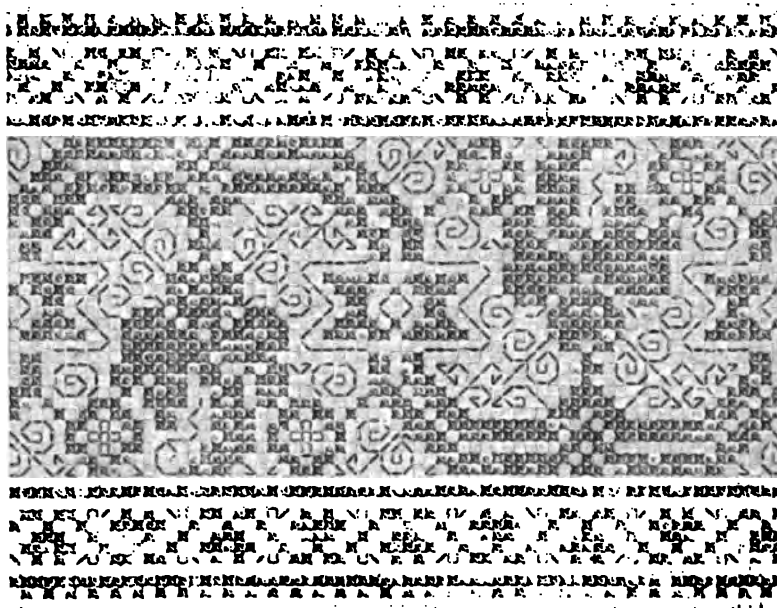


FIG. 7.—BORDER FOR TABLE-COVER.

patience to follow these directions, we can assure them that the result will not be disappointing.

Another elaborate and elegant cover—which also requires time and patience—is illustrated in the accompanying cut (Fig. 9).

It is a yard and a quarter square, made of ecru congress canvas, and bordered with lace three inches wide,—ecru antique lace is the prettiest for the purpose,—and trimmed with cross-stitch embroidery, drawn-work, and plush.

For the outer border of drawn-work, use the pattern given for the table-cover of butcher's linen; for the broad border of embroidery, the designs for the border and corner of the scarlet wool canvas table-cover, and for the narrower inner border, the pattern given in the accompanying illustration (Fig. 10).

Having made the drawn work border, and embroidered the wider pattern, sew a band of crimson, maroon, or blue plush on the cover, and finish with the narrower border inside. If preferred, the band of plush can be fastened on with fancy stitches of bright-hued silk, but in the writer's opinion it is handsomer without this addition.

From table-covers to tables is a very short step, and some varieties of the latter can easily be made at home, with the aid of an ordinary carpenter. An extremely pretty one consists of two square boards—a foot square is an excellent size—and four straight legs. Cover the four legs, as well as the two boards, with old gold-colored canton flannel, fasten the second board below the first, about half-way down the table; then with old-gold-colored split zephyr wool make numerous little tassels, each about an inch and a half long,

and sew them firmly around the edges of both square boards, and also down the four legs of the table. In putting them on the legs, leave a space about half the length of the tassel, between each two tassels. Black canton flannel, trimmed with black tassels, whose tops are wound with gold color, makes a very handsome table, as does also light-blue, with tassels wound with white or black, in rooms where these colors harmonize with the

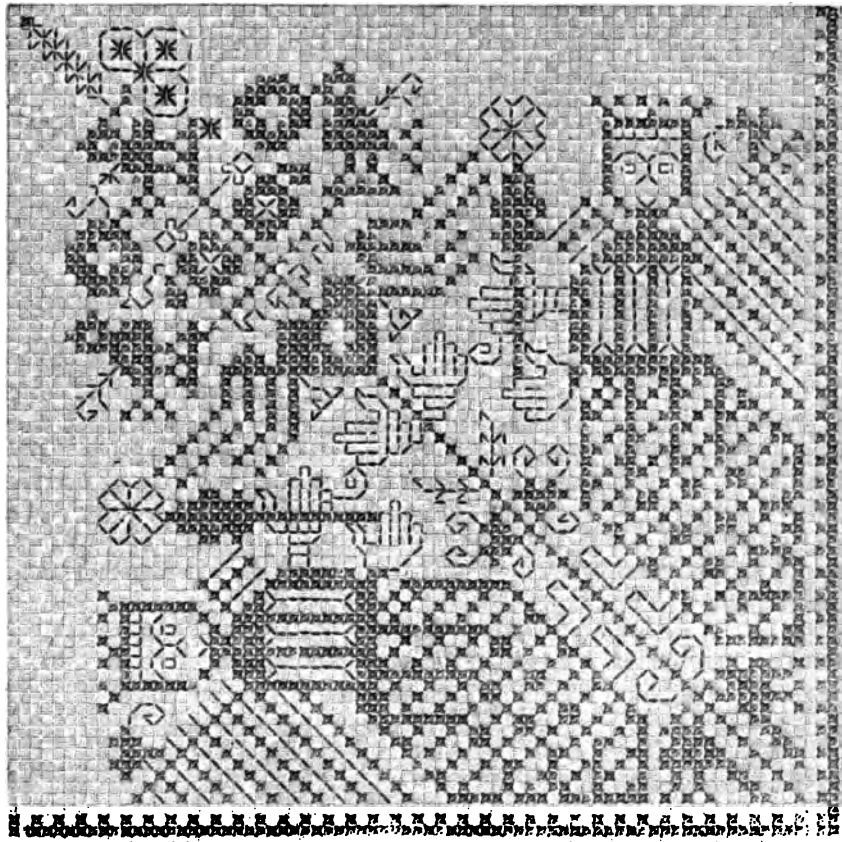


FIG. 8.—DESIGN FOR CORNER OF TABLE-COVER.

rest of the furniture. Such tables are also frequently covered with the same material as the coverings of the chairs and sofas, in which case the tassels are omitted, and the two square boards are bordered with woolen ball fringe, matching the tints of the covering.

Another dainty table, specially adapted for a chamber, is the old-fashioned "hour-glass," now in high favor again. The frame-work, of pine or some other soft, light wood, can readily be manufactured by the veriest amateur. The top and

bottom are formed of two circular pieces of wood of equal size, from twelve to eighteen inches in diameter, according to the fancy of the maker.



FIG. 9.—COVER FOR TABLE.

These circular pieces are then connected by a pole of the length necessary to make the table the height the owner desires. Cover the top smoothly with pink, blue, red, or apple-green silesia or cambric, overlaid with dotted Swiss muslin. Next tack the cambric around the top and bottom, wholly concealing the pole that serves for a standard, and cover with the Swiss muslin, finishing the top with a ruche of satin ribbon the color of the cambric, and the bottom with a plaited frill of muslin under a similar ruche. Tie a band of wider ribbon around the centre of the stand, confining the fullness in hour-glass shape, and finish with a bow of ribbon or cluster of flowers.

A style better suited for a sitting-room, because more capable of standing hard wear, is made on the same wooden foundation, using cashmere, flannel, cloth, or felt in place of the cambric and muslin. Cover the top smoothly with the woollen fabric, which may be embroidered if preferred, and make a lambrequin to surround it in the following manner:

Cut a sufficient number of oblong blocks to go half-way around the top. Cut the bottom of each in a single point, line with cambric for

greater substance, and finish with a cord of the same or a contrasting color. Fasten a tassel on the point and at each of the lower corners. Prepare an equal number of oblong pieces, but do not line them or point the bottom. Gather them on both sides and sew under the corded block as far as the straight sides extend. Nail them around the top of the table and conceal the joining under a ruche of the material, or if preferred, a flat piece of felt, pinked on both sides and with a braid of contrasting color tacked through the centre, with the ornamental tacks used in upholstery, may be used. The bottom and centre of the table are finished in the same manner as when cambric and muslin are employed in the manufacture.

A still more elaborate ornamentation for the top is to fasten an *appliqué* figure of a butterfly, bird, or flower on each of the pointed blocks. If possible, the design on each block may be different.

A clever idea, which originated in England, but has been quickly followed here, is to convert an old black silk hat into a work-basket. This is done by putting a silk or satin lining into the crown, drawing it into a bag at the top by means of strings. Then pass a wide ribbon, the color of the bag, around the outside of the hat, concealing the joining under a cluster of loops, intermingled with wheat or dried grasses. A gentleman's discarded "stove-pipe" may thus become a useful and pretty object, though it must be confessed, in the writer's opinion, the straw hats, manufactured

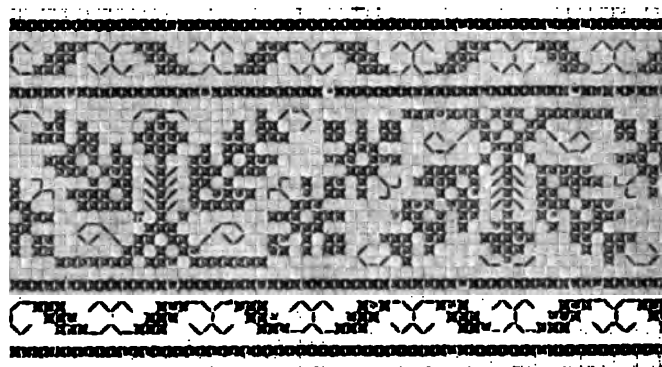


FIG. 10.—DESIGN FOR BORDER.

in the same shape for the purpose of being ornamented in this way, are prettier.

Another pretty and useful idea for which we

are also indebted to our English cousins is that of the "coffee cozy," used to keep the coffee-pot warm and also to cover the unsightly tin articles



FIG. 11.—BUFFET-COVER (CROSS-STITCH AND DRAWN-WORK EMBROIDERY).

in which coffee is often served. The illustration of one of these articles made of crocheted stripes was given in the February MONTHLY; but they are also very frequently composed of more elegant materials; in some cases, the stripes being of hand-painted or embroidered satin, and the border of lace. Felt, flannel, and silk are also used.

In making them of these materials, first cut the stripes of proper length, sloping them at the top in a manner easily followed by looking at the design in the February number. Sew the stripes neatly together, covering the seams on the outside with narrow rows of velvet ribbon or braid, feather or fancy-stitched to position. Line with a thin sheet of wadding and a piece of lining silk of any suitable shade.

A novel and quaint style of lamp-shade, whose gay tints form a bright spot of color in a room, is made of a small Japanese paper parasol. Remove the handle, and cut off the top, making an opening large enough to fit easily over the top of the lamp-shade. Conceal the cut portion under a narrow ruche of satin ribbon, and if still more ornamentation is desired, fasten a tiny ball or tassel to the end of each rib. The bottom of the parasol should not project much below the bottom of the lamp-shade.

In the recent rage for decoration, a most useful article, the shoe-bag, formerly made of stout brown linen, patch, or flannel, now comes in for its share of adornment. The linen, flannel, or

felt foundation is still retained, bound with braid of some contrasting color, feather or fancy-stitched to position; but each pocket is ornamented with an *appliqué* figure, a bird, flower, butterfly, queer Japanese water-carrier, etc.

Another, and later style, which ought to commend itself to readers who desire to have articles in daily use durable as well as pretty, is made of strong ecru or brown linen, bound with red or blue braid, and having on each pocket a design worked in the Kensington outline stitch with scarlet or blue embroidery cotton. These designs may be figures, Japanese fans, tea-pots, plates, or indeed any print com-

posed only of a few simple lines may be turned to account for this purpose. Made in this manner, they can be passed through the wash as often as desired.

Similar but larger designs are stamped on coarse white or ecru linen for tidies used on furniture in constant wear. Embroidered in scarlet, they are bright, quaint, and pretty, and—boon to the housekeeper—always return "as good as new" from the laundry.

A pattern much admired by the writer, and probably to be obtained at any store where stamping is done, represents a Japanese fan of the size ordinarily used. On the upper portion is an elaborate landscape with figures similar in general effect to those seen on the paper fans that flood the shops during the summer season.

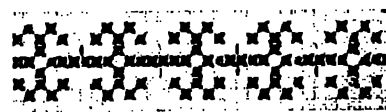


FIG. 12.—BORDER FOR BUFFET-COVER (CROSS-STITCH EMBROIDERY).

A tidy of ecru or brown linen embroidered in this design with scarlet embroidery in the outline stitch used in Kensington art-work will, perhaps, when completed, be considered too pretty for daily wear in sitting-room or chamber, and promoted for a time to drawing-room or library.

In chronicling the useful and pretty articles now found in tasteful homes, the buffet cover must not

be omitted. Many persons who have an old-fashioned side-board, or one whose marble top is

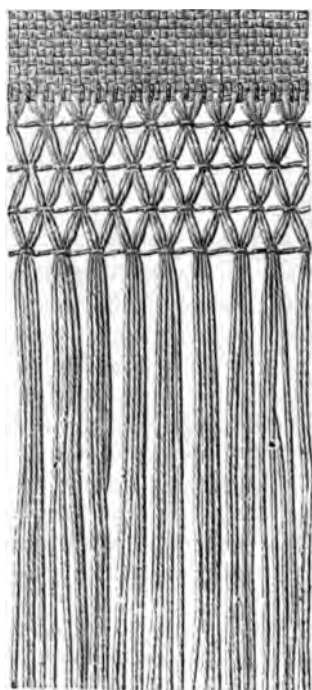


FIG. 13.—FRINGE FOR BUFFET-COVER.

stained, cracked, on in any way disfigured, will welcome this new device.

The accompanying illustrations (Figs. 11, 12, 13, and 14) give a design for a very handsome one of coarse white linen, trimmed with drawn-work, cross stitch embroidery, and fringe. The patterns for drawn-work and embroidery previously illustrated in this article may be used for the cover, the drawn-work being bordered on both sides with the narrow pattern, shown in the cut, which also extends down the long sides. The pattern of the fringe shows the mode of manufacture so clearly that description is unnecessary.

A wider pattern of drawn work, illustrated in the accompanying cut, may be substituted for the narrow one used in the table-cover, if preferred. The spray of flowers in each corner may be embroidered or omitted, according to the maker's taste. The words of the proverb, "Salz und Brod gebe Gott"¹ are worked in cross-stitch, any

¹ Salt and bread give, O God.

letters suitable for embroidery on card-board being used.

Buffet-covers are usually a yard and a half long and half a yard wide, but the dimensions can be varied to suit the size of the side-board.

Another very pretty style is of white huckabuck, bordered across the front and ends with antique lace three inches wide. Above the lace a border four inches wide, of any design that suits the maker's fancy, is embroidered with scarlet cotton in outline-stitch.

Tusser silk is also much used for this purpose, trimmed with ecru antique lace, or fringed to the depth of two inches, and embroidered in button-hole-stitch to prevent raveling. Outline-stitch, worked with scarlet embroidery cotton, is most commonly used for the border above the lace or fringe; but a border of solid embroidery in white silk, similar to those used on flannel, may be substituted, or a border of Kensington art-work in washable crewels or filoselle, though the latter method of ornamentation would doubtless be somewhat too gay in its effect to please quiet tastes.

It is scarcely necessary to add that the borders used on table-covers and other articles can be almost indefinitely varied to suit individual fancy. For instance, the table-cover with the drawn-work and band of plush would still be very elegant if, instead of the more elaborate design, the maker substituted the narrower pattern of drawn-work combined with the pattern of cross-stitch embroidery used for the wool canvas bureau-mats, adding above it the plush band and the very narrow border of cross-stitch embroidery edging the long sides of the buffet-cover. Too rigid

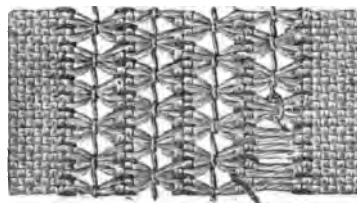


FIG. 14.—WIDE DRAWN-WORK FOR BUFFET-COVER.

adherence to every minute detail of a pattern is often to be deprecated rather than advised, since it tends to repress the exercise of individual taste. Oftentimes the patterns given should be considered simply as helps or hints to stimulate independent efforts and invention.

A VISIT TO VESUVIUS.

BY M. Y. SAFFORD.

SOME days in midwinter overcoats are worn in Naples; on the other hand, we eat spinach from the fields and artichokes freshly gathered from the gardens, while both Italians and foreigners carry bouquets of roses plucked from the hedges just outside the city. Yet snow lies on the mountains, toward which the Neapolitan often glances with a shiver when a cold breeze is blowing. But the winter we were there no snow remained on Vesuvius, the grave majestic neighbor of the gayest, most garrulous city on earth, and therefore people's eyes often rested for an instant earnestly on the mountain as they murmured, "*Lavora il monte*"—the mountain is laboring. The mountain attracted eyes and thoughts more and more frequently; for a heavy cloud had formed, shrouding the whole summit, dark, gloomy, and constantly growing denser. The distant roll of thunder echoed from the summit, and in the evening a lurid crimson glow flickered over the dark cloud. "*Lavora molto*," whispered the Neapolitan, losing a little of his loquacity; for though accustomed to his dangerous neighbor, the sight affected him unpleasantly. It was very different with foreigners; they seemed fairly electrified, their faces beamed with the most eager expectation and interest, and the office (in Portici) where guides to Vesuvius are engaged was thronged with tourists, cabmen, and donkey-drivers. In the streets of Portici and Resina the oddest figures appear to offer their services, bearing huge staffs, satchels, belts, torches, lanterns, sedan-chairs, ropes, and many other things which no one ever has used or will use in ascending Vesuvius. If one is engaged, six others pursue the traveler for half an hour, explaining how indispensable their assistance would be.

At last we emerge from the throng and mount the somewhat steep, but otherwise perfectly easy road to the mountain. It passes gardens carefully surrounded with high stone walls, that no glimpse of the interior may be obtained; vineyards, which produce the famous *Lacrimæ Christi* wine; lonely farms, whose fields are divided by aloe hedges; crumbling houses, each of which suddenly becomes an inn by virtue of placing before it a few old straw chairs, with a worn-out cask to serve for a

table, while the owner watches behind the wall to sell passing foreigners Vesuvius wine at extortionate prices.

The soil grows more stony, while here and there a huge aloe, with ragged, dusty leaves, gives the landscape a peculiar, almost African character. The ground slopes abruptly downward, and far below gleams the sea, steeped in sunlight, a glittering blue expanse, whose splendor and richness of coloring far surpass the fairest summer sky.

Here and there appears a stunted corn-field, an attempt at a kitchen-garden, and a little scanty, withered grass; but the more desolate and dreary the surroundings become, the wider and more brilliant grows the expanse of sea below, while far beneath mist-veiled islands emerge from the waves.

"Here Ischia smiles
O'er liquid miles;
And yonder, bluest of the isles,
Calm Capri waits,
Her sapphire gates
Beguiling to her bright estates."

The carriage creaks, the horses' hoofs rattle, and our footsteps sound strangely shrill. We have entered the domain of death that surrounds the mysterious mountain—lava. Strange, rugged ridges, walls, furrows, blocks—dead, desolate, every trace of life extinguished as far as the eye can reach in the ravines and on the heights: rigid as petrified foam, rough and black—black with brownish-red, pale-yellow, dirty-green tints, but black, rusty black, is the prevailing hue for miles; a strong wind blows that silences the tourist's gay conversation—one cannot laugh and jest in this domain of grim death.

"*Ecco l'osservatorio!*" cries the guide, and before us, a relief to the eye in this dreary wilderness, though the sight evokes grave thoughts, rises Professor Palmieri's far-famed observatory, a two-story building with two little towers. Here the mountain's pulse is felt, its fiery throbs are registered, and the moods and condition of the restless giant are signaled to the world. The eye is attracted by a marble tablet, affixed to a pillar in the wall of the house, on which are inscribed the

names of the fifteen unfortunates, who, overtaken by the glowing lava, found a horrible death not far from here in 1872. A solemn memorial! Here the carriage-road ended, and from this point we walked. For about an hour the road winds gradually upward over desolate fields of lava; the wind blows harder; it is beginning to smell strongly of sulphur; the eyes water and the tourists cough.

We stand at last on a layer of ashes, and over us floats a dense smoke. Scaling this hill of ashes and pumice-stone is the last stage of the ascent of the mountain, and delicate or very corpulent persons allow themselves to be dragged up by the guides, by leather belts to which they cling. Step by step the pedestrians climb upward through the loose ashes. An exciting, fatiguing walk, sinking or slipping half-way back at every step. The wind grows colder, more piercing, the odor of sulphur more penetrating, and a low rumbling sound reverberates till the ground trembles beneath the feet and distinct shocks, which seem to come from below, send a peculiar thrill up the travelers' backs, urging them with still greater haste toward the edge of the crater. That was what it meant to ascend Vesuvius when we were there. From near the observatory one had to walk, or ride on mule-back, over a footpath cut in the streams of hardened lava to the foot of the cone, when one began the two or three hours' zigzag climb up a slope that barely takes seven minutes to descend—pestered half the way with porters anxious to carry him up on a litter—shin-deep in loose ashes and crumbling scorix. Now, however, there is a railway and the ascent can be made with all the "modern improvements" which the ingenuity of engineers can suggest. The carriage road now extends to the foot of the cone, and there is situated the lower station, from which the train starts for the summit, a distance, as the crow flies, of a little over a thousand yards.

As we near the top it smells of coal-smoke, it smells of vitriol, alum, melting metals, burning salts; a hot, acrid vapor rises from the cleft, riven, charred, disintegrated soil, with suffocating odor. We have reached the edge of the crater, and are gazing into the huge pit, from whose depths, amid loud panting, puffing, rumbling, bubbling, and hissing, rises a vast cloud of acrid, suffocating, yellow, red, white and black smoke and vapor, which a strong wind disperses far over the country.

The ground on which we stand is hot; a few inches below the surface, *burning* hot; the guide thrusts a twig into a little cleft in the earth and draws it back blazing, he puts an egg on the ground and it is cooked in a moment, cigars are lighted by being held at a crack in the earth, and a hundred paces downward from the path the soles of the shoes are scorched.

Those who shall hereafter climb Vesuvius by rail will hardly enjoy the lunch of eggs roasted in the hot sulphurous cinders, and the refreshing bottle of *Lacrimæ Christi*, as much as we after our battle with the slope and the cinders.

The impression produced by this abyss of death and destruction is singularly gloomy; there is a sense of savage cruelty, scornful malice, fiendish joy, in the raging of the subterranean fire.

Desolation and death around; but from beneath the sea gleams with a golden light the most brilliant sunshine flashes on the waves, and this broad, smiling mirror is circled by cities and villages. Yonder, where the sea sweeps so far into the land and clings to it so lovingly, is Naples; glittering like ivory, the city surrounds the bay, spreads over the hills, and extends to the brown slopes of the mountains, while farther on the enraptured gaze rests upon blooming fields, gleaming with varied hues of blue and green, and besprinkled with thousands of houses and farms, villages, palaces, villas, and cities. A wondrous spectacle viewed from this smoke-crowned mountain summit!

It was evening when we descended, and we met numerous parties of tourists coming up the mountain; Englishmen in fantastic traveling costumes, and ladies in chairs borne on the shoulders of silent, panting guides, while boys lighted the way by torches held close to the ground. Behind us the lurid reflection of fire flickered over the dense cloud of smoke and cast wavering gleams upon our path; the rumbling and muttering continued, and seemed louder and more dreadful as the darkness increased.

It was late before we reached luxurious and wicked Naples again. Before returning to our rooms we sought refreshment in one of the brilliant Neapolitan *cafés*. It was thronged with well-dressed gentlemen and handsome ladies, who chatted gayly as they drank their wine or coffee, or ate dainty cakes and ices. But from Professor Palmieri's observatory still came the warning words: "*Lavora molto molto.*"

CYN.

BY KEZIAH SHELTON.

GLIMPSE I.

"AND o'er the farms, O chanticleer!
Your clarion blow; the day is near."

"My errand is not death, but life," he said.

Seventy years ago to-day a hoary-headed man might have been seen trying his much-experienced best to urge the old horse which he bestrode into a little quicker pace. He had been peremptorily summoned, just before daybreak, to farmer Hathaway's, to officiate at the advent of an expected arrival. The kind-hearted, though gruff, old country doctor soon had "Betz" quickly saddled and turned her knowing head up the river road.

Too practical to appear to notice the lovely scenery along the winding thread of brown, dusty earth he so often traveled, he heeded not the artistic pictures that occasional glimpses of the river revealed, as some gracious bend in the highway brought its watery beauty into full relief, only capriciously to take it away at the next moment.

As the rising sun gleamed upon the hedges brilliant with dew-drops, he never thought of comparing their glistening to diamonds or opals. His thought was only of shunning the wet bushes by the roadside, and he soliloquized somewhat lugubriously that it was really going to be a "yellow one," and if he could not return before the sun was "well up," the now dew-laid road would be "dretful dusty."

He also fretted some at Betz's laziness. Not having had her breakfast, she was this morning even slower than usual, and he knew by experience that he was liable to be most severely tongue-lashed by all the old housewives in the neighborhood if he was late.

Farmer Hathaway's bar-way—the main entrance—was soon reached, and Mr. Hathaway himself was leaning upon the upper bar and discontentedly wondering whether he should have to go again. But no; his "luck" was not quite so perverse, for here was the good old slow country doctor.

Hathaway hastened to "let down" the bars and Dr. Knap rode gravely over their lower part, heedless that the experienced Betz in seeking for

the very lowest point of ingress had crowded him against the dusty bar-post to the disadvantage of boot and pantaloons.

Gravely he rode through the yard and its mysteries, following the path around to the back of the house that he might dismount as a professional ought, at the so-called front door.

Here let me ask, Why did our ancestors build their houses so that the kitchen-door, with its strings of dried apples, peppers, and seed-corn above, and its swill-barrel at the left, horse-pail at the right, wood-pile in front, the tip-cart, lumber wagon, cider-barrels, and heaps of cider-apples, should all face the road?

Each guest that arrived either "hitched" at the bars and came in by the stile, or alighted, took out the bars, and, seizing his steed by the head, led him (while the family all took a turn looking through the window at the arriving company) slowly around and through this conglomerate array, and circumspectly fastened him to the post placed for that purpose close beside the front steps!

Why they were called front steps we do not in the least comprehend. If we were told that in those less ceremonious days company was expected to "come right into the kitchen," we should be less surprised; but the much-worn tooth-marked posts either side of the step destroy that theory utterly. Yet all the disagreeables were with much pains paraded for inspection, apparent care being taken that nothing should be omitted that could annoy the eye or offend good taste.

But all this pride of disorder was nothing this morning; the doctor just escaped the shrews' tongues; a tiny bit of femininity was added to the Hathaway household, and was quickly named after an ancient much-beloved ancestress—Cyn.

GLIMPSE II.—ANOTHER NEW-COMER.

ON that same lovely morning which ushered little Cyn into existence, over the river another child was born of equally poor and humble parents. This child found a swarm of brothers and sisters in full possession of the home and the hearts of its parents, and was merely looked

upon as another baby. For a long time, indeed, it was of so very little consequence that it was not even thought necessary to call it anything but it, or baby.

When asked its name, the answer was invariably, "Name? La sakes, 'taint got any; dunno, but 'spose we'll have to think up sunthing or other afore spring, 'cause the collector will be round," and they would assume an injured look as if the Annual Registry Act was a cruel despotism, which opened a fair question whether 'twere better to submit gracefully, or wiser to rebel and demand a rescindment of the objectionable law.

Law! Who has not listened with keen amuse-ment to the "chimney-corner lawyer" as he dis-cussed some excellent law for the greatest good of the greatest number? In some trifling respect it would inconvenience him; and as *he* would philosophically sit and toast his feet before the crackling fire and dreamily watch *her* as she was rapidly rounding doughnuts and dropping them continuously into the smoking fat, dexterously removing at the same time by some intuitive knowledge of their doneness the daintily browned ones, with what elaborate array of arguments he would criticise the *new* measure and expatiate upon its dangerous provisions! And she, without neglecting her work for a moment, or allowing a single particle of the hot fat to drip upon the floor, would not only listen, but join in the dis-cussion, throwing in many a shrewd suggestion.

Woman's rights, her wrongs; temperance, total abstinence, and prohibition are all, here by the fireside, discussed from various points of view. How excited women get, and how very enter-taining to hear them clamoring for the rights and privileges of which they fancy themselves deprived, when we know that if they would but read the "statute laws" which they are so busily reviling they would find the law was already in their favor!

"Baby" was born under peculiarly inspiriting circumstances; the old women and the doctor had been holding a fierce argument upon the then less agitated question of "Women's Rights," the old conventional doctor declaring vehe-mently, for the thousandth time, perhaps, that it was all a mistake; that women were growing dis-contented with their normal sphere; that it would be just as sensible for a man to howl because he had to plant and hoe instead of staying within doors and sitting down by the kitchen-table to chop

hash for supper. He said woman was weaker, and needed the more sheltered position that custom had long given her; that she would be the first to sneer at her husband if he wanted to take a rocking-chair out into the field to sit in and rest himself occasionally. He asked the women how they would like it if every time their husbands came into the house and found them snatching a moment's rest in their rocker or by the open win-dow, they should begin a tirade about the wrongs of their sex at having to endure the greater portion of the hardships of this world.

They retorted, that was nothing to the question; what they wanted was equal rights, equal privi-leges with the men.

"All right!" chuckled the old fellow. "Then you'd better begin to look things over and see which of your privileges you'll give up; for as you have got far the best of us men now in all the laws, that's the only way to equalize."

The sneering faces of the disgusted women was their only reply then, for at this very moment "Baby" interrupted the important discussion by the announcement of her safe arrival as a guest in the Bell household.

"Oh, my sorrows! another girl! poor thing! If you'd only been a boy now, there'd been some chance for you in the world; but girls are slaves or nuisances nowadays. Sh! sh! poor baby! was it crying so soon!" And Granny sweet-bye-byed it until it was soothed.

The doctor scowled and said: "Don't begin so early to fill that baby's head with strong-minded notions; she looks to me as if she'd have common sense if you ranters will only let her alone. She's got a fair chance in the world; she came of good stock; her mother is a good, sensible, industrious woman, one that cares for her house and family as well as she is able, and wastes no time blas-pheming God because she wasn't born a man, that her sphere might have been more suited to her self-fancied ability." The doctor closed his remarks suddenly, as if disgusted with himself for noticing such folly.

GLIMPSE III.

"O THOU child of many prayers,
Life hath quicksands, life hath snares!
Care and age come unawares!"

Fifteen years ago this morning good old Dr. Knap rode up the romantic river road and found

Mr. Hathaway leaning upon the bars, anxiously awaiting his arrival.

To-night in the early gloaming Mr. Hathaway might have been seen with somewhat of an added grayness to hair and beard since we saw him last,

appearances might be the very same disorder of fifteen years ago. He glances fondly at the window where stands his queenly daughter, her face aglow with the excitement of present happiness and bright expectations.



"QUEENLY" CYN.

and not quite so steady of nerve and limb; not leaning upon the bars this time, but wending his way, with a milk-pail in each hand, from the barn across the road into the house-yard, carefully stepping around, through, and over what from

Daintily though inexpensively arrayed, she presented a rare picture of natural loveliness; the fichu of cheap lace and the snowy under-sleeves testified that Mrs. Hathaway, like her husband, was both fond and proud of Cyn.

Only one glimpse at Cyn's soft baby-like, pink-tipped fingers was needed to teach one that, though in kumble circumstances, they had "managed" to shield the child of their old age from all hardship.

Cyn early developed a refined taste in arranging her dress, that made her, even in her twenty-five-cent delaine, look "every inch the lady."

I said quently Cyn; it was spoken soberly and after much deliberation; she belonged to that rare type of physical development occasionally met with, perhaps twice or thrice in a life-time—more rarely even than that among girls of her age. Such girls are much to be pitied; for, with the impulses of the child, to the world they present the physique of a maiden of twenty, and when they speak like a child they do not meet with the indulgence due to childish ideas.

Cyn at twenty would look no older than to-night, as, with crimp, dusky hair, bewitchingly arranged about her finely shaped head, she stood with her lovely face pressed closely against the window-pane, peering down the fast-darkening road, as if impatient for the arrival of some one.

Unfortunately, as all persons of experience know too well, country people allow their children to attend evening parties, dancing and singing schools as soon as they are large enough! What a criterion! The overgrown girl of nine, the premature maiden of fifteen, the gushing matron of twenty-two, the young spinster of twenty-five, all mingle their hopes, their frivolities, their petty jealousies! Those who in after-life have opportunities of mental development will never cease to regret the worse than useless waste of physical strength, which gave them no return of value, and only served to delay for years their rightful mental growth.

Girls of fifteen, who give and attend evening quadrille and moonlight croquet parties, are sowing in pleasure that which they will reap with sorrow; their guardians have much to answer for in consenting to that which will rob them of that quietness of nerve so necessary to their future life.

Mr. and Mrs. Hathaway had first taken pride in having Cyn "invited out," and the neighbors' daughters of the same age ignored; and as her early-fostered appetite for such excitements as the country entertainments afforded grew stronger, their weak affection for her rendered them useless as guides, and soon restraint was out of the question.

Most country girls without brothers can tell a weary tale of staying away from the few entertainments of the surrounding hamlets. Cyn knew nothing of such deprivations; for two years she had mourned only that she was not her own twin-sister, so that she could accept twice as many of her lovers' attentions.

Her early-developed worldly wisdom and shrewdness taught her to accept the first escort on the field, and then she tossed her head and coquetted so sweetly with the many that she was forced to reject that they felt it was better to be refused by Cyn than accepted by one less charming. Half of the rejected "went alone" for the sake of being at liberty to pay Cyn all attention at every opportunity; the crumbs of comfort Cyn could thus bestow in her bounteous manner were of far more value than the undivided smiles of her less fascinating associates.

Thus Cyn was feasted with flattery until without it life would have seemed a barren waste. Novel-reading completed the girl's education; if to these attentions she could have added the jewels and silks of her favorite heroines, she felt that she should be perfectly happy. She dreamed of being richly clad and lying upon luxurious silken lounges, or gently resting in some crimson-cushioned sleepy hollow,—the realization of an idealistic upholsterer's thought of comfort. Then, surrounded by this daily adulation, she should be happy. But what were the realities of her lot?

An ordinary farm-house for a home; her father and mother performing the most menial duties therein daily. She was spared, but she knew that they bore her share. Her share! that was bitterest of the bitter for her to remember; she longed to escape, and to feel that such disagreeable work had not the shadow of a claim upon her.

She would fain be away from it all; the constant remembrance was very unpleasant: the rag-carpet upon the best room floor; the home-made lounge, calico-covered; the splint-bottom chairs; the rockers with their feather cushions, also calico-covered; the small red table under the insignificant gilt-framed glass—all these things tormented her; they were not like her dreams.

She desired to leave them and have her fancies realized. Never yet had been granted her a glimpse of such as she had read of; the best she had seen was at the home of Burton Meredith's father. The Merediths were well-to-do people, who lived in

the village. Mrs. Meredith had always eclipsed her neighbors; but recently she had rendered them all but speechless with astonishment, enviousness, and admiration by sending to Boston for an "English" carpet, with hideous red, green, and yellow figures "worked" into the most unnatural shapes, doubtless intended to be a mixed representation of geometric and botanical fancies; but they must have been designed by one afflicted with a disordered imagination.

Yet Cyn was not the only one that would say that Mrs. Meredith's parlor "went ahead of anything in the town."

Burton Meredith, Jr., had been one of Cyn's most ardent admirers, and Cyn really cared more for him than any of the others, and, besides, there was his father's wealth and his mother's carpet, and why should she not accept him when he offered?

The quick, light rumble of a carriage suddenly ceases at the bar-way, and Cyn's heart throbs all too quickly for such a child in years. Tall and lithe as she is, she bounds like a child through the dark entry, out of the door upon the upper step-stone, with not a doubt in her mind but that it is Burton, for she wishes it to be. Another proof: none of her other admirers drive up so quickly.

She and Burton enter the house, and without ceremony her jaunty hat and light wraps are donned, and they are off for a ball at the village hotel.

Fondly her father and mother follow them to the door, and after their departure return to their evening occupations and proudly discuss the future prospects of beautiful Cyn.

GLIMPSE IV.—"A SOUND OF REVELRY."

A COUNTRY ball! Did you ever attend one? Even as late as in the sixties the best families were represented at these public gatherings. In fact, it was expected that all the dancing portion of the community within a radius of at least ten miles would don their "best" and patronize their neighbor, the landlord, at least once each season, and many of them were as sure to be there at each festive scene as the thin-faced fiddler himself. In Cyn's young days, promiscuous as these dances might have been, they were yet quiet, neighborhood affairs.

Neighbor Burton, the genial landlord, was respected for his money, and visited more or less

by even the country gentry, despite the fact that he kept a bar, which he and his sons tended, except upon ball-nights.

Each village had its tavern of more or less consequence, and many of the farmers about felt that it was a necessity to have some place where of a cold night they could drop in and have a sup of something warming, to say nothing of a place to have the jug refilled in haying-time.

I well remember hearing my father tell that he determined, when established upon a farm of his own, to hire no laborers except those who would agree to work without grog. This was a bold step, and when hay-time came his father-in-law felt it his duty to remonstrate with him upon his contemplated rashness. Father would not yield his point, and grandfather warningly said, "Young man, don't attempt any such foolhardy enterprise. I don't want to be sent for to attend a funeral right in the middle of haying." Father had his way, and there was no call for "funeral baked meats." It was not many years ere the aged patriarch saw the wisdom of his son-in-law's plan, and himself joined the ranks of the total-abstinence band, and was faithful to its principles unto death.

This is a digression from Cyn, and yet not, for it may serve to indicate the public pulse at that time, and also why Burton Meredith, Jr., was considered just as eligible as though his father had not been a country rumseller.

At this ball, Cyn, having Burton for her attendant, and thus passing part of the pauses between "sets" in the aristocratic seclusion of the family sitting-room, might have been the object of much envy had not the other girls become so thoroughly accustomed to playing second to Cyn's first that they scarcely rebelled.

What lurking feeling there was of that kind revenged itself with commenting upon the symptoms of anguish visible among Cyn's great number of disappointed admirers. To night was no exception to the rule; it was whispered that Cyn had refused seven after accepting Burton!

As she danced sweetly with the seven they seemed propitiated, and it was easy to be seen that next time the same moths would singe their foolish wings at the same lustrous flame—Cyn's vanity.

And why was it? She was neither witty nor learned! I have often wondered that I never

even heard any one say that she was clever, that middle-class term for amiable, indolent stupidity.

"Handsome? Yes, sir; handsome and stylish; the men fell at her feet as before a Cleopatra; but the secret of her attraction remained a secret to the keenest."

GLIMPSE V.—A DIFFERENT GIRLHOOD.

BARBARA BELL, too, was fifteen to-day, but, unlike Cyn Hathaway, was not a belle among the youthful beaux of their country circle. Barbara, or Baby, as she was always called at home and by her friends, had found her hands, head, and heart all too busy amid the multitude of home duties, to work mischief to herself or mates.

Mrs. Bell had been an invalid ever since Baby's remembrance, but with such fortitude as none but mothers possess. She had interfered very rarely with Baby's school-hours, though before and after, as well as Saturdays and vacations, Baby was almost her mother's "right hand."

The elder daughters were long ago settled with husbands and families of their own. Two brothers were now away,—one as clerk in a fancy-goods store, and one, for a wonder, had so far risen above the nambyism of the age as to enter a machine-shop as an apprentice. So now there was at home only Mr. Bell, his wife, seventeen-year-old Fred, and our sweet, womanly Baby. Even Fred was anxious to leave the old farm and "do something or be somebody."

Mr. Bell grieved loudly that his boys had joined the march from the country city-ward; he sadly contrasted the present period with his own youth, when each son looked proudly forward to the day when he, too, like his father, should till his own land; and proudest of all was that one who should inherit the old farm, and who in his own old age could hope to occupy the same warm corner that his father had rested in after his work was done.

Fred was not constrained to stay at home by his father's entreaties; but when Baby pleaded her loneliness if he should go, and pointed out to him that it clearly seemed intended that they two, the youngest, should care for their aged parents, he listened and staid.

Father Bell said, with a painful sneer, "It seems sad to think, soon's I'm gone, the old place'll go 'under the hammer;' the young folks nowadays are all trying to get rid of work; don't seem to have any backbone to 'em; they are all

looking for a soft job,—a measuring-ribbon and selling worsted."

The old man's disappointment at his eldest son's contempt of farming and satisfaction at becoming, what he termed, "head counter-jumper," was bitter, and he never fully recovered from it. Even when the firm sent his son West for a choice selection of feathers, giving him only general directions, trusting all else to his good judgment and rarely exquisite taste, it was not a salve to his wounded feelings. "A man-milliner! I'd rather he'd chopped wood all his life." And a disgusted tear-drop fell upon his withering hands. But Fate is not to be propitiated by old men's tears. George hated farming, and loved birds, feathers, and flowers, and yearly his firm deferred more and more to his taste and judgment.

Baby and Fred soon acquired many a secret of the "trade" that enabled them, in their leisure moments between her household and his farm duties, to earn not a few shillings which furnished for themselves and the family home, luxuries that the farm productions would have failed to secure for them.

When her "effeminate" brother was sent to Europe by his employers for flowers and ribbons and returned with Parisian knowledge of those things which promised for them as well as himself an assured income thrice any farmer's, yet farmer Bell was dissatisfied. Money to him was hardly money unless earned in his way.

George Bell now had long vacations between "seasons," and the two brothers and Baby studied together the gathered treasures,—fruits of his travels,—and gained much precious knowledge that gave them great pleasure and made them objects of awe to their simple-minded neighbors. A natural skill for cabinet-work was stimulated into activity by the necessity of some place of security for their treasures.

Cyn Hathaway always spoke of Baby Bell as a simpleton that never had a beau in her life, and "she's just as old as I am too," she would say.

Baby was learning that men were not the only subjects worthy of study.

GLIMPSE VI.—ANOTHER LOVER OF CYN.

THE hills and valleys had been washed by spring deluges and dried by the sun's clear, spring-like rays of warmth and light, and now this lovely morning, late in May, they did honor to their

fostering care and beamed invitingly from their green and velvety heights and depths.

Hill and plain lovingly caressed their rollicking, frolicking relative, the talkative brook, as he, careless as a boy of consequences, rushed impetuously over the neutral ground between their estates, heedless of aught except his desire to reach yonder meadows; yet not quite heedless, for he would bestow a drop of gracious attention now and then upon the lilies of the valley, children of the hill-side at his left, or banteringly glide out of his direct pathway to coquette with his country cousins, the Flagroot family, which were gathered in their clannish manner upon the bank of the plain at his right. Though these were flattered with his sweet advances, to him they were joys that any one might gather upon the wayside of life; for himself the goal of love and satisfied ambition lay in the broad meadows beyond; there among the water-lilies, the vagrant, merry cow-slips, lay the broad arena which would give scope to his ambitious desires to become something more than a mere babbling stream—there he should be happy and content!

Willis Newell was about to graduate from the country school where he had gained the foundation for future education; firmly and soundly had each winter's work been laid upon that of the season before. Perhaps he was none the less thorough and sure of that which he had learned that each summer his books were placed aside, while he picked stones, plowed, planted, hoed, and "hayed it," and returned not unto his studies until the last vegetable and fruit was harvested and stored; until the last corn-butt had been cleared off and added to the autumn pyre of refuse and incinerated.

The Snyder family will doubtless here suggest that they burn their refuse in the spring. Don't doubt it, Messrs. Snyder; there are many who will agree with you, because they might die before spring, and in that case, if they had neglected it, some one else would have to perform the labor. The coat of arms of the numerous Snyder family should be,—one sleeping upon a bank of moss, with the motto, "Never do to-day that which you can put off till to-morrow."

This was not Willis's coat of arms, and he could think and plan for the future even while dropping corn; the blue sky, the scudding clouds, the pleasant sun-rays, the invigorating smell of

fresh earth, stimulated him to healthy, ambitious dreams of a future work whose results, unlike these, could not be garnered in the obscurity of the cellar or the crib.

He dreamed of guiding the unthinking plodding masses, of being a leader in the world. Thanks to our republican government, the poorest born, though barefoot and hatless in youth, can with hope, as well as faith, dream of Congressional and Cabinet honors, and for the moment forget the soiled realities of hickory shirts and patched, short-legged overalls.

Willis was none the less ambitious to succeed in life as he saw beautiful Cyn Hathaway growing daily more charming in face, more magnificently developed in form, more graceful in her general carriage, and most worthy, as he thought, of the fairest setting in life that wealth could give her. For her he would toil; for her he would succeed. To him it seemed desecration that Burton Meredith, Jr., the village rumseller's son, should aspire to the honor of being an accepted suitor to that fairest of all fair women, Cyn.

For himself he meant to carve a name and win a fortune that even royal Cyn need not disdain. For royal Cyn she always was to him, even though she was but a farmer's daughter. To him the signet of royalty was set upon her by God's hand, in her queenly figure, her superior grace of drapery, her loveliness of face, and smoothness of speech. (Do I reiterate her praises too often? Remember I am but the echo of her lovers, for the time being. She never ceased to charm, nor they to sing her praises). Was it not her own royal inheritance? Had it not, from the time of her first toddling about with the ordinary mud cake-makers, set her apart from them by an invisible yet by all a well-understood line, across which they could not pass to come to her and which she would not pass to go to them? There was no precedent by which we might deem it an inheritance; it was as though for some purpose she was set apart from the ordinary classes. It was not that she was wiser or nobler, yet she was not of the common mould. It seemed fitting that the best should be hers: it fitted her so fitly, she became it so well.

How Willis Newell loved this queen of hearts! For her he would willingly leave home and all its ties, that he might some day come back and offer her such a home, such riches, such luxuries of

dress and jewels as she would become in a way no other woman could, even were she a real queen or a princess of royal blood of many years' deterioration.

O Cupid, how thou dost love to see thy devotees wasting a luxuriance of affection where it shall bring them least return! Couldst thou not, hard-hearted, wretched little imp, have whispered to him a word of caution, instead of aiding him in his self-deception? For thou knewest! I do not wonder that thou hidest thine elfish face; thou knowest the accusation is true; thou didst know, and thy friendly warning might have saved him, yet thou didst lure him on to his death! For shame, Cupid boy! Couldst thou not have opened his eyes to Baby Bell's good and true qualities and thus have saved him?

Be brave, Baby! Command thy heart in thy youth, and be thankful for his sake when God takes Willis from Cyn and anguish.

Willis said good-bye to Cyn, and for her sake left his home and kindred to seek his fortune in the outer world.

GLIMPSE VII.—MERRILY RING THE BELLS.

EVEN the sun seemed ever to shine upon all of Cyn's pet pleasures, and to-day was no exception to the general rule.

To-day was Cyn's sixteenth birthday; and to-day Cyn, resplendent in a light silk and white satin bonnet, was to be married to Burton Meredith, Jr., who would be attired in a lovely suit of black broadcloth trimmed with gold buttons and thrown into artistic relief by an embroidered white satin vest and a much beruffled shirt-front.

Indeed, as Cyn lay upon her pillow this morning, dreamily remembering that it was her birth-morning and indolently enjoying the morning's sunlight that was lovingly embracing her, and dreamily thinking of her future prospects and enumerating her blessings, she mentally decided that first among these would rank her trousseau; secondly, his well-chosen wardrobe; thirdly, her prettily furnished rooms at Mr. Meredith, Sr.'s, and lastly, the fact that her board would be paid at her father-in-law's, and she would have nothing to do but to dress prettily and look as bewitching as possible.

When she tried on her wedding silk and realized how her rich complexion became the delicate pearl tints of her dress, and bitterly appreciated

how sad it was that the skimp of a glass was able to reflect only a small portion of her beauty, she resolved determinedly that there were two things in this world that she would have. First, Burton should buy her a large gilt-framed mirror, one that, by hanging it tipping, would reveal her to herself from head to foot. This bridal morning she is thinking with pleasure that that mirror is awaiting the bride's arrival.

Her second resolve was none the less wise nor important; she wildly—as the village seamstress thought—announced that after she was Mrs. Meredith, Jr., she should never buy any dress material except light silk.

"Why, ye don't s'pose Burt can afford to keep ye in silks all the time, do ye?" said Scissors-and-Needles.

"He'll have to; for I will have them. His father's bar does a good round business, to say nothing of the farm. And now Burton is going to tend altogether, and he will make good pay. I told Burton I wouldn't marry him unless he stopped working on the farm; 'twas making his hands so rough and dark." And Cyn looked admiringly at her own baby-like fingers.

"Wal, I d'now; but if 'twas me, I'd ruther he'd work on the farm than tend bar," ventured the ancient maiden dressmaker.

"Oh! I hadn't; I'd live single till I was as old as you are before I'd marry anybody but a gentleman! Burton will now dress up every day, and his hands will grow as white and soft as they ought to be in a little while."

"Wal, I d'know but ye're right; anyway, I wish ye well; ye ain't much but a baby, anyway, and to think ye're going to be married!" And the withered face looked tenderly sad and tearful.

"Yes; isn't it splendid? Mother says there hasn't been a girl married in either town for years as young as I am, and it isn't my only offer, not by a good deal." And she tossed her head proudly. "I guess if I should tell you just whom I might have had, you'd open your eyes some; but then I didn't want them, for they were all poorer than Burton and his folks, and not half so genteel. Farmers! Bah! I've seen enough of farming; and then there's my setting-out; I wouldn't go to housekeeping, so I can have it all for clothes! Wasn't I a wise girl? After father had got me what he thought was enough, I teased and teased till he bought me that changeable silk, the pink

and green one; and say, you must tell mother that it must be trimmed with white lace."

"I d'know ez I re'lly want to; s'pose they don't feel ez though they could afford it? I heerd that yer pa had to sell a cow and a calf to get that silk for ye, and I hate to ding him for what ain't re'lly needed. We can trim it very well with shirrings of the silk; thar's enuff."

"You'll ask them for that white lace, or you'll never sew for me again; and mind that you don't help spread the yarn about selling that stock."

Meekly the poor woman promised; her customers were few in this self-supporting, self-helping community, and well she realized that she could not afford to offend a good customer, and Cyn, be she married or single, would always need help, and have it.

After a fashion, as usual, Cyn had gained her desires for the present; how long she would be satisfied none could prophesy, for new possessions would only lead to greater longings for those luxuries which had hitherto been beyond her vision.

GLIMPSE VIII.—THE HEIR AND THE HERITAGE.

Two years have passed, and Burton the Second is celebrating his first birthday with innocent baby cooings that almost touch his proud mother's heart.

Cyn has changed during these two years, only as she has grown more beautiful; hers is a face that will long be fresh, for she never worries, never works, and takes the most delicate care of herself, and allows neither persons nor things to cause her discomfort.

Not even the fact that her boy-husband is getting too stout and flushed of face for his growing habits to be longer concealed can for an instant make her pulse throb with anxiety. Yet she loves Burton as well as she is capable of loving; she loves him for his beauty, his money, for his indulgence of her whims, and loves him for his good judgment in loving and admiring her beautiful self.

Father Meredith had imbibed behind the bar until he was no longer able nor fit to have charge of the fiery demons embottled upon the shelves along the wall. Nearly a year ago he had retired, and Burton had assumed the whole charge of the vile but lucrative business; since which the revenue therefrom had been greater

than at any period during his father's regency, and he had acquired wealth. Many a neighbor's farm had he chuckingly absorbed at his bar, giving in exchange for lands and bank-stock eternal misery for themselves and families. "As ye sow, so shall ye reap."

Even so; and to-day father Meredith is expiating the sin of taking a friendly glass or two with a neighbor at his own bar and at his own expense, for the unworthy purpose of enticing people there to pass their evenings and to spend their money for his liquors and their own ruin.

Many a man after being "treated" by Mr. Meredith once or twice, in the exuberance of his gratitude for the condescension, added to the exhilaration of the stimulants, would insist upon treating the crowd (never missing at such haunts) for the benefit of his host; after that he would need a parting glass, and by the time this was drunk he would be oblivious of home and its attractions, and would be fully determined to make a night of it, now that he was with such good friends. "Change? No, sir; keep it, sir; keep it, sir. I've money enough; don't have to count the pennies quite so close as that yet; give us another glass, and all around too; don't never mean to be small about these things; here's an 'X,' and if that isn't enough, just say so, for there's more where that came from, sir."

So the glass or two given does its work thoroughly and quickly, and the morning finds such men as "neighbor Meredith" large sums of money in and some hard-working neighbor the same amount out.

A heavy interest? Yes, a very heavy interest, testified to by the fact that at sixty Meredith finds himself a besotted toper, unable to do business, unable either to drink or deny himself without suffering untold agonies. A fine sermon upon his life-work is his imbecile countenance.

The best temperance lecture is the exhibition that a drunken man unwittingly makes of himself, and he or she who is not converted thereby will never heed shouting from the rostrum, be it ever so loud. God's pity upon the person who fails to read the lesson correctly.

The tell-tale spots are now burning fiercely upon young Burton's face, and liquor is more poisonous now than in his father's youth! Hark to the voice, "As ye sow"—

(To be continued.)

LUCRETIA MOTT.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

IN considering the character of this eminent woman, we are led at once to ask wherein her greatness consisted. She was a philanthropist, but we have philanthropists not a few. She was not a writer, and we have numberless women destitute of the pen; we have women speakers upon all themes; we have professional women, physicians and lawyers and merchants, and yet amid this superabundance of female intellect, aptly utilized, Lucretia Mott stands by herself, individual and alone in the supreme completeness of character. She wrote no poem, and yet in thinking of her we instinctively think of Milton.

We compare her as a whole with no less a personage than the sublime poet, for Lucretia Mott realized to the mind his requirement for a poet; and though she wrote no poetry, she was in the absolute of being what is far better. She was herself a poem. I know of nothing more complete. She realized in herself the sweetest of idyls; solemn didactic measures imparted their consecration; Te Deums and religious ascriptions lifted her beyond the pettiness of the commonplace, while the limitations of sex and the wail of the slave inspired in her the greatness of the tragic muse and the grandeur of the epic.

It is not merely what Lucretia Mott did that demands our attention. It is what she was. She stands forth in the beautiful relief of a piece of statuary. What need of the pen where the tongue was all eloquence, and the life all perfect in its

sphere of creation, and that range neither small nor uninspiring? Milton's beautiful language would seem not only to apply to his own marvelous requirements for himself as the ideal of what a poet should be, but to have prefigured the advent of a Lucretia Mott in an age where the personal poem is more significant to woman than the sweetest rhythmic utterance! Milton says:

"He who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things, ought himself to be a true poem; that is, a composition and pattern of the best and honorablest things, not presuming of high praises of heroic men or famous cities, unless he have in himself the experience and the practice of all that which is praiseworthy."



LUCRETIA MOTT.

I shall use largely a reminiscent manner portraying the character of Lucretia Mott, for it was my privilege to know her, and to work somewhat in the field consecrated by her labors. In 1852 I lectured several times in Nantucket, where I was hospitably entertained by those holding family relations to her. This island is a wild, barren, sandy waste, and yet here may be found grand specimens of men and women distinguished for all the more austere and nobler virtues. Wealth was not wanting, and their generous boards were covered with silver and with porcelain from China when intercourse with that country was limited to the hardy mariners whose intelligent commanders carried our commerce to every clime.

I was struck by the self-poise of these people,

and hardly wondered that Lucretia Mott, allied to them by the Folgers and the Coffins, should be what she was. It was the best of the Quaker blood, and the best of that of our hardy, enterprising sea-captains whose keels plowed the deep soundings of the Arctic seas in pursuit of the whale and the walrus. A strong race, little affected by mere conventionalities, but bearing the impress of the culture and social stamina of the times of Milton and George Fox.

On this seemingly desolate island, in January, 1793, Lucretia Coffin saw the light. From the first and through life she was of a most delicate and refined organization. The fine blood of the Folgers flowed in her veins, as it did in those of Benjamin Franklin, and the tone of a long ancestry of independent thinkers and pure-minded men and women culminated in her. She was of small stature, but her head was a model in its well-balanced proportions and large size. Mr. Comb, the lecturer upon phrenology, said it was intellectually larger than any other woman's head he had ever examined, and this, coupled with a most dignified presence, gave an impression of a person much larger than she was, for she never weighed ninety pounds, and her weight was even less than that the last years of her life.

Mrs. Coffin kept a small store the first years of Lucretia's life, and with this and the care of her eight children must have been not only capable, but very diligent, going back and forth from Nantucket to Boston, where she exchanged oil, candles, etc., for the groceries she required. Captain Coffin was gone much on his long whaling voyages. They were prosperous, till in an evil hour he endorsed a note for a friend, which, being compelled to pay, involved the family in great difficulty. They were obliged, when Lucretia was about eleven years old, to remove to Boston, where the mother and the father were both sorely taxed to keep their little household together.

In Boston the children went to public or private schools and mixed with all classes, which would be no detriment to one constituted, as Lucretia was from the first, with a high moral sense. At length she and a sister were sent to a Friends' boarding-school in Dutchess County, New York. Here her diligence and aptitude to learning, no less than the trustworthy personal qualities of the girl of fifteen, secured for her the position of

teacher, with the privilege of gratuitous education of a younger sister.

Lucretia Mott, though not an egotist, was not averse to speaking of herself in a becoming spirit, nor is any one who is fully conscious of a thoroughly wholesome soul-life. The family had moved soon after she became a teacher to Philadelphia, at which place she at length joined them, and she thus speaks of herself:

"At the age of eighteen I married James Mott, of New York, an attachment formed while at the boarding-school. He came to Philadelphia, and entered into business with my father. The fluctuations in the commercial world for several years following our marriage, owing to the embargo and the war of 1812, the death of my father, and the support of five children devolving upon my mother, surrounded us with difficulties. We resorted to various modes of obtaining a comfortable living,—at one time engaged in the retail dry-goods business, then I resumed the charge of a school, and for another year was engaged in teaching. These trials in early life were not without their good effect in disciplining the mind and leading it to set a just estimate on the world's pleasures. I, however, always loved the good, in childhood desired to do right, and had no faith in the generally-received idea of human depravity."

In speaking of Lucretia Mott, it is too much the habit of persons to ignore her husband, James, who was a right royal man, tall, handsomely-proportioned, and morally as well as intellectually a worthy companion to the more sensitive and ideal character of Lucretia. Less impulsive, less penetrating, he was not less high-toned, and was supremely a generous and appreciative-minded man, able to see the divinely-inspired genius of his wife. That she owed much in her long career to this wise, kindly, and most devoted affection no one will deny. This *conjugal* union, as Swedenborg would call it, is an added grace to the life of Lucretia Mott, and evolved the sweetness and completeness of her remarkable womanhood. From their marriage in 1811 to 1868, when James Mott died, nothing ever came between the hearts of these two; of them it might be fitly said, they were "they whom God hath joined together."

James Mott was at one time engaged in the cotton business, but the two having conscientious scruples from its connection with slave labor, it was abandoned, though becoming very profitable,

and Lucretia opened a school till something more in accordance with their principles should offer itself. At length he took up the wool business, from the proceeds of which he finally amassed a handsome fortune.

At the age of twenty-five Lucretia commenced her public career as a preacher in the Society of Friends, and at that time her appearance must have been exceedingly attractive. With a form of faultless proportions, a noble contour of head, deep-set, luminous eyes, a countenance expressive of purity and high intellectuality, and a voice of winning sweetness, she appealed to the best sensibilities of her hearers. In her ministrations she traveled through Pennsylvania and all the New England States, attracting the attention of religious people of all denominations, people going long distances to hear the "Quaker preacher." Having, in middle life, adopted the opinions of Elias Hicks, she was at once accepted by those of the Unitarian belief, who, up to the last, have fully appreciated her worth as a woman and her superior intelligence as a theological thinker. Later she was closely affiliated with the free religious movement of our day.

But Lucretia Mott was one of the most remarkable of intuitive thinkers, and depended more upon the witness of the Spirit than upon any creed or any doctrine, however or by whomsoever supported. She is reported to have once said to a questioner: "Put me down as heretic of the heretics; as radical of radicals; and although I am not an infidel, I am not an orthodox, and would as lief be thought the one as the other." Brave words these, and worthy of one who was lenient to all who might differ from her, and who was wont to say, "We are all ignorant, and should not presume to teach any one the eternal source of good."

From the first she was a leader in the anti-slavery movement, sharing in the perils and odium which surrounded the partisans, and a leader in the cause of woman suffrage. These proclivities were as natural as the breath of life to one who followed the truth revealed to her, mindless whither it might lead, and no doctrine but the purest and highest could find any acceptance in such a mind. Through all these public ministries she was never neglectful of any duty as wife or mother. She suckled her own children; knit and sewed and cooked, and made bed-quilts

and rag-carpets; was never careless of house or household.

In 1855 I gave several courses of lectures in different parts of the city of Philadelphia. At this time I saw much of this truly beautiful household composed of the sons and daughters and their wives and husbands. They had lived thus as one family for eight years, and Lucretia remarked to me, "The first disagreeable word has not been spoken." It was a bright, cheery household, quite gay for a Friend's, with tasteful, elegant dressing and pleasant music. I was more than once at the family receptions, where Lucretia, knitting-work in hand, moved about with an apt remark here and a word and smile there, eliciting the best abilities of her guests and putting all upon an easy footing. She several times took me to ride with her and charmed me by her elevated and poetic cast of mind and conversation. She was alive to all the beauties of scenery, and often ready with some sweet poetic extract garnered away in her retentive memory. It would exceed the limits of this article to repeat the substance of remarks ineffaceably impressed on my mind. Sweet, glowing affections, serene aspirations, generous intimations, and not infrequent touches of humor, made her the most delightful of companions.

She presented me the life and writings of Mary Woolstoncraft, which I had not seen till then, though speaking and writing upon kindred subjects. Her reading was not extensive, but she read and studied the few. She was the first also to draw my attention to the writings of Blanco White, and repeated, with fine tone and manner on our way to a Friend's boarding-school, his unique, almost sublime sonnet, entitled "Night."

Lucretia, like the divine masters, though affluent in power, gathered up the fragments that nothing be lost, with a sweet, frugal parsimony. She seemed to lose sight of nothing that might minister to human good. I saw her last at the Suffrage Convention, at Rochester, where she spoke with her wonted clearness, though her face beamed with a transfigured light not of this world. As she turned to leave, the audience instinctively rose to their feet, and she went down the aisle, uttering, it would seem, her words of inspiration unconsciously, her back to us all—down the aisle, talking the while, and out—and we shall meet her no more outside the Gate Beautiful, into which she has entered.

KITH AND KIN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FIRST VIOLIN."

"God be thanked, the meanest of His creatures
Boasts two soul-sides; one to face the world with,
And one to show a woman when he loves her."

BROWNING.

CHAPTER I.—MEETING THE FIRST.

"HOLLOA, Aglionby! whither away?"

"Me? I'm off to the Palace of Ceres, to testify my allegiance to the Liberal cause."

"Oh, the Liberal Demonstration! I wish you joy, I'm sure!"

"Thank you. I don't say that I shall agree with all I hear, but I want to know what they have to say for themselves."

"Contradictious, as usual."

"Aren't you going too?"

"Why on earth should I go? We had our turn last week, my boy. You seem to forget that there has been a Conservative Demonstration already, and that we had a great triumph at the Palace of Ceres last Saturday. Ours is an accomplished fact, while yours has yet to come off."

"A great triumph had you?" returned Aglionby, a gleam of humor, of a kind the reverse of angelic, lighting up his dark, lean visage. "I know there was a great row, because I was there, and helped to make it; if you like to call it a triumph, I've no objection, I'm sure."

"I'll go bail you never were at so enthusiastic a meeting in your life," was the vehement retort.

"Never at such a noisy one, I admit. I hope your chief speaker felt soothed and cheered altogether with his Irkford reception. That scene on the platform——"

"A fine scene!" said the other, reddening angrily all over his fair and ingenuous countenance. "A fine display of English feeling, to hoot down a respectable, honest man, just because his opinions happen to differ from yours!"

"Now, my dear fellow, don't let your feelings carry you away. I was there as well as you, and I'm proud to own that I groaned as loud as anybody, not just because my opinions differ from his—heaven forbid! That *was* a meeting, Percy! I congratulate you."

"It was what we wanted—a demonstration," replied his friend, chafing.

"Very much so," said Aglionby politely.

"The question is—a demonstration of what?"

"Our party have clearly-defined principles, which they know. They don't want them expounding over and over again, like yours. I hope you may get at something this afternoon—something definite, I mean. At any rate, you will have a good chance of hearing. You see, we had ninety thousand of an audience. To-day, there will be you, the speakers, and the reporters."

"Thanks for that sparkling gem of banter. 'Won't you join the dance?' Will you really not come and save the meeting from irretrievable disgrace? If we could proudly embellish our report in Monday's paper with the distinguished name of Percy Golding, Esq., we should feel that our exertions had not been made in vain."

"I can tell you, you won't get the chance of doing any such thing," said Mr. Golding, in a huff. Then, rapidly changing the subject, he added in milder tones:

"Where's Miss Vane? Isn't she going with you?"

"Miss Vane is at home. She cares nothing about such things, I'm happy to say. Women have no business at political meetings—especially young women."

"Lots of ladies are going. Half the reserved seats are taken up with them," said Percy; but his expression showed that he was at one with his friend on the last point, if not as to political principles in general.

"Oh! then there will be one or two others in addition to myself and the reporters, after all. I haven't got a reserved seat. They are too expensive. I'm going with the cads in the shilling places, and, in case any one else should happen to do the same thing, I will go on and secure a place. Farewell! Can't I persuade you, really? I would stand between you and suffocation from overcrowding."

"My opinions on political matters are formed, thank you," said Mr. Golding stiffly.

"Happy man! Mine are only in the process of development. Once more, farewell!"

Percy Golding returned his nod, and the two

young men separated. Bernard Aglionby, warehouseman in an Irkford firm, Radical, and free-thinker, took his way toward the city; Percy Golding, his friend, banker's clerk, Conservative and Churchman, took his way out of it, humming a tune the while, and hastening his steps more than he had done when he had met Aglionby. They were fast friends, and had been so for many years. They squabbled incessantly, but quarreled never.

As Aglionby's long legs carried him quickly down the broad and busy thoroughfare, which gradually, as the town grew thicker, became less broad and more busy, there was at first a strongly perceptible smile visible upon his dark, keen face, and that smile a sarcastic one. He had a remarkable face, with sharp, handsome, clear-cut features, a firm mouth, a fine brow, and dark eyes, which were often seen brilliant, but rarely soft, and which were illumined oftener than not with a glowing spark of malice and mockery. They darted from one object to another with a keenness and quickness which were remarkable. Nothing seemed to escape their scrutiny; yet there was rarely any pensiveness to be seen in their expression. Eyes and mouth, too, were given to smiling frequently, and a hearty laugh was by no means a rare event in this young man's life. Yet his laugh was not contagious, and was oftenest heard when others were perfectly grave, giving his company an uncomfortable sensation that he laughed at, rather than with them.

"I wonder if we shall muster a hundred and fifty thousand this afternoon?" he speculated within himself, as he strode onward, and kept passing pieces of boarding covered with monstrous broadsheets, conspicuous among which was a huge poster in red letters on a white ground—"Palace of Ceres, Knottley, near Irkford. This day. Grand Liberal Demonstration. Speeches will be made by Messrs. — and —, Lord John Ponsonby in the chair. Proceedings to commence at three o'clock precisely."

"The Tories had ninety thousand after all deductions were made," he reflected, "and that's a big crowd. I should like us to beat it."

He whistled softly to himself as he strode on in the brisk, pleasant air of the October afternoon; brisk and pleasant even in the smoky streets of the huge, dingy, manufacturing town.

"I hope it will be over in time for me to take

Lizzie to the theatre," he again reflected. "As she has got her new toggery, she will want to show it, sense or no sense. Girls are so odd."

He was in the thick now of the great, dirty town, and turned off down a street inscribed "City Road;" very long, very straight, dingy, and uninviting in appearance. Here the walls were enlivened with a constant succession of the red and white posters, announcing in terms impossible to be misconstrued, more and more particulars as to the approaching "Grand Liberal Demonstration at the Palace of Ceres," to be held that afternoon. By and by this road became more and more crowded. Cabs, carriages, and foot-passengers were all increasing in numbers, and all steadily thronging in one direction. From the steps of a railway station poured a continuous stream of persons—men and women both—all turning toward one point, where in the dim distance could be seen looming through the smoke a huge, dome-shaped roof, that of the great hall belonging to the euphoniously-named "Palace of Ceres."

Aglionby recognized an acquaintance here and there, nodded briefly, and stalked onward, his great height and his long strides giving him an advantage over most of the others.

Inside the wall, the very large grounds belonging to the palace were thronged to overflowing with an enormous, surging crowd. There was a lane, preserved by the exertions of sorely-tried policeman, just wide enough to admit of two lines of carriages, one going to, the other coming away from the door of the hall.

Aglionby appeared to know his way well. He wasted no time in struggling through this densely-planted forest of humanity, but skirting it, came to a side door, presented his shilling to the guardian who stood there, was admitted, and found himself at once within a vast hall, capable of holding twenty-five thousand persons. There was a great platform at the upper end, about which were distributed a few gentlemen, eagerly conversing; a large space in the centre of the hall was devoted to the reserved seats, about half of which were already occupied, and that very largely by ladies, as Mr. Golding had predicted. The space all around these seats was already filled almost to overflowing; but Aglionby, again skirting the crowd, made his way to a most convenient corner, admirably adapted both for seeing and hearing,

and in close proximity to one of the reserved benches. In this place a youth was standing, whose face lighted up as he saw Aglionby approach.

"Here I am!" observed the latter. "Did you think I was never coming!"

"I knew you wouldn't miss *this*," said the boy, slipping out of his place; "and I was only just in time to keep the place for you. I've been here just an hour."

Aglionby had told Golding that he was "going with the cads in the shilling places," and he had certainly paid that sum for his place, or rather, for permission to enter at the door and try to secure standing room. But at the present moment he drew forth a shabby-looking purse (indeed, his whole costume betokened anything but a superfluity of means) and drew forth from it a half crown, saying, "Thank you, you've earned your money well, Bob," and tendered it to the youth, who looked like a respectable shop-boy. He flushed a little, looked rather sheepish, and stammered:

"I don't like to take it Mr. Aglionby, really. It's but a little thing to do for you, and——"

"Pooh! pocket it, and see that no professional gentleman relieves you of it on your way home. A bargain's a bargain; and clear out, my lad, for your room is more desirable than your company at the present moment."

The youth murmured something; looked with more than gratitude up into the dark, sharp face of Aglionby, who appeared at that moment to be abstractedly gazing toward the platform, and then, wriggling off, made his way through the crowd, and was soon trudging gayly down City Road, turning the coin over in his pocket, perhaps to institute an intimacy, as rare as it was agreeable, between it and two pennies, a piece of string, and a buck-handled knife.

Aglionby propped himself up against a pillar, and surveyed the proceedings. There was a band, which played popular melodies, to the airs of which a portion of the audience sang political songs. He joined in now and then, in snatches, in a voice which was pleasant, and which had in it more bass than baritone, but he was too intently observing the faces around him to take much interest in the singing.

Two seats at the end of the reserved bench by which Aglionby was standing, and from which

nothing but a stout cord separated him, remained empty for some little time. Then came an elderly gentleman, accompanied by a young lady, and took their places there—the elderly gentleman next to Aglionby. He was the very image of a country gentleman, thought the pale-faced denizen of streets and offices, and suburban lodgings. His fresh, hale complexion, bright, frosty blue eye, and white hair; his upright attitude; his whole appearance bespoke the countryman. And Aglionby had noticed, as he made his way to his place, that he was a huge man, tall and broad and stalwart, with such a physique as is rarely bred in a town. So tall and so big was he, as to make the lady beside him look almost small, although she, too, was of a stature that was "more than common tall," and of a stately carriage to boot. Aglionby only noticed her passingly, at first. He remarked her height and her dignity of mien; he saw that she was young, and had fine and rather large features, and the expression upon her lips and in her eyes, he saw, was not one of girlish timidity, though far removed from boldness. Still, there was more presence of mind and calm assurance than he altogether admired—or thought he admired in woman—characterizing her whole aspect and demeanor. For, though politics was his pastime, and the Radical cause his darling, he was in many matters a martinet in theory, and a staunch Conservative in practice—which is exactly what might have been expected.

He amused himself with the contrast in the conversations on either side of him, scraps of which came to his ears.

"You see we are in plenty of time, uncle," said the lady, in a contralto voice, and with a clear and polished accent. "I hope they will be punctual."

"Trust them!" replied the old gentleman, a little gruffly. "It's a sight worth seeing, this! Does my eyes good to behold it. You never saw the like before, Judith, and you never may again."

"No. And what order they keep, and how they all turn toward that platform, as if it were a magnet! And what earnest intent faces, most of them! How different from the people at home, uncle!"

The old gentleman indulged in a series of chuckles, which made his face red, and his blue eyes moist, and Aglionby glanced sideways at the young woman, attracted by her voice, and pleased

with what she said. Certainly she was not wanting in intelligence, but what a contrast to Lizzie—his lovely Liz!

At his right, among those who, like himself, were standing, were two rough-looking fellows in the garb of operatives. A stunted, keen-faced man was talking to them:

"Have you come far?" he asked.

"We've tramped it from Huddersfield," replied one. "Th' young measter giv' us th' tickets, and we coom afoot. We can't afford railway fares i' these bad times."

"Well, you'll not repent it," was the consolatory reply. "How do you think of passing to-night?"

"On the road. We must be back by Monday morn, you see."

Well, come and have some tea with me, when its o'er. I live close by, in City Road. I'm a watchmaker, and I'll be glad to give you a meal."

The invitation was apparently accepted, but the band began again, and drowned further conversation.

The great hall was filled now, until not another soul could press in. The most perfect order prevailed. In a momentary stillness, a booming sound in the distance told those who knew, that the clock of the Town Hall, two miles away, in the city, was striking three. Almost as the sound ceased, the door behind the platform opened, and the principal speakers came on. Many members of Parliament and local celebrities who had already appeared had been warmly welcomed. Here was the chairman, Lord John Ponsonby. They received him with manifest pleasure, but there was an electricity, a subtle thrill which told that they were waiting for some one, for something yet to come. More celebrities, or otherwise; more short, sharp, absent-minded cheers. More and more heads, known and unknown, crowd forward. Then comes he whom they are waiting for. Here is the "brave white head"—the "grand, calm, proud face" of their best-beloved, and then bursts forth the roar that deafens and stuns, and is never forgotten of them who have once heard it. A roar, a thunder, a prolonged storm of exultation, that has something fierce and fearful in it, as well as glad, greets that veteran champion of beautiful liberty.

Twenty-five thousand throats cheered at the full pitch of their power, as if to fling all the

praise they could upon that one head, as if to bow with weight of glory that well-known brow. All else were forgotten. At Irkford the old love is very faithfully loved. There are others about and around him who are great and good, but that is the man who fought for them and their fathers years ago, to give them bread; and who has fought for them since, in many a battle. They have not forgotten it: they never will forget it. Aglionby felt the enthusiasm run like lightning, in a subtle red-hot current, through every vein. He, too, cheered,—cheered at the top of his voice,—his eyes all the time fixed upon that form and that face, whose appearance had called forth all this storm of fierce and passionate delight. Even while he was cheering, he had observed how some of the women's faces blanched, and their eyes blenched before the tremendous roar of joy—and he looked instinctively at the girl who sat so near to him. There was no blenching in her face. It was a little flushed, out of its pallor, and there was a clear light in her eye, and a repressed smile upon her lip, which told of enjoyment, not fear. The prolonged roar, which lasted more than five minutes, and would not be hushed, had no terror for her nerves.

At last there was a momentary silence, before the first speaker had opened his mouth, and Aglionby heard her say quickly:

"Don't you remember, uncle, those lines about, 'How any woman's sides can hold the beating of so strong a throb'? I wonder how any man's glance can meet this approbation, and not quail."

"Ay, ay! But hush, my dear. There's Lord John speaking."

The meeting, unparalleled in the annals of public meetings,—even of Anti-corn Law, and O'Connell meetings,—lasted two hours. Those on the platform described afterward, how they were haunted by the sea of faces turned up to them; by the wave-like surgings of the great multitude. This was the smallest section of the crowd which had assembled. In other halls, and in the grounds outside, receiving scraps of oratory from disinterested speakers, were as many as made up the whole gathering to more than one hundred thousand. The speeches were strictly limited as to time, and punctually at five o'clock the meeting dispersed.

Aglionby, slowly making his way out, paused near the great door, watching the carriages of the

celebrities and non-celebrities as they drove away, observing the throng and hearing the comments.

The carriages and cabs went by numbers, and as he stood there a hired landau drove up, and the number, 137, was called out, but as no response was made it was quickly hurried on, to come round again in its turn, which would not be for a long time yet. Just when it had disappeared, there was some pushing from behind, and turning, Aglionby beheld the elderly gentleman and stately young lady beside whom he had stood during the meeting.

"Come along, Judith!" said the old man, irascibly. "We can slip between the horses' heads and overtake the carriage."

"Oh, but dear uncle——"

But the rash and impetuous old gentleman, who looked as if he could not brook having to wait for anything or any one, dragging his niece by the hand, was down the steps, and under the heads of a couple of prancing steeds belonging to an approaching carriage. With a repressed exclamation she wrenched her hand out of his, and while he darted forward, she darted back again, and up the steps, alone. The disconsolate visage of the ruddy-faced gentleman was visible, peering at her between horses' heads, jostled by the crowd, and looking very helpless, despite his great stature and herculean dimensions.

Aglionby was conscious of a vague interest in these proceedings. He watched her as she came to the top of the steps and stood there, frowning a little, and biting her lip.

"Provoking!" he heard her murmur. "But perhaps, if I wait——"

She looked a little anxious, and glanced uncomfortably around her. Aglionby's theories upon the subject—woman—included one which proclaimed her helplessness in a crowd. He thought the better of her for looking uneasy. Lizzie would have been frightened to death, poor little thing!

As this thought crossed his mind, his lips moved, and he suddenly and impulsively stepped forward, raising his hat, and remarking:

"If you will take my arm a moment, I will help you across to your companion."

She looked a little surprised, glanced for a moment into the face of the man who addressed her, and said:

"Thank you. If you would not mind!"

She placed her hand lightly within the arm

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which he extended, and he led her quickly and skillfully between the carriage then advancing, and the one behind it; and despite expostulating policemen and disapproving coachmen, handed her in safety to the other side. A few moments' search sufficed to discover the old gentleman, who exclaimed:

"I wish we had never left the steps, Judith! The crowd here is most rough and unpleasant, and how we are ever to find the carriage, I don't know."

"Your carriage is just over there, if you like to come to it, and sit in it till your turn comes round again," said Aglionby politely, and secretly much amused at the mixture of reckless impetuosity and nervous helplessness characteristic of the country cousin in a great crowd.

"Where? How? Thank you, sir!" said the elderly gentleman, crimsoning in his agitation, and looking excited.

"There," said Aglionby, his eyes gleaming with subdued mockery, as he stretched a long arm, and pointed a long forefinger toward the spot where he saw the carriage clearly enough.

"Suppose you follow me—I know the place all through," he suggested, and the old gentleman, tucking the young lady's arm through his own, and glaring (no other word will describe the look) with sudden interest at Aglionby's back, and up to his close-cropped dark hair, followed him whither he led him through the masses of the crowd, until, by what seemed to the bewildered strangers nothing short of a miracle, they stood beside their own chariot, which, hired though it was, was still a haven of refuge, with the tall, dark, young man holding the door open, composedly, and smiling slightly.

"Thank you, thank you, sir!" said the old man, handing his niece in, and still staring at Aglionby with a fixedness, and withal a suspicious expression, at which the latter could with difficulty refrain from laughing aloud.

"The old boy must think me a plausible member of the swell-mob," he thought. "He's thinking that he would not like to meet me alone on a country road, late at night, and armed with a stick. *She* looks as if she didn't care what happened, so long as she got out of the crowd, and away from the reek of the many-headed—of whom I am one, and she knows it. I saw her look at me during the meeting."

Aloud he said:

"If you will sit here, your man will drive you on as soon as he can, and you will be all right. Good afternoon!"

"Sir, pardon me, but will you not—can we——"

"Thank you, I'm walking," replied Aglionby, slightly lifting his hat, and striding away.

CHAPTER II.—MEETING THE SECOND.

AGLIONBY carried himself homeward as fast as might be, through a tortuous maze of side streets and short cuts. He lived in lodgings in a southern suburb of Irkford, in a quiet, modest, dingy-looking street, called Crane street, and in apartments suited to his very moderate means. As he bent his steps toward Crane street, his mind was running eagerly and delightedly on the spectacle, the excitement of that afternoon. He was not given to airing any crotchets or enthusiasms; his fault was extreme reserve and taciturnity; but at the same time he silently cherished ardent longings, wishes, ambitions.

"I call that *life*, that sort of thing, for those who take part in it," he said within himself. "One afternoon of that would be worth a hundred years of selling gray shirtings and towelings, and being badgered if your sales don't come up to the mark you are expected to reach. It's a life for a galley-slave, by gad! and nothing better. I wish I saw my way out of it. 'Aglionby this!' 'Aglionby that!'" His face darkened. "And then old Jenkinson, who's rolling in money, can go canting to people about its being a misfortune for any young man to have anything to depend upon but his own exertions! Hum! Ha! I wish he'd just let one of his own sons exchange with me, and see where his own exertions landed him. I should like to cut the whole concern and go off to Canada, or New Zealand; only I like Irkford, and I like the life there is here. I like the politics and the stir and the throb of a big city like this. And then Liz—poor little Liz!—she would scream at the very notion of such a thing."

A smile dawned in Aglionby's face and eyes, which for a few moments had been prematurely grave, and even severe. This smile was unquestionably a tender one; it transfigured his face, and made it look that of another being, gave a softness and graciousness to the hard, sharp outlines, and melted away the cynical little lines about the mouth. He looked up, rousing himself

from his abstraction with a vague consciousness that he must be near home, and found himself within a few paces of the house. He strode up the little walk, and opened the door with a latch-key.

Apparently its rattle in the lock had been heard, for as he was pulling it out, and standing just within the narrow little passage, about to close the door, some one came tripping out of a back parlor and said:

"How late you are!"

"I'm sorry, my child! Couldn't afford so many 'bus fares in one day, so I had to walk," he replied, putting the latch-key into his pocket with one hand, and with the other possessing himself of her slim fingers; then his arm by some means slipped around her waist, and thus pinioned, he led her into the dark, little back parlor whence she had emerged.

"Come, let me go, sir! You and I are going to have our teas all alone, and that's more luck than you deserve. And then off we go! Oh, I'm dying to be off, and we shall get no places, if we're not in lots of time."

"Well, stop—you can spare time for me to have one look at you. Let's see how your new finery suits you."

He held her off at arms-length, and gazed at her, with his keen eyes softening visibly. Handsome though his own features were, his hard and cynical expression made his face almost a plain and decidedly a sombre one. Surely she compensated for his want of attractiveness; for she was an exquisitely pretty creature. Tall, lithe, and *svette*, her form was enchanting, while the long, slender white throat supported a lovely little head. She was fair, with a delicate complexion, untouched by the smoke and closeness of the town. She had one of those faces, child's and woman's at once, which appeal irresistibly to all male hearts, and to most feminine ones. Soft blue eyes; a lovely mouth, pensive, yet pouting, and a dreamy smile; abundance of pale hair, which, however, just failed to have the true corn-colored tinge which makes the difference between flax and gold—all these charms she possessed, together with that other charm usually wielded by woman at nineteen years of age. So much for the first view; the real undeniable advantages—and they were all that Aglionby had ever seen. From the hour in which he had been betrothed

to her, he had been firmly convinced that she embodied his ideal of womanhood. Perhaps a feminine eye would have been required to perceive, a feminine finger to point out, certain other characteristics, which, however, *she* might read who ran.

Miss Lizzie Vane wore a dress which faithfully followed every worst point of the prevailing fashion; and exaggerated all of them a little, by way of originality. Her gown was the gown of the present day. It fitted her almost half the length from her throat to her heels, like a skin; it was well tied back just behind the knees, and on the ground behind an abundance of perfectly meaningless little frills, arranged upon a spoon or wedge-shaped piece of stuff, wagged and whisked about with her every movement. This was the "train" of Miss Vane's dress; for a young lady moving in her exalted sphere, and living, too, in in one of the palatial family mansions of Crane street, could hardly be expected to dispense with so useful, so necessary an appendage. Her waist was—let us say, *very* slim indeed; her bust and hips forced into a prominence displeasing in itself, and out of all proportion with the rest of her figure. Her plentiful hair was gathered behind into as small and shabby a round knob as it could by any means be screwed into: in front a great wisp of it was pulled forward, relentlessly cut short, and then curled, frizzed, piled, and towered both on the front of her head, and over her pretty white forehead. Certainly a pair of liquid blue eyes look at you with a very bewitching glance from out a forest of such little ringlets; and so Aglionby thought. So much for Miss Vane's appearance while in repose. The exigencies of her sub-skirt arrangements, the position of what she called her "kicking-straps" necessitated a sidelong, crab-like movement, which, if gracefully managed, is amusing for a short time as a novelty, but he who would call it soothing or agreeable as a permanent form of locomotion in one who is to be a companion for life, must be a man who is very much in love indeed.

It was upon this sinuous-looking form that Aglionby gazed with admiring eyes. Then his glance left her form and fell upon her face. That at least was lovely, since it had no waist to be compressed into an attenuation suggestive of the most painful results in case of any unlooked-for accident. No frizzing and no torturing of hair

could make it otherwise. Ill-temper now, old age in her future, could alone have the power to make Lizzie Vane's face an ugly one, and, to tell the whole truth, no power, in the heavens above, or in the earth beneath, would ever make the said face a noble one, or put a spark of intellectual fire into the sweet blue eyes.

"Do come and get your tea!" she implored him, wriggling impatiently. "Ma has gone out. I've been waiting for you for such a time, I should have died of dullness if Mr. Golding hadn't looked in and cheered my solitude."

She laughed a little affectedly.

"Percy came, did he? Ah! your society would suit him better than the home-truths we've been hearing this afternoon. There was too much of the sledge-hammer about our proceedings to suit friend Percy," he said, smiling sardonically, as he seated himself; and Miss Vane, bending in an elegantly serpentine attitude, stood before the tray, and poured out the tea.

"Why don't you sit down too?" he asked.

"I thought you were going to get tea with me."

"So I am, but I shall stand. I can't sit down, I'm so impatient, and I must be off to get ready," replied Lizzie, conscious of a treacherous tension about the knees, which she knew by experience meant a crack, and a sudden unseemly expansion of garment, in the event of sitting down, or of assuming any other than an upright posture.

"How do you like my dress? You don't even seem to see it," she said, bending in a graceful curve, and looking affectionately over her shoulder at the spoon-shaped train before alluded to.

"It's—well, I don't understand such things. I suppose it's very pretty, but I don't think it suits you quite so well as some you've had. It looks a little too tight, as if there hadn't been quite enough stuff, doesn't it?"

"There's a compliment!" cried she, with more heat than the occasion seemed to demand. "But you're no judge. Mr. Golding said he had never seen anything in more perfect taste."

"Well, Percy's more of a judge than I am, and then he has sisters," said Bernard with ready acquiescence; "so I suppose it must be right. And," he added, in the most perfect innocence and good faith, "I suppose they know what's what in a big shop like Lund and Robinson's, eh?"

"Yes," said Lizzie eagerly, and all smiles.

"Why, did you see anything like it in their windows?"

"N—no. At least I didn't observe anything; but when I went to buy that ribbon for you last week, the girl who served me had on a dress exactly like this of yours—only black, you know. She reminded me of you, somehow."

He smiled, thinking he had paid an unexceptionable compliment. Indeed, a year ago, the idea of his going into a draper's shop to buy ribbons for a girl would have been scouted by him as being out of the range of possibility. But flimsy creatures have, ere this, wielded considerable power over other creatures which were anything but flimsy. Lizzie Vane's influence had tamed him, not only to the buying of ribbons, but to a feeling of anxiety to understand her and sympathize with her, in her own particular province—that of dress and millinery. To his surprise and discomfiture, his last well-meant offer produced only an angry pout.

"Really, your ideas are so odd, Bernard. To think of comparing me with a shop-girl!" she expostulated.

It was Bernard's turn to look surprised. "I didn't compare you with a shop-girl," he said, "and if I had—I don't know much about such things—but that girl I speak of was infinitely superior to some of her customers. Why not a shop-girl, Lizzie?" he added reflectively. "Suppose you had been obliged to go out, as they call it, to earn your living, I'd rather be a saleswoman in one of those big shops full of pretty things, than a nursery governess, with a lot of impudent squalling brats to tyrannize over me."

"I never considered the subject, not having felt the necessity for it," retorted Miss Vane loftily. Bernard smiled slightly. If anybody but Lizzie had been talking, scathing would have been the comments upon pampered ignorance and upstart vanity. As it was, he let the observation pass, and spreading a slice of bread-and-butter attacked another topic—one which he had tried before with scant success. He spoke out of the fullness of his heart, not because he hoped that Lizzie would feel interested in the subject.

"We *had* a meeting this afternoon, Liz! I don't believe there ever was such a meeting!"

"Oh, I know nothing about meetings," she replied with temper.

"No; I'm glad of it, my child."

This was his usual reply to such announcements on the part of his betrothed. He made it, not because it was what he really felt, but rather what he thought he ought to feel under the circumstances. Perhaps he cherished a hope that frequent repetition of the words would produce the desired sensation.

"There were lots of ladies there, though," he added, and the face of the young woman who had sat near him was vaguely present in his mind as he spoke.

"I expect they were frights," she said, not yet appeased.

"Not a bit of it. There were some very fine ladies indeed there, I can tell you. A very fine-looking young woman sat close to me."

"How was *she* dressed?" asked Miss Vane.

"Oh, how do I know? In black, I think."

"Had she a hat or a bonnet on?"

"I don't know. She'd something that shaded her eyes—a low, round thing."

"A *round hat with a brim*! At a large meeting! Impossible! No one would wear such a thing."

"Now you give it a name, it was a hat with a brim," he rejoined. "White straw it was, with a white feather laid round it somehow, flat-looking. And a little silk shawl quite loose round her shoulders."

"She could not have been young, and she must have been a dowdy. I said they were all frights," said Lizzie, interested for once in her life in a public meeting.

"She was young, handsome, and no dowdy," he replied composedly, but with more tenacity of the point than he was wont to display in matters relating to dress and appearance. "You know, my dear, ladies who are somebodies often dress much more plainly than people in our position. I daresay a countess's daughter would be more simply dressed than you and Lucy Golding, when you go to town in the omnibus. My aunt, Mrs. Bryce—"

"Well! commend *nae* to public meetings for making a man too polite for anything," was the exasperated reply. "*When* you've done, if you do not *very* strongly object, we *might* be thinking of setting off."

"Any time; I'm ready as soon as you are," he answered, promptly jumping up.

Miss Vane floated sideways from the room, and

presently returned attired in a large white hat, turned up at one side with a large pale-blue feather, and a bunch (also large) of blush roses. Over her pale-gray dress she had flung a buff-colored *dolman* of so gorgeous a show at the first glance as to belie its very moderate cost. This garment was richly braided, and further, adorned with large buttons and a narrow bordering of a fur which, with the best intentions, did not quite succeed in matching the color of the cloak it was supposed to trim.

Gathering up the cataract of little frills which hung behind her, Miss Vane announced herself ready, and after giving a critical glance at Bernard, and rather mournfully remarking that she "supposed he must do," they set out together; presently found an omnibus, and in it went down to the town again, and descended at the entrance of one of the Irkford theatres.

As may be supposed, the more select and expensive seats were beyond their means; they occupied places in the upper circle, and being very early, secured seats in the front row of the same, forming one of innumerable couples in similar circumstances who that evening chose that means of amusing themselves.

They were, perhaps, a noticeable pair, certainly a contrasted one. His sombre face, with its gleaming eyes and occasional smile; his careless dress, and nonchalant, unconventional attitudes, might have struck some eyes. Any one who had cared to observe him so far, would also have remarked that, underlying all the carelessness of dress and mien, there was a pride which could not be concealed—a certain imperious hauteur in the glance, which scarcely agreed with his ostensible station, occupation, and surroundings. His heart was not in the place, or the play, or the scene at all; he went to please her, and for nothing else. She was an almost startling contrast to her lover—fair, delicate-looking, and pretty to admiration, despite her ridiculous dress, and absurdly vulgar and affected airs and graces. She could not, and did not fail to attract attention. Aglionby never noticed that people looked at her. Miss Vane was, however, fully conscious of the fact. This evening, after they had sat waiting for some time, she drew his attention to it, saying plaintively:

"Bernard, that odious man on the other side has never taken his eyes off my face. It is so disagreeable. What am I to do?"

"A—what?" he asked abstractedly. "Oh, that man is staring at you? don't look at him, and then you can't see him."

Brutal retort, thought Lizzie, in despair. Mr. Golding had more than once wondered at some "fellow's" impudence in staring at her, and expressed a wish to knock her offender down; a style of argument which appealed, as it seemed to her, to more elevated, chivalric feelings than that used by Bernard.

"Well, you might try to enliven me a bit!" she exclaimed, rather impatiently. "What am I to do *but* sit and look at people, if you never open your lips?"

"I beg your pardon, I'm sure. The fact is, this seems rather flat after this afternoon. I wish you could have seen the ovation they gave to —. It was grand; and he was grand too! He smashed the government all to atoms."

"Dear me! The government is always being smashed to atoms, according to what you say; but it seems to me to keep on governing all the same," observed Lizzie, unconsciously touching a sore spot.

"Of course it does," he growled; "and will do, unless it is kicked out."

"I wish political meetings didn't make people so awfully grumpy," observed the young lady, rather ruefully. "You do seem to think of nothing but politics."

"There's nothing else much worth thinking of. When a fellow's like me, Liz——"

"I wish you wouldn't call me 'Liz.'"

"No? What then?"

"Lilian is what I like to be called."

"But if Lilian is not your name—which it isn't——"

"Never mind, I shall never get you to understand. When a fellow's like you, well what happens?"

"A slave in a warehouse, and with absolutely no prospects except to sell gray shirtings till he's superannuated, he's apt, if he has not something to take his mind outside his daily drudgery, to get either despondent or dissipated. Now politics takes me out of myself, and—holloa! Why, there she is!"

"She? who?" asked Miss Vane, forgetting her superfine manners and craning forward as eagerly as he did.

"Why, she—the girl I was telling you about. They must have got home safely, then."

"Which? Where? Do show me! Do you mean the girl that had the hat with a brim! I should like to see *her*."

"The same. Look at her, going into that box with the old gentleman; and tell me, if you dare, that she isn't a fine-looking girl."

"I can see nothing fine-looking about her," said Miss Vane, crushingly, and not altogether truthfully, as a dismal suspicion began to form itself in her mind that there was something more admirable about the perfect simplicity of the lady in question, than in even her own truly *recherché* toilette.

"Come, come, Liz! you're jealous!"

"Jealous, Bernard! Why, she has on one of those plain washing silks that look no better than a brown holland. And nothing in her hair, and no color, no eyes, no *go*!" said Lizzie, becoming energetic in her contempt.

"My dear child, she has far more than what you call 'go'! Look at the way in which she moves. Look at the glance of her eyes—how she measures everything so calmly and deliberately! I tell you that woman would look just the same, only rather cooler, if every soul in this theatre was one of a mob thirsting for her blood."

"Well, to be sure! What next? A quiet, plain-looking girl like that! I am better-looking than she is, and I'm no beauty."

This was one of Miss Vane's favorite remarks, and was always made in the firm conviction that since there was not a word of truth in it, it must be magnanimous.

"And I declare, Bernard, she's looking at you. She is! And she is pointing you out to her pa. Oh, and you are blushing! He's blushing, for the first time in his life! Eh—h—h! what fun!"

There was certainly a heightened color in his face, as he turned to her, with a curling lip, and, in a voice which was new to her in its coolness and disdain, observed that she was behaving like a child.

Lizzie's mirth was checked for the moment. At that tone she experienced the same constrained sensation, the same quickened breath and beating heart, though in a lesser degree, as when he had one night suddenly upset all her calculations, and claimed her love and her life, in a manner which had subdued her. She became silent, and her lip quivered for a moment. This great clumsy Bernard, at whose *gaucheries* she many a time laughed,

had sometimes a way of looking at her and speaking to her which sent her heart into her mouth.

He leaned back in his seat, and studied the playbill until the curtain went up, and then he looked toward the box before he looked at the stage. They were not looking at him now; they were intently watching the first scene of "Diplomacy" with the absorbed interest of country folk, who do not often get the chance of seeing a play.

The curtain went down on the end of the first act.

"Oh, my! What lovely dresses that Mrs. Kendal has, to be sure! I wish I'd had this made a long plain princess robe, like that gray and gold one she has. Don't you think it would have suited me better, Bernard?"

"It might have suited you; the question is, how would the passages and the size of the rooms at your mother's house have suited it?" he answered, honestly endeavoring to go deeply and conscientiously into the subject.

"Tsh!" she replied impatiently. During the remainder of the performance she was sulky and silent. Aglionby did not perceive it. He was interested in his late neighbors at the Liberal Demonstration. He could not help seeing that they looked at him more than once, and exchanged remarks about him. It was the old gentleman who looked at him oftenest, and who even once leveled his opera-glass, and looked long and intently through it in his direction. The young lady, as Bernard saw, looked exceedingly grave, when her features were not animated during the play; but her face was one on which a grave expression sits well, though her smile, when she did smile now and then, was a sweet one. There was something in her countenance which indefinably attracted him, and led him to wonder what she would be like to talk to. He admired the old man too—his huge stature, and the proud carriage of his head; and the conclusion he came to was still that they lived in the country, and were most likely people of consequence, wherever their home might be.

When the play was over, he made his way, with Liz on his arm, down the stairs. In the large entrance-hall was a great crowd of people going away. Close to the door Bernard jogged elbows with some one, and looking round, saw the old gentleman with the young lady on his arm. This time it was she who was next to him—so near that their elbows touched, and he could look into

her very eyes. He saw that she had one of those marble-pale countenances whose pallor by no means betokens ill-health. How calm and composed the deep, steady gray eye! How steadfast the meeting of her lips one upon the other—steadfast, yet sweet! And what a store of intellectual strength was betokened by that smooth, expansive white brow, which had the unmistakable arch that denotes power of thought!

He saw that her eyes were fixed upon Lizzie, who happened also to look round at that moment, flushed with excitement, and a little, perhaps, with vexation—brilliantly, dazzlingly pretty, with that beauty which by gaslight looks ethereal and almost transparent. When she saw the steady eyes of the strange girl fixed upon her, she bridled, tossed back her head, hung upon Aglionby's arm, and said, in an affected and audible voice:

"Do let us get out, Bernard, dear! I'm almost stifled."

"Bern——" broke suddenly from the old gentleman's lips. He made a lunge forward; he stretched out his hand toward Aglionby's coat-sleeve; he cried, "Sir! sir! Mr.—a—!" But in vain. The crowd closed in between them. The elderly gentleman and his companion were left to await their conveyance; Aglionby and Miss Vane to make their way through the crowd: she to grumble bitterly as they waited for an omnibus, and to wish ardently that cabs were not so ruinously expensive.

The second meeting had brought them no nearer than the first.

CHAPTER III.—AN INTERLUDE.

"But for loving, why, you would not, sweet,
Though we prayed you,
Paid you, brayed you
In a mortar, for you *could* not, sweet."

SUNDAY at Irkford is a day which may or may not be dull, according to the habits of those who have to spend it there, by which I would intimate that the place is so large as to allow of Sunday being spent there in divers and various ways without any scandal accruing therefrom. Some kind of provision is made for the spiritual (or otherwise) entertainment of all, from Christians and secularists, through every denomination of the Jews, Turks, infidels, and heretics who form no inconsiderable item of its population.

It was Bernard's only clear holiday throughout the week, as he had only the half of Saturday. He had got into a groove, as we all get into grooves, and his mode of spending the day seldom varied. The morning he usually disposed of in walking if it were fine; or in reading, writing, or smoking if it were wet—in either case, alone. Miss Vane was not much to be seen during those morning hours. Bernard usually dined at the timely hour of a quarter past one on this day with Lizzie and Mrs. Vane. In the afternoon he was supposed to be at the service of his betrothed—generally, in the evenings also, on which occasions he would accompany her to a church in some outlying fields, which church was a favorite walk in summer for hundreds of persons who attended the service and afterward walked home in the evening freshness and coolness. It was the nearest approach to a "summer Sunday evening" in the country which was to be had. Bernard and Lizzie generally strolled back by some roundabout route, leading at last into the gas-lighted thoroughfare, and so quietly and peacefully home to supper, and, when Miss Vane had retired, to a pipe, a book, and bed.

There were occasional Sunday evenings on which his *fiancée* was deprived of his society; occasions on which he devoted his attention to the furtherance of the Liberal cause in politics, and the secular one in religious and philosophical matters, at a meeting composed of himself and a body of kindred spirits, or rather, of spirits as nearly akin to his own as he could find—and that was not very near, for his was a caustic, lonely, and somewhat bitter nature. This knot of men—chiefly young, as may be supposed from their proceedings—called themselves by the somewhat ambiguous and misleading title of "The Agnostics." It was very much of a misnomer, since their confession of agnosticism certainly went no further than matters religious; on all other topics—social, moral, and political—they professed to have the newest lights, and to be capable of taking the lead at any moment. These "Agnostics" were all ardent, hard-working fellows; Bernard Aglionby was the one cynic in their ranks. They talked as pessimists of the most terrible and gloomy school. They acted, hoped, and enjoyed themselves as optimists of the brightest cheerfulness, again, always with the exception of Bernard, and with him a tinge of pessimistic melancholy was consti-

tutional. It needed a corrective, which neither his life, his companions, nor his surroundings had yet supplied.

Mr. Percy Golding, it need hardly be mentioned, did not belong to the aspiring body of "Agnostics" just spoken of.

On the day in question the club did not meet, therefore Aglionby was at liberty to dispose of his time as seemed good in his own eyes. He got his breakfast, and just as the piously-disposed were wending their way to their different temples, he put on his hat, ran up-stairs, and knocking at the closed door of the beloved of his soul, said :

"I'm going out, Lizzie. Shan't be back again till dinner-time."

"All right!" cried Miss Vane, and Aglionby, whistling, set off. He did not miss Lizzie in these Sunday morning walks. In the first place, they extended so far that certainly no town-bred girl could have joined in them, however good her will. Next, they were always devoted to meditations—sometimes when he got quite out into the country to reading—in which she had no part nor lot. His Lizzie was a dear girl; he never thought of her without a smile and a softened look; but, equally, there were long hours during which he never thought of her at all. He did not want feminine influence in his deeper thoughts, so he often told himself. What a bewildering thing it would be if Lizzie ever were to take it into her head to pretend that she felt an interest in politics, for instance. What a hopeless muddle would result! Fortunately, she had better sense. She knew what she was equal to, and with wisdom confined herself to doing it. He never said within himself that she knew what she liked, and never troubled her head about any person or thing outside the sphere of her little, little world. He would have liked dearly to marry her out of hand, give her a carriage, a fine house, a cheque-book, and *carte-blanc* to amuse herself as she chose, and give what entertainments it pleased her to have; while he would have been very proud of her beauty, would have lived in the utmost harmony with her, and she would never have interfered in the really serious concerns which were outside her sphere—in the business, the politics, and the statesmanship of life. In their mutual bark she was metaphorically to recline in the comfortable, cushioned cabin, with a novel and her fancy-work, while he was to be the man at the wheel.

It was a fine, crisp October morning, as he set out, turning his face toward the south, and quickly threading the mazes of streets, till he came to a great highroad, full of persons dressed in their best, with their prayer-books in their hands, and with their Sunday gloves, umbrellas, and expressions in full force. On either side of the road were large houses, residences of rich merchants, fashionable doctors, men of law in large practice, bank directors, and other favored ones of fortune. There were trees, too, in the gardens, waving over the road, and an occasional Sunday omnibus taking a load of passengers out into the country.

He pursued his way until the last houses were left behind, and those which did now and then appear were really mansions in the country, in grounds or parks of their own. The air was pleasant, and blew with an agreeable freshness upon his face. Far away he could see the soft outlines of blue Derbyshire hills, while to the right extended a flat, smooth, highly-cultivated plain. He met very few persons when he had advanced so far on his way. With his hands in his pockets, and his face occasionally turned upward to look into the deep field of liquid blue above, he marched on and on, thinking busily of many things—chiefly of the meeting yesterday, and, naturally enough, of those two strangers with whom he had been twice in one day brought into collision.

"I suppose she took an interest in it all," he reflected. "I wonder what she thought of it, and whether she agreed or disagreed. She must have come because she was interested, or perhaps the old boy made her come, I shouldn't wonder. He looked as if he were one who wouldn't let any one out of his sight whom he imagined ought to be in attendance upon him."

A pause in the thoughts, which presently returned to another but a parallel track.

"I wonder what the Tories will make of our meeting yesterday; I'm awfully anxious to see to-morrow's papers. By the way, I wonder, will my letter be in to-morrow morning's *Daily Chronicle*. It should be, and it should touch up those denominational schools a bit. I hope it will draw down a storm of abuse. I like being abused—when I know I am in the right of it. I like battle." His eyes gleamed with that light—not a mild one—which oftenest illumined them. "Pity

there is so little chance of combat of any sort in an Irkford saleroom."

Of late, these reflections upon that state of life in which his lot was cast had been more numerous and more discontented than usual.

"If I could only see my way to something else, not another day would I remain," he thought. "It is slavery, neither more nor less. I should think that father of mine, poor fellow! hardly saw the probable results of his decisive step in life, or he might have looked again before he took it. I am one of those results"—he smiled in grim amusement—"and some of the others I have to put up with, as a salesman of cotton goods."

He laughed again, not mirthfully, and, looking at his watch, wheeled round on his heel, and returned over the same ground as that which he had already traversed. He arrived again in Crane street, and found Miss Vane quite ready to receive him, and dinner almost ready to be eaten. Lizzie was got up regardless of trouble, at least; one trembled to think of the amount of time which must have been devoted to the frizzing and arranging of the frizz of hair which projected, like an excrescence, over her forehead, and hung almost into her eyes; trembled because, if she had little leisure, her work must have suffered direly from the tyranny of fashion, and if she had much leisure she occupied it in a deplorable manner. It did not seem to strike Bernard in that light; probably he had not the faintest idea but that her hair grew ready frizzed as he saw it. His eyes lighted, his face softened as she met his view.

"Well, my lass, good morning; you do look bonny!" he exclaimed, kissing her tenderly.

"*Don't* call me 'lass,' Bernard, dear, as if I were a factory girl!" she said plaintively, raising her blue eyes to his face.

"I won't call you anything that you don't like, my beauty—does that suit you better? What am I to do for you this afternoon? I am at your service."

"Oh, we are going to Mrs. Golding's to tea, and then I want you to go to church with me."

The light certainly did die out of Aglionby's eyes as this enchanting programme was unfolded for his delight.

"Tea at Mrs. Golding's?" he said, trying hard not to speak ruefully. "Have you quite promised? Is there no means of getting out of it?"

"I don't want to get out of it," said Lizzie

candidly. "I like going there; there'll be others there as well as we, and I've promised Mr. Golding to sing his favorite song."

"Have you? What is that?" asked Bernard, who was never jealous by any chance—a characteristic not perfectly agreeable to Miss Vane's ideas of a model lover.

"It's called 'We sat by the river, you and I,'" she answered. "Come, dinner's ready; Ma's calling."

"All right, we'll leave the river till afterward, though what river you and Percy can imagine yourselves by, at Mrs. Golding's, except one of tea, which there always is there, I can't conceive."

"I shouldn't think you would like to imagine us by any river, unless you were there too," she said, marveling at his utter incapacity to comprehend that other men admired her.

"He thinks I'm like him, I suppose. He sees no one but me; and he thinks I can't even see that others see me. I do wonder sometimes that I ever said 'Yes' to him so easily as I did, except that he is so much more of a man than any of the others, and so awfully indifferent to everybody else—and then, Lucy Golding said I never could bring him to book, however much I tried. I'll show her this afternoon whether I haven't brought him to book."

They sat down to dinner. Mrs. Vane, Lizzie's mother, was of course present as well. Her aspect might have afforded a timely warning to any man not already in love. She had once been exquisitely pretty in the style of a wax doll or a Dresden shepherdess. She had had eyes of forget-me-not blue: it is a color that does not stand the test of tears and sleeplessness, with both of which ills Mrs. Vane's life had been plentifully troubled. She had had a profusion of flaxen hair, which was now thin, and streaked with gray. She had had a pretty figure and a peach-blossom complexion. Figure and complexion had both vanished like a dream. She had been the essence of the much-be-praised "womanly woman," in the sense of not taking the most remote or elementary interest in any question outside personal, domestic, or family gossip. Advancing years had not made her more intellectual; the ardent hater of the "strong-minded female" must have hailed Mrs. Vane as his ideal—no one ever had been able to accuse her of strongmindedness. In addition to this, she was prone to tell Aglionby, now that he

was, as she said, "like a near relation," that "Lizzie is so like what I used to be at her age, Bernard: I think I see myself again in her—only for the dress. We wore more stuff in our skirts in those days, and I think it looked better—not but what she's very good taste."

Mrs. Vane might have furnished a warning to Bernard in more ways than one. She was the widow of a man who had held a somewhat higher position than Aglionby's, in a business of the same kind—such a position as Bernard himself looked forward to attaining before he could make Lizzie his wife. His higher position had afforded him the means of marrying, and had enabled him to save sufficient money to leave a tiny income to his widow and his one child, which income they eked out by taking two lodgers, Bernard Aglionby and another young man, who did not trouble them much, and who always went home to the country at the end of the week, and stayed there till Monday.

Lizzie had been at a cheap school, where she had acquired some flimsy accomplishments, and a little superficial information—generally incorrect—upon such matters as geography, history, and "common subjects." The large and first-rate High School for Girls had been disdained as not being select enough, since tradesmen's daughters went to it. The other large school in the vicinity, at which a really first-rate education was to be obtained, was a ladies' college, avowedly intended for rich and exclusive pupils, and of which the terms were prohibitory to persons of Mrs. Vane's annual income; therefore Lizzie had gone to the cheap day-school already mentioned, and had flirted at a very early age with the students of the college hard by, with the big boys on their way to the grammar-school, and with the clerks going down to business, specimens of each of which class she was in the habit of meeting on her way to and from her seminary. She had been the belle of that truly select establishment for a long time before she had left it. Languishing youths had written her notes, and sent her valentines and gloves and goodies in abundance; in fact, Miss Vane was a reigning beauty—in her set. If she had been in another set, the "society" papers would have chronicled her doings, and told of her costumes, would have disputed about the color of her eyes, and fought fiercely over her reputation, or want of it.

Just a year ago Bernard Aglionby had come to lodge with them, replacing another young man who had recommended the place to him. Naturally, they had frequently met. Lucy Golding and she had talked him over. Lucy said Percy knew him well, but that he never came to their house; that he was well known to be impervious to all feminine charms and womanly wiles. This, and other communications of a like nature, had somewhat piqued Miss Vane, and had inspired her with a deep interest in Aglionby. Soon existence ceased to be worth having until at any rate a smile and a compliment had been wrung from Bernard—some token to show that he was not proof against her, however case-hardened. It had been some little time before the experiment had succeeded—before Aglionby had even thoroughly roused to the consciousness that there was a pretty girl in the house who smiled kindly upon him. Then, whatever he might have felt, he had for some time concealed his sentiments behind a mask of impassive calm, until one day he broke forth, and made love in a fashion so imperious, and so vehement, as, metaphorically speaking, to carry Miss Vane off her feet. She could not withstand the torrent of his fiery nature. His piercing eyes seemed to burn through her. His voice and his glance and his ardor had for the moment thrilled and subdued her, and it was such a triumph over Lucy and Percy, and all the rest of them,—over Bernard's friends too,—those odd "Agnostics" who never went to church, and who talked about republicanism as if they would not be sorry to see it established, and who all—there was the point—seemed to think that Aglionby was quite above woman's influence—these incentives, put together, formed a stronger influence than she could resist: Aglionby became her accepted lover, and, looking at it all from her point of view, she presently began to find that a great conquest brings its cares and pains as well as its pleasures. Still, it was a conquest, and her power had made itself felt now and then. More than once she had cajoled Bernard into giving up some political meeting, or some evening of debate; or she had withdrawn him from his brother Agnostics in order to take her to the theatre, or go out with her to some suburban tea-party. Suburban tea-parties and theatre-going were things which she liked, and which Bernard, as she very well knew, disliked, so that every time he accompanied her to either one or the other

entertainments, was a new and tangible proof of her ascendancy over him.

This afternoon she had what she considered a very convincing proof of this ascendancy. Bernard meekly followed her to Mrs. Golding's, and there there were, as he had prophesied, rivers of tea, many muffins and teacakes, a number of young people, and a little music by way of diversion. Bernard sat in silent anguish during this last form assumed by the entertainment. He had some scientific knowledge of music; his mother while she lived had taken care of that; and he had a fine natural taste and discrimination in the matter, thrilling in answer to all that was grand or elevated in the art. His one solitary personal extravagance was to attend the series of fine concerts which were given every autumn and winter season at Irkford. The performances this afternoon caused him pain and dejection. He experienced a sense of something akin to shame; to him it all appeared a sort of *exposé*. Lizzie, in the sublime blissfulness of ignorance, boldly sat down and sang in a small voice, nasal, flat, and affected:

"We sat by the river, *you* and *I*,
In the sweet summer-time long ago."

It was terrible. He was thankful when at last Lizzie arose and said it was time to be going to church. That was her moment of triumph, or rather, it ought to have been—when Miss Golding, it may be innocently, or it may be of malice aforethought, but certainly with every appearance of ingenuous surprise, exclaimed:

"To church! I thought you never went to church, Mr. Aglionby."

"I go with Lizzie whenever she likes," he said carelessly and haughtily. "It pleases her, and does me no harm."

"Oh—h, Bernard!" cried his betrothed, her cup of pleasure dashed from her lips; while a young lady who was almost a stranger, and who appeared struck with this remark of Bernard's, said severely that she could not understand how going to church could harm any one. To which he, inwardly annoyed by the silly stupidity of the whole affair, replied nonchalantly that it was nevertheless very bad for some constitutions, his among them, and amid the consternation produced by this statement, he and Lizzie departed.

"Really, Bernard, you do upset me when you come out with those awful remarks of yours. Poor Miss Smith couldn't make you out at all."

"I daresay not. I am sure it is a matter of complete indifference to me whether she made me out or not."

"Yes, you will set public opinion at defiance, and it will do you no good, say what you like."

"My child," said he, drawing her hand through his arm, and laying his own upon it, "I think you can hardly be called a judge as to what is public opinion. If you mean that Miss Smith represents it, I don't care to please it. And if I go to church with you at your wish, what do fifty Miss Smiths and their silly ideas matter?"

"Ah! but I don't know whether it is not very wicked in you to come to church, when you don't believe in a word of what is going on. I am not sure that I do right to bring you, only I keep hoping that it will have *some* good effect upon you."

"Well, it has," he said tenderly. "It has the effect of making me love you and prize you ten times more for your goodness and your faith."

They were reconciled, as they entered the gates of the churchyard, and joined the throng going in, while the loud, clanging bells overhead sounded almost deafening, and the steeple rocked to their clamorous summons.

Bernard liked sitting there through the evening service, with Lizzie by his side; and he liked the walk home through the fields, under the clear, starlit sky, and then through the streets, between the line of lamps. When she hung on his arm, and they talked nothings together, then he felt at home with her, he forgot her bad singing, and her conventional little thoughts and stereotyped ideas. In the province of talking nothings Lizzie was at home, was natural, unaffected, even spirited. So soon as she left them she became insipid and artificial, and this was what Aglionby had dimly felt for some time, though he had not given a definite name to the sensation. They talked nothings to-night, and he parted from her in the warm conviction that she was a dear, lovely little creature, that she was the woman who loved him, and whom he loved, and to whom he was going to be loyal and true to his life's end.

(To be continued.)

FOLK LULLABIES.

BY EVELYN CARRINGTON.

"A nurse's song
Of lullaby, to bring her babe asleep."

Of all new-born creatures, the baby is the least happy. For some reason or reasons, it is exceedingly disposed to vex its heart and needs much soothing. In civilized countries mothers resort too often to the druggist for means to quiet their children. In less advanced states of society another expedient has been resorted to from time immemorial—to wit, the cradle-song.

Babies show an early appreciation of rhythm. They rejoice in measured noise, whether it takes the form of words, music, or the jingle of a bunch of keys. In the way of poetry we are afraid they must be admitted to have a perverse preference for what goes by the name of sing-song. It will be a long time before the infantine public are brought round to Walt Whitman's views on versification. For the rest, they are not very severe critics. The small ancient Roman asked for nothing better than the song of his nurse:

Lalla, lalla, lalla,
Aut dormi, aut lacta.

This two-line lullaby constitutes one of the few but sufficing proofs which have come down to us of the existence among the people of old Rome of a sort of folk verse not by any means resembling the Latin classics, but bearing a considerable likeness to the *canti popolari* of the modern Italian peasant.

There exists another Latin cradle-song, not indeed dating from classical times, but which, like the laconic effusion of the Roman nurse, forms a sort of landmark in the history of poetry. It is composed in the person of the Virgin Mary, and was in bygone days believed to have been actually sung by her. Good authorities pronounce it to be one of the earliest poems extant of the Christian era:

Dormi fili, dormi! mater
Cantat unigenito:
Dormi, puer, dormi! pater
Nato clamat parvulo:
Millies tibi laudes canimus
Mille, mille, millies.

Dormi, cor, et mens thronus;
Dormi matris jubulum;
Aurium cælestis sonus,
Et suave sibilum!
Millies tibi, etc., etc.

Ne quid desit, sternam rosas,
Sternam fœnum violis,
Pavimentum hyacinthis
Et præsepe liliis,
Millies tibi, etc., etc.

Si vis musicam, pastores,
Convocabo protinus;
Illis nulli sunt priores;
Nemo canit castius.
Millies tibi, etc., etc.

Everybody who is in Rome at Christmas-tide makes a point of visiting Santa Maria in Ara Cœli, the church which stands to the right of the Capitol, where once the temple of Jupiter Fere-trius is supposed to have stood. What is at that season to be seen in the Ara Cœli is well enough known—to one side a *presepio*, or manger, with the ass, the ox, St. Joseph, the Virgin, and the child on her knee; to the other side a throng of little Roman children rehearsing in their infantine voices the story that is pictured opposite. The scene may be taken as typical of the cult of the infant Saviour, which, under one form or another, has existed distinct and separable from the main stem of Christian worship ever since a voice in Judæa bade man seek after the divine in the stable of Bethlehem. It is almost a commonplace to say that Christianity brought fresh and peculiar glory alike to infancy and to motherhood. A new sense came into the words of the oracle:

Thee in all children, the eternal Child.

And the mother, sublimely though she appears against the horizon of antiquity, yet rose to a higher rank—because the highest—at the founding of the new faith. Especially in art she left the second place that she might take the first. The sentiment of maternal love, as illustrated, as transfigured, in the love of the Virgin for her divine child, furnished the great Italian painters

with their master *motif*, while in his humble fashion the obscure folk-poet exemplifies the self-same thought. We are not sure that the rude rhymes of which the following is a rendering do not convey, as well as can be conveyed in articulate speech, the glory and the grief of the Dresden Madonna:

Sleep, oh sleep, dear Baby mine,
King Divine;
Sleep, my Child, in sleep recline;
Lullaby, mine Infant fair,
Heaven's King all glittering,
Full of grace as lilies rare.

Why dost weep, my Babe? Alas!
Cold winds that pass
Vex, or is't the little ass?
Lullaby, O Paradise;
Of my heart thou Saviour art.
On Thy face I press a kiss.

Wouldst Thou learn so speedily
Pain to try, to heave a sigh?
Sleep, for Thou shalt see the day
Of dire scath, of dreadful death,
To bitter scorn a shame, a prey.

Beauty mine, sleep peacefully;
Heaven's Monarch see! With my veil I cover Thee.
Lullaby, my Spouse, my Lord,
Fairest Child, pure, undefiled.
Thou by all my soul adored.

Lo! the shepherd band draws nigh;
Horns they ply, Thee their King to glorify.
Lullaby, my soul's Delight;
For Israel, faithless and fell,
Thee with cruel death would smite.

Sleep, sleep, Thou who dost heaven impart;
My Lord Thou art:
Sleep as I press thee to my heart.
Poor the place where Thou dost lie,
Earth's loveliest! Yet take Thy rest;
Sleep, my Child, and lullaby.

It would be interesting to know if Mrs. Brown-
ing ever heard any one of the many variants of
this lullaby before writing her poem, "The Virgin
Mary to the Child Jesus." The version given
above was communicated to us by a resident at
Vallauria, in the heart of the Ligurian Alps. In
that district it is sung in the churches on Christ-
mas Eve, when out abroad the mountains sleep
soundly in their snows and a stray wolf is not an
impossible apparition, nothing reminding you that
you are within a day's journey of the citron-

groves of Mentone. An old English carol, cur-
rent in the time of Henry IV., has much affinity
with the Italian sacred cradle-songs:

Lullay! lullay! lytel child, myn owyn dere fode;
How xalt thou sufferin be naylid on the rode.

In Sicily there are a great number of pious
lullabies of a lighter and less serious sort. The
Sicilian poet relates how once, when the Madu-
nazza was mending St. Joseph's clothes, the Bam-
bineddu cried in his cradle because no one was
attending to him; so the Archangel Raphael came
down and rocked him, and said three sweet little
words to him, "Lullaby, Jesus, Son of Mary!"
Another time, when the child was older and the
mother was going to visit St. Anne, he wept
because he wished to go too. The mother let
him accompany her on condition that he would
not break St. Anne's bobbins. Yet another time
the Virgin went to the fair to buy flax, and the
child said that he, too, would like to have a fairing.
The Virgin buys him a tambourine, and angels
descend to listen to his playing. Such stories are
endless; some, no doubt, are invented on the spur
of the moment, but the larger portion are scraps
of old legendary lore. Not a few of the popular
beliefs relating to the infant Jesus may be traced
to the apocryphal gospels, which were extensively
circulated during the earlier Christian centuries.

Professor Angelo de Gubernatis, in his "*Usi
Natalisj*," quotes a charming Spanish lullaby
addressed to any ordinary child, but having
reference to the Holy Babe:

The Baby Child of Mary,
Now cradle He has none;
His father is a carpenter,
And he shall make Him one.

The lady good St. Anna,
The lord St. Joachim,
They rock the Baby's cradle,
That sleep may come to Him,

Then sleep thou, too, my baby,
My little heart so dear;
The Virgin is beside thee,
The Son of God is near.

When they are old enough to understand the
meaning of words, children are sure to be in-
terested up to a certain point by these saintly
fables; but, taken as a whole, the songs of the
South give us the impression that the coming of
Christmas kindles the imagination of the southern

mother rather than that of the southern child. On the north side of the Alps it is otherwise; there is scarcely need to say that in the *Vaterland* Christmas is before all the children's feast. We, who have borrowed many of the German Yuletide customs, have left out the *Christkind*; and it is well that we have done so. Transplanted to foreign soil, that poetic piece of extra-belief would have become a mockery. As soon 'try to naturalize Kolyada, the Slavonic white-robed New-year girl. The *Christkind* in his mythical attributes is nearer to Kolyada than to the Italian *Bambinello*. He belongs to the people, not to the Church. He is not swathed in jeweled swaddling clothes; his limbs are free, and he has wings that carry him wheresoever good children abide. There is about him all the dreamy charm of lands where twilight is long and shade and shine intermingle softly, and where the earth's wintry winding-sheet is more beautiful than her April bride-gown. The most popular of German lullabies is a truly Teutonic mixture of piety, wonder-lore, and homeliness. Wagner has introduced the music to which it is sung into his "Siegfried-Idyl." We have to thank a Heidelberg friend for the text.

Sleep, baby, sleep :
Your father tends the sheep ;
Your mother shakes the branches small,
Whence happy dreams in showers fall :
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep :
The sky is full of sheep ;
The stars the lambs of heaven are,
For whom the shepherd moon doth care :
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep :
The Christ Child owns a sheep ;
He is himself the Lamb of God ;
The world to save, to death He trod :
Sleep, baby, sleep.

In Denmark children are sung to sleep with a cradle-hymn which is believed (so we are informed by a youthful correspondent) to be "very old." It has seven stanzas, of which the first runs: "Sleep sweetly, little child; lie quiet and still; as sweetly sleep as the bird in the wood, as the flowers in the meadow. God the Father has said, 'Angels stand on watch where mine, the little ones, are in bed.'" A correspondent at Warsaw (still more youthful) sends us the even-song of Polish children.

The stars shine forth from the blue sky;
How great and wondrous is God's might!
Shine, stars, through all eternity,
His witness in the night.

O Lord, Thy tired children keep;
Keep us who know and feel thy might;
Turn thine eye on us as we sleep,
And give us all good-night.

Shine, stars, God's sentinels on high,
Proclaimers of his power and might;
May all things evil from us fly;
O stars, good-night, good-night!

Is this "*Dobra Noc*" of strictly popular origin? From internal evidence we should say that it is not. It seems, however, to be extremely popular in the ordinary sense of the word. Before us lie two or three settings of it by Polish musicians.

The Italians call lullabies *ninne-nanne*, a term used by Dante when he makes Forese predict the ills which are to overtake the dames of Florence.

The *ninne-nanne* of the various Italian provinces are to be found scattered here and there through volumes of folk poesy, and no attempt has yet been made to collate and compare them. Signor Dal Medico did indeed publish, some ten years ago, a separate collection of Venetian nursery rhymes, but his initiative has not been followed up. The following is one of Signor Dal Medico's lullabies:

Hush! lulla, lullaby! So mother sings;
For hearken, 'tis the midnight bell that rings.
But, darling, not thy mother's bell is this:
St. Lucy's priests it calls to prayer, I wis.
St. Lucy gave thee eyes—a matchless pair—
And gave the Magdalen her golden hair;
Thy cheeks their hue from heaven's angels have;
Her little loving mouth St. Martha gave.
Love's mouth, sweet mouth, that Florence hath for home,
Now tell me where love springs, and how doth come?
With music and with song doth love arise,
And then its end it hath in tears and sighs.

The question and answer as to the beginning and end of love run through all the songs of Italy, and in nearly every case the reply proceeds from Florence. The personality of the answerer changes; sometimes it is a little wild-bird; on one occasion it is a preacher. And the idea has been suggested that the last is the original form, and that the preacher of Florence who preaches against love is none other than Jeronimo Savonarola.

Another of Signor Dal Medico's *ninne-nanne* presents several points of interest.

O Sleep, O Sleep, O thou beguiler, Sleep,
 Beguile this child, and in beguilement keep,
 Keep him three hours, and keep him moments three;
 Until I call beguile this child for me.
 And when I call I'll call: My root, my heart,
 The people say my only wealth thou art.
 Thou art my only wealth; I tell thee so.
 Now, bit by bit, this boy to sleep will go;
 He falls and falls to sleeping bit by bit,
 Like the green wood what time the fire is lit,
 Like to green wood that never flame can dart,
 Heart of thy mother, of thy father's heart!
 Like to green wood, that never flame can shoot.
 Sleep thou, my cradled hope, sleep thou, my root,
 My cradled hope, my spirit's strength and stay;
 Mother, who bore thee, wears her life away;
 Her life she wears away, and all day long
 She goes a-singing to her child this song.

Now, in the first place, the comparison of the child's gradual falling asleep with the slow ignition of fresh-cut wood is the common property of all the populations whose ethnical centre of gravity lies in Venice. We have seen an Istriot version of it; and we have heard it sung by a countrywoman at San Martino di Castrozza in the Trentino; so that, at all events, *Italia redenta* and *irredenta* has a community of song. The second thing that calls for remark is the direct invocation of sleep. A distinct little group of cradle ditties displays this characteristic. "Come, Sleep," cries the Grecian mother, "come, Sleep, take him away; come, Sleep, and make him slumber. Carry him to the vineyard of the Aga, to the gardens of the Aga. The Aga will give him grapes; his wife, roses; his servant, pancakes."

The Greeks have a curious way of looking at sleep; they seem absorbed in the thought of what dreams may come,—if indeed the word dream rightly describes their conception of that which happens to the soul while the body takes its rest,—if they do not rather cling to some vague notion of a real severance between matter and spirit during sleep.

The mothers of La Bresse (near Lyons) invoke sleep under the name of *le souin-souin*. We wish we could give here the sweet, inedited melody which accompanies these lines.

Le poupon voudrait bien dormir;
 Le souin-souin ne veut pas venir.
 Souin-souin, vené, vené, vené;
 Souin-souin, vené, vené, donc!

The Chippewaya Indians were in the habit of personifying sleep as an immense insect called Weeng, which some one once saw at the top of a tree engaged in making a buzzing noise with its wings. Weeng produced sleep by sending fairies, who beat the foreheads of tired mortals with very small clubs.

Sleep acts the part of questioner in the lullaby of the Finland peasant woman, who sings to her child in its bark cradle, "Sleep, little field-bird; sleep sweetly, pretty redbreast. God will wake thee when it is time. Sleep is at the door, and says to me, 'Is not there a sweet child here who fain would sleep? a young child wrapped in swaddling clothes, a fair child resting beneath his woolen coverlet?' " A questioning sleep makes his appearance likewise in a Sicilian *ninna*.

My little son, I wish you well, your mother's comfort when
 in grief.

My pretty boy, what can I do? Will you not give one
 hour's relief?

Sleep has just past, and me he asked if this my son in
 slumber lay.

Close, close your little eyes, my child; send your sweet
 breath far leagues away.

You are the fount of rose-water; you are with every beauty
 fraught.

Sleep, darling son, my pretty one, my golden button richly
 wrought.

A vein of tender reproach is sprung in that inquiry, "Ca n' ura ri riposu 'un vuo rari?" The mother appeals to the better feeling, to the Christian charity as it were, of the small but implacable tyrant. Another time she waxes yet more eloquent. "Son, my comfort, I am not happy. There are women who laugh and enjoy themselves while I chafe my very life out. Listen to me, child; beautiful is the lullaby and all the folk are asleep—but thou, no! My wise little son, I look about for thy equal; nowhere do I find him. Thou art mamma's consolation. There, do sleep just a little while." So pleads the Sicilian; her Venetian sister tries to soften the obduracy of her infant by still more plaintive remonstrances. "Hushaby; but if thou dost not sleep, hear me. Thou hast robbed me of my heart and of all my sentiments. I really do not know for what cause thou lamentest, and never will have done lamenting." On this occasion the appeal seems to be made to some purpose, for the song concludes: "The eyes of my joy are closing; they open a little and then they shut. Now is my joy at

peace with me and no longer at war." So happy an issue does not always arrive. It may happen that the perverse babe flatly refuses to listen to the mother's voice, sing she never so sweetly. Perhaps he might have something to say for himself could he but speak, at any rate in the matter of midday slumbers. It must no doubt be rather trying to be called upon to go straight to sleep just when the sunbeams are dancing round and round and wildly inviting you to make your first studies in optics. Most often the long-suffering mother, if she does not see things in this light, acts as though she did. Her patience has no limit; her caresses are never done; with untiring love she watches the little wakeful, willful culprit:

Chi piangendo e ridendo pargoleggia.

But it is not always so; there are times when she loses all patience, and temper into the bargain. Such a contingency is only too faithfully reflected in a Sicilian *ninna* which ends with the utterance of a horrible wish that Doctor Death would come and quiet the recalcitrant baby once for all. We ought to add that this same murderous lullaby is nevertheless brimful of protestations of affection and compliments; the child is told that his eyes are the finest imaginable, his cheeks two roses, his countenance like the moon's. The amount of incense which the Sicilian mother burns before her offspring would suffice to fill any number of cathedrals. Every moment she breaks forth into words such as "Hush! child of my breath, bunch of jasmine, handful of oranges and lemons; go to sleep, my son, my beauty: I must take thy portrait." A little girl is described as a spray of lilies and a bouquet of roses. A little boy is assured that his mother prefers him to gold or fine silver. If she lost him, where would she find a beloved son like to him? A child dropped out of heaven, a laurel garland, one under whose feet spring up flowers? Here is a string of blandishments prettily wound up in a prayer:

Hush, my little round-faced daughter; thou art like the stormy sea.

Daughter mine of finest amber, godmother sends sleep to thee.

Fair thy name, and he who gave it was a gallant gentleman. Mirror of my soul, I marvel when thy loveliness I scan.

Flame of love, be good. I love thee better far than life I love.

Now my child sleeps. Mother Mary, look upon her from above.

The Hungarian nurse tells her charge that his cot must be of rosewood and his swaddling clothes of rainbow threads spun by angels. The evening breeze is to rock him, the kiss of the falling star to awake him; she would have the breath of the lily touch him gently, and the butterflies fan him with their brilliant wings. Like the Sicilian, the Magyar has an innate love of splendor. There is an almost absurd difference between this ambitious style of lullaby and the quaint little German song, of which we owe a translation to "Hans Breittmann:"

Sleep, baby, sleep.
I can see two little sheep;
One is black and one is white;
And if you do not sleep to-night,
First the black, and then the white,
Will give your little toes a bite.

Corsica has a *ninna-nanna* into which the whole genius of its people seems to have passed. The village *fêtes*, with dancing and music, the flocks and herds and sheep-dogs, even the mountains, stars, and sea, and the perfumed air off the *macchi*, come back to the traveler in that island as he hears it sung. Corsican lullabies are often prophetic. An old grandmother predicts, that when her grandson grows up the sea-water will turn to balm, then adds that if he is driven into a corner he will make a splendid bandit.

Japan, as is well-known, is the paradise of childhood, and a Japanese cradle-song shall be the last of our illustrations. By the kindness of the author of "Child Life in Japan," we are enabled to print it in the original.

Nén-né ko yô—nén-né ko yô
Nén-né no mori wa—doko ye yuta
Ano yama koyété—sato ye yuta
Sato no miyagé ni—nani morota
Tén-tén taiko ni—sho no fuyé
Oki-agari koboshima inu hari-ko.

Signifying in English:

Lullaby, baby; lullaby, baby.

Baby's nurse where has she gone?

Over those mountains she's gone to her village,

And from her village what will she bring?

A tumbum drum and a bamboo flute,

A "daruma" (which will never turn over) and a paper dog.

The lullabies of America do not differ from those of Europe. The same cradle-songs, words and tunes alike, may be heard in the peasant's cottage by the Rhine and in the settler's cabin in the far West.

VALLEY.

BY SARAH WINTER KELLOGG.

DR. GLENN died of disease contracted in the service. He went out as surgeon of the Second — Volunteer Infantry. He died poor, after twenty-one years of hard work and good work, leaving his already motherless girls nothing but the little home and some such legacy as "Mr. F——'s aunt" was to "Flora," with the difference that Cousin Emma was sweet-hearted, serene-faced, and helpful. May and Valley, twins, were eighteen at the father's death. The doctor's regiment moved in their behalf, and, working through the organized Army of the Tennessee, got May appointed postmaster of Middle Bend. Family arrangements were readily adjusted to the new business, for the Glenn residence was up-town among the shops, and in the same yard, opening on the street, was the doctor's office, just the room for the post-office.

Valley did the bulk of the mail-work. She disliked it less than housework, and May disliked it more. She enjoyed the quiet intervals between the mails,—the hiding away behind the pigeon-holes while the village folk were busy at home and shop and May and Cousin Emma were baking or ironing, the hiding away to dream or to write; for Valley wrote verses, though she looked too young and girlish and pretty for such engagement. She was very pretty. Her complexion was fresh as a peach-blossom; her hair curled, but not in ringlets. May described it as "meandering"; it waved from root to tip, and was of that kind which is brown when shadowed, but which lights up in the sunshine like burnished filigree or something darker than gold. It was not very long; did not reach to the belt at the stateliest pose of the shapely head, back of which a blue ribbon gathered in the lights and shades. Valley's eyes were of a peculiar color; they were purple, like the shade of a ripe grape; no—more like the purple of a pansy, though when she faced a window the hue lightened to lilac. They were velvety rather than sparkling, and their prevailing expression was a far-away look.

This was their aspect after reading that brief letter from William Castle, stating that he might

be expected on the morrow. Here are the facts about Mr. Castle:

A letter had come, addressed to the postmaster, from an artist, who two years before had passed some weeks at Middle Bend making sketches. He wrote to engage board for his friend, Mr. Castle, who wished some weeks of fishing, boating, etc. The postmaster was asked to hand the letter to some one in Middle Bend who could furnish the accommodation. May, with an eye to the needful, proposed that they should take the boarder; and as Cousin Emma favored the proposition, an answer had been sent to this effect, and to-morrow the guest was to arrive. He was to have Valley's room, and she went in from the office to move her ribbons, laces, and things, that the closet and drawers might be free for Mr. Castle's use. She saw the arrival of the evening mail-bag as she crossed the window, her arms laden with dresses, skirts, shawls, etc., and she made haste. She wanted to hear from the office; she was expecting a letter; she had been expecting it for two months.

She found so much to be done in moving, that before it was accomplished May came in, office hours being over. She brought in a letter stamped "Editorial rooms of the 'K—— Magazine.'" Valley, sitting by the table, looked up eagerly at the entrance.

"It has come at last," May said. And the letter was skimmed over the table to Valley's hand.

A deep flush spread over the eager face, and the purple eyes grew black. The thickness of the package was bodeful; but there was yet hope, for Valley had sent all nine of her poems to Editor F——. The most of them had evidently come back; but some might have been retained, one at least.

"Have all of them been sent back?" May asked, as the seal was broken and the papers drawn forth.

Valley counted them, touching each with her trembling fingers. May burst out laughing.

"Oh, Vall," she said, "it's too funny for any—"

thing to watch you count your nine chickens to see if they've all come home—your nine poems, or whatever they are—I don't know what to call them."

In one tide it all came back to Valley. The study and worry to find the rhymes and to get the metre right; the weary, weary waiting for decisions, and at last the bitter, bitter, bitter not-availables, until she had come to hate the very words. As the strongest expression of the toil and pain and anxiety and disappointment possible to her thought, she cried out, with the anguish of a mother over a hopeless child, "They are children of my brain!"

"Hail, mother of the nine!" laughed May. Then she checked her banter; great hot tears were pouring from Valley's eyes. "Well, Valley, I should think you'd be hardened to refusal by this time, so that you needn't cry about it. I'm sure you've done your duty by your children. They've had chances to meet their fortunes; they've traveled our broad land over; they've been to the 'A—— Magazine,' to the 'B——,' to the 'C——,' to the 'D——,' to the 'F——.' They've been presented singly; they've gone in pairs, in quartettes, in quintettes, and this time you sent the whole nine, from the eldest-born to the baby, and here they are back again. I presume they have passed and repassed each other in their journeyings like that girl and her lover—I've forgotten their names."

May got through a good amount of reading, and usually managed to secure any story or incident it contained, as one does a nut-kernel, while all accessories of names, places, and dates were thrown aside as husks and shells.

"Now, Valley," she went on, "why don't you give it up? I should think that by this time you would be persuaded that the poems—that they are not—are not——"

Valley knew the word whose utterance her sister was shirking. "They *are* good," she said warmly; "they are better than half the poems published in either A, B, C, D, or F. I know they are! I know they are! They haven't had a chance; I doubt if they've been read, even. No good can come out of the West; this with editors is a foregone conclusion. Verily the wise men are all in the East! If I could only once get a recognition, just once make a hit, just get something published, no matter how silly, which newspapers would

copy, why these poems would go off like hot-cakes."

"Now, Valley" (May assumed the tone and attitude of a wrangler), "you say that you do not believe that the editors read your poems. I remember that some editor—I don't know one from the other—said of one of your poems, I don't know which,—I get them all in a mix,—that it was too sad or solemn or sombre or mournful or something—I can't remember their adjectives. Now how could the editor have criticised it, or reviewed it, or whatever they call it, if he hadn't read it?"

"And what a criticism it was!" said Valley, dodging the logic. "Of course the poem was sad. Would he have me write something humorous or fantastic on 'The Empty Cradle'?"

"Then there was another whatever-you-call-it from some one about the presentation or something of one of your poems—I forget which—being too bare or naked or bald; I don't recall exactly what it was. I know it made me think of that somebody or other taking off his flesh and sitting in his bones, or of what somebody said about some lean fellow,—I don't remember either name,—that he hadn't body enough to cover his mind decently with, and that his intellect was improperly exposed."

"I know what criticism you refer to," Valley said, with a little gasping sigh. "It was on this" (a touch of the finger and a blistering tear at once indicated the MS.): "Lines suggested by an Unfledged Robin."

"I should think that subject ought to have a naked treatment," said May, with an inward laugh.

"It is cruel in you to trifle with my feelings," Valley protested. "That criticism was aimed at simplicity. It seems as if editors of this day have their faces set against simplicity. Mine is set against obscurity. I hate metaphysics in verse. I read poetry to be entertained or amused. As for profuse ornamentation, the fabric should be magnificent to justify elaborate embroidery."

"Now you remind me that another editor objected to one of your—what shall I call them? It seems like contradicting the critics to keep on calling them poems."

"Call them *things*," Valley interrupted, injecting the word with gall.

"Well, whoever-it-was said that your whatever-

it-was or is—which ever it is—I always do get tangled up in grammar!”

“Do go on, May. That one of my things is——”

“Cloudy or foggy or misty or smoky or something, I forget what it was.”

“I do not forget,” said Valley. “It was an objection against the ornamentation. So you see one objects to simplicity, the other to ornament.”

“Why don’t you swap? Take the ornaments from one and put them on the simple one.”

“But,” said Valley, “both criticisms are against the same poem, made by two different editors.”

“Well, I don’t see what you can do about it.”

“No matter what they say, I know that they publish things that are no better,” Valley said. “There is Q—— Q——, who writes for the ‘C—— Magazine.’ Now—he or she—do you like him or her?”

“No!” May replied, laughing at the pronouns. “I can’t bear him or her. He, she, or it—which ever Q—— Q—— is—is forever plaining or wailing or dirging or something, I don’t know what to call it; and there’s that Will, I forget his other name——”

“Chateau,” instructed Valley. “He wrote the ‘Idyll of the Bobolinks.’”

“That’s the one. Well, he writes as though he thought he was cunning or cute or sweet or something; makes me think of that horrid old Mrs. Skewton that Bulwer or Dickens or Thackeray or somebody wrote about, I don’t remember who.”

“No use to say that you don’t remember; you always demonstrate that.”

“Well, I remember some advice that somebody—I forget who—gave to a lady writer who sent him a poem and wrote that she had other irons in the fire. He wrote back that he advised her to put the poem with the irons. I commend the advice to you, Valley.”

“I will have recognition,” said the pretty-girl writer. “If Tennyson had sent those nine poems, the editors would have torn them to atoms in grabbing for them.”

“But Tennyson wouldn’t have sent them. He would have saved the editors the trouble of tearing them to atoms by doing this himself. But you’ll have to stop verse-making for a time, for our boarder comes to-morrow, and I can’t do everything.”

“I wish you hadn’t agreed to take him; he’ll be such a nuisance.”

“But we’ve got to do every way to earn a living.”

“There it is, May. If I could only get a poem accepted, it would bring in”——

“But you see you can’t.”

Valley said she could, and she would.

The boarder, though not a large man, had a somewhat brawny physique, which hinted at Scotch blood, and the hint was reinforced by a hardly discoverable accent. His large, loose mouth, which lent itself readily to a smile, one liked if only for its remove from the small mouth which we associate with weakness. He wore his dark hair pushed back from the brow, which was slightly receding and rather high, so that May said there was too much of it on exhibition. His eyes, too, she would have modified: they were too flaring or spreading or wide-open or something, she said. When Valley amended the description with the words, gentle and liquid, May thought he must be what is called ox-eyed, like Venus or Juno or Diana or some of those beings, she didn’t remember which.

Mr. Castle was not a great talker, yet he early made the impression on Valley of being an enthusiast.

Middle Bend had been so often described by his friend, he said, that he had dreamed about it for weeks, and during the last few days he had hardly slept, from impatience to be there.

This tribute to their village pleased the girls, and Valley asked how the reality and the dreams compared.

“My friend has a way in description of appealing to the fancy and alluring the imagination; it will doubtless transpire that the dreams are fairer. The imagination rules out blemishes and discomforts.”

May, who was curious, interrupted at this period, asking if he proposed to take sketches of scenery. He was not an artist, he said. He had overworked, and wanted to spend a few months recruiting; would push on in time to the Pacific coast, then swing around by Cuba, home again.

“At what did you overwork?”

Valley blushed at May’s prying.

“At various kinds of pen-work,” he said.

A few days later Valley decided that he was an extremist.

"Yes," May assented; "with him a thing that's good is very good indeed, and a thing that's not, is horrid. But he hasn't any little curl down in the middle of his forehead; I wish he had; he would be better-looking for it. I'd just like to comb his hair once; I'd brush it down over his polished brow, which is dangerously high; I'd improve his looks."

Mr. Castle seemed to find things at his boarding-place "very good indeed." He pronounced his room charming. It was sweet and airy and cool. The windows opened to the sun-rising, and it is true that the first look of the god as he got his head above the earth's rim was at this man's face. But the glance came broken by apple-boughs and shutter-bars, and, in that dewy hour, there was no fervor in the god's breath. If, perchance, a spot of sunshine on the sleeper's face refused to yield to the buffeting shadows, "it only adds delight to the morning snooze," said Mr. Castle. "I turn my face to the wall, and my half-wakened ear drinks the song of birds in the apple-tree in that supreme moment when the senses are gliding into sleep. People speak of enjoying sound sleep, when they mean that they enjoy the rest and refreshment which sound sleep brings. The enjoyable sleep is that which is broken, peculiarly that which is broken by outside sounds,—by needles of sleet against the pane, by rain on the roof, or the faint music of a serenade, or the brooding notes of pigeons, such as I often hear under the eaves. A few nights since," he continued, flattered and warmed by the interest he saw in May's bright eyes and in Valley's, wide and earnest, "I heard, through the mists of slumber, that torrent which comes leaping down that beautiful hill to meet the river, and I heard the swash of the river against its banks. That drifting moment was delicious. And this morning, when I heard your piano in that pretty west room, and a pure voice singing that sweet German love-song, my soul was in Paradise."

May broke into a laugh at this rhapsody.

"Upon my honor," Mr. Castle asseverated, looking from May, laughing, to Valley's absorbed face, "I was never so happy in my life. If I were a poet, I'd write out for you the sweet fancies that came mingling with that stuff that dreams are made of, but which stuff had not then been cut out and made up into dreams."

"Tell us about the fancies," said Valley, who

had been listening delighted to Mr. Castle's talk, which, with the adjuncts of his fine voice and fine eyes that melted and kindled, and of a communicable enthusiasm of manner, might have had interest for a listener more critical than a Western village-maid.

"Oh," said Mr. Castle, in response to Valley's petition, looking into her eager face, feeling its beauty and freshness, "there was with the music a picture of the early morning; of long, cool shadows on dewy sward; of dripping trees; of the nostrils of cows in the fragrant, beaded clover; of the fair girl at the piano, with dewy blossoms in her hair, and with sun and shadow flecking her chaste frock."

"Sun in a west room in the early morning!" laughed May. "You think that out West the sun rises in the west, don't you, now? You think that the Westerners don't know enough to keep him regulated."

Mr. Castle laughed, and said, "That is good," while Valley felt vexed at having the illusion destroyed.

She put on her hat, and went across the yard to the post-office. Mr. Castle sat by his window and looked past the swelling green apples that seemed so grown since yesterday, down the dizzy depths to the river. How near the stream seemed to him and to the heart of the village! A plummet let down from his window might drop into the water. With pole and enough line he might sit there in his room and fish. Should the river in some petulant moment take a bite out of this bank, the house and the post-office might be let down. Then he looked away to the heights across the river. It was a fair vision, but in his thought was a fairer. He drew from his breast-pocket a little blank-book. He opened it on the window-sill and wrote with pencil, I shall not tell you what. Does the reader imagine that writers keep no secrets from him? There would be no end of trouble if they should tell half they know of the people they write about.

For some days after, Mr. Castle seemed to be in a state of abstraction. May said he was cross or morose or homesick or something, "and when he's bad he's horrid."

And then Valley found out something. She was sitting behind her post-office screen, at a quiet hour, when she heard a step, and recognized Mr. Castle. He dropped a letter and ~~passed~~ ^{walked} out.

Valley could not help it that she remembered this when, in making up the Eastern mail of just two letters, she found that one was addressed, "Editor Blank Magazine." She saw this with a throb of interest. Mr. Castle had mailed it, for the address of the other letter had been long familiar to her. She told May of this discovery.

"I believe he writes; I believe he is a poet."

"I don't believe it," said May, stoutly. "He doesn't look like a poet or act like one."

"What do you mean? How does a poet look and act?"

"I don't know," said May, whose only idea of a poet consisted of negations; "but I know a poet doesn't look or act like Mr. Castle. He never looks ethereal or rapt or tranced or poetical or anything."

"Oh! your idea of a poet is that he rolls his eyes in fine frenzy and feeds on ambrosia."

"No; but, Valley, if you had the baking to do, you could not help thinking that Mr. Castle hasn't a poetical appetite. And I'm sure he doesn't talk like a poet."

"Do you suppose a poet talks in rhyme or blank verse? Musicians do not converse in song."

"Well, if he were a poet, his talk would be different, somehow, from other people's. For my part, I think he's soft."

"Dr. Johnson used to say that Goldsmith wrote like an angel and talked like Poll Parrot," said Valley. "And look at me: nobody could tell from my looks or conversation that I wrote poetry."

"That's very true," said May, with a comical look of being staggered.

The next day Valley came upon him, down by the river, with paper and pencil.

"How did you know that I wanted a figure for my drawing?" he said.

"You told us that you were not an artist; you were not drawing, you were writing something." She looked at him with wide, steady eyes.

He was at once amused and embarrassed. He felt like a criminal with a keen-eyed detective. He admitted that he had been scribbling.

"I suppose I had an inspiration. After the monotony of city scenes, with only houses and busy people, the charm of this spot is ineffable."

Valley's breath came faster: he did write! Perhaps she was to find a sympathizer and helper. Nobody there understood her.

"Do you write poetry?" What eager eyes!—

how they searched him! He could not take his from them.

"Everybody writes verses some time in life," he said.

"Have you published anything? Have you had any success?"

Still the steadfast, heart-probing glance! Were any other eyes ever so forceful? In that enchanted moment he would have turned his heart inside-out for her, since there was nothing in it he cared much about hiding from any one. He told her he did publish.

"Where?" she asked, her eyes never wavering. He sat under it like a charmed bird, and answered:

"I have written some things for the 'Blank Magazine.'"

"Have I read anything of yours?"

At this he laughed.

"I read all the poetry in 'Blank.' I haven't seen your name. What name have you used?"

He looked at her smiling, thinking what a pretty, persistent, unartificial girl she was.

"Never mind!" she said, with a look of recognition; "I know. It's Will Chateau."

She perceived that her guess was correct.

"How do you do it?"

"Do what? Write verse?"

"No," said Valley, adding to herself that she knew how that was done. "How do you get them published? Didn't you have to get some writer or great man to endorse you, or introduce you, or something?"

"That wouldn't have done any good, except to secure me a fair hearing, and I would have had that without help."

"Do you mean that it would not help me with the 'Blank Magazine' for you to introduce me and speak a good word for me?"

"That's what I mean."

"But isn't the presumption always against a new writer?"

"Yes, of course. The diamond-hunter finds a hundred worthless stones to one gem; yet so eager is he for the diamond that he gives everything that sparkles a chance. There is nothing an editor is so anxious to discover as a new genius, etc."

Valley went home and told May of this conversation, adding, "I know if I should send my last poem as Will Chateau's it would pass."

"Then," said May, promptly, "I'd send it as his."

Valley made no reply to this, construing it as May's fun. But she recalled it when, a few days after, she went through her papers in a fruitless search for the said last poem. Some sharp questioning brought May to own that she had actually sent the missing poem to the 'Blank Magazine' as Will Chateau's.

"Oh, May!" Valley cried, in distress, "how could you do a thing so indelicate? What will Mr. Castle think? I never was so annoyed!"

May tried to say something in extenuation, but Valley hastened away, intent on seeing Mr. Castle and owning to the trespass. But how could she ever explain it to him and save May? She could not see how; but to her truthful nature there was but one course, to tell him as soon as possible. So she walked swiftly on like one fleeing from a storm. She found him down toward the river, sitting with his back against a tree-trunk. She sat down beside him with an impetuous cry.

"Why, what is the matter?" he asked, startled.

"Something so terrible!"

"What can it be? Has the mail been robbed?"

"No," said Valley, her face ablaze with the sharp shame. She wanted to hide her eyes. She began speaking, stammered, halted, tore her handkerchief in two and then in quarters. She glanced at his face. Looking into his wide, honest eyes, there was a vivid consciousness that this man's good opinion was above all price to her. And yet she must say that which would imperil it. She faltered for another moment, and then all irresolution went from her manner, and she spoke with a kind of impassioned dignity.

"I value your good opinion, Mr. Castle, but I value more my self-esteem. The only way of saving this is in risking the other and owning, at once, that an unpardonable liberty has been taken with your name. Some verses of mine were sent to the 'Blank Magazine' as yours, with the hope that they might be better received if they were believed to be yours."

Her story was told, and May was not betrayed! To save May she had taken the bitter alternative.

"He thinks that I did it," she said to her burning heart, as he sat silent, looking into her flushed face. Higher and higher burned the shame in her cheek. More and more bitter seemed the part she had chosen. Harder and harder it became to keep back the truth. At length she cried impetuously:

"You do not say anything; you haven't a word of sympathy for me. You don't know how I have wanted a chance; how strong the temptation was. You don't know anything about the bitterness of failure. They return everything I send, as if it were trash." More and more vehement her words became. "It hurts so; it humiliates me, and bears me down. I seem to hear their sneers. I know the critics think that the most disreputable of all things is mediocre writing. It is sneered at as something disgraceful. But a goose has a right to use its wings, even if it cannot soar like the eagle. I can't give it up that I am not a writer. I like writing better than anything else; it takes me away from this dull life; it makes other life, other scenes, other people. There's nobody here that's interesting, and we three women are so poor; we can never get away if I cannot write. I am tied; my writing was to set me free. I never had any chance; I have never seen a city; I have never heard a great speaker or a great singer; have never seen a good picture, or anything to give me an inspiration. Oh! I had rather once see my name in that magazine with yours and Longfellow's and then die, than to live on here. You don't know anything about it. My troubles are so near to me, and so far away from you, that you haven't a word for me."

He had not given his words, but he had given many a heart-throb of sympathy during the outburst. He could have cried with her when he saw the great tears raining down the young face. He did not decide that because the face was fresh and fair the heart had not suffered. He did not tell her that the time would come when in the shadow of greater troubles this period would seem sunny. Why should we vex the young with such cruel philosophy?

"Take my handkerchief, Valley," he said, remembering that hers was in shreds. "Wipe away the tears, and then look across the river to those verduous hills." He waited till he saw her eyes lifted to the hills, and then went on. "How beautiful they are! Over the river always seems fairer than our side; the thing we have seems less desirable than the thing we have not. You think this stage of your experience foreign to anything I can conceive; it is as familiar to me as your face. I have lived through it all. I have knocked at the door of a county paper, thinking that a recognition there would be satisfying. But even

when I had attained the sublime distinction of having a poem embalmed in the *Living Age* I was yet hungry. A book was necessary to appease me. I published a book; I published books. My aim now is to publish a library. It is the chase, Valley, not the butterfly, which gives enjoyment."

And then he went on endeavoring to show that a life is full or meagre, not by reason of its surroundings, but of its capacity to assimilate the good. To the soul that hath, shall be given; the soul that hath not, cannot receive. "The inspirational nature" did not need to hear great men, to see great art; for, if there was inspiration everywhere, Valley ought to find it in the noble scenery about her home, in the wind-swept woods; in that river, coming out of mysterious solitudes, showing itself there for a moment, and then trailing off into other mysterious solitudes. That bit of river was like the eye-flash of some great unknown beast of the wilds, that looks you in the face for a second, and then is lost in the wilds. Middle Bend was picturesque and piquant.

"Perhaps it is to you who can quit it at any moment; but, if you were chained here, you would hate it. I want humanity instead of nature; humanity is the mystery I would explore. You do not comfort; you exasperate when you make so much to depend on the quality and capacity of the soul; these are faithfully fixed beyond my help."

Mr. Castle drew a long breath, and was making ready for a plunge into metaphysics, when May was heard calling to Valley.

"What shall I do about the letter?" Valley asked, preparing to go. "I will telegraph or write, or do anything you think best."

"Let it go," he said; "it will do no harm. I would like to see what answer will be returned."

There followed wretched days for Valley. There was not a moment of solitude and leisure in which she did not brook the subject of her compromising relation to Mr. Castle with rebellion against losing his esteem—with a weighing of methods by which this might be reclaimed without betraying May, whose desire to serve had occasioned the trouble. She had not reopened the subject with May; did not tell her of the confession to Mr. Castle. The only thing May could do in the complication would be to assume the odium and free Valley. But Valley could see no relief in a change which would make May more unhappy

than in her present ignorance. Mr. Castle did not allude to the subject, keeping an impenetrable reserve. His silence meant to Valley's mind lost faith, lost esteem—contempt. One day her moods would vibrate between resentment and dejection. In her secret hours there were tears and protests, passionate and unchecked, as from a wronged child, to be followed by a calm that had no serenity. But her prevailing mood, perhaps, was one of expectant question concerning the letter. Her thought anticipated each Eastern mail; her eager eye scanned every letter. She felt a new need for success; it was not for its own sake. There was a vague hope that success might in some measure soften Mr. Castle's judgment; that the end might be made to justify the means. It would be some compensation, at any rate, to have him acknowledge her triumph.

Well, the day came. Did he mark her excited face and trembling hand? As one would announce the arrival of some fateful influence, she said, "It has come," and her unsteady hand held out the letter. He told her to open it, since it more nearly concerned her.

"May I?" she said, with longing, thankful eyes. "Will you trust me to go away alone with it? I will let you see all there is in it. I might find disappointment in it," she added to herself, "and then I had rather be alone."

She went away to that seat toward the river. The eager, flushed face, the unsteady fingers, the throbbing heart, are all pathetic, as so many tokens of capacity in the human to suffer. But they are also tokens of capacity to rejoice. Courage, Valley, the cup may not be unsweetened bitter!

The seal was yet unbroken, as the eager girl looked once about her to the sweet shadowy landscape and the dappled sky, as if the heart were crying, "O wood! O river! will you ever look like this to me again?"

She opened the letter. The words for a moment swam before her eyes; then her heart leaped as she read; a blush spread over her face; it could hardly have been deeper had Mr. Castle been there reading the letter with her. What was it she had discovered? Had her poem found favor? Let the letter tell:

"DEAR CASTLE: You have never favored me with a daintier bit than the 'Face at the Post-office Window.' It is filed for early use; your

latest favor, which I am sorry to be obliged to return, is quite below your usual efforts."

So the shelter of a favorite's name had not saved her poem from condemnation! This disappointment, she had believed, would send her world into eclipse; yet she sits with parted lips, which seem about to burst in song, and eyes filling with tender triumph.

She had entered into his thought and into his work; had been an inspiration to him! He had painted her portrait in a beautiful poem!

At the breath of this joy the bud which for weeks has been swelling burst all that bound, and lo! in the girl-heart the full-blown passion-flower, the matchless blossom which mortals have named love!

Again Valley looked about her, "O wood! O river! how have ye changed!"

As suddenly as the radiance had come, Valley's cheek turned gray with doubt. Perhaps the face he had painted was May's. "No, no," Valley's heart protested; "May does not care for him. God does not let love run so to waste. He is not so cruel."

"Why should you say that?" Memory demanded. "He has buffeted you all your life. There has been no day these many years that you have not felt his hard hand. Put away this delusive hope. Because a man writes a sonnet to the rose, is he in love with the rose? You do not even know the sentiment of the poem. Perhaps he has but laughed at the face, or at best, has but pitied it in that public place. And what if the poem was a genuine love-song? There has been a change. No pure sentiment could outlive the indelicate trick of which he believes you guilty. God but means to strike you a blow more cruel than any before."

"If," answered Valley, breathing quickly, "if He disappoint me in this, I think I can never forgive Him."

She went back to the post-office, and when Mr. Castle came in again she handed him the broken letter through the office window. She would not trust herself to deliver it in any less formal way. She did not remember that the envelope she handed him contained also her rejected poem.

When next she saw Mr. Castle alone, the meeting was unexpected. She thought that he had gone out for one of his half-day rambles, and she was hiding away in the grove to be alone, when he

came upon her. Taken by surprise, her confusion was exceeding painful. She would have been glad to put up her hands to hide her unsteady eyes and burning face. But in all their intercourse his manner had never seemed more self-possessed. It surely was not that of a man who had been caught in writing a love-poem. It was simply friendly, as he said that he would like to help her, if possible, to a more genial life. He had been turning the matter over, and nothing had occurred to him that seemed an improvement on present conditions. Could she think of anything that he could do?

"Yes, yes, yes; you can do all things for me," said the quivering, burning soul, but Valley said not a word.

"I have an influential friend in Omaha who might get you a teacher's situation. Do you think you would like teaching?"

And was this the best he could do for her? take her away from May and her father's grave, and shut her up to teach spelling and the multiplication table?

"If you wish, I will stop in Omaha and see about it; I am going on this afternoon."

A dismay clutched at her heart and showed in her face, to any one who cared to interpret the vane of her feeling. The lips parted to say something, and then Valley knew she dared not speak, unless she was ready to own her love.

"What do you say?" And yet she dared not speak; she dared not lift her eyes; the strain was growing unbearable, when Cousin Emma came upon them.

In the diversion caused by her approach, Valley said to him that she was obliged, but did not think such a change would be an improvement. Then Cousin Emma asked what it was about. In the midst of the explanation the girl made her escape.

She saw Mr. Castle at the dinner-table, and once more when he put his hand through the post-office window to her behind the pigeon-holes to say good-bye. Soon after she heard the Western train go screaming and thundering out of Middle Bend, bearing him out of her life; and then there settled down the quiet which always followed the closing of the mail.

Valley went on tending the office, because that was less bad than brooding, and because work must go on for all the heartaches; but the people who came and went were like pictures. May,

who once seemed funny, was now tedious, or she teased like a persistent pin-pricking. While against cousin Emma's unvarying attitude of thankfulness Valley felt actual irritation, which was a diversion; she resented it in view of her pledge never to forgive God the disappointment. But through all the dissonance there was one tone of sweetness. It was the thought, carefully tended, that had William Castle known the truth, he might have cared for her, had he known that her part in the matter of the letter was not only innocent, but noble, for Valley was conscious of having acted nobly by May.

In a few weeks after this it came out that May had been meddling in another way with Valley's literary matters. She had sent off a poem of Mr. Castle's as Valley's, and it had been accepted. The door being thus open, Valley's own poems had been sent in and had been declined.

May had kept all



'SHE WAS HIDING AWAY IN THE GROVE.'

this engineering from her sister, hoping by a pleasant surprise to start Valley out of a listlessness which she referred to literary disappointment. Valley was startled,—so pained that she could hardly forbear reproaches, in spite of May's kind motives.

"Well, Valley, I was just tired hearing you find fault with editors. You must be satisfied now, that the trouble is with the poems."

"How did you get that poem of Mr. Castle's?" Valley was entering upon an investigation which was destined to lead up to a revelation.

"Why, I borrowed it of him, of course. Did you think I stole it?" May said.

"Did he know the use you were intending to make of it?"

"Why, yes; I told him all about my plan at the first, when I borrowed his name to sail your poem, you know."

"Did he know about your using his name?" How eager poor Valley was!

"Why, Valley! of course he knew. You don't think I would have dared use it without his permission."

Then he knew her innocent; he knew that she had sought to shield May; she was cleared in his judgment!

And yet Valley's heart drooped. Alas, for the flickering hope she had been fanning! He knew her innocent; he knew her noble in purpose, and yet, and yet, he did not love her!

"You needn't have taken all this trouble, May," Valley said, a new smart at her heart's core. "I knew without demonstration that God hasn't anything good for me. He picks out some people and pets them and coddles them. May, you would have hated dear papa, if he had cherished you in his heart and left me unloved. God tempers the wind not to the shorn lamb, but to the other, that has its own and the shorn lamb's fleece."

"Why, Valley," May cried, in a tremor, "you are talking profanity or blasphemy or sacrilege or something. If you can't be reasonable, I'll call cousin Emma in to you; she can give all the Bible arguments. You are like a child crying for the moon."

"But who can help crying?" Valley said, with a little lip-quivering. "That's the sad thing about it, that he wants the moon, that is forever beyond his reach, instead of a cracker."

"It's the cracker I want, and not the moon." The voice almost startled a scream from Valley.

May jumped up and seized the hand which accompanied the voice. "Why," she cried, "did you drop from the skies? I had supposed that by this time you must be on the Pacific Ocean, or the Gulf of Mexico, or the Atlantic Ocean, or somewhere."

"Oh! I gave up that long and tedious route; I couldn't throw off the fascination of woods and mountains and cañons. How do you do, Valley?"

Mr. Castle went over to where she sat, pale and speechless. She gave him her hand, but said nothing till, after an awkward moment, she gathered her self-possession. She was obliged to him; she was quite well; how had he been? He made some health reports, etc., when May said he should have his cracker, and went out to get an early tea.

"I have something to show you," he said, when alone with Valley.

He took a magazine from his breast pocket, turned to the table of contents, and pointed to her name, and then he moved his finger across the page to the left, and there was the title of her last poem.

Valley was greatly excited. "I do not believe it," she said, the color growing in her face; "let me see it. This very magazine refused this once. How did you get possession of it?"

"You handed it to me with the editor's letter; don't you remember? I read it, and saw at once his objection to it. So I gave it a touch or two and sent it back to him. And here is Mr. Longfellow's name, and here is mine in the same table with yours, and now are you happy enough to die?"

Valley saw that his poem was "The Face at the Office Window." She was quivering with desire to read that, but could scarcely trust herself to do this at once. She turned to hers and read. She finished with a smile of bitterness.

"You wanted to give me one more lesson in humility. My poem was the slatternly ash-girl, your wand has made it the triumphant Cinderella."

In vain Mr. Castle protested that he had done nothing of account. Valley declined to accept the money for the poem.

"Take a part of it, then. You will acknowledge to some interest in this production," he said.

Had it been any man but this one, she would have made business terms with him and accepted a part of the pay; she needed it, Heaven knows, but she could not accept the semblance of a favor from him. Love will have everything or nothing.

"But what shall I do with the money?" he asked. "Give it to some beggar?"

"How disdainful you are! Is it Kohinoor or nothing? You have your gifts, Valley. I have known you delight a church full of people with your sweet singing. You read 'Dora' that evening with exquisite appreciation, and you can write—better, perhaps, than any girl in this great new State."

"Divided waters, that can never float a vessel out to sea!" said Valley.

He said they brightened and gladdened the more they were divided—turning mills and creating industries. And it was by no means proved that she was not a poet; the 'prentice-hand seldom achieves great results. Tennyson's first book was not a shining success. "Mrs. Browning, at your age, wrote poorer things than this poem, even before it had been touched by my magic wand. As for me, I should be ashamed to tell you how I scratch out and interline and rewrite. I am not conscious of any genius, except a capacity for work. I work hard, and I make my bread. But I did not make any money or any reputation on the first nine poems I turned off. Mr. Bryant's first collection of poems did not fill his youthful pockets. He declares that he did not receive five dollars on the whole first edition."

While he was saying these things Valley had turned to his poem, "The Face at the Office Window." Its reading had wrung her heart dry of the last of that great hope-flood which had swept in on that certain day. The face at the window was not hers, or May's. It was that of an aged father, anxious for word from his corporal son in the army.

"You need not despair of happiness," Mr. Castle went on, "if writing good magazine poetry will make you happy."

In her greater heart-needs Valley felt that Milton's power and Milton's fame would be stone for bread. She said not this, but something like it, in a tone no longer bitter—in a cast-down tone of hopeless surrender.

The changed sentiment, the note of pain struck with sudden meaning to his heart. With eager impulse he bent toward her; he looked with keen search in her eyes; in one electric moment there was a revelation; he saw her heart and his own illumined.

"Valley," he cried, "we love each other!"

It might have proved an awkward thing to continue this chronicle beyond this point, but that May now appeared and announced that Mr. Castle's cracker was ready.

That night Valley told May all about it. "And he has loved me all along, ever since I tried to take the censure from you, he said."

"And he just found it out to-day! Well, he must be a gifted idiot or poet or something."

SOME EXPERIMENTS IN MAGNETISM.

BY CHARLES T. JEROME.

It is not so many years since I was a child that I have forgotten my boyish interest in a magnetized jack-knife. My early experiments were, for the most part, confined to the attraction by it of needles, tacks, and small pieces of iron and steel, and I very well remember that my first attempted explanation of the attraction of the knife-blade was that it was sticky, and so lifted the needle or tack. But stickiness, I knew, could have no influence except by contact, and I observed that my knife exerted its attractive power through a considerable space, readily drawing to itself needles

or tacks or bits of iron while held some distance from them, and that intervening substances were no obstacle to its attraction.

I was not long in experimenting with pins, bits of wood, and various things, over which I found that my knife, even by contact, had no attraction. Thus speedily discovering that my explanation was untenable, I abandoned it.

I believe my experiments at the time did not go much farther, though my knife magnet was, for a long time, an interesting plaything, and somewhat of a wonder to me. I inferred the

existence of a power that I failed at all to comprehend, and was told that it was called magnetism.

I presume that most boys of a dozen years who have ever given the subject thought have rushed to the same conclusion that I did, have made the same experiments, have had their interest and wonder excited as mine were, have inferred a strange influence beyond their understanding, have learned its name and stopped there for the time as I did. Yet the profoundest scientist, after a life of study and experiment, comes hardly nearer to answering the question, What is magnetism? than the child who plays with his knife and needles and wonderingly questions the subtle influence which he perceives but can in no wise comprehend.

It is not my purpose in this article to do much more than indicate a few simple experiments which almost any one, with a few cents' expense, can easily make, yet some of which, I venture to say, many of my readers have never seen performed, and with which, I am sure, not all of them are acquainted even theoretically. They are so simple, so easily made, so beautiful and interesting, so entirely satisfactory in their results, and yet so wonderful and so suggestive, that I hope to induce many of my readers to verify my descriptions by actual experiment, and even to extend their experiments beyond what it is possible for me here to indicate. By this means they will familiarize themselves, as they can in no other way, with results which must stimulate interest and inquiry.

Let me present the experiments substantially as I have made them:

Take first a common horse-shoe magnet, with which all my readers are familiar. The marked end is its north, and the opposite end its south magnetic pole. Doubtless what will most naturally occur to you will be to apply the magnet to needles, tacks, pieces of iron and steel in a manner similar to the experiments I made when a boy with the magnetized knife-blade. Make the experiment, and you will find exactly the same attractive influence. Apply each pole of the magnet; they attract alike. Make the experiment more thorough by suspending by a loose untwisted fibre of silk one of the needles as nearly balanced as possible, and bring the magnet near. You will observe the same effect,—each pole of the magnet exerting an indiscriminate attractive power over both ends of the suspended needle.

Now take the needle and pass one pole of the magnet over it a few times from end to end, using, if you please, the north pole of the magnet, and drawing it over the needle from the point toward the eye. Again suspend it, and bring the magnet near it. The north pole of the magnet attracts the eye of the needle and repels the point, and its south pole attracts the point and repels the eye.

Remove to a distance of several feet the magnet and any iron or steel. See to it that your needle is carefully balanced, so that it may swing freely in any direction. Observe its oscillations as they become less and less, till it finally settles nearly north and south, with its point to the north. Reverse it, and it swings back to the same position.

Vary your experiment with another needle, passing the same pole of the magnet in an opposite direction,—from the eye toward the point. Suspend it and bring the magnet near, and you find the result of your first experiment reversed; each pole of the magnet repelling where it before attracted, and attracting where it before repelled. Remove all attractions as in the last instance, and the needle settles into position as before, but with its eye to the north.

Again vary your experiment, magnetizing another needle with the south pole of the magnet, drawing it over the needle as in the first experiment, and you obtain attraction where there was first repulsion, and repulsion where there was first attraction. Remove all local attraction, and it settles with its eye to the north.

You have then in your suspended needles so many compasses, the ends pointing north having north polarity, those pointing south having south polarity. Can we reverse the polarity of the needles? Take one of them and pass the end of the magnet which you first used in magnetizing it over it in an opposite direction, and you will find its polarity reversed; or, take the opposite pole of the magnet and pass it over it in the same direction, and its polarity will be reversed.

Suppose now you approach one of the magnetized needles to the others, you will notice repulsion between like poles and attraction between unlike poles,—north attracting south and repelling north, and south attracting north and repelling south. Your experiments continued will convince you that the relation is reciprocal.

We are now enabled to deduce from these facts: First, that each pole of the magnet produces in the end of the magnetized needle which it leaves last an opposite polarity to itself; and secondly, that like magnetic poles repel, and unlike poles attract each other. You may naturally infer, too, some magnetic influence beyond what we have employed that causes the magnetic needle to point in a northerly and southerly direction. Let me suggest an experiment or two which will induce further thought in this direction.

Take a strip of steel several inches in length,—a knitting-needle will answer the purpose admirably,—suspend it as you suspended the needles before, and balance it as perfectly as possible. (In my own experiments I have found a bit of wax convenient for attaching the needle to the silk fibre). Now magnetize it and readjust it exactly as before, and you will notice a very decided dip or inclination of its north pole to the earth. Your trial is indeed confined to a single locality, but experiments, a thousand times repeated, show a greater dip or inclination of the needle as we proceed north, and as we go south, less and less dip; not far from the earth's equator, none whatever; beyond, an inclination of the needle's south pole to the earth, increasing gradually as we continue farther south.

The inference is natural that there exists a terrestrial influence similar to that of the magnet, having like polarity somewhere in the region of the north and south poles of the earth.

A very simple experiment affords fullest indication of the earth's magnetism, and of the facility with which it is imparted.

If you take a rod of soft iron—a fire-poker will answer the purpose very well—and apply either end to a magnetized needle, you will notice that its ends are attracted indiscriminately by each end of the rod. If you place it at right angles to the length of the needle, pointing toward its centre, the needle will not rotate. (A pocket-compass, on account of its being confined by a stationary pivot, will be more convenient in your experiments than the magnetized needle. If you have no compass, the suspended needle will do very well. For convenience I will assume that you use as your test needle the one which you first magnetized, to the point of which you gave north polarity).

Now place your rod in an early vertical position,

inclining the lower end to the north. Bring your test needle near its lower end. The rod has acquired a powerful attraction, for the eye (south pole) of the needle turns suddenly to it. Approach the rod from every side, and always the needle responds quickly as in the first instance. Raise it slowly along the side of the rod, and you notice by the shifting of the needle that the magnetism of the rod apparently decreases as you recede from the end. At the middle it ceases to attract. Raise the needle farther and notice its gradual reversal. Before you reach the top of the rod, it has swung round with its point toward the rod, to which it is vigorously attracted. Repeat the experiment, raising and lowering the needle from end to end of the rod, bringing it toward the rod from all directions till you shall have thoroughly satisfied yourself. Has the position simply of your rod made it a magnet with its north pole towards the earth and its south pole opposite? It would indeed seem so.

Reverse the rod, end for end, and bring the needle again near it. You will observe that in reversing the rod you have changed its magnetism. The end toward the earth attracts the eye of the needle; the opposite end attracts its point. Repeated experiments repeat the same results.

Resting the lower end of the rod on the floor, with the test needle in close proximity, incline the upper end in different directions, north, south, east, west, and at various angles, all the way between a horizontal and vertical position, and you will be greatly interested in observing its varying attractive power, according to the direction and extent of its inclination.

When you withdraw the rod, if you will place it in a horizontal position, your test needle will show you that it has parted with its polarity, for its influence is precisely that shown in your first experiment with it. Now apply either end of the rod to some fine iron or steel filings. It has no attraction. Replace it in its inclined position in contact with the filings and you will notice some of the filings adhering to it. Change its position and they drop off, thus affording another illustration of the temporary magnetism which position induces in the rod.

Your inference regarding the earth's magnetism and its polar location is so far strengthened. You observe, too, how easily it is imparted.

Practical investigation has taken up our experi-

ments here and carried them much further than it is possible for us to do, but we may avail ourselves of its results.

Our experiments are made in the northern hemisphere, and they show us that the lower end of the rod is of north magnetism. If the earth's magnetic poles be situated as I have supposed, somewhere in the southern hemisphere the lower end of the rod should possess south magnetism. Is the theory borne out by fact? Happily it is not left to conjecture, for nearly two hundred years ago experiments made with the iron rod, as I have described, fully corroborated this theory. It was found that while in the northern hemisphere the lower end of the rod attracted the south pole of the needle, a few degrees south of the equator the attraction became very feeble, and further south it was reversed,—the north pole of the needle pointing to the lower end of the rod, and the south pole to its upper end.

It was also early discovered that the earth's magnetic poles do not exactly coincide with its geographical poles. I remarked that the magnetized needle pointed nearly north and south. Its variation from a true north and south line was known about four hundred and fifty years ago, and it was discovered that its variation was different in different localities. The points of convergence of the varying lines indicated by the needle in various places we naturally take to be the terrestrial magnetic poles, and it is manifest that at certain points the magnetic and geographical meridian coincide. Columbus, in the same voyage in which he discovered the New World, found the line of no variation among the Azores.

A long time afterward another singular discovery was made, and it was this: that the earth's magnetic poles are not stationary, but oscillate like the swing of a pendulum through a long series of years.

It has been found that at London, in a period of about one hundred and sixty years, the needle has swung from $11^{\circ} 15'$ east of north to $24^{\circ} 41'$ west of north,—about thirty-six degrees, or two-fifths of the quarter circle,—and that it has been swinging slowly back for the last sixty years.

And so the mighty pendulum swings back and forth, ticking off at each oscillation the life-time of five generations of men. All these facts, together with the slight daily oscillation of the needle, are wonderful phenomena, involving in

their solution theories which it would be foreign to the purpose of this article, even if they were more perfectly established, to attempt to explain.

From this natural digression from your experiments let me call you back to them. The stove-poker, which has imparted wonderful secrets of magnetism to you, has further secrets in its keeping. Make the following beautiful experiment. Incline it to the earth as I have previously instructed you, and bring the needle near its lower end as before. Of course, the eye swings toward the rod; strike the rod a ringing blow with a hammer: the position of the needle is unchanged. Reverse the rod, and the point of the needle swings round to it. This is strange! but strike the rod another blow with the hammer: quick as thought the needle whirls its eye to the rod. Reverse the rod, and once more the point of the needle swings to it. Strike it another blow, and the eye again turns to it. Let us see what has happened. The rod in position, as you know, was a temporary magnet. The blow with the hammer violently agitated it and caused it to receive permanent magnetism. When you reversed it, turning what had been its south pole down, it still remained its south pole, and consequently attracted the north end of the needle. When you again struck it—the ends being reversed—you at once destroyed and reversed its magnetism, as the rapid sweep of the needle indicated.

The question naturally arises, Can you, when the iron is permanently magnetized, strike it just enough to destroy its magnetism without reversing its polarity? Try it. First induce permanent magnetism as above directed; then place it as before, with its south pole down. Use the needle as the test of your work. Strike the rod a slight blow. If it be too hard, the needle will reverse, and you will have to make your experiment over again. If it be not hard enough, you will perceive a weakening of its influence, as indicated by the vibrations and partial deflection of the needle. Tap it again lightly. Its hold on the needle weakens. A very light blow, and the needle swings to its meridian line. It has still magnetism, but not enough to overcome the terrestrial attraction of the needle. Tap it again very lightly; bring it to a horizontal position and test it by the needle, and you find its polarity gone.

Let me here answer an objection which naturally arises in connection with the theory that

like poles repel, while unlike poles attract, as applied to the earth's magnetic influence. You ask how it is that the north pole of the needle points to the north magnetic pole of the earth; that the end of the rod which you incline in a northerly direction to the earth receives north polarity? Are not these results antagonistic to the above theory? The answer is found in this: That what is called the terrestrial north magnetic pole exerts exactly the same influence as the south pole of the magnet—is actually of south polarity, and should, perhaps, properly be called the south magnetic pole, and the converse is true of the south pole. It is only the convenience of expression that has created an apparent antagonism where none exists.

You will find of interest experiments which you may make with a strip of hardened steel—a knitting-needle will answer if you have nothing else as handy. Magnetize it by drawing the magnet over it as before instructed. Mark it so as readily to distinguish its north and south ends. Rest it horizontally, and pass and repass your test needle along its entire length without allowing it to touch. You will be interested in observing the movements of the needle. First, its south end to the north pole of the steel; its gradual deflection as you move it along till you reach about the middle of the strip, when it stands parallel with it; then its gradual reversal completed when you reach the opposite end. The needle gauges its attraction; strong at each end, growing weaker as you recede, and neutral in the middle.

Dip the strip in fine iron or steel filings, and they verify the test of the needle; a bunch clings to each end, a few adhere to it some inches from the ends, fewer nearer the middle, while none cling to the middle. But break it at the middle. Are the broken ends neutral? Apply your needle as before, and you find they have strong polarity. You have two perfect magnets. The same tests you used before you apply to each of them with like results. Again divide them, and so continue to do till from the minuteness of the particles further division becomes a physical impossibility, and you have with each division all the properties of a perfect magnet. You may continue the division in imagination without limit, and there is no reason to infer any deviation from the results we have observed.

If you will take another piece of steel—a strip

two or three feet long will afford more satisfactory results than a shorter one—you will find that you may, at will, establish polarity at any number of points throughout the strip. Instead of magnetizing it, as I have before directed, you may apply the magnet at regular or irregular intervals, as suits your fancy, drawing first one pole and then the other, each a few inches along the strip, till you shall have magnetized the whole of it. Both the test of the needle and that of the iron filings will establish the fact that throughout the length of the strip you may impart polarity at will.

You will notice a marked difference between iron and steel in their adaptability to become permanently magnetic. A piece of soft iron receives and loses its magnetism easily. The magnetism of hardened steel is not impaired by time. Yet you will find that intense heat will divest steel of its magnetism.

There is a beautiful experiment which exhibits most perfectly the magnetic lines of force. Take first the horse-shoe magnet, lay it horizontally on the table and place over it a pane of glass or sheet of paper. Sprinkle the glass or paper (through a sieve to insure uniform distribution) with fine iron or steel filings. Observe the lines in which they seek to adjust themselves to the magnet. Lightly tap the glass or paper in order that these minute filings may come into position readily. Is not the result satisfactory? These lines or radiations toward the magnet, which the filings have assumed, indicate the magnetic lines of force, or the direction in which the attraction is exerted. If you will use the test needle you will observe that it coincides with the directions which these lines have taken.

Take next the bar magnet, and your experiment will be no less satisfactory than the last. The magnetic lines indicate strong attraction at the poles and neutrality at the middle of the bar. Apply the needle, and observe that it coincides with the magnetic lines as in the last experiment.

You may vary this by making a cross of magnetic bars, thus illustrating by these visible lines the influence of like and unlike adjacent poles. Between adjacent poles of opposite polarity observe that the lines are continuous, while between those of like polarity they are broken. Thus beautifully and distinctly does the magnet map out before us the pathways of its subtle influence. Apply the needle again, and verify the lines as before.

The map which the magnet makes may be preserved with little trouble. In the preservation of my own, I coated my paper thickly with shellac, which I allowed to harden. Using a frame similar to a slate-frame for convenience in handling, I secured the paper to it by a half-dozen pins. Having then made my experiments as before described, I carefully raised the frame with the paper and placed it over a stove just sufficiently heated to soften the shellac. (If the heat is excessive, the shellac will "blister" and the work will be spoiled). As the shellac softens, the filings settle into and become embedded in it. To insure permanency I afterward applied another coating

of shellac. Ordinarily this might not be necessary.

In this article I have briefly directed attention to a few experiments which may be easily and cheaply performed by almost any one. Their trial will prove most interesting, and will stimulate thought upon a subject which I have only superficially touched. It is by experiment—not through the recorded results of the experiments of others—that you will learn to investigate with enthusiasm. You will find, too, that Nature converses a great deal better than any of her interpreters. "Facts looked at directly, are vital; when they pass into words, half the sap is taken out of them."

LOUIS XIV. AND THE TELESCOPE.

By GUY AINSLEE.

IN 1680, when the French court was at the château of Marly, Louis XIV. was compelled one day to give up a hunting party he had projected, on account of the excessive heat. To compensate for his disappointment, Madame de Maintenon, that famous woman of rare talents and beauty, sent for a fine telescope which belonged to Cassini, the geographer, and the king amused himself for a long time by looking through it at the surrounding country. The instrument was so fine and powerful that he could distinguish the features of peasants ten miles away. Suddenly he turned deadly pale, and after gazing through the glass with intense excitement, dropped it, summoned Count de Guichi, and ordered him to have a horse saddled and to draw out ten files of the cavalry, of which he himself would take command.

A few moments and the king was in the saddle, spurring furiously along the banks of the Seine. On they sped, and ere long they overtook three young men, who were plainly dressed, like country people, with nothing noteworthy about them except that they seemed to be somewhat in a hurry, and a little excited at seeing the squadron of royal cavalry coming up to them. The king ordered a halt, and riding a few steps in advance, addressed the three men on foot: "An hour since you three were at the village of Maisons, and were bathing just beyond it in the Seine?" The three men, with looks of surprise, bowed assent. Then the king, turning toward Count de Guichi, said:

"Arrest these men; see that they are bound securely, and bring them back to Marly." The order was at once obeyed, and the king, followed by the soldiers and prisoners, returned to the quarters whence they had so lately set out. Great was the astonishment caused by the affair. No one of course presumed to question his Majesty. It was rumored that the king had discovered a conspiracy against his life, and had chosen thus to arrest the culprits himself. But this was not the case.

The prisoners proved to be three brothers, Simon, John, and Francis, sons of Bernard Lerchet, of the Rue St. Denis. They had a younger brother named Sebastian Lerchet, their father's son by a second marriage, and his favorite. Jealousy and cupidity inflamed their minds to hatred; they resolved to make way with him, and for the accomplishment of their purpose they took him out into the Seine on pretext of bathing, and there drowned him. The fatal deed was quickly done. Having accomplished it, they swam ashore, dressed themselves, hid their brother's clothes, and were walking along the street in presumed security, when they were suddenly arrested by the King of France. It was the sight of this deed through Cassini's telescope that had blanched the king's cheek and caused the summary action we have described. Confronted by the royal testimony, the three criminals confessed, all were sentenced to be hanged, and were executed at once.

CURRENT TOPICS.

Political Conscience.—To the thoughtful observer of our political life, there is nothing which seems a greater source of solicitude than the growing lack of what may well be termed political conscience. Thoroughly reputable and conscientious men in all their private relations seem, when they pass into the domain of politics, to bid farewell to honor and honesty. Their party, *fas aut nefas*, right or wrong, is their motto; its success, their ruling motive—by fair means if possible, by foul means if necessary. Politics becomes a game with marked cards,—with loaded dice,—with aces for an emergency in the sleeve. To neither party is the trickery, the cheating, the corruption, confined. Not all the good are in one party, and the bad in the other. If this only were the case, how politics would be simplified for the average voter with a head and a conscience!

But this lack of political conscience, of moral perceptions in weighing public acts, is visible not only in the leaders, but also, alas! to a great extent among ordinary people of both parties. Many suspend judgment on political moves made by their own party,—the morality of which, regarded as a simple ethical question, admits of no double view,—when if precisely the same thing had been done by the opposite party they would have been first and loudest in their denunciations. Just the same is true of the partisan press. One picks up his morning paper and is cheered and encouraged with the growing prevalence of sound ethical principles, when he notes with what clear perceptions of moral truth the editor castigates the opposite party and exposes its false positions and puts to rout its sophistical defenses. Ah, we are all stern moralists when it is some one else that is at fault! It takes little to make us "bitter at our neighbors' sins." But how one is depressed the next morning, when he finds the eloquent and cogent moralist of yesterday the sophistical and plausible casuist of to-day! Yesterday it had to do with the sins of the other party. Curse them! To-day it has to do with the sins of our own party. Ah, well, they are not sins, after all. It is the story of Cain and the Fijians.

In the last great political campaign instructive instances of what we have called lack of political conscience were afforded by both parties. The one party fathered the infamous forgery known as the Morey letter, and gave it wide circulation, when, had the leaders been thoroughly conscientious politically, they would have examined most carefully into the history of the document before assuming the responsibility of spreading it broadcast over the land. By many it is believed that the electoral votes of Nevada and California were lost to the other party through the influence of this forgery. No terms of condemnation can be too strong for this. Not because it was a piece of political chicane, not because it was a Democratic manœuvre, but solely and simply because it was wrong.

The other party, through its national committee, uttered a forgery in the shape of an anti-free-trade campaign card,

purporting to be a quotation from a pamphlet issued by the Free-Trade Club of London, which was widely circulated among the uneducated and easily-influenced workingmen of the great cities. Owing to this it is believed by many that thousands of votes were lost to the other party. This to the candid, unpartisan observer seems every way as wicked and pernicious as the action of the other party, though much less has been said about it, and it is far less widely known. No terms of condemnation can be too strong for this. Not because it was a piece of political chicane, not because it was a Republican manœuvre, but simply and solely because it was wrong.

The attitude of individuals and press toward these acts, precisely alike in their moral bearings, is an interesting study. By many the one is condemned, the other passed over in absolute silence or condoned. Almost no one speaks out clearly and boldly with equal condemnation for both. It is pleasant to notice that the *Nation* plants itself upon the ground of abstract right and denounces both acts with equal zeal.

The only true position to take in political matters is the one that we take in our every-day affairs. If a political act is wrong, call it wrong and denounce it, whether it was committed by the Gabriel of our party or the Lucifer of the other.

"That which is wrong is wrong, nor kingly might
Nor angel power can ever make wrong right."

If a political act be wise and good and beneficent, applaud it, uphold it, whether it was initiated by "the good men" of our political faith—for to our purblind sight "the good" are always in *our* party—or by "the bad men" who, to our prejudiced imagination, still sit in outer darkness.

Something About our Cities.—Of cities great and small, our country has an enormously large number. Indeed, in some of the more recently settled portions of the Republic, where the stumps of the forest still stand in the clearings, and the railways are pushing their tortuous and uncomfortable course forward into the primeval woods, there is hardly a cross-roads with its tavern and smithy, or post-office or mill-site or railway station, that is not this, that, or some other high-sounding city. One longs for the sight of a town, a village, a hamlet. Far in the distance he sees a white spire outlined against the sky. As he draws near, a cluster of little houses and a shop or two become distinct. Here at last is a village. He makes for the inn. The signs of the shops come in sight. His last hope is gone. He reads over a seven-by-nine shanty, "City Grocery"; and the inn he sought is no inn; over its pretentious portal he sees "Crescent City House."

There are cities and cities; and without emulating in any degree the sanguine imaginations of Western corner-lot speculators, we may be permitted to feel just pride in the

magnificent showing which the recent census makes us. Within our borders there are at present two hundred and forty-five cities of over ten thousand people, and of this number twenty have population in excess of one hundred thousand (twenty years ago there were only nine such), while our New York ranks as the third city of the Western or Caucasian race—the race to whom the “world and the fullness thereof” are destined to belong. This rapid growth of cities throughout our country is one of the astounding marvels of the age. One’s breath is fairly taken away when one compares our great cities to what they were a generation ago. Within the memory of men not yet beyond middle age, some of the vast cities of the West have grown from nothingness to their present gigantic proportions. What tremendous epics in brick and stone are these of the energy and the spirit of our out-reaching and all-subduing civilization!

In this grand roll-call of cities every State is represented by at least one, with the exception of Oregon and Florida, while Utah contributes one and the District of Columbia two. Delaware, West Virginia, North Carolina, Mississippi, Arkansas, Nebraska, and Colorado have each only one. Vermont, South Carolina, Alabama, Louisiana, and Colorado two. New York, the Empire State, in fact as well as name, leads the list with thirty-nine—not Articles—but cities. This number is best appreciated when one notices that it is two more than the entire number of cities in the Southern and Southwestern States combined. Massachusetts comes next with thirty-one, then, Pennsylvania with eighteen. In the New England and Middle States there are one hundred and twenty-seven, or more than half of the entire number.

In a few instances the same name occurs in more than one State. The younger Burlington, in Iowa, has far outstripped the older in Vermont. Lincoln, Neb., is a well-known city; but how many people have heard of Lincoln, R. I., a city which surpasses the former by several hundred? Newport, R. I., yields in population to Newport, Ky., but it no doubt prides itself in making up in quality for any deficiency in quantity. Portsmouth, O., and Portsmouth, Va., are neck and neck. Quincy, Ill., has left the Massachusetts Quincy clear out of the race. But Springfield, Mass., still leads her younger rivals of Ohio and Illinois by many thousands, and Wilmington, Delaware’s only city, is more than double North Carolina’s Wilmington, likewise her only town.

Every letter in the alphabet except X is represented in the initials of the names of the cities. I only once, in Indianapolis, U in Utica, and Z in Zanesville.

In reading the list, we have been struck with the number of comparatively obscure towns. One rather expects to have heard, some time or other, about any town in his country which has entered the second decade of thousands. But we confess to have found in the list many names of towns, and near by too, of which we had never even heard mention. Suburban towns especially spring up suddenly and quietly, reach their thousands, and go on living their quiet unobtrusive life, and the world, except by accident, never hears of them, while some obstreperous mushroom town of the West, not half their size, is bragging you deaf about its wonderful growth and incalculable importance.

The first twenty cities in their order are as follows:—

New York.....	1,206,590	Cleveland.....	160,142
Philadelphia.....	846,984	Pittsburg.....	156,381
Brooklyn.....	566,689	Buffalo.....	155,137
Chicago.....	503,304	Washington.....	147,307
Boston.....	362,535	Newark.....	136,400
St. Louis.....	350,522	Louisville.....	123,645
Baltimore.....	332,190	Jersey City.....	120,728
Cincinnati.....	255,708	Detroit.....	116,342
San Francisco.....	233,956	Milwaukee.....	115,578
New Orleans.....	216,140	Providence.....	104,850

The Outgoing Administration.—With the Fourth of March a new Olympiad in our national history begins. Without attempting any elaborate review of the outgoing administration, a few simple reflections may not be amiss.

The long period of feverish uncertainty which followed the election, the extraordinary machinery which was at last devised to decide the vexed question, the strictly partisan way in which the question was decided, whether rightly or wrongly, is of no kind of consequence to the point now urging, the belief of more than half the people that the decision was unjust—all these facts contributed to make the presidency a peculiarly trying and difficult position for the new incumbent. He was put upon his good behavior as no other President ever was. As one recalls the general course of Mr. Hayes’s administration, if one rises above the claims of party or clique in considering it, we think that one must admit that Mr. Hayes has, upon the whole, filled the presidential chair with honor to himself and credit to the country. He has not been an ideal President, of course. His most enthusiastic admirers, we presume, never thought of him as a hero or as a really great man. Political conventions seldom secure a great statesman, when they nominate a man as Mr. Hayes was nominated.

The administration has been, for the most part, a clean and pure one. The White House has not been redolent of jobs and schemes. No such man as Babcock, for example, has brought the odor of “crooked” whisky within its walls. And no one has heard of such a man as Boss Shepherd being a frequent guest. Indeed, perhaps there has been almost too puritanic strictness in some parts of the White House. People and press abroad have laughed and scouted a good deal at Mrs. Hayes’s ultra temperance principles and practice. But most of us believe, after all, that this is a fault (if fault it be) in the right direction. Indeed, we have no doubt that upon this single question a multitude of people would sincerely echo that famous interrogatory of Mr. Stanley Matthews, utterly senseless as he used it, “What do we care for ‘abroad’?”

Mr. Hayes has succeeded in preserving his substantial independence of the great ring-masters. To the impartial mind, to the mind that hopes for better things in our politics, it is a good sign when the President keeps clear of the Conklings, the Camerons, the Logans, and the Blaines. Against such men Mr. Hayes has maintained a nearly successful stand. It must be admitted that he has not accomplished as much for civil-service reform as the friends of this righteous movement had hoped. If he had only had the strength to carry out the admirable principles he laid down, all right-minded persons would feel a thrill of gratitude in thinking of his work. One cannot say that civil-service reform utterly broke down with him, but it gained little, if any, new

strength. It was one of the most prominent issues in the platform upon which he was elected. In the last platform of his party it was with extreme difficulty that room was found for even a shaky plank upon that subject.

The appointments of Mr. Hayes, albeit excessive favor has been shown to his native State, so that, in colloquial phrase, Ohio man and Federal officer are nearly convertible terms, have been, in the main, unexceptionable, and there has been a decided elevation of the tone of the public service.

Neither should it be forgotten that it was during this administration, and largely, at any rate, through the influence of one of its Cabinet officers, that the resumption of specie payments became an accomplished fact, and that the credit of the United States became as good as that of any country in the world. The administration gained no glory, of course, from whatever share it took in the silver craze. But the disease was so widespread, so pervasive and insinuating, that it is not to be wondered at that sensible and honest men submitted to the hallucination. Our finances cannot be in a safe condition as long as the disparity in real value exists between the gold and the silver dollar.

The general policy pursued toward the Indians, with whom, we must admit with shame, our government has been in the seeming habit of making covenants only to break them, has been wise, progressive, and humane. In the case of the Poncas, however, if we understand the matter aright, signal injustice has been done. It should be the constant aim of the government to bring the aborigines under the best influences of civilization, and to make them amenable to the common laws of the country.

"The surest plan to make a man
Is think him so."

And this has evidently been the principle upon which Mr. Schurz, one of the purest, most conscientious men in the public service, has formed his policy. If he erred in his treatment of the Poncas, as we think he did, we believe that it was an honest error of judgment, and we have no sympathy whatever with men or papers that have been steadily impugning his motives.

Perhaps the most striking service that the administration has rendered the country is the complete change of attitude on the part of the central government toward the Southern States. The policy of interference in the State governments of the South, of military tutelage and surveillance, Mr. Hayes, much to his credit, early perceived was fraught with confusion and danger to our institutions, and resolutely determined to withhold the arm of the military and leave the Southern commonwealths to work out their own salvation. Whatever one may think of Southern society and Southern methods, it seems to us the candid observer must find abundant and conclusive reasons for acknowledging the wisdom of Mr. Hayes in this respect. Until the theory of our union of States is fundamentally changed, every State, North and South, East and West, must be left to regulate its internal affairs and carry on its local government as seems best (subject to the Constitution of the United States, of course) to itself. The people of the entire country were sick and tired of hearing about the requisition of troops by this or that upstart Southern governor. It was felt that a change of some sort must be brought about. Mr. Hayes simply with-

drew the props by which the central government had been bolstering up certain Southern States, and if we may judge by the newspaper accounts of Southern life, there has been from that time a constant increase of prosperity and a wider prevalence of peace and quietness than under the old regime. We of the North are often impatient, because we fail to recognize in the South the same high regard for the dignity of law and the sanctity of human life which prevails in the higher latitudes. But we forget that the South is passing through a transition period in its history, is emerging from a sort of mediæval, feudal life into the freer, fuller, more sensible and satisfying life of the nineteenth century. Large charity, the charity that "hopeth all things," and trustful patience, should characterize us in thinking of the South.

All things considered, therefore, we may say that Mr. Hayes has done as well as, or even better, than we had a right to expect. It is an extremely dangerous experiment to elevate to the highest office in a great country such as the United States have become, a man of only ordinary capacity and intelligence, comparatively unknown and untried. It is a source of congratulation to the country to get out of it as well as we have.

Post-Office Savings Banks.—It is well known that the British post-office has had for many years a savings bank business connected with it, and has conducted it in an eminently successful and satisfactory manner. Recently a new feature was added. In five counties the experiment was tried of receiving postage-stamps on deposit. This was found to work so successfully that it was soon extended to the entire kingdom. Within the first month nearly sixty thousand new accounts were opened, and Mr. Fawcett, the very efficient Postmaster-General, estimates that there will be fully a half million new depositors within the first year. If a Briton has money to save and the will to save it, no matter how small the amount may be, the easy opportunity is now afforded him of putting it in a safe place. One can readily imagine that many of the pence and half-pence that hitherto have passed over the counter of the public-house into the till of the rum-seller, will henceforth be laid up against that rainy day which may come in the life of any man.

It is a matter of profound regret that our government does not offer the same inducement and facilities to our people to make little savings. Only in cities or villages of larger size do savings banks exist, and these, as well as other banks which also receive deposits, have been so often recklessly managed and people have so frequently lost by them, that even where they do exist they are not regarded with that perfect trust which is essential to their widest usefulness. In small and out-of-the-way places, people have absolutely no place to secure their little savings; and it is a notorious fact that one spends much more when he keeps his money by him than when he has put it out of his own keeping.

It would seem as if the government could hardly adopt any measure which would have a wider-reaching influence for good than to make every post-office in the land a bank of deposit for small sums, allowing to the depositor a low rate of interest, till such time as he should have accumulated enough to purchase the smallest denomination of bonds, when the deposit should be so converted.

With the beginning of the new year yet another bank feature was added to the British post-office. That is, the issuing for a trivial fee what is to all intents and purposes a check. This is for sums for one shilling up to twenty. The greatest facilities are thus afforded people for transmitting small amounts. This instrument is negotiable, but it must be presented to the office specified for payment within three months of the day of its issue. Something of this sort should be added to our post-office too. Some way of sending small sums cheaply and safely is an urgent need which all classes of the community have long felt.

The South American War.—The war that has been waging in a more or less desultory manner for two years between Chili and Peru was brought to a practical close by the recent downfall of Lima. There has been no war in recent times which has aroused so little human interest and sympathy. There was no great principle at stake, no important question to be settled. Naval science learned something perhaps from the famous capture of the Peruvian ironclad, Huascar, and from the torpedo practice; and people have been filled with wonder and pity at the sight of women contributing their jewels for so unworthy a cause.

The whole matter of dispute was a narrow strip of desert lying between the twenty-third and twenty-fourth parallels, south latitude, in which are situated rich mineral deposits, especially of nitrate of soda. This district at the time Bolivia gained independence was claimed by both Chili and Bolivia, but it was considered almost valueless then, and a compromise was effected such that Bolivia acted as collector for the province, but half the revenue was paid to Chili. Some years ago, however, the mineral wealth was discovered, and Chilean enterprise, assisted by English capital, began to develop it. Peru, it is said, had long been striving to create a monopoly in nitrate of soda, and she strove to get possession of these mines. Her correspondence with Chili proving unsuccessful, a secret treaty was made with Bolivia, whereupon the latter claimed the right to tax the exports of the mines. The miners resisted. Bolivia sent troops and collected the tax by force. The Chilean miners appealed to their home government. Chili at once sent troops and drove the Bolivians out of the seaport and the chief mining town. Bolivia and Peru were incensed and raised an allied army. But before this could be set in motion, Chili had already begun the blockade of the Peruvian coast. It is hinted that English commercial influence had much to do in impelling the Chileans to take up arms. If so, the *Spectator's* recent sermon to us about our duty in preventing the war has a curious sound.

The progress of the war was slow, of varying success. The chief events were naval. The Chileans were usually successful on land. The Peruvian ship Huascar ravaged the coast of Chili for a time, but was finally captured by the Chilean navy in October, 1879, and since then the Chileans have been steadily successful. Peru is now at their mercy. They can dictate what terms they please and Peru must perforce accept. Bolivia is too feeble to be noticed. However hard the demands of Chili may be, Peru may congratulate herself in getting the enemy out of her borders.

Whichever party had the more right on its side—the

idea of a war, anyway, about a guano-bed!—the sympathy of Americans is more with the Chileans, "the Yankees of South America," as they are called. The Peruvians refused even to consider the terms of peace which were gained through our intervention, and the war has shown clearly and conclusively that for pluck, energy, force of character, strength of purpose, perseverance,—all the qualities that make for progress and civilization,—the Chileans are incomparably superior to their feeble, enervated neighbors. What use will Chili make of the knowledge of her strength she has obtained? To what causes can be assigned her superior qualities? She is of the same race and religion as her effete neighbors. Climatic influence must account for them in part, while the greater maritime advantages must be one of the prime causes.

The most striking thing about the whole affair is the absurdly insufficient cause for a war—the quarrel of neighbors over the line-fence elevated to be an international question! It is a pitiable piece of business from beginning to end. Without loss of life or treasure, the whole matter could have been settled simply, sensibly, easily, and with perfect justice by arbitration. War is a luxury that the petty South American States cannot afford to indulge in. They at once appear ridiculous when they don the habiliments of war. For the clear showing the war has made to the world and the Chileans themselves of the immense moral superiority of the more southern republic, the spirit of progress may be quickened along the entire western coast of South America; and the war, for all its triviality, may afford confirmation of the Yankee candidate's peculiar views on the war question:

"Not but wut abstract war is horrid,—
I sign to thet with all my heart,—
But civlyzation *does* git forrid
Sometimes upon a powder-cart."

The Death-Rate in Great Cities.—Statistics compiled by the National Board of Health, for the year ending October 31, 1880, afford us the means of comparing the health conditions of many of the great cities of Europe and America. By these it appears that of the cities given, Chicago has the lowest death-rate, it being 17.9 to each thousand persons. Philadelphia comes next with 18.3, and strangely enough, St. Louis next, with 18.8. The death-rate of London 21, and Glasgow 21.9, is less than that of New York, while the latter, 23.4, is less than that of Paris, 24, or that of Berlin, 29.3, or than that of Dublin, which is 32.9, and has the unenviable distinction of being the highest in the list. In our own country, as might be expected, New Orleans has the highest death-rate, 27.7, the same as that of Lyons.

One is not surprised at the condition of things in Dublin. Some way one does not associate provident and cleanly ideas with Irish character and administration. But that scientific Berlin should crowd so closely upon the heels of the Irish capital is a matter of great astonishment. It is to be regretted that the statistics of more of the South European cities are not at hand. It is a source of chagrin that the death-rate of London should be lower than that of New York. But on the whole the statistics present a very favorable showing for the sanitary condition of our great cities.

TABLE-TALK.

Aristocraticizing of Family Names.—A writer in a recent number of the "Atlantic Monthly" calls attention to the common mispronunciation by Americans of the Irish agitator's name. One hears it generally spoken *Parnell*, with a strong accent upon the final syllable, while in fact the accent should be upon the first. The writer then generalizes and notes it as an American tendency to accent family names ending in *ell* upon this unimportant termination. Other names than those in *ell* show to a limited degree this same tendency.

This has long been a matter of observation and curiosity with me. It is all the more remarkable inasmuch as the prevailing tendency of the language is toward recessive accents. Multitudes of words, whose true accent is on the final syllable, one hears people constantly uttering with misplaced accent. From fairly well educated people I have heard *recess* and *police*, *romance* and *finance*, *research* and *resource*, and even *Detroit*, none of which has any show of authority. With the current so strong, then, in the other direction, it seems exceedingly strange that with family names any different practice should obtain. The writer above referred to gives several instances of names so mispronounced, but does not theorize upon the phenomenon. He mentions *Brownell* (in my experience with this name, however, it preserved its proper accent), *Bedell*, *Cornell*, *Hubbell* (this name also I have met with unperverted), *Liddell*, *Waddell*, and *Littell*. To this list might be added *Ardell*, *Chedell*, *Slidell*, and famous Mrs. *Bardell*, and no doubt the list might be greatly extended. *Lowell*, *Crowell*, *Howell*, *Powell*, and many others have preserved their integrity. The same writer notices also that the same tendency to false accentuation comes out in other proper names, as among others *Barnard* and *Evarts*, both of which I, too, have heard; also General *Steuben*. The people of *Steubenville*, Ohio, I think still preserve the proper accent of this word; but in *Steuben County*, N. Y., the accent upon the last syllable is like a hammer-stroke. The old Baron, who pronounced his own name most likely *Stoib'n*, with strong tendency to an *i* sound of the *oi*, would never have suspected that he was being honored in the name *Steuben* had he simply heard it. I have heard the Brooklyn preacher called *Talmage*, and not long ago I heard a learned professor convert honest, homely Cooder into finicky, fine Coodère!

But is there no way of accounting for this perversion of good, honest Saxon names? I have spent much thought in endeavoring to arrive at a satisfactory theory. As the outcome of my lucubrations, I am inclined to think that it arises from a vulgar striving after what I have called the aristocraticizing of family names,—a sufficiently appalling result certainly to deter timid people from rashly theorizing upon the subject. An instance or so in point:

I once knew a family named *Ardell*. When I first knew them, or rather knew about them, they were plain simple folk of the "lower middle" class, whatever that may be in our country, and their name was always simply and sensibly

pronounced with the accent upon the first syllable. As time went by, and there were young people in the family, and business began to "look up," and it seemed desirable to try and "be somebody," insensibly as the winds veer, their name began to change, till soon good honest *Ardell* was never heard, but gentle *Ardell* was on everybody's lips.

Another instance: There was a family named *Burdell* living in humble circumstances in an obscure country village. Suddenly a fortune came to them. They at once removed to New York, set up an establishment, and introduced themselves to the world as the *Burdells*. But this change of accent is seen in many other family names besides those in *ell*, those in *et* perhaps coming next in point of frequency. So plain *Gillet* and *Genet* become, with change of spelling usually, *Gillette* and *Genette*, *Millard* becomes *Millard*, *Perrin* is changed to *Perrine*.

But quite as amusing a case as I have known is one that a friend calls to my attention. Of the *Suydam* family, the commonplace, respectable, unambitious branch pronounce their name *Swtdam*, while their brethren who make pretensions to "tone" and aristocracy and all that, take the strength out of their family name by perverting it into the almost profane *Sidam*. This accent upon the final syllable sounds French, you see, and French is foreign, and foreign is fine, and fine is what we want our names to be. That is the crude, unthought-out reasoning or feeling, I suspect, for this forward-throwing of the accent. It makes the name noticeable, distinguished, as they think, by the foreign flavor it imparts.

Your ordinary man, moreover, finds it difficult to associate a great or a famous man with a common name. He seeks to give some distinction to the name as well as to the individual. This leads him to such false pronunciations as *Evarts* and *Talmage*.

But in many other ways than by tampering with the accent do would-be aristocrats seek to add tone to their names. The simplest way is the addition of a harmless little *e* to the family name. But how much more imposing and gentle *Browne* and *Greene* and *Clarke* look than their humbler relatives of the same pronunciation! One has no hesitation in saying, "How are you, Brown?" But who would venture on such familiarity with the dignified Mr. *Browne*? And what new responsibility that little letter adds to *Coxe* and *Osborne*. Oftentimes only one member of a family makes a change in the common name. Bishop *Coxe* is the aristocrat of his family. Of two brothers, one keeps the old name *Woolly*; the other, perhaps in the anti-slavery days, escaped the suggestion of African sympathies by writing his name *Walley*.

Those who have inherited such names as *Jones* and *Smith* have the severest trial, and need our warmest sympathy. Now and then an adventurous *Smith* replaces the *i* with *y* and adds an *e*, and asks us to call him *Smythe*. But what can a *Jones* do?

Now and then a name is improved by putting it in foreign dress, by skillfully adding a French accent, or by prefixing an aristocratic *De* or *La*.

With what feelings of mingled wonder and contempt you are filled when plain Henry Mills, whom you have known all your life for a good fellow, suddenly gets money, sets up in a brown-stone front, and blazons his door-plate with *Henri de Mille*!

It is a vulgar vogue, this tinkering of names, and founded on false conceptions. It is the man ennoble the name, and not the name the man.

DUDLEY DIGGES, ESQ.

Wine at the White House.—We guess not. But then it is a theme animating any number of speculative "Table-Talkers" in this teething period of the new administration. An ably forgotten sage by the name of Parton—it seems as if his Christian name was James—used to chant the querying song, "Will the coming man drink wine?" How much more pertinent to the present exchange of national housekeepers to inquire, "Will the coming woman give him wine?"

For surely the four-year-old fashion whereby *Mrs.* President has converted the wine-vault into a convenient place for pickles and preserves, will not now be treated as a ridiculous notion, like the bonnet and night-cap your grandmother wore. For hosts of sensible people have rather set their seal of approval on this national preserve-cupboard as a feature of the White House well worth preserving. Only see how almost all persons that talk, especially the mothers who are always worrying lest their boys come home drowned in a wine-glass, assert their hearty liking for the going woman who has declined to pour libations to Bacchus! And haven't the people of the country passed the contribution-box and got three thousand dollars to paint a great picture of our new Cup-bearer to statesmen? And will they not hang it on a White House wall as a joy forever among great men thirsty? Well, now, isn't this inspiration enough to any coming lady-umpire of supplies for the banquet-board to "go and do likewise"?

But a newspaper,—one of those "enterprising" day-dreamers,—the same that carved "the heart" of Africa, spread a luncheon for Ireland, and has sent its "boys" after the North Pole for a printer's "stick," having large credit, has now "borrowed trouble" for the whole country. It has got the notion into its paper head that *Mr. G.*, not *Mrs. G.*, is to set table at the White House, and that political pressure is putting its soiled foot on his conscience to make a dent large enough to hold a bottle of wine.

But think what a clamor such "wire-pulling" at the neck of the bottle would arouse! Hardly could the death of this our James V. make more good people "sick." From the many soundings we have taken, we think the heart of the coming man is in the right place. Why, he stands for the Western Reserve! And the Western Reserve is the crown of the Crusade State! He will not deny the Ohio idea in this respect, we are sure. We believe that he will agree with the moral and religious sentiment of the country that the White House cannot afford again to wine its guests, or it will cease to represent the progress of the nation.

Now, don't accuse us of talking politics at the table. This is purely a moral loaf. And, if politics will keep its fingers off, the loaf will keep sweet and clean, and that immoral old cat called "Tom" and his brother "Jerry" will not get their claws into it.

J. C. A.

The Photophone.—When, in 1878, Professor Graham Bell, the discoverer of the telephone, in a lecture before the Royal Institution vaguely announced the "possibility of hearing a shadow fall upon a piece of selenium," few thought of his words as anything more than the hopeful conjecture of an enthusiastic scientist and successful discoverer. But within the last few months the distinguished professor has succeeded in putting this into practical execution. We are told now that conversation may be sent flying through space upon the trembling pinions of a beam of light. Nay, it is asserted that it will not be long before we shall be able to hear the wild clash and roar of elements as they dash together in the gigantic cyclones of the sun, whose distant fury we can dimly descry by the present astronomical apparatus. Think of listening to the tempests that sweep across the surface of the sun! Nay, who knows but that the tremulous light waves, as they come mingling from planet and star, shall yet make known to us the mystic music of the spheres of which poet and philosopher have dreamed—shall fill our rapt ears with the song of the morning stars of which the inspired Hebrew wrote? Science, so long condemned and flouted for a materialistic and groveling Caliban, we must think of no longer in this wise, but rather as an ethereal spirit, the delicate and dainty Ariel, that in its new and marvelous insight into the workings of the wonderful laws by which the universe goes on, can outstrip the wildest flights of the poetic imagination,

—"be 't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curled clouds."

The account of the structure of this marvel of human discovery we give for the most part in the words of the *Spectator*:

One of the elementary bodies, named selenium, and allied to sulphur, is known to undergo certain changes in its molecular structure when light falls upon it. These changes cause the very high resistance it offers to the passage of an electric current to vary slightly, and this curious effect, hitherto believed to be unique, has lately been the subject of investigation by various physicists. It occurred to several that this substance might be employed as a sort of telephone, a beam of light being used to replace the conducting wires of the usual forms of these instruments. Professor Bell, to whom, among others, this idea occurred, has had the good fortune to throw that thought into practical shape.

A mirror, from which is reflected a powerful beam of light, may be caused to vibrate by means of the voice. These vibrations toss the beam of light slightly to and fro, and this vibrating beam falls upon a selenium receiver, through which an electric current is passing, thereby creating slight variations in the resistances the current encounters. These tiny variations in electric resistance can be

detected and rendered audible by that wonderfully sensitive little instrument, the Bell telephone.

In the articulating photophone a beam of light, derived either from an artificial source or from the sun, is thrown by a mirror on to the transmitter, which is a small disc of silvered glass, with a tube and mouthpiece attached. The beam of light reflected from the transmitter is focused as nearly as possible upon the distant receiver. When, therefore, words are spoken into the mouthpiece the disc becomes agitated, alters slightly in shape, and, therefore, in its focal length, and thus affects the receiving-station by throwing upon it a greater or less amount of light, according as the beam is in or out of focus. If absolutely accurate judgment were possible, and all disturbing elements could be eliminated, the varying amount of illumination received at the distant end would wholly depend upon the variations in sound at the transmitting end, and an exact reproduction of the original sounds would be obtained. This we cannot expect yet, but the results already obtained lead one to hope that in time even this may be achieved.

The receiver of the photophone, as at present arranged, consists of a large concave mirror, which reflects and focuses the light upon a selenium cell; this is connected with a battery, and a couple of ordinary telephones are included in the circuit. The selenium cell is very ingeniously adapted by Professor Bell to its purpose. It consists of alternate discs of brass and mica, the edges of which are coated with selenium, pared to make it as thin as possible, while yet exposing a sufficiently large surface to the action of the light. Any increase of light, falling upon this selenium cell lessens its electric resistance; hence the vibrations of the mirror (caused by the words spoken into the mouthpiece by the transmitter), altering somewhat the amount of light received upon the cell, reproduce themselves audibly by means of the greater or less amount of electricity thereby transmitted

through the telephone. Both transmitter and receiver must, of course, be so supported as to be free to move, according to the direction in which the beam has to be sent or received.

There are many difficulties in the practical working of this little instrument, but though entirely satisfactory results have not yet been obtained, the principle is beyond dispute that sound and light can act upon one another in the manner described. Articulate speech has been transmitted by means of the telephone to a distance of two hundred and thirty yards, the voice being heard sometimes almost as loudly as in talking through an ordinary photophone, though the sound varies in intensity in an unaccountable manner.

In experimenting with this instrument, Professor Bell has found that curious molecular changes take place not only in selenium, but also in thin surfaces of almost any substance; so that they respond by audible vibrations to the action of an intermittent beam of light. There is a great difference, however, in the sensitiveness of different substances. Upon this discovery, Professor Bell has constructed a simple form of photophone for transmitting musical tones. It is more commonly believed now, however, that these molecular changes in different substances are due rather to heat than light. Whether, however, it be heat or light which is the original source of these vibrations, the wonder is equally great; for, if it be heat, the molecules composing the substances must be cooled and heated with sufficient rapidity to respond to vibrations, of which there may be hundreds in a second. Science is every day showing us that we are only beginning to discern the subtler potencies of matter and energy, and we find that the goal of to-day becomes the starting-point of to-morrow, and that a barrier is no sooner reached than it becomes the gateway to new and wider views of truth.

LITERATURE AND ART.

Egypt. By MRS. CLARA ERSKINE CLEMENT. *Lothrop's Library of Entertaining History.* Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

It is not strange that the story of this country and its people should be so fascinating. The Egyptians were polished, cultivated, and warlike. Their cities were centres of wealth and civilization, and from the most distant countries came scholars and travelers to learn wisdom under Egyptian masters, and study the arts, sciences, and governmental policy of the country. Many are the customs, both social and religious, that have come down to us from this ancient people, and their history must ever prove a source of deep interest and attraction to Biblical scholars. There is, however, an aversion to the reading of dry historical details on the part of many readers; and to overcome this feeling, Mrs. Clement has adopted a style, which, while it does not destroy the character of the real historical narrative, so envelops it in elements of the mysterious as to attract even readers who do not care for historical reading in general.

She has skillfully condensed the vast amount of material at her command, and given us what we can best express as *multum in parvo*, "much in a little."

Rural School Architecture. *With Illustrations.* Washington, D. C.: Bureau of Education.

A concise yet complete treatise on the proper construction, heating, and ventilation of school buildings has been a desideratum. Works of this character written in other countries have been found quite unsuitable here, and the same objection applies for the South and West to most works written in the Eastern States. The efficient ventilation of school buildings is also a matter not well understood by the majority of builders, and certainly is not provided for in most buildings now erected for school purposes.

That he might secure an article of such a character and one that should be specially serviceable in the construction of school-houses in rural districts and small villages in every part of the country, and that should include the latest and

best information not only about the construction and ventilation of school buildings, but also as to their decoration, Commissioner Eaton, of the Bureau of Education, called upon Mr. T. M. Clark, the well-known architect, of Boston. Mr. Clark has very kindly responded to this call, and we have before us, through the courtesy of the commissioner, a copy of the article in question, in pamphlet form. The document has appended also a brief selection from "School-Houses and Cottages for the People of the South," by C. Thurston Chase, respecting the construction of log school-houses.

Mr. Clark has very intelligently treated the subject from every point of view, and given the public what must prove of incalculable value on a heretofore much neglected matter. The aim of his paper is not so much, however, to lay down rules to be inconsiderately followed, as to give principles and directions suggestive of the best plans to adopt under a variety of circumstances. The plans and specifications, with estimates of cost accompanying them, are also a highly valuable feature of the treatise, and will prove of great service to school directors.

We are also under obligations to the Commissioner of the Bureau of Education for a copy of the statement of Prof. Henry W. Hurlbert, late of Middlebury College, England, on the subject of English rural schools. It is based on personal observation, on conversations with those best informed on the subject in different localities, and on official reports.

The Complete Dramatic and Poetical Works of William Shakspeare. *With notes and comments upon the several plays by the most eminent English and German Critics. Prefaced by a Life of the Poet, his Last Will and Testament, and some new facts concerning his life.* By J. PAYNE COLLIER, F.S.A. Royal octavo. Eight volumes in four. Illustrated with 37 beautiful Steel Plates. Philadelphia: John E. Potter & Co.

These publishers have just issued their royal edition of the great English dramatist in a style and form at once convenient and attractive. Among the many editions published of these works, this is destined to take high rank. Indeed, it possesses such distinguishing qualities, both as to arrangement of text and character of type, that many will accord it a most decided preference over any other edition. It is well printed on a toned and laid paper, and, what proves to our mind its most meritorious feature, in a large, clear, bold type—the type, it is said, being larger than any ever used in any other edition of the immortal poet. The pages contain but a single column, thus allowing a wide margin and ample display for the printed matter, while the notes and comments are placed at the bottom, thereby greatly facilitating reference to them.

We observe another feature also worthy of mention, which this edition possesses, and that is the copious criticisms which are given from the most eminent English and German scholars upon the several plays. They appear to have been selected with much care and excellent good judgment, and in this respect will prove a most valuable auxiliary to every student of Shakspeare. The illustrations are fine examples of the engraver's art, and handsomely adorn this edition, royal in character as well as in name. Its price is such, too, as

will allow of its entrance into even the smallest library of the land.

Crosby's Everybody's Lawyer and Book of Forms.

A complete guide in all Law and Business Transactions and Negotiations for every State in the Union. Thoroughly revised to date. By A. G. FEATHER, ESQ., Counselor-at-law. Philadelphia: John E. Potter & Co.

An enlarged and thoroughly revised edition of this widely popular work, to meet the demand created by reason of the material changes wrought in our general government, and in the statutes of the various States regulating the business and social relations of life, in which not only all the features which have made the work so immensely popular have been preserved, but many very important additions have been introduced which considerably enhance its value. Many of the improvements made under the present revision are special features, and fully adapted to the requirements of the times.

The simplicity of its instructions, the comprehensiveness of its subjects, the accuracy of its details, the facilities afforded in its perfect arrangement, and the conciseness and attractiveness of its style, as well as its low price, make it the most desirable of legal hand-books. In short, there is no class of the community, male or female, who have, or expect to have, any property, or who have any rights or privileges which require protection, who will not be greatly benefited by the possession of such a work. It will save them trouble, save them time, save them litigation and lawyers' fees, and give them information that no one can afford to be without.

The reputation which it has established for itself throughout the States thoroughly attests the superior merits which it possesses, and should readily convince everybody of its great utility and value. As a book of forms it has obtained a high position, receiving the unqualified approval of eminent jurists and legal critics, which of itself should be a sufficient guarantee of the excellence and value of a new edition in a revised and enlarged form.

We are in receipt of a copy of the "Public Ledger Almanac" for 1881, with the compliments of the distinguished editor, George W. Childs, Esq., and are pleased to note its very handsome and attractive appearance. Of its intrinsic value as a work of ready reference we need hardly speak, as its past reputation is too well known and appreciated by the general public. It is beautifully printed, has an illuminated outside, and is handsomely gilt-edged. The same generous spirit which influences Mr. Childs in all his charitable enterprises, likewise actuates him in the publication of this valuable work. It is furnished gratuitously to every subscriber of his most excellent paper, and no copies are sold.

All the way from Osceola, Mo., comes a little brochure to us giving specimen translations from Plotinus, a philosopher of note in the third century of the Christian era. The author, Mr. Thomas M. Johnson, editor of the *Platonist*, we believe, proposes, as soon as he shall be able to finish it, to give to the world a complete English version of his chosen sage, being "satisfied," as he turgidly expresses it, "that one of the greatest boons which can be conferred on this and

future generations is an English translation of Plotinus, undoubtedly one of the profoundest philosophers that ever energized within the World of Sense." This tendency to magniloquence appears everywhere, prettily enough when it leads him to select Wordsworth's fine line,

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting,"

as a motto; with more questionable taste when he dedicates his work to A. Bronson Alcott as "one of the brightest of 'Heaven's exiles straying from the orb of light;'" and in an intolerably offensive manner when it induces him to pen a sentence like the following: "In 1758 there descended into this sensible sphere a divine soul whose worldly name was Thomas Taylor."

The author should remember that he is writing for men of the nineteenth century, and that they require simple and lucid diction. Let him get down from his stilts and walk upon the common level, if he expects to influence his fellows. The time has gone by, if it ever was, for such "spiritual, anagogic, and intuitional" rhetoric, to use a string of his epithets.

We cannot help feeling considerable interest, however, in the work Mr. Johnson has undertaken. Any effort to lead men back to the fountains pure and undefiled of the ideal philosophy of the Greeks deserves our heartiest encouragement in this age when the influences toward a materialistic philosophy are so numerous and powerful. Something may be accomplished in this direction—though little as compared with the sanguine expectations of the translator—by making Plotinus, the "resuscitated Plato," accessible to English readers. But, in order for him to attract readers, the translator must bear in mind that he must put the crabbed, obscure Greek of the third century into English, such as a modern English-writing philosopher treating of the same theme would use. The only enduring theory of translating the classical authors for general readers is that which obtains in translating from the modern tongues into English, viz., to give in clear, crisp English idiom the thoughts of the author translated. Here it is that we fear Mr. Johnson will fail. His "specimen" translations do not encourage us to hope for what we have explained as desirable. He is too literal, and at the same time shows too great a liking for unusual, technical, bombastic expressions, when simple, straightforward ones lay right at hand, and also for the use of polysyllabic words of Latin origin when short, terse Saxon terms are easily suggested. It is to be hoped that Mr. Johnson will see fit to change his style before he publishes the completed translation.

We have received from the author, or rather editor, though we presume it is one and the same person, a little pamphlet, entitled *Critical Dialogue between Abou and Cabou on a New Book; or, a Grandissime Ascension*. Edited by E. Junius, Mingo City. Great Publishing House of Sam Slick Allspice, 12 Veracity street. We are not sure but that we are giving more attention to it than it deserves, even by mentioning it. We do so only because of its peculiar character and of the opportunity thus afforded us of making some general observations. The pamphlet calls itself a "critical dialogue;" of that more hereafter. Its subject—

or better, its object—is a story descriptive of the old creole life in Louisiana, by George Cable, entitled "The Grandissimes," recently published by Scribner. This book has been read with deep interest by great multitudes of readers, and by competent critics has been pronounced a work of unusual merit and promise; while the author's literary art, his felicity of language, his scrupulousness in execution, and his affectionate sympathy with his subject, have received the highest praise. But the author of the little pamphlet before us does not see the old creole life, with its strange lights and shadows, through Mr. Cable's eyes. And not only so, but his spleen is roused that Mr. Cable should have seen it with clearer and less prejudiced vision than his own purblind sight allows. He seems quite ignorant of the simplest of truths, that truth is myriad-sided, and upon the attitude of the observer depends the view that he shall gain. But because my view differs from yours you may not call me a liar in proclaiming it, nor may I turn upon you.

This "critical dialogue," then, is not critical in any but the rudest and most primitive sense of the word. There is no discussion of the merits or demerits of the book in question, no citation of proofs of its shortcomings, no attempt made to arrive at a just estimate of its value or at a real expression of judgment. From beginning to end there is nothing but a bluster of billingsgate. In true fish-woman style the cowardly reviler, who hides himself behind his pseudonym, exhausts the whole vocabulary of opprobrious and abusive epithets. In this respect the pamphlet is a curiosity. It would be convenient as a manual of contumelious and disparaging terms. One cannot conceive that it will, among people of any discernment, injure Mr. Cable. We had thought to collect, one after the other, all the terms of opprobrium which are heaped upon Mr. Cable in this "critical dialogue." But on closer examination we find that we cannot, and do justice to the pamphlet, without quoting nearly the whole of its "frenzied mob of reeling words." Perhaps the most pitiable thing about the whole performance is the unconscionable puerilities of puns which everywhere (dis)grace the pages. Spleen reaches its most ridiculous height when, in defiance of grammar, Mr. Cable is styled a "polished *banditti*." Before Mr. E. Junius parades himself before the world again, he should learn, what every one else already knows, that the calling of names and the bandying of bar-room epithets do not constitute criticism.

We have received from the publishers, Rowell & Hickcox, Vineland, N. J., No. 2 of *The American Short-Hand Writer*. The main object of this monthly is to afford persons an opportunity of learning phonography in an easy and inexpensive way. In each number a new lesson is given and carefully explained, so that any one of ordinary intelligence, by paying careful attention to the magazine instructions, will be able to learn this valuable and time-saving method of writing without the assistance of a teacher.

Much valuable reading-matter on the subject of phonetics and spelling reform is also given. The little monthly seems every way worthy of success in the field it has chosen for itself. And all who are interested in learning phonography could hardly do better than to lend it their support. The subscription price is \$1.50 a year.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Household Economy.—No problem is more important in its practical bearing than that of economy; none presents greater difficulties. In the minds of many it is so closely associated with that frugality which cuts off all luxuries, or with the vice of parsimony which involves meanness of spirit and the most sordid mode of living, that the subject has few attractions.

Economy in its true meaning refers to the management of the household in such a way that all waste and extravagance shall be avoided, and money applied to the best advantage.

A celebrated English author has said, "I have no other notion of economy than that it is the parent of liberty and ease." If this view is correct, surely the subject is worthy of the consideration of those women who are so earnestly demanding these blessings.

A writer who attempts to discuss the great problem of economy in one short article, will succeed about as well as the pedant who exhibited a stone as a specimen of a house which he wished to sell; yet a few hints upon the subject may prove of great advantage to interested readers.

A woman of æsthetic tastes will doubtless resent the suggestion that she should give an hour or two daily to the careful supervision of servants, in order to prevent the waste which must otherwise come from the improper preparation of food, or from errors of judgment in regard to the quantity required, and yet without the oversight of some interested person, it is safe to say that enough wholesome food is wasted in the kitchen of every American family in ordinary circumstances to feed another of half its size.

The great expense of domestic service arises from the destructive and extravagant habits of those employed, and these can be held in check only by daily watchfulness. Every one who has investigated the philosophy of eating knows that the object of this interesting and important process is not simply to gratify the appetite of the consumer, but to furnish heat to the entire system, vigor to the muscles, and force to the brain. The articles of food which are perfectly adapted to produce these results are not expensive, and are, for the most part, easily prepared.

If a portion of the time which is too often spent in the preparation of costly indigestibles to tempt the jaded appetites which rather need careful correction by the adoption of simple habits, and in the providing of tempting dishes which produce diseased stomachs, aching heads, low spirits, heavy doctors' bills, and deaths, could be devoted to the study and practice of those laws which govern the demand and supply of the human system, there would be no longer any ground for the general notion, that "if you once suffer a woman to eat of the tree of knowledge, the rest of the family will soon be reduced to the same aerial and unsatisfactory kind of diet."

Money may be applied to a far greater advantage when the supplies are purchased by the house-mother than when a hurried business man simply leaves an order to be filled at the discretion of the dealers. Wise spending is the result of

experience, and requires a clear understanding of the article to be purchased and of its value.

Where women have been entrusted with a certain sum of money each week, and allowed to spend it according to their best judgment, the evil of large bills has been avoided, and a far greater benefit has been derived from the same amount of money than when a man buys at a place where it is most convenient for him, even though the dealer has become oblivious to small prices.

One great advantage of this system is subjective. Human nature is benefited by a sense of responsibility, and this method of providing for a household renders a woman far more independent than the usual way. She realizes the cost of living, and, since the savings are her own, she has the stimulus of a definite object, is cheerful and healthy in the midst of hard work, and, instead of living in despondency and sinking under the narrowing discouragements of her position, she accomplishes with ease and pleasure what would otherwise seem irksome, if not impossible. S.

Native Woods.—It is a striking fact that, even in parts of our country where the forests close at hand contain an abundant supply of building material not only excellent, but also beautiful, the greater part of our buildings, both public and private, are finished from basement to ridge-pole in an inferior wood. Even in so beautiful an edifice as the State Capitol of Michigan, the writer of this article, who visited it while it was in process of construction, found the workmen using pine for inside work. This was afterward painted and grained to imitate hard woods. But how cheap and shabby the whole thing seemed, when the observer remembered that Michigan was famous for her beautiful hard woods, black walnut and oak and maple and the like, which were here to be rudely reproduced in paints and stains and hideous grainings. How much more appropriate it would have been, how much greater taste, State pride, even, it would have shown for Michigan to have finished off the different apartments of her handsome capitol in the different woods, or in different combinations of them, which her forests afford. Simply oiled and polished, what beauty their natural tints and lines would have added.

For outside work, to be sure, in wooden buildings, the country affords no better material than pine. Pine shingles, properly made and laid, and pine clapboards well painted, cannot be surpassed as coverings for roof and walls. But inside finishing is quite a different matter. Pine, paint, and plaster, the three things used most commonly for inside work, are objectionable whether we regard them from the standpoint of economy or of good taste. Stucco is superior both in durability and beauty to common plaster; polish is preferable to paint; and the native woods are incomparably better and more beautiful than pine.

It is true that pine, being a soft wood, is easily worked, and that consequently pine casings for doors and windows, baseboards, and the like can be made and put in place with

less expense than those of hard wood. But it is the softness of pine that renders it unfit for inside finishing, since it is so easily defaced by the wear and tear to which it is subjected in living rooms. Moreover, pine must be covered with paint, because when left bare, or finished with oil, the wood grows dark and dingy. Not so with the hard woods. Nearly all of them will take a polish, which, when finished with oil or covered with varnish, presents a bright and beautiful surface that will last for centuries. A sugar maple board, for instance, will, when well seasoned and well worked, show a white, smooth, hard finish, with fine and delicate graining. Oak (both red and white) furnishes a surface that no pigment can equal; and the grain of the latter is, as everybody knows, especially rich and varied. So, too, white ash, when reduced to smoothness, displays in its graining a variety of patterns which are far more attractive than any color whatever laid on with the brush. Now these bright, close-grained woods, which are so imperishable and so susceptible of a beautiful polish, can, in most parts of our country, be got at a lower rate per thousand than pine of like grade.

Why, then, should we go on using a defective wood for inside work, and covering it with spurious imitations of the natural grains, when the genuine originals, thus coarsely imitated, are within our reach? The intrinsic value of our native woods for floors may be urged with equal force. It is true that if the floor is to be perpetually hidden by that uncleanly article, the carpet, then third-class pine is as good as any other lumber; but if a better taste should ever lead us to discard this dust-gathering nuisance, then the hard woods will come in play. For the best and most desirable floors, whether plain or ornamental, are made in this country of such woods as maple and oak. W.

Anger.—"He that hath not anger lacketh sinews to the soul;" so says that fine old thinker, Jeremy Taylor. The anger here indirectly commended is not that egotistic outburst of rage known to persons of weak sensibilities, alive only to their own feelings, and devoid of all manly self-restraint. The valet of the poet Alfieri while dressing his master's hair unwittingly pulled a single thread, and this so enraged the sensitive poet that he caught up a footstool and threw it at his head. Bishop Taylor's kind of anger is that which St. Paul enjoins when he says, "Be angry and sin not."

And what is this anger? Unquestionably it is that righteous indignation felt by generous minds at the sight of cruelty or injustice—indignation, holy anger at the sight of the strong tyrannizing over the weak; the indignant protest of an honest mind against all fraud, subterfuge, or cowardly evasion. In short, this kind of anger is that which those of either sex of true and high moral culture may feel without blame in view of what is mean, dastardly, or oppressive; it is a spontaneous recognition of that eternal power "that makes for righteousness" in the world.

It has no affinity with vulgar rage, which is always as selfish as it is devoid of any noble base of reason. The anger prevalent among the ignorant and uncivilized is brutish,—the feeling that prompts the animal to turn with horn or tooth or hoof upon those that assail it; but it is more ignoble, in that

the rage and assault of the beast are its weapons of defense, while man is supposed to be governed by the dictates of reason.

The quick, glowing temperament, flushing with righteous indignation at abuse and wrong, is of the heroic temperament. Of such come the great prophets, reformers, and patriots who have resisted the tyranny of their age, made a holy warfare like Ziska, Luther, and others against its corruptions, or, with inspired insight, have foretold the "better time coming."

We of to-day, ungifted with this divine afflatus, may achieve no external greatness by the rightful exercise of this "sinew of the soul;" but each in his own sphere can give a tone in the right direction, and by governing himself be greater than he who conquers a city. And this is no mean mastery to an impulsive person. When a child, I used to feel shame at the sight of rage in a friend. I would say the alphabet backward, beginning Z, Y, X, W, etc., when I felt the rising of anger, and this method always proved effectual in allaying irritation.

For us, it is in the household that our conquering work is to be done, where we must learn to control ourselves, and avoid stirring up strife. My heart has often been pained in witnessing the cruelty which children often suffer from the uncontrolled passions of parents. Harsh words, a blow, or what is worse, an epithet, may long distress a sensitive child, and give a sad coloring to its whole life. The uncivilized lower classes beat and kick, storm with rage, and finally kill the helpless inmates of their wretched household; but the law seizes these and consigns them to merited punishment, while the cruel brutality practiced in homes supposed to be within the pale of polite culture is generally concealed from the world, or at most becomes exposed by some outbreak, a divorce, it may be, which is like the destruction of a beautiful world flaming in the confines of space.

We may not achieve greatness, but we can by our noble or generous impulses produce some sweet oasis in the desert of uncultured social life, which will grow and extend, and finally be like a growth of palms in the wilderness. We may forbid, by our righteous repulsion, the spread of gossip and scandal. We may show what is the true meaning of friendship by turning the cold shoulder upon him who will sit in silence while his friend is vilified. I once refused my hand to one of this kind, and would do it always. More than this, I would not have even an enemy traduced beyond his deserts. "Give the devil his due," is a good rule to the generous-minded.

My very soul is sick of the mean falsehood, gossip, slander, and scandal so prevalent in the social circle and so all-pervading the newspaper press. "The sinews of the soul" are lacerated, that even the dead are not left to their peaceful repose, but some scandal-loving Harriet Beecher Stowe, as in the case of Byron, will make us "sup full of horrors." "Tread lightly on the ashes of the dead," is a gentle injunction, and we may be pardoned for a righteous indignation at any violation of it.

I sometimes fear that this sinew to the soul, anger, may be growing weak among us by our lukewarmness upon matters that once roused our great and good men not only to be angry and sin not, but to set themselves to do better. I should

have little hope for a child who would sneakily take a blow, but I should have less if he would stand tamely by and see a big boy beat a little one. E. O. S.

Moral Training.—The theory that in the growth of every individual may be traced the history of the race—that in early years we all pass through that phase of character exhibited by the uncultured race from which we are descended, is one which seems to be in a great measure verified by experience. Hence, perhaps, the tendencies to cruelty, falsehood, and various other vices which we see in very young children. There are, it is to be hoped, few men who would not blush at acts of cruelty they committed when boys at school. We must not, then, expect too much from young people. Care should be taken not to force their moral nature; for moral precocity has detrimental results as well as mental precocity. That this is so is already recognized in the saying, "Children will be children." When they become men, they will put away their childish barbarities with their toys. Maturity turns sour crabs into sweet apples. We must give Nature her time, and expect much from growth.

Be sparing, we would say, of giving commands to children; that is to say, be quite sure that a thing ought to be done or left undone before you give your orders. Let us remember that it is possible to over-train the undeveloped moral principle; and that when we invent virtues and vices, or make our own crochets and selfishness the standard of these, right and wrong come to be words without meaning to a child's mind. When too often repeated, the order "Thou shalt" is apt to provoke "I won't." The vice of over-regulation is, that it produces only hot-house virtue in yielding natures, while it stirs up the independent to rebellion. Before giving orders to a child, we should be sure that these orders are not suggested by our own selfishness, but from regard to the child's profit, and also that the thing required is necessary, rather than some vexatious artificial duty. But when we have decided these points, nothing ought to make us shrink from requiring our commands to be promptly obeyed. We render ourselves contemptible in the eyes of our children when we make rules in haste and repent at leisure; when we get angry and laugh at the same action as the passing humor dictates; when we encourage them to transgress by the prospect of probable impunity.

That government is the most efficient and most respected by all citizens, dishonest as well as honest, which inflicts the lightest possible punishments consistent with justice and public order, while at the same time it imitates Nature in the regularity and certainty with which it causes its penalties to follow. That it is not severity of punishment so much as certainty and consistency in its infliction which inspires respect, is proved by the fact that the law was never less a terror to evil-doers than some years ago, when jurors would not convict because their consciences taught them that the punishments to be inflicted were excessive. "In brief," says Mr. Herbert Spencer, "the truth is that savageness begets savageness, and gentleness begets gentleness. Children who are unsympathetically treated become unsympathetic; whereas treating them with due fellow-feeling is a means of cultivating their fellow-feeling. With family governments, as with political ones, a harsh despotism itself generates a

great part of the crimes it has to repress; while, on the other hand, a mild and liberal rule both avoids many causes of dissension, and so ameliorates the tone of feeling as to diminish the tendency to transgression."

We cannot have a better guide as to the proper method of punishing children than Nature herself. Instead of the artificial punishments too much in vogue, more natural ones should be substituted. As the natural evil consequences of our actions are our best discipline, so children would better understand and respect their parents if they punished them not artificially, but naturally; that is to say, if they let them punish themselves. Jane is always unpunctual when the hour comes for her walk; now, to slap her would be to inflict an artificial punishment, which she will not understand nearly so well as if she were some day left at home, and it were pointed out to her that her brothers and sisters started without her because of her own carelessness. Edward commits assault and battery on his sister's doll; to send him to bed would not appear so just and natural to him as to stop his pocket-money in order that a new doll may be purchased. These illustrations may explain the difference between natural and artificial punishments. The former are certainly more just and tend to maintain better terms, so to speak, between parent and child. Parents who warn children as to the consequences of their actions, while at the same time they use these consequences as means of punishment, are looked upon as friends and preservers, rather than as "friend-enemics." And when the dangerous period of transition from boyhood to manhood approaches, the boy who has been made to experience the natural effects of his deeds, instead of being worked upon like a puppet by some hidden machinery, will go out into life full of independence, and capable of governing himself.

Let parents teach their children the highest conception of God's nature their hearts can conceive. Let them never say that things are more certain than they really are, lest they come in after-years to be thought less certain than they are. Let them teach principles capable of expansion rather than stiff formulæ, which after all are not truth itself, but only the shell in which it is contained. Were this method of instruction more frequently adopted, the shock of controversy would not put young intellects off their balance, and fewer men and women would be found living without God in the world.

The problem for parents and teachers to solve seems to be this, how to win the respect of their children without losing their confidence. Many parents are respected by their children as Eastern monarchs are respected; but they never hear a word of those secret doubts and troubles which torment youth, only because they are not explained away and set right by the sympathetic experience of older heads. From what a number of scrapes, and even flagrant sins, might not a father save a son whose fullest confidence he had obtained! The fact is, however, few of us sufficiently remember our own early days to be sympathetic friends and confidants to our children. If we could do so better, we might save them from many of youth's pitfalls.

Our mind calls up a few fathers of our acquaintance who are perfectly companionable to their sons, joining them in their pleasures, being consulted by them in every difficulty,

and all this without in the smallest degree losing their respect. Izaak Walton, speaking of George Herbert's mother, says: "She governed her family with judicious care, not rigidly nor sourly, but with such a sweetness and compliance with the recreations and pleasures of youth as did incline them to spend much of their time in her company, which was to her great content." Surely the children of such parents must feel in honor bound to do their best to pay that immense debt of gratitude which children owe good parents.

We conclude this paper with an instructive quotation from a book that should be read by every parent and teacher—Mr. Herbert Spencer's "Education: Intellectual, Moral, and Physical." "Lastly, always recollect that to educate rightly is not a simple and easy thing, but a complex and extremely difficult thing, the hardest task which devolves on an adult life. . . . You must be prepared for considerable mental exertion—for some study, some ingenuity, some patience, some self-control. . . . It will daily be needful to analyse the motives of juvenile conduct—to distinguish between acts that are really good, and those which, though simulating them, proceed from inferior impulses; while you will have to be ever on your guard against the cruel mistake, not unfrequently made, of translating neutral acts into transgressions, or ascribing worse feelings than were entertained. You must more or less modify your method to suit the disposition of each child, and must be prepared to make further modifications as each child's disposition enters on a new phase. . . . Not only will you have constantly to analyse the motives of your children, but you will have to analyse your own motives—to discriminate between those internal suggestions springing from a true parental solicitude, and those which spring from your own selfishness, your love of ease, your lust of dominion. And then, more trying still, you will have not only to detect but to curb these baser impulses. In brief, you will have to carry on your own higher education at the same time that you are educating your children. Intellectually, you must cultivate to good purpose that most complex of subjects—human nature and its laws, as exhibited in your children, in yourself, and in the world. Morally, you must keep in constant exercise your higher feelings, and restrain your lower. It is a truth yet remaining to be recognized, that the last stage in the development of each man and woman is to be reached only through a proper discharge of the parental duties. And when this truth is recognized, it will be seen how admirable is the arrangement through which human beings are led by their strongest affections to subject themselves to a discipline that they would else elude."

H. C.

How to Roast a Turkey.—We are sure that many of our fair readers will thank us for reprinting from the *American Agriculturist* the following hints on the proper way of cooking that most savory bird, the turkey, written by a lady who is reputed always to have "good roast turkey":

"Unless it is badly soiled, never soak, wash, or wet a turkey, as many do. Indeed, washing injures any kind of meats and fish, except those kept in salt brine. Carefully draw the turkey, and wipe thoroughly inside and out with a dry towel. It will thus keep longer uncooked, and be better

flavored. If it chances to be a tough one, steam it an hour or two, as needed, before baking. If one has not a steamer large enough, as few have, it may be done in a wash-boiler, supporting the bird above the water on a couple of inverted basins, or suspending it by strings from the handles. My family has learned to like plain stuffing rather than the highly-seasoned, rich, indigestible dressing so much in vogue. I use stale bread chopped fine, just moistened with scalding water, not to a 'mush,' and add a little butter, salt, pepper, and, if desired, a small pinch of sweet marjoram or thyme. Most like summer savory, but we omit it, because not relished by one of the family. After stuffing and sewing, fasten the wings and legs down closely with skewers, or by tying with strings. Roast in the dripping-pan *without water*. To keep the skin from scorching, baste now and then with a little water seasoned with butter and salt. Bake through uniformly to a light brown, avoiding burning or hardening any part. A good oyster stuffing, when easily obtainable, is liked by many, as follows: Drain off most of the liquor from the oysters, season with sufficient butter and pepper, and roll them in cracker or bread crumbs. Fill the cavity of the turkey entirely with these."

Adulteration of Silk Fabrics.—One needs only to enter a well-appointed sewing-room or kitchen or laundry to be struck with what mechanical ingenuity has done for the relief of the overtaxed housewife. Science is coming to her assistance as well. By simple chemical or physical tests science has taught her how to discover the adulteration of many articles. Your readers will be interested, I am sure, in knowing how they may determine whether silk fabrics are pure or adulterated.

Many different substances are used in the adulteration of silk. Linen is often employed; this gives the fabric a stiff appearance, but soon causes it to wear out. Jute is heavy, and takes the coloring-matter easily, so great quantities of it are used in the manufacture of silk. The presence of these substances may be detected by placing a piece of the fabric in strong hydrochloric acid, which will dissolve the silk and leave the other substances.

AMIE.

Soda for Burns.—All kinds of burns, including scalds and sunburns, are almost immediately relieved by the application of a solution of soda to the burnt surface. It must be remembered that *dry* soda will not do unless it is surrounded with a cloth moist enough to dissolve it. This method of sprinkling it on and covering it with a wet cloth is often the very best. But it is sufficient to wash the wound repeatedly with a strong solution. It would be well to keep a bottle of it always on hand, made so strong that more or less settles on the bottom. This is what is called a saturated solution, and really such a solution as this is formed when the dry soda is sprinkled on and covered with a moistened cloth. It is thought by some that the pain of a burn is caused by the hardening of the albumen of the flesh which presses on the nerves, and that the soda dissolves the albumen and relieves the pressure. Others think that the burn generates an acrid acid which the soda neutralizes.

POT-POURRI.

It is seldom that a person wins celebrity as easily as William Johns, Jr. He deserves fame for having written the worst piece of verse, or "pome," in the English language. The Toledo *Times* has covered itself with undying glory by publishing the effusion to a patient world. This production is entitled "Silent Eve"—not Adam's spouse, of course, for she was a woman, and what person in his senses, or out of them for that matter, would ever think of applying the epithet "silent" to a woman, though she was the great (raised to the *n*th power) grandmother of the race? No; the young man—we assume that he is young, *very* young—means evening. With what an exquisite ear for the discordant, the inharmonious, the excruciating, does the young poet bang his lyre, for of course every poet and poetaster has his lyre—or is one! Listen to his first stanza:

"At silent eve how sweet and clear
Sounds the Æolian harp;
So enchanting to the listener's ear,
With tones so sweet and sharp."

How distinctly the music of the harp is brought to our minds by this! How each word seems to be resonant with the "wind's will"! Note with what peculiar grace the halting and difficult rhythm of the third line represents a sudden and vigorous gust of the angry wind across the harp-strings! How charmingly the harp tones are differentiated from all others by that master choice of epithets "sweet and sharp"! But the next stanza excels even the one already quoted:

"To sit beneath the old oak-tree,
And listen to the music strains;
To catch those notes so dear to me,
Enlivening all my labored brains;"

We find the sense is incomplete there. We shall have to go on:

"And calmly bear the frowns of fate,
To move in a brighter sphere and state;
When e'er that harp its notes dispose,
They fall like dew-drops on the rose;

'Tis a token of love, so great and grand,
That none but zephyrs in the land
Can bring such tidings and such news
To cheer the heart and swell the muse."

There! the sense is complete at last. At any rate, the poet has put a period there; and he must know. In fact, he is probably the only one that does know. The questions that these three stanzas provoke were sufficient for a volume of exegesis. We can no more than hint at some of them. What a field for speculation they afford the mental philosopher who should attempt to determine from them the psychological condition of their author! What untold wealth they offer the grammarian who should strive to put them through their paces after the old-fashioned canons of "parsing"! With what wild excitement the rhetorician would plunge into their jungles and wildernesses on an expedition of discovery!

A few simple notes, and we are done. We are persuaded

that a typographical error has crept into the second line of the last quotation. As it stands now it reads:

"And listen *to* the music strains."

This should obviously be:

"And listen *while* the music strains."

Notice the poet is speaking in the previous line of sitting "beneath the old oak-tree." Evidently in this line he refers to the music of the Æolian harp, the sighing of the wind sifting down to him, or, as he beautifully expresses it, "straining"—what a gentle suggestion here of its losing all its impurities of tone and harmony by this process!—through the foliage of the umbrageous oak that overshadows him!

How fully the poet realizes his own condition when he speaks of "all his labored brains"! Aye, verily, they afford ample evidence of that. But what have they to show for their labors? Perhaps we are too curious, but what are "zephyrs in the land"? And just what is the nature of the "tidings" and the "news" that are capable of "*swelling* the muse"? What is the object of "*swelling*" a muse? How does a muse act when she is swollen? In what doubtful uncertainty on all these points the poem leaves us! Mr. William Johns, if he still survives, should "enliven all his labored brains" once more, and explain these mysteries to us—or else go to an asylum. There are two more stanzas to this "pome." But, no, "indulgent reader," we have more consideration for your feelings; we spare you. They reach a yet deeper abysm of bathos than those we have quoted.

"Words, Words, Words."—Many a laugh we of the lay have had in the old days at the long and startling words of the theologian, or the pompous phrase and outlandish terms of the physician. We have still a painful recollection of an edifying sermon by an eminent theological professor, who loaded his sentences with such telling shots as homoioumena, eschatological, homoiouman, and anthropomorphitism, and fired them at his unoffending hearers. Nor shall we soon forget the lucid explanation of a contagious disease which kind-hearted Doctor W——, the superintendent of our Sabbath-school, gave to the children. "A contagious disease, my dear children," said the physician, "is one superinduced by the passage of molecular disease-spores into healthy from diseased tissue when the two are brought into contact." How learned the children felt on that point ever after!

But the scientists are far out-doing these gentry nowadays in the formation of unpronounceable and unintelligible compounds. One needs but to look into a text-book on chemistry or botany or natural history to find confirmation of this statement. Microscopic animalculæ are weighted down with mountain-chains of names. Sweet and delicate blooms lose all their beauty and fragrance when it takes half a page to name them. Harmless-looking powders and liquids are labeled with words of such threatening and

appalling look as to make one tremble and stand aghast in their presence.

A new illustration of what the scientists are capable of in word-making, when they are allowed to follow their own untrameled instinct, comes to us in a recent London journal. The chemical society of that city, it seems, is publishing abstracts of papers from Berlin. Of course the superlatively marvelous in scientific nomenclature may be expected from Germans, since in their own ordinary language there are words so long, as Mark Twain wittily says, as to afford a veritable perspective. The start is made with the promising term *homofluorescin*. This is a new coloring-matter. But how we are filled with awe and wonder at the marvelous workings of nature when we are quietly informed that "when a solution of hexanitromonoxo-homofluorescinnitrate in boiling ammonia is acidified with acetic acid, diammoniumpentanitrodiazomidomonoxohomofluorescin is deposited in red or yellow on crystalline plates"! We feel that life is after all worth living when such cheering news of man's growing ability to cope with the problems of the unseen world, to control the activities of unknown affinities, is brought to us. But how weak and ignorant we ourselves seem, how unable to stem the current of scientific advancement, when another chemist, with the confidence born of familiar knowledge, startles us by announcing in a commonplace tone the discovery for which the world has been waiting in feverish anxiety! Calmly, without excitement, he says, "Colorless needles are obtained by the action of chloride on orthochlorobenzamidoparateluide, and this base when distilled yields anhydroorthochlorobenzametameduparatoluide." We had long suspected this, but were unable to prove it. One expects a little enthusiasm when a discovery like this is announced,—one the far-reaching consequences of which upon society everybody must see at a glance; but this unimpressible professor proclaims it as though he were in the daily habit of "turning the world upside down."

Apropos of names those astonishing specimens of humanity with which the noble and royal families of Europe kindly consent to bless a waiting world fairly outrival the best-favored nondescripts of the scientist. According to the *Alamanach de Gotha*, Duke Robert of Parma, within one year, assumed the responsibility of being father of a daughter named Maria Immacula Louisa Frances Praxedes Annunciation Theresa Pia Anne Ferdinanda Antoinette Josephine Lucia Appolonia Philomena Clotilda Emerentiana Martha Julia, and a son christened Joseph Mary Peter Paul Francis Robert Thomas Aquinas Andrew Avellino Blasius Manrus Charles Stanislaus Louis Philip-of-Neri Leo Bernard Antoine Ferdinand. One cannot help wondering what the good duke would do if fate should send him two or three more children of either sex. It seems reckless in a man to exhaust all the possibilities in names at one effort. But his august Majesty, the King of Portugal, had a sense of propriety, too, in name-giving. With what tender and reverent feeling his younger son must regard him when he reflects that he owes his life to his royal father, and when he tries to recall the name that royal father gave him! Only hear it! Alphonso Henry Napoleon Mary Peter-of-Alcan-

tara Charles Humbert Amadeus Ferdinand Anthony Michael Raphael Gabriel Gonzago Xavier Francis-of-Assisi John Augustus Julius Volfando Ignatius de Braganza-Savoy-Bourbon-Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, Duke of Oporto!

The American of this city is now and then wittily sarcastic. In showing the insufficiency of a biennial session of the Legislature, it makes the following neat statements: "It is quite impossible that the present session should suffice for the proper discussion of all the matter the Governor calls to the attention of our Solons. Even if they were all model legislators, they couldn't get through it; and that they will waste a good deal of time is a foregone conclusion. If they were sitting in Philadelphia, so that the country members could attend our theatres and the like with less loss of time, more progress might be made. It might even be good economy for the Commonwealth to establish a fairly good theatre at Harrisburg, so as to save our legislators their weekly excursion to Philadelphia." Could anything be finer than this speaking of "their weekly excursion," as though it were a perfectly recognized part of the legislator's winter duties?

A little three-year-old accompanied her mamma to church. As the plate passed for contributions, Bess opened wide her eyes, and her ears detected the tinkling of the coin. She said nothing; but what she had seen and heard was not forgotten. A day or two afterward, as she was busy and unconscious in her play, she surprised her mamma by singing to a tune she had heard in the Sabbath-school:

"O church! what do you want our money for?
What do you want our money for?
You want our money for Jesus,
You want our money for Jesus!"

And so on, over and over again.

What a glimpse of human nature—of the shrewd-dealing *deacon* nature, the nature which rendered possible the verb "*to deacon*" in the sense of adulterate—is afforded by the following story that John Neal used to tell of his early experience when his mother apprenticed him as a clerk in Huckler's Row.

John honestly measured and made change all day under his master's eye, and at night the old deacon took him into his counting-room and thus addressed him:

"B—boy, some folks ch—ch—cheat in the m—m—measure and others in the ch—ch—change. N—now, b—boy, if you ch—ch—cheat in the m—m—measure, they m—may measure after you when they get home, and c—c—catch you; but if you only ch—ch—cheat in ch—ch—change, they can't ca—ca—catch you."

A friend of the MONTHLY sends us the following capital anecdotes from the German:

An actor played the ghost in Hamlet very poorly, and was hissed. After he had borne this a long time, he, in order to put the audience in good humor, stepped forward and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, I am extremely sorry that my endeavors are not successful; but if you are not contented, I must give up the ghost."

A man had written an epitaph for a deceased friend, and showed it to a critic in order to hear his opinion. "Sir," said the critic, "I never read anything better suited to the most mournful occasion; they are indeed the saddest verses that were ever penned."

A wretched artist, who thought himself an excellent painter, speaking about decorating the ceiling of his room, said, "I shall whitewash it, and soon begin to paint it." "I think," said one of his listeners, "that it would be better to paint it first, and then to whitewash it."

A servant who always attended divine service, but could not read, from constantly hearing the prayers had learned them by heart, and could repeat them word for word. Several Sundays before her marriage her lover went with her to church. She feared that he might discover that she could not read, so she took her prayer-book in her hand and held it before her. Her lover wished to look over with her, but unfortunately she held the book upside down. The man, astonished, said, "You are holding it upside down." "I know that very well," she answered. "I always read so; I am left-handed."

Matrimonial.—An editor's days are not all dark. "Now and then bright rifts of sunshine" steal through the cobwebs which soften the glare of his windows and fall gently upon him as he sits at his table engaged in trying to estimate the amount of dullness and stupidity in the dainty, but worn-looking—it has gone on pilgrimages before—manuscript before him, pleadingly marked, "I *hope* it may be accepted. If not, *please* return." Well, there was a "rift of sunshine" to brighten our morning's work to-day, and you shall hear about it. A letter and a circular were put into our hands. A glance at the latter revealed the heading, "Matrimonial." How our bachelor heart quivered at the word! What trooping memories of "auld lang syne," when the bald spot was not so large nor the beard a "sable silvered," brought back visions of the cup of bliss almost lifted to our lips, only to be dashed ruthlessly to the ground! We sighed, and read on. There was "richness" for you, as Squeers said. The rose-colored fancies were instantly gone. Here was not Japhet in search of his father, but a man in search of a wife, and advertising to find her. "A physician, whose life has been spent mainly in uncivilized lands,"—yes, we should say so; all of it, more likely,—believing that somebody "must surely be awaiting him somewhere," and having tried for a year in a less public, ostentatious way to find her and failed, anxious to woo and win and wed a wife inside of four months and hie him back to his native wilds, takes the world into his wide confidence, and says, in effect:

" 'Whoe'er she be,
That not impossible She,
That shall command my heart and me;

Where'er she lie,
Locked up from mortal eye,
In shady leaves of destiny,'

I'll find her, and

An advertisement, mind you, is the gin
Wherein I'll catch the maid I sigh to win!"

"He has a practical turn of mind," the circular says. He has no intention of "giggling himself" into a match, "as the

custom is," only when too late to discover the fatal blunder. "He first determined to marry,"—the impudent fellow!—"and now proceeds, 'with malice aforethought,' to select a wife." He knows exactly what he wants. He is thoroughly honest, moreover, in his purpose and scheme, at least he says so, and who should know better? With charming freshness of diction he assures us that there is nothing "ulterior behind" his statements. Oh, we hope not! "He is not a philanthropist," this Western doctor—yes, he is a physician, come to Boston—to *Boston*!—to look him up a wife. This relieves us from great anxiety. We feared he was. No; to use one of his extraordinary expressions, he is simply "an extraordinary man"—ah! to be sure—"seeking an extraordinary wife"—we thought as much—"in an extraordinary manner"! How naive!

But what is it that this forty-two-years-old Republican bachelor, "with dark-brown hair, slightly thin in spots, and tinged with gray," "who will make his wife the social equal of the highest lady in the land," seeks? Why, a "perfect paragram of virtues," as Mrs. Nouveau-riche used to put it, or as her friend, Mrs. Parvenu, corrected her, a "full rounded parallelogram"! But he wants it understood "that *physical* superiority alone is essential." He holds that "a wife should be the husband's mental inferior." Ah! no wonder he has looked a year and failed!

The "average farmer's daughter," he thinks, has all the education and culture necessary for him. It is "physical superiority,—health, good looks, good teeth, sweet breath,—combined with ordinary intellectual powers and a gentle, yielding disposition," that this new Japhet seeks. "He will furnish all the intellect necessary for the family,"—homeopathic doses, or we are no judge!—"his wife to furnish the goodness and the beauty." What a temptation to the fair! "But it is not expected nor desired"—considerate creature!—"that she shall be faultless; she must be thoroughly human, with no sort of predilection to angelship"—how he grasps the situation!—"beyond a desire to hear herself so titled by a devoted husband"; "so titled"? how titled?—a "predilection" or an "angelship"? He might say, to quote old Richard Crashaw once more:

"Now if Time knows,
That Her, whose radiant brows
Weave them a garland of my vows;

Her, whose just bays
My future hopes can raise,
A trophy to her present praise;

Her, that dares be
What these lines wish to see;
I seek no further; it is she."

Does this eager spirit, with "dark, ruddy complexion, good habits, and two thousand a year," reaching out beseeching hands into the darkness of the world, awaken no pitying throb in the heart of any of our fair readers? What an impressive picture this doctor presents, as he stands feeling the pulse of the world for some symptom that the sweet disease, marriage, is in store for him!

Othello. Discerns't thou aught in that?
Is he not honest?

Iago. Honest, my lord?

Othello. Honest? Ay, honest!

Iago. My lord, for aught I know.

POTTER'S AMERICAN MONTHLY.

VOL. XVI.

APRIL, 1881.

No. 112.

A VISIT TO BLENNERHASSET'S ISLAND.

BY ALICE C. HALL.

THE shifting current of our lives had stranded us for a few months upon a shore, the high, picturesque banks of which were washed by another kind of current, that of *La Belle Rivière*. There, guarded in the rear by the Ohio hills, with those of Virginia rising beyond its river frontage, a diminutive town, or rather hamlet, had years ago planted itself. Having performed this duty, it seems to have gone off into a slumber, quite as profound and far longer than that of Rip Van Winkle, from which nothing has sufficed to awaken it, not even a Presidential campaign, beyond a faint show of animation in the way of a momentary twitching of the sleepy eyelids at the announcement of the successful candidates. What a place of

refuge for one sorely pressed by the trying circumstances of life! What a sense of repose after being



SYCAMORE GROWING OUT OF THE CELLAR OF THE BLENNERHASSET MANSION.

harassed by the noise and worry of the world, with only now and then the faint, far-away whistle of the locomotive to recall its wearying turmoil!

To be sure, there was the river with its constant steam navigation, but a steamer, unlike a railway train, which is an enemy to tranquillity, and a destroyer of romance, enhances the one and promotes the other, and, notwithstanding our knowledge to the contrary, seems to be possessed of æsthetic rather than commercial value. Always an object of beauty, it is something to be admired as well as utilized. At least, there was no limit to the admiration excited by the endless procession of them that passed our little world, serving as links to the great world outside, yet not in the least creating a sense of restlessness, or marring our pleasant tranquillity. Attractive as were these huge birds of passage by daylight, they were still more so at night, when, with their many-colored lights flashing brilliant jets into the placid depths, they would mysteriously project themselves within the watery basin lying in front of the town, the similarity of which to a lake being caused by a sharp curve in the river below, which concealed its course from view. The effect was then far more magical than real. It was as if a bit of wonderland had suddenly opened out before our eyes. Even the tows, with their long array of coal-barges, proved objects of interest, as they plodded slowly by with a labored breathing that was almost human, and a wheezing that seemed to have become chronic.

As for the river itself, our opinions were undergoing a radical change. Certain impressions of it, as it swept past the "Queen City" in a turgid flow, had engendered a degree of skepticism as to the appropriateness of its well-known cognomen, which, upon a more intimate acquaintance, had entirely disappeared. Yet, the "River of Many Characters" would seem to be a more fitting sobriquet; for probably no other stream presents so many and such contrasting phases. Had we not, within the short space of two weeks, seen it from a turbulent flood, that, as it rolled from bank to bank, swept all before it, subside to the stillness and clearness of a lake, making a mirror of itself, in which the landscape might look and smile at its pictured loveliness? What visions of beauty, of grace, and of softness it held! Then, indeed, it more than established its claim to *La Belle Rivière*. But what was gained in beauty was lost

in utility; for the low stage of water that makes such loveliness possible precludes the frequent transit of the steamers, and to the commercial mind at least, a muddy river at "full banks," plowed by steamers throwing up amber cascades, would be a sight far more enjoyable.

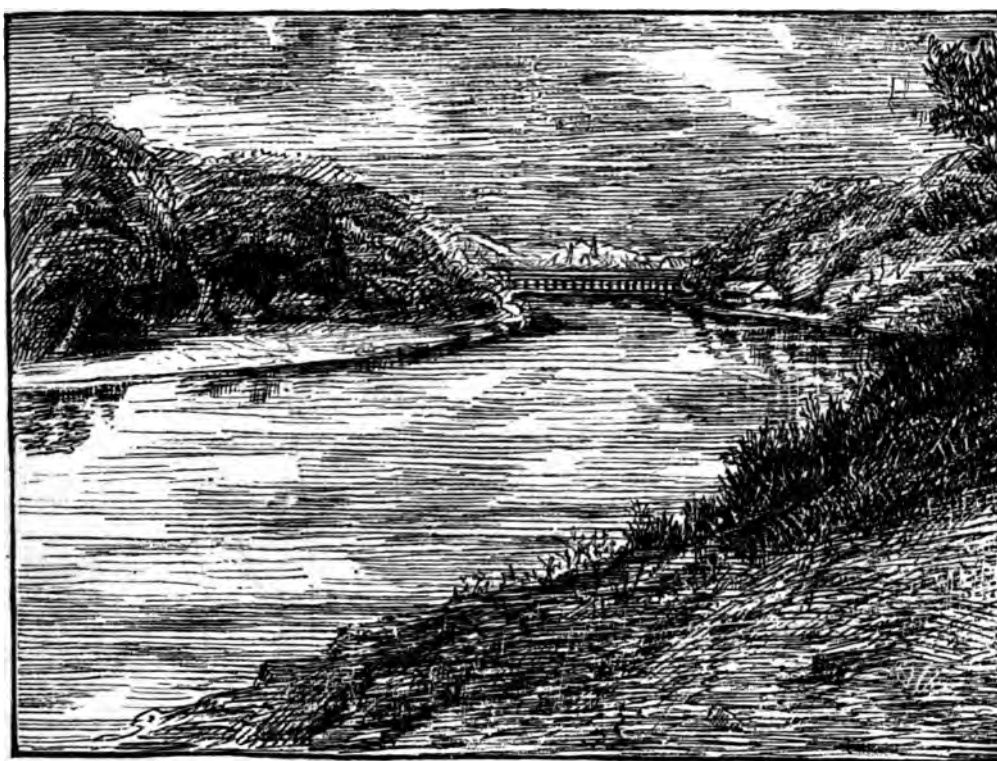
But what spot is so charming that its attractions cannot be enhanced by historical associations? The near proximity of Blennerhasset's Island, and the fact that the neighborhood was the theatre of scenes long since passed into history, gave to our surroundings an interest which mere beauty could not impart. The Ohio River and some of its tributaries will always be identified with that episode in our American history in which Aaron Burr so conspicuously figures. Inspired by these associations, we were not slow to refresh our memories in regard to those stirring events. Under our vine-draped porch, with its outlook upon the river, we read whatever could throw light upon the subject. Again we followed the career of that strange man from the time when, flushed with ambitious plans, he proceeded to carry them into execution, to that fatal night when, finding that all was lost, he ordered the hole to be cut in his boat, through which, under cover of the darkness, the chests of ammunition, which were to play an important rôle in the expedition, were sunk in the waters of the Mississippi. Soon after, he was fleeing alone and forsaken through the wilds of Alabama, hunted as a felon by the officers of a government which had once bestowed upon him the next to the highest gift in its keeping. What a significant contrast! But the story is too well known to dwell upon. It is one, however, that will grow in interest with the advancement of time, not only because of the magnitude of the scheme undertaken, but the mystery which seems ever destined to surround it.

Even more closely is the Ohio River associated with the fate of the unfortunate Blennerhassets. To its protection Blennerhasset entrusted himself, when, after taking a precipitate leave of his island in the dead of night, he managed to elude his would-be captors, and fled, a fugitive from justice, until he succeeded in making the appointed rendezvous with Burr. Upon its swift current also, swollen by ice and angry floods, Mrs. Blennerhasset not long after embarked with her two children, and having safely performed the long and perilous voyage in the cold of midwinter, and with

only the sorry comforts of a keel-boat, at last rejoined her husband. The same waters that washed the shore of their beautiful island home swept by their later home at Natchez, which was the scene of heroic struggles to retrieve their shattered fortunes; swept by the city in the streets of which, years afterward, alone and unknown, their oldest son, Dominick, is supposed to have died; the same city where the only descendants of the

devotion, sharing in the general calamity, as she was afterward burned to death.

One could hardly imagine two people better fitted, to all appearances, both by nature and education, to enjoy life in its best and highest sense, than were Mr. and Mrs. Blennerhasset, while their devoted attachment to each other through all their strange vicissitudes, cannot but excite the admiration of those who follow their



THE HEAD OF THE ISLAND.

family, those of the youngest son, also deceased, are said to reside.

The "Blennerhasset Papers," a voluminous book, reads with the interest of a romance, albeit one with a bad ending. And indeed what a pitiless fate it was that followed each member of this family! Beginning life with such fair prospects, how quickly were they overtaken by that strange adversity that pursued them to the bitter end: father and mother dying in want; the two oldest sons, mere wrecks of manhood, perishing miserably, and even the faithful black servant, who for years clung to the family with touching

career. Mrs. Blennerhasset early gave evidence of being possessed to a marked degree of that fortitude which she ever afterward so royally displayed, a possession which one may almost be justified in regarding as a calamity, since it seems to be predetermined that upon those thus endowed the ills of life shall fall most heavily.

To what extent Mr. Blennerhasset was implicated in the real scheme of Aaron Burr, how far his sympathies were enlisted beyond that sorry subterfuge of the Washita enterprise, or whether his ambition rose above the glittering bauble of the Bastrop lands, will ever be matter of conjecture.

But whatever may have been his fault in this matter, and notwithstanding the too apparent weakness of his character in some respects, one cannot but feel an ardent sympathy for the man whose unswerving devotion to his wife made him feel, even in the midst of dire trouble, that the loss of her valued picture outweighed all else.

Leaving his family at Natchez a few months after their settlement there, he, in company with a faithful servant, started northward on horseback through the wilds of an almost unbroken country to look after the fate of his "island home," which,

twenty miles backward to-morrow early in quest of it, where we have some hopes of recovering it. How, my love, will you soothe this heaviest of my sorrows? I have complained of none until this overtook me. May I soon be blest with the recovery of that talisman that I now so fully feel would never fail to keep my strength from failing and my hopes from becoming forlorn in the midst of all I may suffer from the malice of my enemies—captivity or death."

A long and unrelenting search resulted, to his dismay, in a failure to recover the lost or



SKETCHING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

however, he was not destined to reach until after many months, for it was on this journey that he was arrested and taken to Richmond for his trial. In a letter written to his wife when about three weeks on his journey, referring to a disturbing dream concerning her, he says: "The manner in which you then appeared to me has all day long so haunted me, that I wished, soon after I got my valise taken to my room, to chase away such a phantom with a view of the little mammy, when, alas! my yet last and greatest misfortune was visited upon me; the treasure, the greatest, after yourself and the boys, I could have in this world; for if I do not recover it, it is irreparable—how shall I mention it? I lost your second self. Joe sets out

stolen treasure. In speaking of this disappointment, the devoted husband writes to his wife: "I hope you have not suffered the idolatrous grief with which I filled my last letter to affect you much. It was weakness in me to pour the melancholy effusions of my heart into your breast; but how could I resist so natural a remedy for my pain? While I possessed your image, I did not feel how really I was an idolater. When my hard fortune deprived me of it, I could see nothing in the loss so lively as the image of your death." In his diary, kept during the long detention in Richmond preparatory to his expected trial, he makes the following entry: "I had this morning a long double letter from my adored wife. Its red seal

was as welcome to my eyes as the evening star to the mariner after the agitations of a storm." That the object of this devotion was in all respects worthy of the homage paid to her, is evinced by the still further comments upon the letter which follow. "There I soon saw how industriously my beloved continued to practice the only fraud her pure soul is capable of conceiving—that of endeavoring to hide from me all she feels for me and has suffered for our dear boys." Nor are the protestations of affection for her husband scarcely less ardent on the part of Mrs. Blennerhasset. It is impossible not to feel the liveliest sympathy for people who are dominated by such sentiments.

Another characteristic of Mr. Blennerhasset stands out with marked prominence, and that was the marvelous forbearance displayed by him toward the author of all his misfortunes. Although Aaron Burr was responsible for his ruin, the loss of home, wealth, and much that had heretofore constituted his happiness, yet, under all his suffering, deprived of personal liberty, his honor assailed, and a blighted future before him, not one word of complaint toward the "arch deceiver" escapes

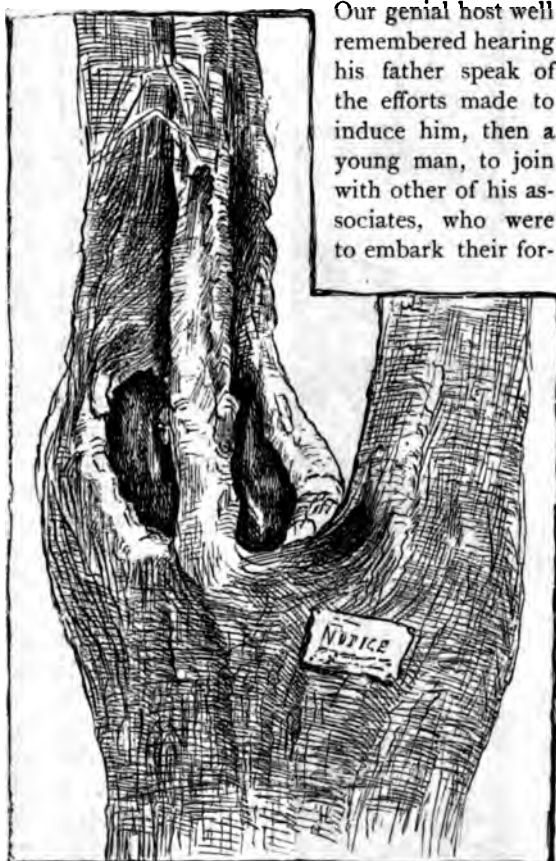
A VISTA OF THE FAIRY ISLE.



his lips. No; we mistake. In his last interview with Burr, after a long and patient waiting, in which he had received no indemnity for the losses sustained at his hands, and his just claims had been met with a studied neglect, which finally culminated in a sneer, then the trodden worm turns, the patient spirit can no longer brook such treatment, and much to our relief the victim at last speaks his mind. Having determined upon what he calls his "ultimatum" with Burr, he resolves "to burst the cobweb duplicity of all his evasions" with him upon money matters, and in return is treated "not as a faithful associate, ruined by my past connection with him, but rather as an importunate creditor, invading his leisure or his purse with a questionable account." In this interview, in which Blennerhasset speaks some plain truths, Burr seems for once to have lost his self-control, and unmasked his real character, which calls out from his unfortunate dupe the following "ultimatum" on his part in regard to his destroyer: "Such a diminution of that suavity of address with which he had already too often diverted me from my purpose, now exhibited him a heartless swindler in the last swoon of his disorder." We breathe more easily after this, and are conscious of an ardent wish that such a

discovery had been made long before. It might have saved the misguided victim a blighted life, and spared us so heavy a drain upon our sympathies.

We eagerly gathered whatever personal reminiscences could be obtained in the neighborhood concerning the island in its palmy days, and the remarkable events with which it is associated.



ABNORMAL GROWTH.

tunes in this enterprise of Aaron Burr. Meeting Mr. Blennerhasset in Belpré one day, he was invited by him to go over to his island home, as he wished to confer with him upon a matter of importance. Accordingly, a few days after, the young man directed his skiff across the river, and landing at the island, presented himself at the imposing mansion, greatly wondering what could be the momentous conference which the master of it had solicited. Nor was his curiosity at all diminished when he found himself being conducted by his host, with an air of secrecy, up three flights of

stairs to a small room at the top of the building, his imagination assuming a new phase at each succeeding flight, until, by the time they had reached their destination, it had worked him into a state of actual trepidation. There the plan of the expedition was revealed to him, and every inducement urged to prevail upon him to join it. Upon a young man of a romantic or ambitious habit of mind these inducements, partaking so largely of the *couleur de rose*, must have made no slight impression; yet, to his credit, the result of the few days' deliberation granted him was, that instead of intrusting his fortunes to the probable uncertainties of the expedition, he chose to remain at home, where he afterward founded a large family, his posterity scattered up and down the Ohio River, constituting some of the best citizens of that part of the country.

One octogenarian of the neighborhood, who as a lad had lived a few miles up the Kanawha River, retained a vivid recollection of the fact that, during the autumn preceding the embarkation of the expedition, the slaves of Blennerhasset (the island belongs to the State of Virginia) were engaged in transporting corn from the island in a flat-boat to a mill farther up the river. The frequency with which they passed his father's house, and the large amount of grain transported, at last aroused the curiosity of the family, which, as other suspicious events began to be noised abroad, grew into a conviction, afterward proved to be correct, that this grain was to form part of the provisions which Burr was having prepared for his cherished expedition. He also related that, passing down the river in a skiff in company with his father the day following the flight of Blennerhasset, they met a party of young men, among whom was an older brother of the lad's, returning from the island in a boat, whither they had gone in the capacity of militia for the purpose of capturing Blennerhasset. To an inquiry from the father as to whether they had succeeded in catching "little Blanney," as he was frequently called, answer was shouted back that he had escaped them, "run like a whitehead sometime during the night." This same old man drew for us, with trembling hand, from personal recollection, the plan of the island mansion, and the relative position of the buildings connected with it. Only a few survive whose memory goes back to that interesting period, and those few dwell upon it

with an absorbing interest, which would indicate that it must have formed a marked epoch in their own lives, while the impressions which still linger in their memory of the romantic life led on the "fairy isle" by its happy possessors seems to be that of a charming idyl.

We resolved to take an early opportunity to visit this spot, around which for us also had long hung the halo of romance. A small steamer made daily trips to and from a point a short distance above the island. We had already come to feel no slight interest in this diminutive steam craft, as each morning she made her way up the river, stopping at all the regular landings, and many places that were not, in her willingness to oblige every one; directing her sharp-pointed prow first to one shore, then the other; dashing over to the Virginia side at a "hail" from some solitary passenger, then back to the Ohio shore; backing, turning, steaming, fussing, and fuming like a veritable little busybody, as if the work of the whole world rested upon her shoulders, and the day was far too short in which to accomplish her appointed tasks. At night she would come quietly gliding down the river, looking for all the world as if she had no other vocation in life than to make a pretty picture of herself in the placid depths, and giving us an infinite sense of relief at the thought that her day's labors were almost over. To accomplish our island excursion, and at the same time enjoy the novelty of a ride on this little steamer, was a combination of pleasures that was not long to be withstood.

So one fine May morning we, two sympathetic souls, eager with the same project, boarded the Sallie J—, and steamed away to our destination. The day was gloriously fine, with that exhilarating freshness in the air peculiar to May. The river had arrayed herself in the clearest of blues, a color she does not often assume, and which gave added beauty to the landscape. Altogether the day was such as soon tempted us to the pilot-house the better to enjoy it. Our zigzag course and frequent delays, instead of proving annoyances, served as a means of diversion, and not the only pictures seen from behind the pilot-wheel were those from nature, for many an interesting bit of study in the way of human nature was afforded as we touched shore either for passengers or packages. Sometimes the delay was caused by a formidable array of farmer's produce, destined for

the neighboring market; but the jolly stevedores, with black Sambo at their head, the jolliest of them all, jumping ashore, would make short work of its transportation to the steamer. These steve-



A GIANT SYCAMORE ENTWINED WITH VINES.

dores or rousters, according to river parlance, who do the work of loading and unloading the steamers at the various landings, seem to be adepts in the art of turning work into play, making, as it were, a perpetual frolic out of it, judging from the jovial spirit displayed in its performance. Sometimes



WATER-LILIES IN AN EDDY OF THE ISLAND.

ing lambs inclosed in a sheep-fold on a sunny knoll, which would be quickly secured by the nimble rousters, who made a picturesque procession as they filed back to the boat with their struggling and afrighted burdens. When we considered the purpose for which these poor victims were being conveyed to market, and had a realizing sense of our own share in this wholesale slaughter of the innocent, then indeed a cloud seemed to come over the brightness of the beautiful May day, and we were ready to avow ourselves henceforth the strictest of vegetarians.

Up the river we advanced by slow degrees, past the rich bottom lands lying along the Virginia shore, once owned by George Washington, past the lower end of Blennerhasset's Island, or "Little Blanny," according to the vernacular of the neighborhood, beginning a mere point of land, and varying in width until at the upper end, three miles

the marketable object would be a hapless victim distant, it widens to half a mile. Steaming on in the shape of a terrified calf, or some poor bleat- the side of the island, and thinking how often

its silence is broken by the shrill whistle of the passing steamers, we recalled a certain paragraph in a series of articles prepared by Blennerhasset, under the head of "Querist," which appeared in the *Ohio Gazette*, published in Marietta, while Burr's projects were still pending, advocating the separation of the Western country from the Atlantic States in a "peaceable and constitutional manner." The paragraph was to the effect that "it will forever remain impracticable for our shipping to perform a return voyage against the currents of our long rivers." The writer did not seem to take into account the progressive tendency of the age, and while the shores of his island echoed only the sound of the dipping of oars and the song of the boatmen, no prophetic vision or hearing seems

picture which could not easily be surpassed. We had already admired the wealth of foliage in which the island abounded, the festooning vines clambering with lawless abandon over the tall trees, until the shores in places partook of almost paradisiacal beauty. The first thing that attracted our attention upon going ashore was the enormous size of the trees by which we were surrounded. Such giant sycamores we had never seen before, and indeed they form a marked feature of the island.

We lingered awhile at the landing, trying to recall in imagination the scenes of that eventful winter night when, amid the howlings of the storm and the darkness, Mrs. Blennerhassett accompanied her husband to the boat, and trusting her own fate and that of her children to a merciful Provi-



A FOREST OPENING ON THE ISLAND'S EDGE.

to have been granted him concerning the floating prodigy of the nineteenth century. When about half-way up the island, the pilot informed us that we were passing over land once owned by Aaron Burr. The constantly changing current of the river had obliterated every trace of it. Even the elements seem to have conspired against this unfortunate man, sweeping away his property just as fate had swept away his cherished schemes.

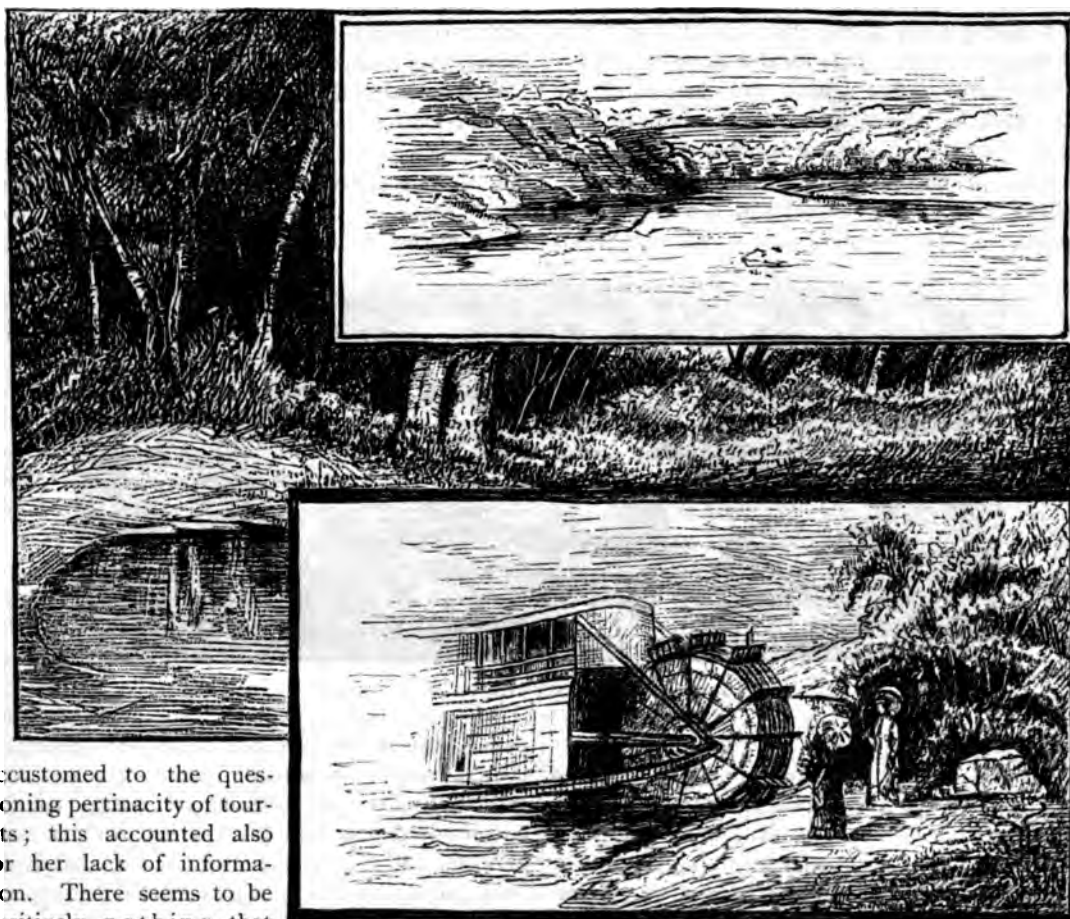
We were landed at the upper end of the island, near the site of the Blennerhasset mansion. It was the same landing used by the family during its residence there. From here the outlook up the river is remarkably fine. Not far away is the junction of the Kanawha and Ohio rivers, the latter spanned by the handsome bridge of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, while Parkersburg, on the Virginia side, and Belpre, on the opposite shore, with their surrounding hills, help to complete a

dence, urged him to flee from the officers of justice, who were already on his track. With words of cheer she aroused his failing courage and inspired him with some of her own dauntless heroism. It is said that with her own hands she held a lighted torch to assist his embarkation, and shouted words of encouragement to him as he started on his perilous voyage. We endeavored to imagine, too, the horror of the following days, when she and her little ones were at the mercy of the mob which held possession of the house and grounds, making frightful havoc of their once vaunted beauty.

A few old and dilapidated buildings now occupy the site of the once famous mansion. A giant sycamore has grown out of what used to be the cellar, and, spreading its branches far and wide, seems to be making desperate efforts to constitute itself as far as possible sole possessor of the

premises. A series of questions addressed to the woman who occupied one of the rickety buildings elicited no satisfactory information, but finally led her to inquire whether we were relatives of the "Blennyhazeds." This remarkable question was due to the fact that, having resided on the island only two weeks, she had not yet become

as lavish of her charms as ever. All around us lay the river sparkling in the sunshine, with the picturesque hills rising beyond. The fresh May breeze swept through the grand old trees, while the birds sang as they only will sing in places left undisturbed by the hunter's rapacity—with a very abandon of glee that was refreshing to hear. Drinking in the



GLIMPSES OF RIVER AND WOOD.—A BIT OF STRATEGY.

accustomed to the questioning pertinacity of tourists; this accounted also for her lack of information. There seems to be positively nothing that relic-hunters can carry away in the shape of

mementos. Only the stone cappings to the front steps of the house remain, and the fact of their preservation is due to their weight, which has prevented them from being transported long since. It is said that the boys of the neighborhood drive quite a flourishing business in cutting staves from the island and converting them into canes, which are sold as relics.

This utter desolation of all that once constituted a charming home was sad indeed. Yet nature was

loveliness of the scene, one thought of the poem written by Mrs. Blennerhasset in her later years, entitled "The Deserted Isle," which seems to be the wailings of a heart mourning over the irretrievable loss of a home, the remembrance of which seemed ever afterward to haunt her like a beautiful dream. We cannot refrain from giving two stanzas of it:

"The stranger that descends Ohio's stream,
Charmed with the beauteous prospects that arise,

Marks the soft isles that, 'neath the glittering beam,
Dance with the wave and mingle with the skies;
Sees also one that now in ruin lies
Which erst, like fairy queen, towered o'er the rest
In every native charm, by culture dressed.

There rose the seat, where once, in pride of life,
My eye could mark the queenly river's flow
In summer's calmness or in winter's strife,
Swollen with rains or battling with the snow.
Never again my heart such joy shall know.
Havoc and ruin, rampant war, have passed
Over that isle with their destroying blast."

It is very evident from her letters that she never became reconciled to the fate that deprived her of the once cherished home. In the same poem she says:

"Oh, why, dear isle, art thou not still my own?
Thy charms could then for all my griefs atone."

Why, indeed! our own hearts echo, and remembering all that her loss involved, we felt like execrating the memory of the "tempter" who lured her and her loved ones from their Eden. Otherwise she might have been spared the sad fate that followed her so relentlessly, might have lived and died in her island home, and, instead of all the desolation that surrounded us, our eyes might have been gladdened by the sight of the proud mansion rearing its spacious walls in the bright May sunshine.

The hours on the island passed all too quickly for the accommodation of our pencils, which could not remain idle with so many objects to tempt their skill. The giant trees especially possessed so much interest for us, that neither the heat of the sun nor any other discomfort could dampen our enthusiastic efforts to transfer them to our sketch-books.

All in good time the Sallie J—— came steaming down the river, and stopped to take us aboard. She was already headed for the shore, and was coming in, all staunch and trim, when, but a few rods from the landing, she stuck fast, the river being unusually low. Then what steaming and wheezing and fretting followed in her efforts to get off. She turned and twisted, and finally swung around with her stern wheel resting close to the shore, looking as if she had finally "got her back up," and was bound to remain where she was.

The close proximity of the steamer "so near and yet so far" for any available opportunity of boarding her was rather exasperating. Then came the happy inspiration, Why not reverse the usual order of things and get in at the back way. We looked at the big wheel quizzically; to attempt to climb it seemed formidable; and then, what if it should commence its revolutions during our transfer from the ground to the guards. Then came like a flash the thought, Was not that the same place where Mrs. Blennerhasset displayed such heroism on that dreary winter night? Might we not be standing on the identical spot where she stood, torch in hand and words of cheer on her lips? Should we display less courage than did she? No; perish the thought! We quickly clambered to the guard, then, walking along its narrow planking, presented ourselves at the front of the boat to the evident surprise of the captain, who doubtless wondered by what novel method we had achieved our embarkation. The steamer was not long in getting clear of the sand-bar, and at sunset we were landed at our starting point.

AT MUNICH IN 1880.

BY A TOURIST.

MUNICH has not, as Dresden, Nuremberg, Vienna, and many continental towns have, a charm which attaches the visitor at once to the place. In spite of its many beauties and great advantages to the artist, one must know it well really to like it—at least that has been my experience. I once heard of a country girl who was asked, on her first visit to town, how she liked it. "The city?" said she, "I didn't get to see it at

all—because of the houses!" And there is more sense in that than one would think. But in Munich no one could say such a thing. The streets are built according to the best architectural and sanitary regulations; the public buildings intended for amusement, instruction, and ornament are placed exactly where they ought to be. The parks, public gardens, and squares are faultlessly kept, and full of large and beautiful

trees; and wherever one looks, one sees that the town is the first object of consideration, and there is nothing to hide its beauties from the eye. The taste of individual inhabitants is not consulted—why should it be?—there are large, well-built houses, and people may be very glad to be allowed to live in them, and to have a group of statues to look at in the middle of the square before them, to cultivate their barbarian taste. And so one says meekly, "What handsome streets! so straight and wide!" and then one goes round the corner, and, coming upon some parts of *Old Munich*, the heart is warmed and the eye gladdened by a departure from the stiffness of the new style, and a relapse into the irregularity and picturesqueness of houses owing their individual form and coloring to owners and builders who have been centuries in their graves. Overhanging gables, curious and impossible corners, niches for images of saints and the Virgin Mary, steep red roofs, covered with the old, curiously-hollowed tiles which are never constructed nowadays, and the roof alone rising to such a height as to give room to at least five rows of windows, one above the other. Curious old doorways may be seen, with arched and vaulted passages, giving entrance into massive buildings, once the homes of the richest burghers of the old time, and now inhabited by the less wealthy, who are inclined to overlook the inconvenience of the steep, dark stairs, the irregular height of floor and window, and the "ancient and mouldy smell," in consideration of the moderate rent. So the carved galleries, looking into the court-yard, are filled with linen hanging to dry; around the frescos in the wall of the old court ivy is growing, and all sorts of household implements are strewed around, and coopers' tools, stable-brooms, and the like fill the space—though here and there a tiny garden still gives evidence of the ancient burgher's taste for flowers. But to appreciate Munich and the honest, good-humored citizen of the capital himself, one must mix with the people in their every-day life, and try to understand the curious mixture of shrewd common-sense, romance, and simplicity which forms part of their character.

Fancy the horror of the wife of a distinguished American physician, lawyer, or clergyman, if you told her to take those well-educated young ladies, her daughters, for an afternoon to the gardens of Tivoli or Brunnthal, there to drink beer or coffee,

and industriously knit stockings until the husband and father should join them, and all sup together in the open air; or else to return at seven o'clock with their knitting-needles safely packed away in little baskets on their arms, to prepare the supper at home! Very frequently there is music in these gardens; and in the English Garden in fine weather the band plays almost every afternoon, and I doubt whether the well-educated young ladies aforementioned would be at all better able to appreciate the skill of the performers—or indeed half so well—as the quiet-looking Bavarians. Who would suspect that quiet, stolid-looking man, sitting opposite us, with an enormous glass of beer before him, to be an excellent musician and composer? Near him is a tall, sentimental-looking figure, with a broad-brimmed black felt hat, curled up on one side, after the fashion of the ancient cavaliers; he wears his hair long in artistic style, disdains beer, and pours out his Rhine wine in a graceful, melancholy manner. He is a skillful house-painter and decorator, but is otherwise unknown to fame. To our left is a whole family of blooming girls with their portly mamma. They appear to have many acquaintances here, and not a few admirers; for the Herr Papa is one of the most influential burghers in the town, and whole chests of linen are known to be already prepared for the dowry of the girls. Students, with their gayly-colored caps and sash ribbons, greet them most respectfully; young officers in light-blue uniform and fearfully ugly cloth head-gear, are full of solicitude as to the health of the Frau Mamma and little Hans—of whom they hear, to their grief, that he fell out of the window the other day. But while they are exercising their tongues in this way, an unpretending-looking young civilian is filled with just indignation at the neglect of the waiters, who allow the young ladies to sit so long without beer. He fixes his hat more firmly on his head, vanishes among the crowd, and quickly returns with a captured waiter, who listens to the unlimited order for beer, black bread, butter and salt, and soon provides entertainment for the whole party. And now the young civilian reaps his reward, for he has managed to ensconce himself in a corner between Grethe and Minchen—to the utter defeat of the Army and the University—and is trying to make up his mind as to which of the two girls is the prettier, when his attention is drawn, by the

smiles and nods of his fair neighbors, to a table near, where a pretty, well-dressed young wife is seated with her husband and baby two years old. Baby is thirsty, so mamma has calmly stood him on the table, and is holding the great glass beer-jug, with its pewter top, to the lips of her offspring, who appears strongly to approve of the beverage, and sucks away vigorously, to the great delight of papa.

In wet weather these open-air amusements are few and far between—for who can drink beer in a garden in pouring rain? So much the greater is the rush to the restaurants and *cafés* under cover. Among the most original is, perhaps, the *Raths-Keller*,—the Guildhall Cellar,—built beneath the beautiful Guildhall. Descending a flight of steps from the streets, one enters a long, low hall, arched and vaulted in Gothic style, like the crypt of a church. If it were not for the merry company therein assembled, one might at the first glance be tempted to take it for such. But a nearer inspection soon dissipates the illusion. It is true that the ceiling and its arches and supports are painted everywhere, in every niche and corner, in fresco, but saints and virgins are not represented; on the contrary, peasant, burgher, and emperor—men of every degree and age—are here painted doing homage and justice to wine and beer, and glorifying the same. And all this without a single vulgar or profaning stroke of the pencil! On one side is Luther receiving two bottles of beer from the Duke of Braunschweig, after the Diet of Worms (an historical fact); on another, Richard Cœur de Lion takes a silver beer-jug from the hands of Charles IV., of France; in another part of the cellar are all the gods and the goddesses who have influence over the beer

harvest, etc.,—that is to say, over hops and the fruits of the field,—and those who performed extraordinary feats in drinking, such as the god Thor, who drank the ocean; Indra, who drank thirty rivers *only*, and so on. Near every picture is an explanatory verse. On one arch is Joan of Arc in arms, and near this is written, "Only the land of champagne can bear in such wise its banner!" What would old Moltke say to a flag that is borne in such manner? Almost all the verses are spirited and witty, and suit the illustrations well.

But the frescos are not the only ornaments of the cellar. The windows are painted in all sorts of witty illustrations of the love of the Munich citizen for beer and sausages; and through the colored glass falls a subdued and tinted light upon the carved oak tables, chairs, and settees; the curious tiled stoves, with sculptured heads and faces looking out at every corner; the old-fashioned beer-glasses; and last, but not least, on the foaming beer, the gayly-colored wine in its long-necked bottles, the pretty waitresses running to and fro with every sort of eatable and drinkable, and the merry company assembled, composed of persons of almost every class, from the very highest to the simplest burgher who lives in the fourth story in a back street, and only brings his wife and children here as a great treat on holidays.

Sober justices of the peace, retired gentlemen, nobles, professors, students, artists, all, or many, with their plump, comfortable-looking wives and daughters, come and go in the *Raths-Keller* from morning to night, and only at two in the morning, very often, is the light put out—and the inquisitive stranger wends his way to his hotel amid a group of still quite sober burghers.

THE QUEEN'S ROSES.

BY GEORGE BANCROFT GRIFFITH.

'Tis a quaint and beautiful legend,
And easily understood,
Of a German king, sin-hardened,
And his young wife fair and good.

In the castled towers of Wartburg
Long had the old king dwelt,
Childless, widowed, and lonely,
Though courtiers around him knelt.

With Ludowick, his only kinsman,
He sat in his stately hall,
And oft to the feast and the wassail
He summoned his vassals all.

He listened to tales of the tourney,
He joined in the minstrel song,
But without stood waiting in sadness
A hungry and shivering throng!

And none were asked in to the banquet,
Though bread was scanty and dear;
The king had no thought for his people,
Nor cry of the beggar would hear.

When the sullen winter departed,
And the streams ran clear and free,
He gathered his dogs and his hunters,
And rode forth merrily.



"THE CASTLED TOWERS OF WARTBURG."

Oft, oft in the depths of the forest
Resounded his silver horn;
But he gave no meat to his peasants—
He treated the poor with scorn.

Yet at last he sickened of revel;
And thus, with many a sigh,
One day he spoke to his kinsman,
"With weariness I shall die!"

"What profit to me is the minstrel?
Mine eyes are heavy as lead,
But not with slumber—I close them
For loathing of light instead!"

"What profit the ride to the wildwood,
The slaying of bear or of boar?
'We starve,' cry the crowd that surround me;
'Have mercy upon thy poor!'"

"And now by the rood that is holy!
I'll win me a fair young bride;
My days shall be happy henceforward,
Whatever my subjects betide.

"These grim halls shall echo the
laughter
Of rosy boys and of girls,
That shall drown the clamor of beg-
gars,
And banish the whining of churls!"

Then Ludowick with smiling re-
sponded
(His heart with evil was fraught),
"Oh, King, I will gladly aid thee;
'Tis truly a royal thought!"

But he swore a deep oath in silence,
Though his bold brow hid its frown,
"No heir shall possess my kingdom
And snatch from my grasp the
crown!"

In a ruined and ivied tower
That leaned from a mountain's
crest,
Dwelt a princess within her bower,
Like a white dove in its nest.

It chanced as the king spurred up-
ward
At a fierce wolf brought to bay
On the craggy steep, he beheld her
Among her roses that day.

White hands kept time to her singing
That rang like a silver bell;
To her feet in a shower of sunshine
Her golden ringlets fell.

And the king's gaze all unweeting,
She sang 'neath her own rose-tree,
"Ah! others have many lovers;
Sweet Mary, I have but thee!"

The king leaped down from his hunter;
As one to a shrine might go,
He reached the place where was standing
The maiden with cheeks aglow.

As a shadow the little fawn frightens
By its mother's side at play,
So the maid was abashed by the stranger,
And fain would have fled away.

"Fear not, sweet child, 'tis thy monarch;
Would a good king do thee wrong?
The rose from thy cheek chase the lily,
And sing me again thy song."

And mute gazed the mountain princess
On the lips that spoke this name,
Till the light of trust slow dawning
O'er her pallid features came.

There 'neath the sweet light of heaven
She gave him her trembling hand:—
They were wed in a roofless chapel
By the bishop of that fair land.

And with banners to royal Wartburg
Did a gay train move apace;
All the courtiers paid her reverence,
But Ludowick hid his face.



"A RUINED AND IVIED TOWER."

Then nearer she drew, eyes raising
That shone like the deep blue sky;
And the king asked many a question,
And kindly she made reply.

Till he said, heart touched with love-longing,
"Sweet orphan, I've need of thee;
Leave to owls and to bats this castle—
The bride of thy monarch be!"

And, alas! in the pleasant autumn
There was famine in that fair land;
All the corn in the ear was shriveled,
But the king oped not his hand.

Soon the folk, so oppressed with hunger,
Hemmed in the royal towers,
And the young queen's heart went weeping—
She prayed for harvest showers.

"We are starving, starving, sweet lady!"
 She looked on the fainting throng,
 And her soul with a holy purpose
 Grew resolute, brave, and strong!

How the young maids flew at her bidding!
 She gathered both meat and bread,
 And descended herself with the hampers—
 For hours were the people fed!

When, healed of their hunger, and happy,
 They, blessing her, went away,
 To the king stole Ludowick, the craven,
 With tales of the waste that day!

Then the king smote his thigh in anger,
 And his cheeks they were all a-flame:
 "How dared she herd with the beggars;
 Let her hide now her face in shame!"

And he mounted his snorting charger
 And dashed to the deepest wood,
 Where none of his hunters dared follow,
 To cool his fiery mood.

And the queen, in her inmost bower,
 With a sore heart, hid from view,
 While she mourned o'er his cruel power
 And the best he'd have her do.

She span and she wrought with her needle;
 But her face was wet with tears,
 For the plaints from below wild-shrilling
 Each in her own bower she hears.

And her young heart's blood seemed dropping,
 Each cry did pierce like a glaive,
 Till she vowed that the starving peasants
 Her generous hand should save!

Mantled and coifed, with a basket
 That more than weighted her arm,
 She crossed the moat, praying softly,
 "Dear Jesus, keep me from harm!"

On the open cliff she was standing,
 The scene one moment to view,
 When, lo! came the king hard-riding,
 And his plotting kinsman too!

And he looked with a glance malignant
 At the trembling queen's pale face,
 As her mantle o'er food forbidden
 She drew with an air of grace.

But she 'scaped not the king's stern inquest;
 He spurred close up to her side:
 "Ah! seek ye yon swarming beggars?
 And what does your mantle hide?"

"O, Mary, be now my helper!"
 She prayed with a parched throat:
 "They are roses, my lord, sweet roses,
 I gathered by yonder moat."

Then the king, with a graceless gesture,
 Down clomb, and said, "I will see!"
 And he snatched from her hand the basket,
 While the queen prayed inwardly.

From depth to the brim were sweet roses!
 Clusters of white and of red.
 Behold them! No earthly blossoms
 Did ever such perfume shed.

One moment in utter amazement,
 The king on the roses gazed,
 Then back to the queen he gave them,
 While the heart that had prayed now praised.

And the good queen took of the roses,
 The sweetest and fairest of hue,
 And reaching her white hands upward,
 His hunting-cap decked anew.

And a strange and wonderful softness
 The eyes of the monarch fill;
 "Sweet wife!" he murmured,—*"Elizabeth,—*
Go, work; 'tis thy Master's will!"

Then he bent on his cringing kinsman
 A look that was full of fire,
 And sternly made proclamation
 In tones of the deepest ire.

"Henceforth to the lowest dungeon,
 Unlit by sun or by star,
 Go, all who by wicked plotting
 The peace of my queen shall mar!"

And lo! from that hour her basket
 A precious odor exhaled;
 By unseen hands of the angels
 'Twas filled ere the white bread failed!

She doubled her errands of mercy;
 Gave light for shadow and pain;
 "Trust in the Lord," she would whisper,
 "You'll never trust Him in vain!"

KITH AND KIN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FIRST VIOLIN."

CHAPTER IV.—MEETING THE THIRD.

THE morning of Monday was half over. Aglionby stood in the saleroom of the warehouse, which at the moment was empty. He had disposed satisfactorily of large amounts of goods already, and now for the first time he found a leisure moment, in which to take up a newspaper, and glance over it. It was the advanced Liberal journal of Irkford, the *Daily Chronicle*. In a conspicuous place at the head of a column, in the middle of the paper, was a letter to the editor, entitled, "Education in Denominational Schools." This letter was signed, "Pride of Science," as if with a defiant challenge to the rival "Pride of Ignorance." Aglionby's eyes gleamed as he glanced down the columns, and his most disagreeable smile stole over his face. The letter was from his own pen, and was not the first, by several, with which he had enriched the columns of that journal, on that and kindred topics. He was not aware, himself, of the attention which these letters had attracted. He knew that generally they called forth angry replies, accusing him of wishing to undermine the whole fabric of respectability; to explode the secure foundations of society, and cause anarchy to be crowned; and to these fulminations he delighted to reply with a pitiless, slashing acerbity; an intuitive stabbing of the weak points in his opponents' armor which must have made those enemies writhe. He had never yet paused to ask himself whether his course of action in the matter were noble or not. He detected abuses, and those abuses flourishing rankly under a system which he thoroughly disliked; and he hastened to expose them, and to hold up them and their perpetrators to ridicule; dangling them before such a public as chose to take an interest in his proceedings, and scourging them well with whipping words and unsparing hand. His letter this morning was a pungent one. He had written it, on the Thursday night before, in a bitter mood, and the bitterness came out very clearly in the composition. He had made a point of investigating the proceedings and system at several denominational schools, and had collected some significant facts, which he had

used with considerable cleverness to bring a good deal of discredit on the clerical and denominational party.

"I shall be pelted to death for this in to-morrow morning's issue," he reflected, looking cynically pleased. "Holloa! Here's a leader on my precious effusion. What has it got to say?"

He had just begun to read, but was interrupted by a call of:

"Mr. Aglionby!"

He looked up, and saw one of the principals of the firm entering the room—and behind him another figure. Aglionby felt slightly bewildered, but not very much surprised, when he recognized the choleric-looking old gentleman of the Liberal Demonstration and the play, on Saturday afternoon and evening.

"The third time of meeting!" he reflected. "*Kismet!* The will of Allah be done!"

He stood silent, while his glance wandered beyond both the men, to the doorway, and the beyond which was visible through it. Blank space. Neither a hat with a brim, nor yet one without; nothing but the remembrance of a pair of deep-set gray eyes, a pale face, and a steadfast-looking mouth.

"Mr. Aglionby!" was repeated.

"Yes," he answered, as he laid down his paper, and advanced a step.

"I think you are at liberty just now."

"There are no customers here at the moment," he replied.

"Then be good enough to take this gentleman round the premises. He is interested in our arrangements, so you will explain them to him as clearly as you can, and give him all the information he desires."

Then with a bland smile, Mr. Jenkinson, the senior partner of the firm of Jenkinson, Sharp and Company, excused himself on the plea of a pressing engagement at that very hour, from going farther with them, and they were left alone together.

Aglionby, turning to the old gentleman, saw that he was regarding him with an intense fixity of expression which had in it something almost

fierce, and which called forth at once the young man's readily-aroused sense of the ludicrous.

"Perhaps you would like to begin at the beginning?" he suggested; and the old man, meeting his eyes, and hearing his voice, most certainly started and changed countenance.

"As you like—I don't care," he muttered, still continuing to gaze at his guide.

"Then come this way," said the latter, conscientiously carrying out his directions. The visitor followed him, and Aglionby explained everything to him very clearly, but very soon came to the conclusion that his trouble was wasted, for so absent-minded a man, he thought, he had never seen. Merely glancing at all the things he was shown, he kept his eyes still persistently fixed upon the face of his guide, occasionally giving utterance to a "Humph!" when it appeared necessary to say something, but evidently feeling but scant interest in the vast stock and complicated business of Messrs. Jenkinson and Sharp.

At last they found themselves back in the saleroom. Aglionby remarked:

"I think you have seen everything now." (This was entirely a figure of speech, for he was convinced that the strange old man had perceived little or nothing of it all.) "Do you wish to see Mr. Jenkinson again, or shall I show you out?"

"I should like a few words with you," was the reply, unexpected but hardly surprising after his peculiar behavior.

"If we can be alone, that is. I should like to ask you a few questions."

"Perhaps I may not be disposed to answer them," remarked Aglionby a little dryly.

"Perhaps not, but I rather think you will. At any rate you might as well hear what they are."

Aglionby glanced around. It was the dinner-hour, and there was no one in the saleroom but themselves and a boy, the boy to whom he had given a half-a-crown for keeping his place at the meeting on Saturday. This youth was undoing a blue handkerchief containing two slices of bread-and-butter, and a bottle of cold tea—his dinner.

"Bob, just clear out, will you, and get your dinner somewhere else," said Aglionby good-naturedly. The lad raised a pale, delicately sensitive face, smiled, and picking up his little bundle, departed.

"Now we are alone," observed Aglionby, prop-

ping himself up against a mountain of "goods," and sticking his hands into his pockets. The old gentleman seated himself on a solitary, wooden-bottomed chair, folded his hands on the top of his stout walking-stick, and said:

"I wish to know your name."

"My name is Bernard Aglionby," replied Aglionby, lifting his head a little, with a gesture of unconscious pride.

"I thought so!" burst from the old man's lips, as he struck his stick upon the ground; and Aglionby, gazing at him fixedly, felt a strange sensation stirring at his heart. A rush of vague recollections—memories strange and potent, partaking both of sweetness and bitterness, came surging up in his mind. Whose spirit was it that looked at him through those frosty blue eyes? The pause that followed the last words was a long one. Aglionby waited almost breathlessly for the next question. When it came it did not surprise him—now.

"Did you ever hear of a place in Yorkshire, called Yoresett-in-Danesdale?"

Aglionby glanced at him keenly, searchingly, and saw that he was agitated. Then he replied, curtly enough, "Yes."

"Were you ever there?"

"No."

"Ah! Never there!" He looked with an indescribable mixture of expression at Aglionby, and went on slowly:

"Perhaps you've also heard of a house called Scar Foot, not a hundred miles from Yoresett?"

"I have."

"And of one John Aglionby, who lives there?" he said, and his tones vibrated, while the glance he fixed upon his interlocutor was a strange compound of defiance and anxiety.

"I've heard of him too," replied the young man, his face darkening.

"You have? Well, here he is—I am he."

He tapped his broad chest with his strong forefinger, and a rush of color covered his face, while his eyes were fixed ever more intently and more eagerly upon the other's face. Aglionby looked at him, his own countenance, so strong a contrast to that of his companion, set in a gravity which amounted to sternness. There was no sarcasm in his eyes now, and no malice upon his lips. He bore little likeness to the hale-looking old man, with his white hair, his ruddy, full face, and yet

there was, as one looked at them, a something—a flavor of expression perhaps, a similarity in the way in which their lips closed one upon the other.

"I am he," he said again. "I am your grandfather, lad; I!"

"I knew you must be, as soon as you spoke of Yoresett and Scar Foot," said the other gravely. "Well?"

"Well! Have you no word to say to me? The nearest relation you have in the world!"

"What should I have to say to you? Nothing agreeable, surely."

"And why not? What injury have I ever done you?"

"That is an odd question," said Aglionby, shrugging his shoulders. "You turned my father out-of-doors, and disinherited him when he married my mother, and when you *might* have been reconciled with her, how did you treat her?"

"How did she treat me?" put in Mr. Aglionby, hastily and wrathfully.

"What a question! Was she to submit tamely to insults? As for me, you have ignored me from the hour of my birth to the present one, except once, when you proposed to do me a deadly injury. My mother treated that effort of yours as it deserved to be treated."

"This to me! From you—from my own grandson——"

"Pardon me, but I can be no grandson of yours, for you disowned my father for marrying my mother—and when you might have atoned for my father's death, you only pursued an innocent woman with your vindictive hatred and revenge, in asking her to separate herself from her child,—from the child she had borne in trouble and adversity,—her only comfort, if a poor one. A grandson of yours—no!"

Aglionby the elder was quivering with wrath and emotion. He shook his stick menacingly within an inch of Bernard's face. The latter smiled slightly, drew his hands from his pockets and folded his arms.

"I suppose that is your view of the case," said the old man. "I say that your father was my all—and that he broke my heart."

"You look as if your heart had been broken long ago!" retorted Bernard skeptically.

"He refused even for one instant to look at the woman whom I wished him to marry."

"Englishmen generally choose their wives for

themselves, and my father just did what you had done before him, and what I have done after him," said Aglionby, quite convinced that he stated an undeniable fact.

"What! You are married?"

"No, I'm only engaged to be."

"Bah! I say an only son has no right to choose indiscriminately. There is policy to be considered, and family interests. When your father scoffed at Marion Arkendale, and took up with——"

"Stop, if you please. You are speaking of my mother. One word that savors of disrespect to her, and I leave you on the instant. Indeed, I must decline to discuss her at all with you, in any way."

Mr. Aglionby chafed under this curb, but nothing in Bernard's expression encouraged him to continue the subject. He bit his lips and drew his brows together, looking the young man over, from the crown of his sombre, shadowy locks, down to the arched instep of his long, slender foot.

"Why are you called Bernard?" he asked.

"It is no name in our family."

"My mother's name was Bernarda; and her father's before her was Bernard; mine is the same."

"And you have no other? No John, for instance, nor Roger, nor Ralph?"

"None but Bernard."

"Why not John Bernard? It would have made a final name!"

"I don't suppose John sounded well in the ears of those who gave me my name."

"Then, when your mother—no, I'm not going to discuss her; don't be afraid—when she told you how she had decided your destiny for you—did you feel content with her decision?"

"Perfectly—why not?"

"Tell me what she said about me. Did she teach you to hate me?"

"No. I remember it well. I was about six years old, and I was learning my lessons in my mother's room. She had been down-stairs, but presently came up again, looking pale and determined. She came up to me, and took me up in her strong arms, and kissed me often, and asked me if I would like to go away from her and live with some one else? I cried out, 'No.' Not if I had toys and sweets, she said, and a pony, and a

beautiful home! 'And you, mother,' I answered. 'No, not me, my boy.' I bawled out lustily that I would not go; and she kissed me with a kind of wild passion, and called me her lion-hearted boy. Afterward, when I grew older, she told me all about your offer. She said you had sent a messenger to say that if she chose to give me up entirely to you for eleven months in the year, and during that time to hold no communication with me or with you—she might have what was left of me, for *one*—and she said she had sent you back the answer that you deserved. I say she did right. If I were begging my bread in the streets, I should say she had done right."

His grandfather had been gazing intently at him as he spoke, drinking in, as it were, every word that he uttered. As Aglionby ceased, he drew a long sigh, and a strangely-subdued look came over his face. He passed his hand across his eyes and said, in a low voice, as if communing with himself:

"Ay! ay! such was my message—such was my message. Then," he added presently, looking up again, "since you are called after your mother and her people; since you have been delivered over into their hands, what have they done for you? Perhaps you were too proud to accept their assistance, eh?"

A gleam of hope, pleasure, and approval dawned in his eyes, and he looked eagerly at Aglionby.

"My mother had no people, except her one sister, who was as poor and as brave as herself. I never refused their assistance, for it was never offered me. They had no means of assisting me."

"No means! I thought——" he began, looking strangely at Bernard, while a strange red color suffused his face. He muttered something to himself and seemed to ponder upon it. Then suddenly looking up again he asked:

"And pray, what do you think of me?"

His choler had subsided, and he looked up into the sombre face above him with an expression akin to wistfulness.

"Of you? I know absolutely nothing of you, except that one action of yours, which you cannot possibly expect me to think right. For the rest, you are my father's father, and entitled to my outward respect, at least."

"Humph! Then, when your mother refused my offer, what did she do?" he asked suspiciously.

"She went on with her music-teaching and her

drudgery. She worked for me," said Aglionby, with passionate, though repressed emotion. "And six years ago, when I could have begun to repay her, she died."

No asseverations were necessary to emphasize the feeling that lay beneath this simple and unadorned statement of a fact. It seemed to cause some reflection to the elder man, who, however, presently said:

"How would you like, when next you have a holiday, to come and spend it at Scar Foot?"

Bernard's eyes suddenly lighted. His face changed. Then he laughed a little and said:

"Not at all, thank you."

"No? Why not?" asked the other, in a tone of deep mortification.

"Because I have neither part nor lot in Scar Foot, and will not go near it. I will keep to the friends I know."

"Sirrah! What friends can you have here? What influence have they? How can they help you? What can they do for you?"

"Nothing; that's just it. I have everything to do for myself, and it is best to remain where nothing can happen to disturb my conviction on that point."

"Then you don't realize that I still could, if I chose, put you out of the necessity of doing anything, could provide for you amply, without your needing to lift a finger."

Bernard laughed again, more cynically than before.

"If you chose, and if I chose," he said. "You seem to forget that I am Bernarda Long's son, but I do not. Nor do I forget your own character, your caprice, your hardness. All the Aglionbys are hard and obdurate as rocks; my mother has told me so, and I feel it in my own breast. You are not one who could put up with being thwarted. If I saw much of you, I should probably do something to thwart you every day. I have hands to work with"—he held them out; "a head to plan with"—he smiled ambiguously; "health to carry me through adversities, and a will which enables me to restrain my wishes and desires within reasonable bounds. So long as those things are left me, I am my own master, and my own master I will remain."

"A bright life, truly!" sneered the other.

"Hard work for a bare subsistence: grinding your brains to powder to keep body and soul

together; a strong will to be used for nothing but to repress the natural desires and impulses of a young man of spirit—a pretty life, truly, and I wish you joy of it!"

"It's not much to boast of, is it? 'A poor thing, sir, but *mine own*. Fortunately there are always things in this world, and especially in a big town like this, to take a man outside himself, or he would be in a bad way."

"Plays, for instance, and concerts. It runs in the blood to be fond of such things."

"Yes. Luckily for me, it does. They have driven the devil from my elbow more than once, and will do so again, I doubt not."

"Oh, then he does sit at your elbow sometimes, does he?"

"Often enough, and black enough he looks."

"What shape does he take now? What does he look like?"

"Many a shape. Once he dragged me through some months of low dissipation—I'm an elevated character, you perceive. He got me into the mire and held me there, till I was nearly choked. But I managed to scramble out somehow. That was after my mother had gone," he added slowly, and with hesitation. "I had nothing then, not a soul to turn to. Bah! It's a filthy recollection. He takes other shapes now."

"As what, for instance?"

"Oh, now he oftenest looks like a lean knave, clutching an empty purse, and pointing his finger along a cold road full of milestones that get more and more tumble-down-looking as you go on. I passed the twenty-sixth of them the other day."

"Ha!" said the old man, clutching the round knob of his stick, pursing his mouth, and staring down at the dusty floor with round, open eyes, as he shook his head a little. "I know him. I know those milestones too. You've many yet to pass before you get to the one that I tottered by a few weeks ago."

"Which was that?" asked Aglionby in a softer tone.

"The seventy-second."

"Ah! That is a long way from twenty-six."

"Ay, it is. Well, you haven't made yourself out a smooth or delicate character," he said, with sudden quickness and keenness.

Aglionby shrugged his shoulders.

"Why should I? You would hardly have believed me if I had, seeing that I am one of your

own race. Such as I am, I have told you—why, I couldn't say, whatever you were to give me for it."

"And your existence here, is it an inspiring one?"

"No—at least, not that part of it which is devoted to business."

"It is not a business in which you are likely to rise, then?"

"Not unless I bought my rise. The heavier you are weighted—with gold—the faster you get on in the race," said Bernard rather dryly.

"H'm! Did you choose it for yourself?"

"Necessity and the length of my mother's purse chose it for me. They bound me over to them for five years, and paid me various salaries during that time, beginning with five pounds, and ending with the dizzy eminence of five-and-twenty. Since then, by screwing hard, I've been able to keep myself."

"And is the situation pretty secure?"

"It is quite secure, so long as I am the cheapest and hardest-working fellow they can find for it."

"But why should you submit to such scurvy treatment? A grandson of mine! Monstrous! give them a lesson; offer to leave them."

Again Aglionby laughed the cynic's laugh.

"They would take me at my word at once, and there would be fifty hungry men waiting to step into my shoes, and to thank heaven on their knees for the work that I was too dainty for."

"But you could find something else—something more suited——"

"When I can—something more remunerative—I shall cut the present concern without scruple, I assure you."

"What would you be, if you had to choose?"

"That's a leading question, but I happen to have an answer ready for it. I'd be a politician, with enough money to help my cause forward, and the opposition one backward."

"Your cause being—I saw you at the Liberal Demonstration on Saturday."

"Yes, my cause is the Liberal cause, or rather the Liberal cause is mine."

The old man rose.

"I must go," said he. "When I came in here, I was thinking of you, and wondering where in all this great city you were to be found. I guessed who you were, when I heard that girl call you Bernard. Is *she* the girl you are engaged to?"

"Yes."

"Ah, well! wouldn't you really like to run over to Scar Foot? I can tell you it is a place well worth visiting—the fairest spot, I say, in the fairest county in all fair England."

"I daresay; it would do me no good to see it under the circumstances," replied Bernard curtly, while an intense longing to look upon it rushed over him. Had he not heard its every room described by his father, till he felt that were he dropped down before it, he could find his way through it blindfold! He had heard the doggerel old verse which that father had repeated in his last hours, as he lay senseless and "babbled of green fields."

"To fair Scar Foot my thoughts I turn,
Whence late I walked with you,
Through fields bedewed——"

There the recollection always broke off short; but Aglionby, from his earliest childhood, always thought of Scar Foot as surrounded with "fields bedewed." His father, exiled and banished, had never ceased to love his home, and return to it in fancy, with a dalesman's deep and ineradicable love. If he, Bernard, were thus disturbed at the mere idea of seeing the much-loved spot, what might the extent of his weakness be, should he ever really behold it? No; he would keep firm while yet he could; and he added nothing to his last words, though his lips were parted.

His grandsire watched him keenly.

"Can you unstiffen your fingers so as to shake hands with me?" he asked.

Bernard paused. Then, literally carrying out the old man's words, he did unbend his obstinate joints, and put them within the old, knotted hand held out to him.

Their eyes met; there was plenty of dogged obstinacy in both their faces, plenty of self-opinionatedness, pride, determination; rugged, twisted, characters, both of them, but honest. As their fingers touched, Bernard remembered—and the recollection seemed to throw a new light over his mind—that his father had not been strong and sturdy like this; who was to say what provocation this irascible old man might not have received at the hands of his beloved? What passionately cherished hopes might not have been blighted when Ralph Aglionby left "Fair Scar Foot," at strife with his father, and after sulking in London

for six months, took to wife Bernarda Long, from among what must have seemed, to the retired country squire, the daughters of Heth—the ranks, namely, of poor musical professional people?

As if by one impulse their hands closed upon one another, in a mighty grip; then, without a word, were unclasped again.

Old John Aglionby walked erectly away, nor turned to look back, whatever his secret yearnings might be. His grandson, left to a few moments' solitude, stalked to a dingy window, and looked out upon the throng in the busy street below. The din became vague in his ears; the sights blurred before his eyes. What had passed seemed like a dream. Never to any human being, save to his mother, when he had been a boy, had he laid bare so much of his secret heart, or spoken so freely of his thoughts and feelings. Why had he done it? He was roused by a touch on his elbow. Looking round he confronted the boy Bob, holding up a coin, no less an one than a golden sovereign.

"He gave me this!" he exclaimed breathlessly.

"Who? Old Jenkinson?"

"Lord, no! catch him! That old gentleman that was with you. He met me as I was coming back, and he said was I any friend of yours, and——"

"I know what you said, simpleton," replied Aglionby, in his softest tone, and in his voice there were notes of the gentlest music.

"I said the truth. I said you were the best friend I had, and that I'd die for you, and he said, 'That's right, lad; he's worth it!' and gave me this."

"Mr. Aglionby, wanted!" sang out a voice at the other end of the room, and Aglionby, having missed his dinner in the parley which had taken place, advanced to attend to the requirements of two specimens of that shy and *rara avis*, the buyer.

CHAPTER V.—OUT OF HARMONY.

WITH a vague yearning for sympathy and the comments of some fellow-creature, Aglionby that night called Lizzie aside, telling her he had something important to relate to her. They retired into the empty back parlor, and sitting side by side in the firelight, he made his first great confidence to her. She was the woman he loved; she was to be the partner of his life, his com-

panion for better, for worse. To whom else could he have turned more appropriately?

He felt that it was not right to conceal his true history from her any longer. When he sat down beside her, and began, it was out of a full heart that he spoke, and he looked eagerly for her words of sympathy; half his trouble would be removed when she should say to him, "Dear Bernard, you have done right, and I approve of your conduct."

She heard his narrative with many expressions of astonishment, but with very few questions or interruptions. He told her what had happened that morning, and how his grandfather turned out to be the same old man whom they had seen at the theatre on Saturday night.

"Then you quarreled with your grandfather?" said Lizzie.

"Not I, but he quarreled with my father at his marriage; he disowned and disinherited him, and would never see him again."

"Then your father married some one whom this old gentleman did not like?"

"Exactly. My mother was poor; she gave music lessons; she was half English, half Spanish. She had nothing but her goodness, her cleverness, and her good looks, which last you must confess she has bequeathed to me in overflowing measure."

"Oh, nonsense! But was the old man so hard as all that? Did he never get over it?"

"You see he had wished my father to marry his own cousin, a Miss Arkendale, with whom he had been brought up all his life. My father would not. They quarreled about that first, and my father left home, and very soon afterward sent word that he was married to my mother. That brought the matter to a climax. He was forbidden ever to go near Scar Foot again. My father was not a particularly powerful character, but he held out for several years, and would neither compromise nor temporize. Then he died, rather suddenly, as I have told you. My mother went on with her teaching, and kept herself and me. She told me once, when I asked about my father's relations, that she had only once received any notice from the old man, and that notice took the shape of a proposition that she should part with me, give me to him you know, and not see me or have anything to do with me again, in which case she was to be handsomely provided for for life. She never told me how she received the proposi-

tion, but I can well imagine with what rage it would be. She always told me simply, that it was of course quite out of the question. From that day to this, no notice has been taken of her or me. My grandfather turned to his niece, the niece whom he had wished my father to marry. She married, too, a clergyman, I believe, and she and her daughters have become all in all to him. They are his heiresses, quite the heiresses of the country side. One of them will no doubt have the old house—Scar Foot."

"Is it a family mansion? Have they lived there long?"

"Hundreds of years, my dear. I have heard about it till I know it as well as if I had lived there, but I shall never look upon it."

"Then, of course, that girl we saw with him, whom you admired so much, will be his favorite niece, perhaps he'll leave her *all* his money, and then won't she be a catch?" observed Miss Vane, unconsciously hitting right and left at Bernard's susceptibilities. With one of those flashes of intuition which are often most surprisingly brilliant in the most stupid persons, she had hit upon a solution of the question (which Aglionby had been almost unconsciously revolving in his mind, ever since he had parted with his grandfather that morning)—a solution so exceedingly probable, so *à priori* recommending itself to the superior masculine understanding, which had not yet arrived at it by the slower but more infallible route of a process of reasoning, that the possessor of the said masculine understanding, jumping from the chair, cried with emphasis:

"By Jove, I expect you are right. I wish I had taken more notice of her!"

"Well, I think you took about as much as you could. I know I felt quite cut out. By the way, was he very disagreeable to you this morning?"

"Not at all. He has a rough manner, because he has a rough nature. But if I had encouraged him he would soon have become quite amiable. He invited me to go to Scar Foot in my holidays."

"Bernard!" her eyes sparkled. "You will come into your rights in the end of all. If you make yourself agreeable to him while you are there, you will soon thrust these nieces aside, and he'll leave all the money to you, as he ought. That will be grand!"

Aglionby experienced a kind of shock in thus suddenly discovering how entirely he had failed

in his effort to win her sympathy. She understood that he had a grandfather who was rich, and who appeared favorably disposed toward him, and she took it for granted that he would at once endeavor to secure possession of some of that wealth. He patiently endeavored to put her right, quite sure that she had misunderstood; he had not explained clearly.

"My dear child, do you imagine that I could or would stoop to him after his years of cruelty and injustice? I declined utterly to have anything to do with him or his caprices. He can confine his attentions to those who are willing to subject themselves to him and wait for what they can get. I am not one of them."

"Well, I never! If you call that playing your cards well, I don't. I call it idiotic."

"My dear!"

"Yes, I do. To think of throwing away a chance like that! It's all very well to be clever, and to know all about politics, and so on; but if it makes you neglect your own interests, and behave like a simpleton, I've done."

She spoke with temper, and added:

"You're not so tremendously rich that you can afford to fling rude words at a grandfather with money. And you might have thought of others that you profess to care for——"

"My dearest Lizzie," said he, gravely taking her hand, and looking earnestly at her, "hear me! You have misunderstood. I have told you this story because I wish you to learn all about me and my belongings, not because I wish to take any part in the matter. I have no interests to look after, no cards to play in the case, as you appear to think. My intention is to remain perfectly neutral, just as I always have been. My grandfather treated my father tyrannically and shamefully. I don't say he was utterly without provocation—he may have been provoked to a certain extent; but, after all, it is not a sin for a man to wish to marry a good and clever and amiable woman, whom he loves. There was no crime in the matter. It simply did not please him, and his nature was so despotic that unless every one gave way to him, he behaved atrociously. He would have been the first to challenge any man who had disputed his own right to choose in such a matter. I have nothing to thank him for, save utter neglect. There are such things as manliness and honor, Lizzie. If I had consented

to enter his house, or stooped to accept favors flung at me as you'd fling a bone to a dog, I should have suffered sorely in my honor and self-respect. Understand me—I have nothing to do with this inheritance; it is no more to me than if it did not exist——"

"But if he left it to you, you'd take it?" she interrupted eagerly.

He laughed. "Take it? oh, yes, fast enough! And when the first grape harvest comes off on the Yorkshire moors which surround Scar Foot, I'll take you there, to partake in the rejoicings, and try the vintage. That's a bargain!"

"How can I understand such stuff as that? But I cannot see what harm there would have been in a little civility to an old man like that, for he must be old to have a grandson twenty-six."

"He's seventy-two—he told me so. I don't know that I behaved uncivilly to him after the first interchange of compliments. But you have never served under a tyrant, or you would know that civility is a small portion of what they require from those who are beneath them. To serve a tyrant for gain, to wait for dead men's shoes, generally means slavery of the most degrading description while your tyrant lives; and when he dies, to be kicked out by his successor penniless and bare-foot still."

"That sounds very grand, but I know that money is a very good thing."

"So it is; and being fully conscious of that fact, I am going to set about earning some as speedily as may be."

"Why earn it, when you could have had it given you?" she said, pursuing the topic with an obstinacy and an urgency which he had never known her display before.

"No one has offered to give me any, that I am aware of," he answered very gravely. "And I think, my love, as we don't appear to agree upon the subject, we had better let it drop. I do not intend to make the slightest advance to Mr. Aglionby of Scar Foot; nor does he intend taking any further notice of me, unless I am much mistaken; or unless I am ready to lie down and let him trample on me—which I am not."

Lizzie was silent—less convinced than ever. Bernard's revelations of this evening had awakened in her all kinds of desires and ambitions. She would so like to be rich; to leave this poky little house and live in a large one, and go to the

best shops, and never have to ask for an estimate of the cost of a new dress. She would like to go to parties and concerts; into the reserved seats where "the swells" went ("swells" being her term for all who could afford to live luxuriously). She would like to show Lucy Golding a few things; to open her eyes upon some points regarding which she displayed a lamentable deficiency.

Her mind was overflowing with these thoughts, burning thoughts; but when she looked at Bernard she had to confine them to the sphere of thoughts—she dared not speak them out.

As for Aglionby, the interview of this morning had left upon his mind, too, a deeper impression than he was himself fully aware of. He had been rough and abrupt to his grandfather, had cut short his advances, and steadily refused his half ungracious overtures; but he had looked the old man in the face, and had not disliked his countenance. He had seen something there which he felt to be in harmony with certain chords in his own nature. He had said that if they were much together he would be certain to thwart his elder every day, but on reflection, he felt less certain on that point. He fancied he could have been so far in sympathy with his grandfather as to have put up with a good deal at his hands. Then there rushed over his mind the unchanged, monotonous dreariness of his own prospects. He had described with grim humor how the devil was wont to come and place himself at his elbow, but now the humorous part of it had somehow disappeared, and only the blackness and ugliness of the vision remained.

He tried to pooh-pooh it; to consider it a mere episode, and have done with it. He took up the newspaper containing the leading article upon his own letter, and read it through. And he repeated to himself, What does it matter? 'Twill all be the same a hundred years hence.

CHAPTER VI.—YORESETT-IN-DANESDALE.

JOHN AGLIONBY, going down the stairs of the warehouse, and out at the principal door, found himself in the roar of the crowded street, and some ten minutes' walk from his hotel. He paused a short time, and looked blankly around him, like one in a dream; then took his way to the hotel, where he knew that his grandniece would be waiting for him, prepared to start on their homeward journey. On entering the hall of the hotel he saw their luggage awaiting them, and

proceeding into the coffee-room he found his niece, Judith Conisbrough, sitting on a sofa, reading the morning paper. She looked up as he came in, and rose.

"I thought you were going to be late, uncle," she remarked with a slight smile, as she began to draw on her gloves. "You look heated," she added considerably, "and tired. I hope you have not been overdoing yourself."

"What should I have been overdoing myself with?" he grumbled. "Here, waiter! bring me my bill, and call me a cab. There's a stand outside there, I perceive."

The bill was soon settled, the cab soon called. As they drove to the station Judith glanced more than once in an inquiring manner at her great-uncle, whose whole aspect and demeanor had undergone a subtle change since he had left the hotel armed with an introduction to view the premises of Messrs. Jenkinson and Sharp. It was true that since the meeting on Saturday afternoon, she had noticed an absence in his demeanor more than once, but she had put its cause down to the memories called up in his mind of the days of his youth, of those days when he had been heart and soul an enthusiast for the cause in which the great Irkford politicians had first won their spurs. This morning his abstraction was more marked than it yet had been. It amounted to a fixed, brooding gaze before him. Perhaps, she thought, he had met with some old friend of his early days, and was conning over past scenes and past events. She did not speak to him nor question him as to his absence of manner, but she saw that all he said and did was done and said in an almost mechanical way, until they were seated in the train, and it rolled slowly forward toward "Yorkshire and the North."

Even then he had nothing to say, but sat gazing forth upon the uninviting prospect which surrounded them for a long time after leaving Irkford—endless dirty suburbs, vast manufactories, great sheds where machinery was made; these followed in their turn by still more depressing-looking localities, half town, half a dismal mockery of the country, where the trees in the beginning of October were already leafless, and had been so for the last three weeks. It all looked very dingy and half-hearted, and so the old man seemed to think, for he suddenly heaved a sigh, and said:

"It's a go-ahead place, this, and I notice that

go-ahead places are generally dirty. My throat feels dry for want of a draught of the fresh air at Scar Foot."

"Yes; I don't think a town life would suit you, uncle; and for my part, I think I should suffocate, if I had to live in a street."

He made no answer, but leaned his head back, and closed his eyes. With what was his mind busied, she wondered, that he should have that pinched, pained look, that sudden appearance of age, and loss of heartiness and vigor?

Whatever his secret thoughts might be, he did not confide them to her, but maintained his gravity and taciturnity during the whole journey, which by the railway lasted about three hours. Judith Conisbrough presently ceased to study him; she knew him too well to attempt to talk with him when he was in that mood, and she leaned back in her seat and watched the landscape as it grew ever wilder and more beautiful, while the fair and fertile lowlands were left behind, and suddenly she saw, grimly appearing above a high green hill, the round blue head of some great mountain whose height surpassed that of all the others near. It was Penygent, and from that she knew that their railway journey would not last much longer.

The train had borne them through all that wild and beautiful district of Craven, and Penygent had been left far behind, when they drew up at a little wayside junction and got out, to pursue the rest of their journey in a dog-cart. The train had been a slow one, but it had puffed them deliberately into fairyland.

Judith, seated beside her uncle, and with their small luggage and the servant man behind, enjoyed the pleasure, as she always did, of moving through that beautiful vale. Each village and hamlet that they passed gave one the idea, more and more strongly confirmed as they advanced, that they were rapidly approaching the end of the world.

It was a soft, mellow October afternoon—the sky of that tempered chastened blue; the sun's beams of that pleasant, far from fervid warmth, peculiar to this most delicious season of the year; and the "feel" of the air in those limestone regions of romance, how like it is to some delicate wine of which one may drink to repletion, without any after-sensation but one of pleasure! As they left the little wayside station, and the good mare stretched her long legs over the white road, the faces, both of old man and young

woman, lighted up, and took a brighter glow. On every side of them, as they bowled along, with an occasional slower motion as they breasted some hill, were great green and gray fells, some of them with bleak brown summits, showing where the peat-bogs lay, and where the peat was deep; others crowned by some bleak escarpment of bare gray limestone, grimly contrasting with the verdant green of the lower slopes and the fertile valleys and fat pastures beside the river, the Yore. If one stood quite still, one could hear the murmur of rushing waters, coming, one knew not whence; but one could guess that the pure springs of those streams and cascades were concealed somewhere among the bare folds of the hills, or were leaping down their beds deep in the recesses of the plentiful woods which were visible on every side, and of which the foliage was, not like that at Irkford—a vanished thing; but a ruddy and a golden glory, impossible to surpass. At first they saw the river, now many miles away from its dark and elevated source in the bleak side of Great Shunner Fell, gleaming through grassy meads in a bed which it filled to the brim; while the cattle drank from it, and the reeds bent and swayed in its current.

They had driven for some distance before either of them spoke. The longed-for draught of fresh air they had at last, and an uneasy weight was removed from Judith's mind at least.

"I'll put you down at your mother's door," said Mr. Aglionby, "and your luggage with you, and I shall get home myself long before it's dark."

"Oh, thank you, uncle. But won't you come in and take tea with us?"

"No, I'll go on to Scar Foot at once," he said decidedly.

"Wouldn't you like Delphine or Rhoda to go with you for a day or two?"

"No, I want no one," he answered, with a sudden distrustful look sideways from under his bushy eyebrows, which look she did not remark, being fully engaged in glancing joyfully around at the beautiful hills and the beloved woods and along the up-and-down limestone road, which would lead at last to the cobble-stoned street of Yoresett, where her home was. Presently they drove up the said street, into the quaint, sloping, open space which formed the market-place at Yoresett. In the middle was the ancient stone market-cross, around which at the half-yearly

"hirings" the countrymen and wenches stood to be hired as farm laborers or servants. Facing the market-cross on the left hand of the square stood a splendid old stone house—a mansion in size, solidly built, large, commodious, and handsome; and with a date over the door of 1558, showing that it had been built in the first year of the reign of good Queen Bess. It rose straight out of the street, its gardens lying behind, and it was called Yoresett House. It was the property of Mrs. Conisbrough, and the residence of herself and her daughters. Over the way there were houses and shops, small village shops, full of the marvellously useless articles only to be found in such shops, and higher up, the winding, roughly-paved street narrowed, first up a hill, and then down one, and consisted of an inn or two and a shop or two and the post-office and many odd-looking houses, inhabited by what the denizens of the busy world would doubtless have thought odd-looking people. It was altogether as old-world, quiet, quaint a place as could well be imagined.

The dog-cart was pulled up before the door of the old stone house, and before Judith could get down, the said door was quickly opened, and in the frame made by this process appeared a young, fresh, handsome face, with dark, dare-devil eyes, while a young voice, harsh, but not shrill, cried:

"I'm glad to see you, Judith! I thought it must be you. Be quick in, and tell us all the news. The slippers are kept in the same place yet, so you needn't ask that. How do you do, uncle? Come, Judith, we want the news, the news, the news, I say, and we shall turn you out-of-doors if you haven't got any."

Judith's box was conveyed into the house by a servant-maid; she shook hands with her uncle, exchanged some parting words with him, and then she was pulled into the house; the door was shut, and Mr. Aglionby drove off down the street, to take another road to Scar Foot.

Judith, her arm still grasped by her sister, entered the roomy, stone-paved hall of the old house which was her home, and paused there, as if not quite sure which way she meant to take; whether one that should lead into one of the numerous parlors or sitting-rooms on the ground floor, or whether toward the staircase. Her course was decided for her. The young lady who had appeared at the door—or rather, part of whose person had appeared at the door, while the

remainder of it and her attire were carefully concealed behind the said door—now stood, or rather danced, revealed as a tall, healthy-looking damsel of fifteen or sixteen, still in short frocks, and with a large, coarse kitchen-apron tied around her. She wound it into a kind of rope, and danced lightly and bewilderingly around her elder.

"No, you are not going up-stairs," she said decidedly. "You are coming into the parlor, to enjoy a cup of tea, and above all, to tell us the news. So don't attempt to shirk it."

"Suppose I have no news?" suggested Judith, moving with serene dignity toward a door on the left hand of the hall.

"That is an idea too monstrous to be entertained for a moment. You have spent four whole days in a great city, at an hotel—of course you have news; I would give the world to stay at an hotel, it must be so grand! What a swell I should feel, if I were you!"

"My dear Rhoda——"

"How vulgar you are! I know what's coming, and am kind enough to spare you the trouble of saying it."

She laughed, still jumping lightly from one foot to the other. Judith looked at her, and smiled, too, indulgently.

"Well, at least take off that apron," said she, pausing just before the parlor door. "Don't present yourself before mother with such a thing on."

"Why not, I wonder? Besides, I can't take it off till my work is done."

"What work? *You* working!"

"Well, I'll tell you," said Rhoda, a ripple of mirth running over her face. "Ho, ho, ho!" she burst into a peal of laughter that made the rafters ring; "I'll tell you—I'm plucking a goose!"

"Plucking a goose!"

"Just so. One came—was sent I mean; you could hardly expect the poor thing to walk over of its own accord from Scar Foot; and that lazy old Geoffrey Metcalfe had never plucked it. He is an aged impostor, if there ever was one. Louisa has plenty to do, poor creature! so there was literally no one to do it but me, and I've been in the kitchen, lost to all outside things, absorbed in my work and my work alone, as you so often say I should be. Come in! I think mother and Delphine are both—— *Oh!*"

She had pushed open the door and entered the

parlor, but suddenly recoiled on the very threshold, almost falling over upon her sister, who, filled with a somewhat impatient astonishment, put her aside and entered the room.

"Mother and Delphine" were certainly there; the former a comely-looking matron, resembling her eldest daughter in features, but with a high complexion, and eyes which lacked the steadfastness of Judith's; the latter a very lovely, slender, fair-haired creature, who sat in a side-window embroidering.

Rhoda's "oh" had been called forth by the fact that they were not alone. Standing in the window recess, and languidly propping himself against the side of it, was a tall young man, who, with his hands clasped behind him, had fixed his eyes upon Delphine's work, and who appeared either too exhausted or too indolent to lift them off it again.

Judith, inwardly as much surprised as Rhoda at the apparition, advanced, nevertheless, with her usual composure. Delphine rose and went to meet her, undulating forward, with a peculiarly graceful and sylph-like movement. Rhoda, after her first recoil, took courage and went forward, her color high, but her eyes defiantly laughing.

A kiss on the part of the two elder girls. Then Judith went to her mother, stooped over her and kissed her, remarking:

"I'm glad to see you haven't suffered while I have been away, mother. You look very well."

"I am very well, my dear, and very glad to see you back! You are earlier than we expected."

"We came by the Midland instead of the North Eastern, mamma."

"Oh, yes. My dear, let me introduce our visitor. Mr. Danesdale, my eldest daughter." Mr. Danesdale bowed low, rousing himself apparently from his languor to do so; Miss Conisbrough smiled and asked:

"Sir Gabriel's son?"

"S—Sir Gabriel has the happiness to call me son," replied the young gentleman, with a very slight lisp, a very slow and pronounced drawl, and a south country accent which struck with peculiar effect upon Judith Conisbrough's northern ears.

"You have been long expected," she said.

"Yet I came quite unexpectedly after all," he answered, turning to Rhoda and holding out his hand to her. Not a smile dawned upon his hand-

some face, which was even sad in its tired solemnity of expression. He had mournful, slow-moving eyes of dark-blue, over which the lids fell thoughtfully—or sleepily? Judith speculated. His general expression and manner was one of weariness and ennui carried to excess.

"Good afternoon," he drawled. "That goose: is it nearly done?"

"Ah, *you* never plucked a goose, never saw one done, in your life, Mr. Danesdale," she said, blushing, more with suppressed laughter than embarrassment.

"I've n—never done it myself, certainly; but I've often seen other fellows do it; or if not geese, pigeons, which comes to the same thing, you know."

"Fie, Mr. Danesdale!" said Mrs. Conisbrough, smiling with a placid amusement expressing anything but fie.

"But why, mamma?" cries Miss Rhoda, thirsting for information. "What is there wrong in watching people pluck geese, or pigeons either? You are casting a reflection upon your child when you say 'fie.' And if Mr. Danesdale's friends——"

"Oh, I beg pardon; I didn't say 'my friends,' I said 'other fellows.' There's a difference," expostulated Mr. Danesdale.

"Well, it's very funny," replied Rhoda, while the rest of the company smiled, and the young man placed a chair for Judith, opening his eyes fully at last, and saying:

"You have been at Irkford, Mrs. Conisbrough says."

"Yes, with Mr. Aglionby, my uncle."

"Indeed. W—what sort of a place is it? I never was there, though I used to know some fellows at Oxford who had been. They lived there when they were at home."

"I can hardly tell what sort of a place it is. Very large and very dirty——"

"Oh, what a poor, tame description!" said Rhoda. "You little know what she did while she was there, Mr. Danesdale; nor what she went for. She is a dangerous person. She went on purpose to go to the Liberal Demonstration."

"Did she go, or was she taken there?" asked Mr. Danesdale.

"Both," replied Judith, taking off ^{it} her gloves. The young gentleman had seated ^{himself} himself, and appeared in no haste to take his ^{de} departure. He

was dressed in a brown velvet shooting-jacket and knickerbockers, and now Judith remembered to have vaguely noticed a gun leaning up against the wall in the hall. Rhoda at this juncture was beckoned to by her mother, and going to her, received some whispered instructions which sent her skipping out of the room.

"D—does she always run?" asked young Danesdale earnestly.

The others laughed.

"Almost always. I wish she would practice walking a little, now that she is such a big girl," said Delphine, speaking for the first time.

"I don't think I should tell her so," he said in a tone that was almost animated. "She looks very nice as she is!"

"Yes, I think so," Judith said, and Mrs. Conisbrough turned to her.

"Mr. Danesdale has been kind enough to bring us some birds, Judith; so he's going to stay and have a cup of tea, and walk home to Danesdale Castle."

"To walk!" Judith had said in some surprise, and before she had time to restrain herself.

"You seem surprised," he remarked. "I often notice that people do look surprised when they hear that I can walk at all, and then I always feel inclined to say, 'Would you rather look a better walker than you are, or be a better walker than you look?'"

"The last for me," said Judith laughing. "It is much easier to answer than the one about being a fool and looking one."

"Perhaps it is," he admitted. "At least it is very beautiful to have it decided for you so promptly. I have heard a great deal about you, Miss Conisbrough. I have pictured you in my own mind, marching on with the multitudes to the Liberal Demonstration at Irkford."

"Our chariot marched along, and that very slowly, for the multitude was very great, literally."

"I suppose it would be. Irkford is such a tremendous place for that sort of thing."

"Only Irkford?" suggested Delphine, presenting him with a cup of the tea, which, accompanied by Rhoda, had now arrived.

"Yoresett, too, it seems," he answered; "which is what I should never have expected. Miss Conisbrough, did you really go because you wished, or on compulsion?"

"I went because I wished."

"Judith is the politician of this family," observed Rhoda. "She has been known to sit up at night reading political books."

"And where did you get your politics from?" he asked.

"Chiefly from my uncle."

"By the way, Judith, how is your uncle? I wonder he didn't come in," said Mrs. Conisbrough.

"He—oh, he seemed rather in a hurry to get back to Scar Foot," answered Judith, with a sudden constraint in her manner, which Delphine noticed with a quick look upward.

"Have you seen Mr. Aglionby yet, Mr. Danesdale?" asked Judith. "He and Sir Gabriel are great friends, though such very opposite characters."

"I've heard a lot about him, but I have not seen him. That is a lovely place of his by the lake—what is it called?"

"Shennamere."

"Shennamere—yes. I rode over with my father, the very day after my return. But Mr. Aglionby was out, they said."

"I see."

"And there didn't appear to be anybody else. Has Mr. Aglionby no children?"

There was a momentary, a more than momentary, pause and silence, during which Danesdale thought to himself:

"Now why did I ask that question? I've put my foot in it, somehow."

At last Mrs. Conisbrough remarked blandly, but not cordially:

"Mr. Aglionby's only son displeased him exceedingly many years ago. He married a woman his inferior in every way. Mr. Aglionby quarreled with him and disinherited him, and some years afterward the son died."

"I see. It must be rather slow for the poor old fellow, I should think. He must often have regretted the loss of the only fellow with whom he could constantly quarrel."

"Oh, I don't think it was his desire to be always quarreling with any one, poor old man! Of course he felt the misunderstanding."

"Rather a serious misunderstanding, to quarrel irreparably with one's only son, wasn't it?" asked Mr. Danesdale, whose drawl had almost disappeared, and whose eyes, no longer half closed, were regarding Mrs. Conisbrough inquiringly.

"Y—yes," replied the lady, trifling with her teaspoon, and gazing into her cup. "It was a very terrible misunderstanding. It cut him up very much. But I hope we—the girls and I—have done all that lay in our power to make up to him for the loss of his son."

"Ah, y—yes," said Mr. Danesdale, returning to his drawl and his hesitation. "But an only son's a difficult thing to replace. Being one myself, I speak from mournful experience. My father tells me, often, what an unique article I am. I'm sure he finds me a great anxiety, just from that very feeling that he couldn't replace me if anything were to happen to me. Will you have some more tea, Miss Conisbrough?"

Judith started as she gave him her half-empty cup to put down.

"No, thank you. I'm not thirsty, nor hungry either."

"I should think that lake by Scar Foot must be a glorious place for skating," observed Mr. Danesdale. "Does it ever get frozen over?"

"Oh, yes!" Rhoda exclaimed fervently. "It does, and when it is frozen, I could live on it. You can't think what it costs me to come off at the end of the day. I do hope the next winter will be a hard one, Mr. Danesdale, and then you would see what it is like, all about here. I always say there is no such place as Yoresett and the dale in the world, but Judith and Delphine vow they would rather live in a musty town; and why, do you suppose?"

"Society, perhaps."

"Oh, no! At least, only the society of dead men. They would like to live in a town because there would be *libraries* there."

Scorn unutterable was expressed in the accent laid on the penultimate word.

"L—libraries. But you can have a library in the country. At least, there's Mudie's. They send all over the country. Mudie's will send you anything you want."

Another pause, till Mrs. Conisbrough began:

"Well, really, in many ways, Mudie's is such a tiresome institution. They sometimes keep you so long——"

"Mudie's is a delightful institution, but a very expensive one," said Judith composedly. "A box for the country, to be worth anything, costs five guineas, and then there's the carriage to and from London."

"My dear Judith, that won't interest Mr. Danesdale."

"Perhaps not; I only wished him to understand."

"Yes," said he, "in such a case, you want a free library."

"Our library consists of fields and trees, and the running brooks," observed Delphine, laughing.

"Miss Conisbrough's has been something else as well," he observed, looking at Judith, putting down his cup, and rising all at once.

"Not much else," answered she. "So little else that it will take me a long time to digest all that I saw and heard in Irkford while I was there."

He shook hands with Mrs. Conisbrough, remarking that he would be just in time for dinner, if he took the short cut across the moor, and then, bidding adieu to the young ladies, and asking if he might come again, he took his departure.

(To be continued.)

THE FLIGHT OF LOVE.

(After the German.)

WERE I a little bird
With wings to fly away,
I'd fly, I'd fly to thee;
But this can never be.
So here I stay.

And though so far from thee,
Yet dreaming night and noon
My thoughts are all of thee,

And when I wake, ah me!
So lone, so lone!

No hour of night goes by
But that I waking start
To think and think of thee—
How a thousand times to me
Thou gav'st thy heart

THEO. B. W.

FAN FLUTTERINGS.

BY ANNA M. BENEDICT.

"Cape hoc flabellum et ventulum huic sic facito."—
TERENCE.

"Take the fan and give the lady a breath of air."

THE wind and rain were busy outside. The first few crocuses upon the lawn looked drooping and forlorn. I was seated in my favorite corner near the cheerful hearth reading with delight Mrs. Craik's "Poems of Thirty Years." Near the window, at her little work-table, Gracie was sitting, busy with her paints, causing delicate buds and dainty blossoms to appear upon the soft satin before her. Every now and then she would interrupt me for some suggestion as to form or tint, and sometimes I could not repress exclamations of admiration as the flowers blossomed beneath her deft fingers.

"Won't this make just a lovely fan, auntie, when it is all complete and properly mounted? Did I ever make a prettier bud? See!"

Then, after a few minutes, when I had turned again to my book, Gracie said:

"By the way, auntie, where did fans come from first?"

But though you are no doubt exceedingly anxious to know what answer I made to Gracie's question, yet I think you will be even more interested in it if I first tell you something more about the young lady herself.

She is my brother's only daughter, and is of course the dearest girl that ever lived, though Harry, her older brother, who is now in college, we suspect has a different opinion, and Bob, who is younger, has privately informed me more than once that he thinks Grace is a nuisance. Indeed, Bob, who is suffering from the punning disease, which every one has to have as he has the measles or the whooping-cough, says she is the *disgrace* of the family.

Gracie has had her crotchets, to be sure, as what spoiled and petted young lady has not. She is all the time suffering from some mania or other. The only one that has been lasting is the autograph mania; she has countless autographs with

the usual prose or verse "sentiments," mostly of school friends and relatives, but also of some small celebrities and local magnates. These she is very fond of showing, though she usually does it when Bob is not in the room. For this irreverent young fellow laughs at his sister's autographism, as he calls it, and scouts at her great



JAPANESE VISITING-CARDS, REDUCED SIZE.¹

names as those of people "so thunderin' eminent for never being heard on."

But even before the autograph mania came the button craze, and with this Gracie was one of the very first to be infected. In a little while no garment in the house had its full complement of buttons. At least one had been added to Gracie's collection. All her friends were forced to contribute; every shop where she had ever traded or ever expected to trade was levied upon. Her room was soon adorned with festoons of but-

¹ A novelty in visiting cards has been recently introduced from Japan,—Eastern birds and flowers painted in water-colors on fan-shaped pieces of thin card-board or Watman paper. The illustration shows four different shapes in miniature size. On three of them a strip of white is spaced out for the name; a separate card is pinned to the fourth for the same purpose.

tons of every shape, size, and material. Buttons were everywhere. When one got into Bob's soup



A FLUTTER OF FANS.

one day, it was too much. He looked up at his sister in a grieved, reproachful way, and asked if he were to be made the *butt* on such an occasion. He called her room the *buttonical* cabinet, and used to ask her if she followed the Linnaean system in her studies of *buttony*. And more than once, I am grieved to say, I overheard him say something which sounded amazingly like "dash my buttons!"

She had some revenge on Bob when he took to collecting postage-stamps. But soon she caught that craze, too, and Bob gave it up in disgust: her enthusiasm was too much for him. "He

didn't propose to be stamped to death," he said. It was a *stampede* all the time, so he stamped it. In fact, none of us had peace in those days. Her papa did not return from the office, but she asked if he had any new stamps for her. She would meet him at the door with the question. Finally he would say "No!" as soon as he came in sight of the house. She got up a box for a missionary somewhere in the South Sea Islands, and wrote him a pleading letter to collect and send her "heathen stamps." Bob raised her curiosity to a high pitch when he informed her that there were stamping-mills in California where things were done at wholesale. He gravely advised her to write directly to one. She was quite indignant when she learned that he was hoaxing her. At length Bob declared that if things went on at that rate much longer he should move for the promulgation of a "stamp act."

Hardly had the stamp mania subsided before the card craze came, and Gracie gave herself up to it without a thought of resistance. Soon tables and chairs were littered with cards of every color, sort, and description. Card-baskets were heaped to overflowing, card-tables groaned under stacks



JAPANESE FAN VISITING-CARD, ACTUAL SIZE.

of them. There were Christmas and New Year's and Easter and Valentine cards. There were visiting and playing-cards with all sorts of pretty

and grotesque designs. But it did not stop with these. Advertising cards were sought after, were begged, borrowed, stolen. No young gentleman's call was acceptable unless he could make some addition to her stock of soap and shoe and grocery cards.

What a miserable day she made of it for a young man who was rash enough to accompany her and one of her young lady friends to the city! They had a little "shopping" to do, they said, and then they would go to the art-gallery. That young man has determined to remain a bachelor. Such shopping! All they wanted to do was to "complete" certain "sets" of interesting soap and hosiery cards. Into shop after shop they went, in the dingiest streets and most out-of-the-way courts and alleys. He was left standing unceremoniously and awkwardly at the door while they passed to the counting-room and beseeched the proprietor for the eagerly-desired bits of card-board.

Bob said "she talked by the card." She certainly talked about little else. He never spoke of her in those days except by the sobriquet, the *Cardinal*. He often compared her with the *Cardiff* giant, always to the advantage of the latter. He expressed great fear that she would be inflicted with *carditis* or *cardialgy*, advised her to strengthen her system by taking *cardiac*, warned her against eating *cardo* or *cardamon* seeds, and so on till the poor girl was nearly frantic with his raillery. Things reached their climax one day when Bob was off to the city on a visit. A drayman drove up to the door with an immense dry-goods box marked boldly, "Miss Gracie Winthrop. Handle with care," etc. We were all amazed, of course. But Gracie's mother paid the charges, the box

was brought in, and Thomas was summoned to open it, while we stood by and looked on with the greatest curiosity. Gracie could hardly contain herself. She made fifty surmises as to what could be in the box. The one which seemed most likely to her was that it contained the "heathen stamps" from the South Sea Islands. But Gracie's mother laughed till she cried, and Gracie herself bit her lip with vexation and hardly kept the tears back when, the cover removed, we saw on top an



JAPANESE FAN VISITING-CARD, ACTUAL SIZE.¹

immense sheet of bristol-board adorned with cardinal flowers and cardinal birds, and in the centre in huge letters the superscription, "For the Cardinal." There was no doubt where it came from then. Gracie finally took the joke in good part, and unpacked her treasures. There was first an

¹ This illustration and the second on the preceding page represent two of these fan visiting-cards in their actual size. For the painting, moist colors, shell-gold, copal varnish, and well-pointed camel hair brushes are required. A number of specimens can be sketched and executed on the same sheet of card-board or paper, and cut out afterward. The first is grounded a grayish-green, the birds painted black and white, the foliage and herbage a dark glossy green, the part representing the stick black and gold, or black and silver. In the second the ground is put in black, and then varnished. On the thoroughly dry varnished surface the flower ornament is painted in gold.

immense wool card with directions for using, then a huge book on cardiology, on the fly-leaf of which Bob had written :

“ ‘ On life’s vast ocean diversely we sail;
Reason’s the card, but passion is the gale.’ ”

I fear, Grace, this reason is the only card you lack !”

Then came a great bundle of old newspapers in which the cards of quack doctors and pot-house politicians and the like gentry were marked. And last of all, an immense stack of the largest, gaudiest patent-medicine show-cards, gotten up in utter disregard of all artistic truth, and printed in the most hideous colors that a merciful Providence ever suffered sinful mankind to make.

Bob got home that night. I suspect his mother reproved him. But he ventured to ask “the Cardinal” whether she received a package that day. Gracie gave him a withering glance—or as near that as her sweet features are capable of. Bob’s eyes twinkled humorously, and his sister was quite placated when Bob produced from his pocket a beautiful card-case which he had brought her from the city.

After this there was peace and quiet in the household for a long time. Gracie returned to her music with a zeal she had not shown this many a day. But some time ago she began to show symptoms of a new craze, and this time it was fans. Everything of the fan kind and shape attracted her attention and aroused her enthusiasm. She read about fans, she talked about fans, she went in search of all sorts of fans. Bob regarded her pityingly for a time, and then he called her a *fanatic*, with the exasperating New Jersey accent, and spoke deprecatingly of her fanaticism. But Gracie was not deterred nor discouraged. And through her management her room has recently undergone a complete change of adornment.

Her buttons and cards have had to yield to the new passion. The walls have been newly covered with paper, in which the prevailing shapes of the ornamental figures are fans, or fans with variations. Fan designs have been painted on the ceiling. Dainty little fans with pockets have been hung upon the walls for photographs. Frames of pictures are set off with miniature fans in the corners. Tidies for the chairs have been embroidered with fan designs, while actual fans of all sorts and varieties are arranged in artistic groupings

upon the walls; some of elaborate workmanship in ivory and silk or choice feathers, or those covered with elaborate paintings, are left by themselves. Behind the vases upon the mantel tower aloft the dainty little long-handled Japanese fans with the absurdest paintings. Fans made of cardboard, of paper, palm-leaf fans, fans that open by pulling a string or touching a spring, are everywhere in profusion. The room indeed presents quite a fantastic appearance, as Bob says. There are fans from many foreign lands; one which she is fond of showing from Germany, with a little pocket in it in which a needle and thread could be safely hid for an emergency at the ball. Fans provided with mirrors, with miniature opera-glasses, fans combined with riding-whips and parasols and canes, are in her collection; miniature fans of ivory and bone and what not. And besides this, she has got a set of jewelry made in fan-shape, pin and ear-rings and sleeve-buttons, while cloak-clasps and belt-fastenings have assumed this same shape.

And then she has made a collection of all the various sorts of things she can find in which fan shapes are used for ornamentation. Within a short time she has gotten together a large quantity of cards and programmes and bills of fare and cigarette-wrappers and box ornaments and fifty things besides in which fan shapes are used. Some of the prettiest of her Christmas cards are those made in the shape of fans or adorned with fan designs. And the visiting-cards she has collected, adorned with dainty landscapes and figures, or even made in the shape of little Japanese fans and painted with delicate flowers and birds, are innumerable. Everything of this description she has arranged with charming taste and placed in a large scrap-book. This Bob calls her “fantome of delight”! And since fans have become the chief end of Gracie’s existence, Bob, in her presence, never by any accident allows himself to say, think, or guess or imagine or reckon, but always *fan*ty, with the true English emphasis and intonation upon the first syllable. Gracie knows it is of no use to protest, so she pays no heed to him and his puns.

Ah! let me see; I have left Gracie’s question a long time unanswered while I have been letting you into some of the secrets of our pleasant home life.

“By the way, auntie, where did fans come from first?”

I had anticipated some such query as this sooner or later. Consequently I had been making note of everything on the subject that I came across in my reading. So I closed my book, looked for a moment into her eager, absorbed face, and was about to answer, when Bob, whom the rain kept indoors, and who had entered the room just in time to hear Gracie's question, spoke up before me.

"Why, Grace, I fancy fans were known in Paradise. You don't think Eden would have been anything but a stupid sort of place without fans, do you? Consider Eve was a woman, could she have possibly been happy without a fan? Banish the thought. Fans came into vogue in the world's infancy—I beg pardon, Grace, but, really, you know I can't help emphasizing that syllable wherever it occurs, just out of consideration for your feelings. When Eve saw the first palm-tree, I haven't a doubt she said to Adam, 'Oh, do climb that tree and get me a leaf, there's a dear!' Just as you said, you know, at the picnic, to—"

"Hush!" said Gracie, with a slight blush, interrupting him just in time to prevent my hearing the name.

"Oh, well! I thought I should get your mind off of fans for a minute. I'll tell you that picnic story some other time, auntie."

With that Bob took a paper, ensconced himself on the lounge, and pretended to be deeply interested in a story, but we felt sure that he was listening, and watching his chance.

"Well, Gracie," I said, "I do not know that Bob was very much out of the way in his surmises, after all. In climates where the heat is oppressive the invention of the fan seems the most natural thing in the world. It must have been invented at a very early day, and become an object of general use long before Chinese and Indians, Assyrians and Egyptians, or Greeks and Romans, made it at once a thing of joy and beauty."

"That's right, auntie," exclaimed Bob, "put in all the names you know. That is the way they all do, and nothing impresses Grace so much. But if you want to enjoy the situation fully, just you ask her who the Ass-ear-ians were, and why they had that opprobrious name. Eh, Grace?" with a provoking smile.

"Why, the Assyrians lived in Assyria, of course," said Grace, oblivious of the pun, to Bob's intense delight, "in—in Asia"—doubtfully and growing flushed, as Bob laughed aloud—"or in Africa," and Bob shrieked while



EVENING FANS.¹

Gracie's cheeks were aflame with distress and indignation.

"Why, Grace," said Bob, as soon as he could control himself sufficiently to speak, "you look warm. Hadn't you better take a fan; you understand that, you know."

"Well, I just don't care. I am always getting those horrid countries and peoples mixed up. I know the Assyrians were some of the old civilized folks. But, auntie, I am just as much interested in what you say as though I could tell all about those names. I do not mind what Bob says."

"Oh, no," says that young gentleman sarcastically; "of course not!"

¹ Both these fans are intended to be used with a ball dress. The open one is painted silk; the closed one is entirely of feathers.

"But please to continue, auntie, with what you were going to say when Bob interfered with his nonsense."

"Nonsense, indeed!" exclaimed Bob. "But if this breezy subject is to be continued, you may count, meantime, upon my absence. Your talk on fans is enough to create a draught." With that Bob picked up his paper and departed, only stopping on the threshold to say, "Much joy to you, Grace. Drink it all in. Listen with all patience, as though you were a veritable Ass-ear-ian yourself. As for me"—with an air of tremendous importance—"I don't fancy aunt's fan *stance*."



EMBROIDERED FANS.

We were alone again, and at Gracie's repeated request I told her something about the history of the little article in which she was so much interested. Upon the old Assyrian and Egyptian monuments there are frequent representations of fans. There are in the British Museum ancient slabs on which fans are seen carried in procession; and there, too, is preserved an ancient Egyptian fan-handle, with holes in which the feathers were inserted. The office of fan-bearer to the king was considered very honorable among the ancient Egyptians. None but royal princes or the highest nobles could aspire to it. There were two grades of the office, according as one moved on the right hand or the left. To those of highest birth or most esteemed for their services, the higher rank was accorded. A certain number were always on duty, and were required to attend during the grand

solemnities of the temple worship, and whenever the monarch went out in state, or transacted public business at home.

In the Eastern countries there have always been similar dignitaries. Indeed, fans have been used in India as insignia of office, the kind of fan distinguishing the rank of the officer. Europeans in India find it necessary at the present day to have special fan servants.

Fans were a part of the bridal outfit of ancient Roman ladies. The Greek and Roman fans were made of either lotus-leaves or peacock's feathers,¹ or of some light expansive material painted in brilliant colors. They did not open and shut, but were stiff, and had a long handle. By this form they were best adapted to the manner in which they were used. One person always fanned another, as might be inferred from the quotation from Terence at the head of this article. Some young slave of either sex was chosen to carry the mistress's fan, and to fan her whenever she desired. In a Pompeian painting, Cupid is represented as the fan-bearer, *flabellifer*, of Ariadne, and lamenting at her abandonment.

In the Middle Ages fans were employed in the church services to keep flies away from the sacred elements. These were sometimes furnished with bells of silver, which gently tinkled as the fans were slowly moved. In many ancient cathedral records notices of such fans are still to be found. In some of the Oriental churches use is still made of the fan in the celebration of certain services. But in the Western Church it has passed entirely out of use, save that in the state processions of the Roman Pontiff large feather fans are still carried.

All European fans were inflexible. Japan has the honor of inventing the folding fan. It has always been of the form still used—a segment of a circle. On a light radiating frame-work of bamboo the Japanese place paper, which is then decorated in various ways. The outer guards—those which cover the others when the fan is shut—they make sometimes of iron, beaten ex-

¹ Propertius has "*pavonis cauda flabella superba*"—fans of the peacock's proud tail.

tremely thin, and damascened with gold or other metals. From the Japanese the Chinese learned the trick of making folding fans; from them it came to the Western world. The Chinese sometimes make them of very thin sheets of ivory, delicately carved, and fastened together by interlacing ribbons. People in the far Orient, of every class and condition, make use of fans. Even the artisans have their fans in one hand as they labor with the other. When in the seventeenth century the Japanese granted certain Portuguese merchants a site for settlement, the little town was laid out in the shape of a fan—a graceful compliment being thus paid to the manufacturerers of the useful little article which constituted an important part of the merchants' dealings.

In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries fans came into common use by ladies in all the western countries of Europe. In the famous "Dance of Death," by Holbein, a lady appears with a fan in her hand. Mr. Thomas Wright, speaking of the Englishwomen of the days of Queen Elizabeth, has the following words which bear upon our subject:

"The fan of the Elizabethan age was usually made of feathers, like the fans still in use in the East, from whence it was probable derived. The handle was often very richly ornamented and set with precious stones, and even with diamonds. As, according to the custom also derived from France, the lady who made any claim to dress in fashion was never without her fan, it was usually suspended to the girdle by a chain. A satirist of the day, Stephen Gosson, approves of the fan if employed in the right time of the year, when it is useful for driving away flies and for cooling the skin.

"But seeing they are still in hand,
In house, in field, in church, in street;
In summer, winter, water, land,
In cold, in heat, in dry, in weat;—
I judge they are for wives such tools
As bables are in plays for fools."

Mr. Wright's description is well illustrated by his beautiful colored copy of the portrait of the Countess of Derby. The fan similarly figures in Hollar's sketches of Englishwomen as they dressed and looked in 1645. Of these, Mr. Wright copies two, one of a gentlewoman, and one of a lady of quality, both of whom have fans of feathers, apparently hanging by the long handle to the waist.

Miss Strickland tells how on one occasion Queen Elizabeth dropped a silver-handled fan into the moat at Howsted Hall, adding that "the



FANS FOR POMPADOUR COSTUMES.¹

fans used by Elizabeth were made of feathers, and in form resembling a modern hand-screen. The following is the description of one presented in 1589 to her Majesty by Sir Francis Drake as a New Year's gift: 'A fan of feathers, white and red, enameled with a half-moon of mother-o'-pearl, within that a half-moon garnished with sparks of diamonds and a few seed-pearls on the one side, having her Majesty's picture within it, and on the reverse a device with a crow over

¹ The mounts of both these fans are of dark wood, and the outside stick is ornamented with the monogram of the owner chased in silver. One fan has a lark painted on the leaves, which appears to have lighted there just as it is opened. The other fan is covered with Pompadour chintz to match the costume it accompanies.

it.' " Miss Strickland subsequently gives a description of a fan presented to Elizabeth by Leicester as his New Year's gift in 1574. This was "a fan of white feathers, set in a handle of gold, garnished with diamonds and rubies; the other side garnished with rubies and diamonds, and on each side a white bear (his cognizance), and two pearls hanging, a lion ramping, with a white muzzled bear at his foot." Well may the author say of this, that it "savors more of a love-token."

In an official inventory, made at the time, of the various articles belonging to the toilette of the splendor-loving queen, account is given of several fans of white or vari-colored feathers, with handles



RIDING-WHIP AND FAN COMBINED.¹

of crystal or precious stones, or gold studded with diamonds and pearls, or rubies and emeralds. On one handle of gold there is "a looking-glasse on th' one side"; on another, "a shipp under sale."

In the "Merry Wives of Windsor," Falstaff says to Pistol, "When Mrs. Bridget lost the handle of her fan, I took't upon my honor thou hadst it not." 'Tis passage is unintelligible except to those who know what sort of fan was then in vogue, and hence it has occupied the attention of the annotators, one of whom says: "It should be remembered that fans in Shak-

¹ The fan and whip are both designed expressly for a riding costume. The whip is plaited leather, and is fastened to the dark wooden sticks of the fan, the leaves of which are ornamented with hand-painting representing the riding hat, gloves, and trappings.

speare's time were more costly than they are at present, as well as of a different construction. They consisted of ostrich feathers, or others of equal length or flexibility, which were stuck into handles. The richer sort of these were composed of gold, silver, or ivory, of curious workmanship. One of them is mentioned in 'The Floire,' a comedy (1610): 'She hath a fan with a short silver handle, about the length of a barber's syringe.' Again, in 'Love and Honor,' by Sir W. Davenant (1649): 'All your plate, Vasco, is the silver handle of your old prisoner's fan.' Marston, too, says, in his "Scourge of Villanie":

"Another he
Her silver-handled fan would gladly be."

It appears from the same writer's "Satires" that the sum of £40 was sometimes given for a fan by private persons in Elizabeth's time. Bishop Hall, in his "Satires," 1597, says:

"While one piece pays her idle waiting man
Or buys a hood or silver-handled fan."

It would seem that silver handles were comparatively common, and held their ground for a long time. As regards their form, the old feather fans were not always alike. The foreign fans were often in the form of a bunch of feathers or plumes; in England, as already indicated, they were more commonly flat, but not always. "That of the Countess of Suffolk at Gorhambury resembles a powder puff, as may be seen in the print of it in Pennant's 'Journey from Chester'; and others in the hands of Queen Elizabeth in several portraits of her are similar in fashion. In the magnificent frontispiece of her in Darcy's 'Annals of Queen Elizabeth,' she is represented with a very handsome fan, differing from either of the others mentioned."

In Elizabeth's time it is interesting to know that the large feather fans were also used for the ornamentation of rooms. But the ladies did not have it all their own way in the early days of fans in England. In a manuscript preserved at Oxford, the writer referring to those days, says:

"The gentleman then had prodigious fans, as is to be seen in old pictures, like that instrument which is used to drive feathers; and it had a handle at least one-half as long, with which their daughters oftentimes were corrected. Sir Edward Coke, Lord Chief Justice, rode the circuit with such a fan; and William Dugdale told me he was

an eye-witness of it. The Earl of Manchester also used such fan; but the fathers and mothers slasht their daughters, in the time of their besom discipline, when they were perfect women."

Coming down to the next century, Miss Strickland may again be quoted. In her account of Catharine of Braganza, under date 1664, she says, speaking of this queen and her maids of honor:

"They all walked from Whitehall in procession to the chapel of St. James's Palace, through the park, in this glittering costume" (silver lace), "in the bright morning sunshine. Parasols being unknown in England at that era, the courtly belles used the gigantic green shading fans, which had been introduced by the queen and her Portuguese ladies, to shield their complexions from the sun when they did not wish wholly to obscure their charms by putting on their masks. Both were in general use in this reign. The green shading fan is of Moorish origin, and for more than a century after the marriage of Catharine of Braganza was considered an indispensable luxury by our fair and stately ancestral dames, who used them in open carriages, in the promenade, and at prayers, where they ostentatiously screened their devotions from public view by spreading them before their faces while they knelt. The India trade opened by Catharine's marriage treaty soon supplied the ladies of England with fans better adapted, by their lightness and elegance, to be used as weapons of coquetry at balls and plays. Addison has devoted several papers in the *Spectator* to playful satire on these toys, from whence the now general terms of flirt and flirtation have been derived. The genius of Watteau, and other French and Flemish artists, was first brought into notice by the employment of painting shepherdesses in hoop petticoats, and swains in full-buttoned wigs, with cupids, nymphs, and the usual machinery of antiquated courtships on the mounts of fans."

Paris was the chief seat of the fan manufacture during the seventeenth century. They were painted and decorated by artists of considerable fame. But it was last century when the greatest amount of talent and ingenuity was expended in the making and decoration of these useful trifles. The most luxurious ornamentation was employed just as far as the fans were capable of showing it. The sticks were made of ivory or mother-of-pearl, each kind being carved and ornamented in every way and by every means

of which it was susceptible. For the mounts taffeta and satin and silk covered sometimes with the most expensive laces were used, or sometimes fine paper or a delicate fine white parchment called "chicken-skin," painted by artists of high repute. Into the sticks little circles of glass were set, through which the holder could peer without attracting notice; and at the pivot it was not unusual for small telescopic glasses to be introduced.

After the time of the French Revolution the luxury expended upon fans died out. Within the last few years—since the exhibition of fans at South Kensington in 1870—a new impulse has been given to the making and decorating of fans in England. And this new zeal has been felt in our country as well, and many ladies have taken to decorating their own fans.

The Japanese make one curious use of the fan. When any malefactor of rank is sentenced to death, his doom is announced to him by presenting him a fan. As he bows in acknowledgment of the fatal gift, and stretches out his hand to take it, the executioner strikes off his head.

Such was the substance of what I told Gracie, but with many interruptions and questions on her part, and many explanations of names and places on mine, for Bob had really touched one of Gracie's weak points when he laughed at her about the Assyrians.

"The Chinese have a very pretty custom," I said. "They have fans made of white paper. Upon this friends esteem it a compliment to be invited to write. The fan becomes thus a sort of autograph album, upon which are little sentences in prose or verse, as mementos of some happy visit or event."

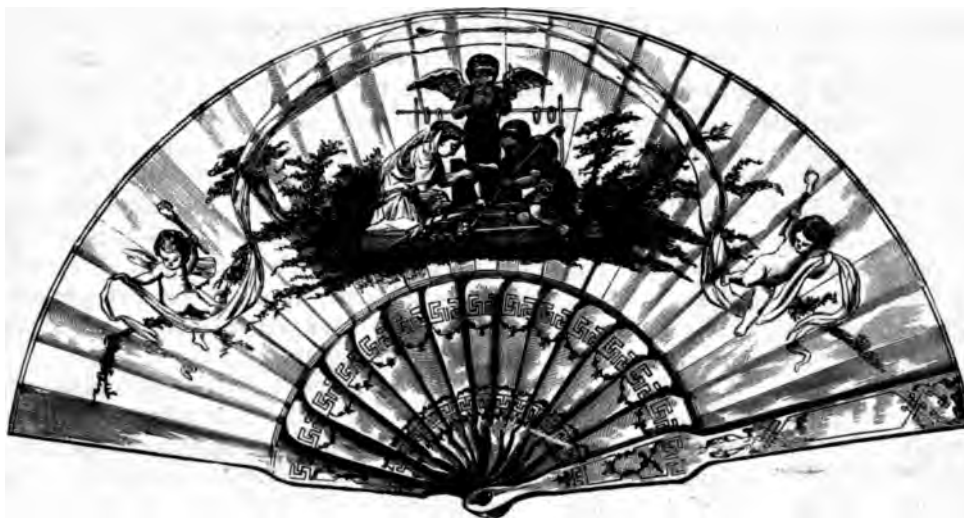
"Oh, that is nothing so very new, auntie," said Gracie. "We do that, too. Why, I have a palm-leaf fan just covered with names and verses, and all that. It is the one I had at the picnic, and everybody wrote on it. I will fetch it."

Away she went to her room, but was back very soon, and gave me the fan. It was literally covered with writing, as Gracie had said. This was something new to me, and I was much interested in making out several of the closely-written pencillings.

On one side Gracie had had the young ladies of the party write, on the other the gentlemen. The girls all had names that ended in *ie*, and

what they had written afforded most interesting examples of gush, effusiveness, and unlimited command of superlatives and underscoring. Indeed, positive or comparative pleasure was always described in superlative terms. "My darlingest

Here there was a somewhat simpler and less superlative tone, but a great deal of what was intended for sentiment or sentimentality awkwardly expressed. Gracie was bluntly or covertly complimented by almost every one. Judging from what



A FRENCH PICTURED FAN.

Gracie," wrote one miss with whom Gracie was never intimate, "never, *never* forget that *most* delightful of *all* rides upon the *lake*, and that *most charming* stroll through that *sweetest* of glens with—you know *whom*. Your most loving and devoted Marie."

One of her best friends had written :

"Whene'er, Grace dearest, you this fan
With all its names and nonsense scan,
And it recalls these happiest hours
Of picnic pleasures,—lake, wood, flowers,—
May there arise some joyous vision
Of me, who through this grove Elysian
Went with you to the damp, cool grot,
And plucked the blue forget-me-not.—
Forget me not ! and I to you
Will all life through be true, most true !"

All the girls agreed in calling that picnic the most charming, the most delightful, the most perfectly splendid, the most perfectly elegant, the most awfully nice, the sweetest, dearest, loveliest time that ever, *ever* was, or ever, *ever* could be ; and that Gracie was the superlative of everything good and lovely and charming and interesting and attractive and dear knows what all.

I was glad enough to turn to the other side.

they had written, one might have inferred that every one was in love with the little lady, as indeed he might well be. In one case she was extravagantly thanked for a smile, in another for a rose. "When your dainty fingers fixed the rose in my button-hole," this young man said, "I trembled with a strange delight." He had recently recovered from some modern novel, no doubt ! She was asked to remember the walk through the grove, the stroll through the glen, the delightful swing, the ride upon the lake. In each case it was insinuated that no one in the world would have such happiness as he who should secure her as his life companion through the "tangled grove" or the "rock-strewn glen" or across the "wimpling waves" of life. Some of the young gentlemen descended—or ascended—to verse. In one corner I made out the following *rondeau*, which some "Arthur" had written :

"Upon this fan the many write
Whate'er the moment's whims indite
(With some quaint flavor of romance)
Of simple act or circumstance
That's made the day with you so bright.

Not such for me : no fancy slight
Of passing moment, act, or sight

Shall from my pen e'er meet your glance
Upon this fan!

A simple wish, whose tender might
Throgs all my pulses with delight,—
May thought of me your joy enhance,
When your dear eyes by any chance
Shall see my name and verses trite
Upon this fan!"

"But what is this?" I said, as I detected a little roll of white birch-bark fastened to the fan with a thorn.

"Oh, that," said Gracie, with a faint blush, "is some of Fred Martin's work. There wasn't room, he said, on the fan."

"What! more poetry?" I said, as I unrolled it.

"Yes," she answered, and added with a little smile and downcast eyes that spoke volumes, "and I guess he thinks it is true."

Here is what I read on the birch-bark:

"The waves are a-gleam with the splendor
That wells from the westering sun,
And the hill-tops are crowned with a tender
And radiant glory each one,
Clouds pearly and purple faint floating
Above in the fathomless blue,
But none of these glories I'm noting —
I'm thinking of you.

About the wild rose-bush in view,
But the bees nor the birds I am heeding—
I'm thinking of you.

But not at this one moment only
I am charmed not by sight or by sound,
The world is a-dreary and lonely
Forever till your grace is found;—
There is naught in the world that is clever
Or brilliant or gracious or true
Can alter my fancies—forever
I'm thinking of you!"

"But didn't Bob write anything?" I asked.

"Yes, indeed, and but for its atrocious puns it isn't bad. Just hear what he says:

"I fancy *fans* see many a thing,
Which, could fans sing, I'm *fanc'ing*
They'd tell us, Gracie:
The smirks and frowns they hide for you,
From envious maids' or gallants' view,
They'd chant with flutter and *frou-frou*,
In language racy.

Now when your palm this palm-leaf plies
In weather which the gnats and flies
Consider palmy,
May all hereon your eye that greets,
My rhymes, maids' words, and swains' conceits,
The breezes temper with their sweets
And make them balmy!"



FRENCH FAN WITH PICTURES AND CARVINGS.

The birds through the wildwood are winging
Alone or a-pair or a-throng,
And round me from tree-tops are flinging
Their wildering garlands of song,
The brown bees are booming and speeding

"Good for Bob," I said. "I had no idea he could make a rhyme."

This young man reappeared upon the scene just as the picnic fan was laid aside, and I was asking

Gracie if the young ladies nowadays make use of fans for flirtation.

"Oh, leave Gracie alone for that," said Bob. "Didn't I see her only last Sunday, when your head was reverently bowed,

—"blush scarlit, right in prayer,
When her new meetin'-bonnet
Felt somehow thru' its crown a pair
O' blue eyes sot upon it'?"

And as soon as she knew it was Fred Martin,—oh, you need say sh! that's the chap in that picnic story, too, auntie,—didn't she signal to him with her fan? I looked at her and winked, and she pretended she was just offering me her fan. *Me* a fan, and in prayer time! I was scandalized. And I am almost sure the minister meant to rebuke her, for after prayer he gave out a hymn to be sung to the tune 'Martyn.'"

But Gracie would not admit any knowledge of the art of fan manipulation.

In the last century it must have been quite common, as is evident from one of the quotations given above. In the *Spectator*, No. 102, Addison describes an "academy for the training up of young women in the exercise of the fan, according to the most fashionable airs and motions," which he pretends to have established. He explains the method by which with diligent exertion "for the space of but one half year" ladies could be taught to give their fans "all the graces that can possibly enter into that little modish machine." They were taught to "Handle their fans, Unfurl their fans, Discharge their fans, Ground their fans, and Flutter their fans." The last was the most important. The essayist says: "There is an infinite variety of motions to be made use of in the flutter of a fan. There is the angry flutter, the modest flutter, the timorous flutter, the confused flutter, the merry flutter, and the amorous flutter. Not to be tedious, there is scarce any emotion in the mind which does not produce a suitable agitation in the fan; insomuch that if I only see the fan of a disciplined lady, I know very well whether she laughs, frowns, or blushes. I have seen a fan so very angry that it would have been dangerous for the absent lover who provoked it to have come within the wind of it; and at other times so very languishing that I have been glad the lover was at a sufficient distance from it."

When I had finished reading the foregoing quotation, I added:

"The Marquise de Pompadour, who played so large a part in the politics of France last century, was no doubt an adept in the use of this little implement. Listen to this *ballade* by Austin Dobson on a fan that once belonged to her:

"Chicken-skin, delicate, white,
Painted by Carlo Vanloo,
Loves in a riot of light,
Roses and vaporous blue;
Hark to the dainty *frou-frou*!
Picture above, if you can,
Eyes that could melt as the dew,—
This was the Pompadour's fan!

See how they rise at the sight,
Thronging the *Œil de Bœuf* through,
Courtiers as butterflies bright,
Beauties that Fragonard drew,
Talon-rouge, falbala, quene,
Cardinal, Duke,—to a man,
Eager to sigh or to sue,—
This was the Pompadour's fan!

Ah, but things more than polite
Hung on this toy, *voyez-vous*!
Matters of state and of might,
Things that great ministers do;
Things that, maybe, overthrew
Those in whose brains they began;
Here was the sign and the cue,—
This was the Pompadour's fan!

ENVOY.

Where are the secrets it knew?
Weavings of plot and of plan?
—But where is the Pompadour, too?
This was the Pompadour's fan!"

Even Bob listened to this with pleasure. "The only thing I have heard about fans that I fancy," he said.

But he took some interest also in looking over a book of engravings in which many of the rare old French fans were reproduced with such fidelity that pictures and carving and lace could all be clearly seen, and he opened wide eyes of astonishment when he heard that an American paid two thousand dollars at the Paris Exposition in 1878 for a fan adorned by a celebrated painter.

Just then the bell rang for supper. Bob started at once. We soon followed. Half-way down the stairs we heard Bob saying to himself:

"Fanity of fanities; all is fanity!"

LORA.

By PAUL PASTNOR.

FOURTH MOVEMENT.—THE TIP OF THE ANGLE.

LOUD rang the walls of the tavern with jesting and laughter. On the black windows the firelight was dancing and climbing.

"Here's to the old Sportsman's Inn!" cried a voice through the tumult.

Thereupon clinked the tall glasses from table to table; Then a great silence prevailed, and the faces were hidden. Basily dripped from the ceiling the big amber rain-drops, Fell on the hearth and the tables, and into the tankards. Right in the midst of the hush, the door creaked on its hinges,

Let in a gust of the rain, and two storm-beaten figures, Drenched and bedraggled, their faces and hair damply shining,—

First the tall farmer; then Lora, down-looking and timid, Fresh from the night, and confused by the lights and the people.

Slowly the glasses descended, uncertainly poising, Some on the edge of the tables, and some yet in mid-air, While the young men bent their eyes on the beautiful maiden

Standing aloof, with the rain on her quivering lashes. Frightened and blushing, she lifted her face to her father, Caught his kind nod and slipped into the long, dusky passage

Leading away to the halls and the rooms of the tavern. Stopped she at length at the door of her aunt, the good hostess, Listened a moment, then tapped quick and low on the panel.

Straightway she felt herself clasped to a motherly bosom— Beautiful refuge of girlhood, the arms of a woman!

"Where is your father, poor child?" the good lady was asking.

But as she spoke, he loomed up in the dusk of the passage. "Shamefully rude are your boasted young guests from the city!"

Cried he, with bitterness, ere he saluted his sister. "Give me our plain Island boys for true models of manners, If *this* be the gallant politeness of city-bred persons!"

"Nay," laughed the landlady, leading the way to the fire-side,

Placing them chairs by the blaze, and a rack for their garments,

"Cling not, my brother, so long to the old Lorraine notions! Here the wild-birds are not freer than ways of the people. You are old-fashioned, from living so long in seclusion,— Going about with an armor of prejudice on you!" Much more, with family feeling, spake brother and sister, From those old poles of opinion, the past and the present!

The hostess, however, prevailed, by degrees, in discussion, As liberal doctrines and women are constantly doing. Lora, meanwhile, had attended to one and the other, Her countenance brightly reflecting the talk and the fire-light.

But when the matron had conquered with words overwhelming,

Her brother arose, and plunged out through the rain to the stables,

Partly in dudgeon, and partly to care for his horses.

"Prattle and prattle!" he grumbled. "What talkers are women!

Get them together, and one will set fire to a room-full.

Yes, and their speech is like snapping of sticks in the fire-place,

Scattering sparks that have vanished before we can grasp them.

Lora, I warrant, has caught up the talk and pursues it, Flickering back to her aunt, like a blaze in a mirror!"

"What are you grumbling at, friend?" asked a voice from the stable.

"Really, I thought that a thunder-cloud swept up the valley!"

Laughing, a young man appeared in the midst of the doorway,

Brushing the straws from his garments bedraggled and clinging.

"Yes, 'tis a bad, nasty night to be scouring the country; But I've been down to the toll-gate, to breathe this young filly!

Come, take a look at the mare; she's a bonny black beauty."

Slowly the old man complied, half inclined to be angry, Raised his dim lantern, and gazed at the elegant creature.

"What do you call her?" he asked, in the place of a comment—

Meaning, what strain was she sprung from, her dam, and who sired her?—

"Lora—the name of the beautiful maid she is named for!" Answered the youth, with a thrill in his voice quite uncalled for.

Straightway the frame of the farmer, the broad, sullen shoulders,

Swung with a motion majestic, and unto the young man Brought the stern face and stern eyes and the brows that

were lowering.

Yet the old man spake no word, though his lips seemed to falter—

Gathered the lantern beneath his dark arm, and departed, Leaving his comrade alone in the gloom of the stable.

"Verily, now!" cried the youth, "this is courteous conduct

Nevertheless, it reminds me of one like occasion,
 When I sought favor and grace of an old man's moroseness.
 Therefore, my friend, I forgive you—nay, rather, I thank
 you,
 For you recall me the time, in its realness and sweetness,
 When I first saw lovely Lora glide out of the shadow,
 When she first dawned on my life in compassionate beauty.”
 * * * * *
 Under the eaves of the tavern two lights dimly flickered,
 One from the rain-beaten window of beautiful Lora,
 One from the mist-clouded pane of the young man, Luke
 Gleason.
 Under the brow of the gable together they glimmered,

Wistful as eyes gazing into unsearchable distance.
 * * * * *
 Spent was the rain; and a single bright star brake the dark-
 ness,
 Shook in the pocket of cloud, like a gold coin escaping.
 Both from their windows perceived it,—the youth and the
 maiden,—
 And a long light from the star trembled down on their
 faces.—
 What if an angel should breathe their kin fates, in a
 whisper,
 Just where the liquid beams meet, in the tip of the angle!
 (To be continued.)

CYN.

BY KEZIAH SHELTON.

GLIMPSE IX.—WORTH AND WORTHLESSNESS.

“WHAT pretty bands you are making, Baby,”
 spoke Mrs. Bell feebly from her invalid chair.
 “Whom are they for?”

“For Cyn Meredith; she has taken a fancy to
 have her velvet cloak trimmed with them. It is
 rather an odd idea, but it is nice for me, for not
 many hereabouts have fancied these bronze bands,
 and would care less for them if they knew what
 they really are. Those that George took to the
 city sold rapidly, and I should have sent these,
 but Cyn wanted them solely because they would
 be something entirely different from what any
 of her friends had. But she wouldn't wear
 them if she knew they were made of the coat
 our bronze gander wore this past summer, and
 that she ate the very bird Thanksgiving whose
 plumes she is to wear.”

“Fine feathers make fine birds,” said mother
 Bell, in her quaint, suggestive way.

Baby Bell laughed heartily as she thought of
 young Madam flaunting those plumes and fondly
 imagining that they were foreign feathers.

The brothers and Baby had learned long ago
 that some of the most charming ornaments could
 be formed out of what they would once have
 considered too common for use. They did not
 represent these things as coming from Europe,
 yet apparently it was taken for granted; and all
 the country round flocked in to see the new goods
 each season after George's return from foreign
 lands.

Cyn since her marriage had kept her word and

dressed her fine figure in the finest of garments
 only, and her mirror told her truly that she was
 the most elegant lady its simple rusticity had ever
 been honored by reflecting.

This, added to her already sufficiently good
 opinion of herself, made her grow daily more
 select in her associates, lest she should defile her
 acquired gentility. Somehow she had felt an
 especial contempt for Baby Bell, though why
 none could tell. Real superiority will make itself
 felt without any effort on the part of the possessor,
 and it must have been this which unpleasantly
 pierced Cyn's egotism. Baby was certainly no
 match for Cyn in beauty or in magnificence of
 dress, neither did she desire to be. Indeed, Baby
 often pitied Cyn, though Cyn would have won-
 dered what for, and have looked herself over in
 the loved mirror to see if by any sad chance some
 crimp or fold was arranged unbecomingly.

Poor, deluded Cyn, couldn't you understand?
 Look at your baby boy's driveling grandparent;
 look at his papa's fast-reddening eyelids; can't
 you see?—“even unto the third and fourth gen-
 eration.”

To-day, Cyn in a stately whirl of silk and
 feathers stands patronizingly before Baby, dis-
 couraging in a butterfly fashion of grace and style,
 wholly unconscious of the charm of that pure
 face and its bright, intelligent atmosphere, never
 dreaming that to a clear judgment Baby would
 bear off the palm for womanly nature and good-
 ness.

“A mere nothing,” Cyn says to herself, as she

superciliously asks Baby if she cannot make her a feather butterfly of scarlet and gold to fasten her bronze wreath at one side of her bonnet. Baby thinks she can, and Mrs Meredith in a queenly way settles for her goose feathers and goes home proudly to display the latest styles just from Europe.

Baby laughs at her, and at the same time pities her deeply.

GLIMPSE X.—REAPING.

"WHERE'S Cyn?" inquired Celia Meredith of the kitchen girl, as pale-faced and with halting breath she rushed in from her father's across the street.

"Gone to ride with the children," answered the girl, without looking up from her work at the sink.

Celia sprang past her, through the card-room to the bar-room to find her brother, for there was trouble and grief at home. She threw open the door, and in that moment of grief and excitement her vision beheld more clearly through what dark wickedness her father had won his wealth and destruction as the late Burton, Jr., was surely winning his.

Though he knew not the change in his title, yet he was now the late Burton, Jr.; henceforth he would write senior, and his title would fall to Burton second, who was now proudly driving with his sister Annie and mother Cyn.

With stupid blood-shot eyes her brother glanced at her half-inquiringly, for Celia had never before called upon him there. Before the bar in a drunken sleep sat neighbor Richmond, the wreck, body and soul, of a once much-respected and well-to-do country gentleman. On the settee lay a youth too drunk to do anything but amuse himself in the imbecile attempt to make circles on the floor with mouthfuls of tobacco-juice. Leaning against the door-post was a witty Irishman who had drunk just enough to take a facetious view of the sudden appearance of the landlord's sister, so with mock gallantry he made an obsequious bow.

Around the room were a dozen more persons in all stages of drunkenness, from the imbecile to the devilish degree.

Celia took it all in, and then she thought of the still, stark form at home,—the form of one that had so recently staggered out of the present company, that it was scarcely realized that he was gone.

There was a glass not yet drained dry; perhaps

it was the very one that had held the death-draught to her father's lips.

Horrible thought! her eyes were opened; anger, despair, and grief were awakening in a few moments what otherwise might have lain dormant for years. Henceforth Celia Meredith's name will be enrolled among the radicals upon the liquor question. Her lips are unsealing, though still pallid. Listen!

"Burton Meredith, have you sold your soul to the devil? Are you man or demon, that you stand there day after day dealing out misery, starvation, and death by the glass? Have you no soul, that you sit there with as drunken a smile on your wet lips as any of the rabble in front of the bar? Burton, Burton, did you sell your father liquor to-day?"

With drunken wit, Burton assumed a look more stupid than ever, for, intoxicated as he was, he remembered that the doctor had forbidden his father to drink at all if he hoped to recover.

Celia seemed to take in the facts of the case from one sharp look at her brother's half-averted face, and for the moment it almost drove her wild, and the witty Irishman put the one drop too much in her cup of anguish, when with a wink toward his drunken companions he said, with mock solemnity: "He did, ma'am, but he made the old man fork over a V for it; he said he might as well make as much as he could out o' the old man, as he wouldn't last long," and bowed almost to the floor, while his drunken companions cheered him.

Celia sprang toward the bar like an avenging angel. "Murderer, murderer, unnatural son, you have killed your father, and for five dollars! *Oh, Rum, this, then, is thy doings!*"

Hark! her voice falters; where had she heard similar words before? Was it? Yes, it was: when poor widowed Mrs. Byrne had come to this very spot and upbraided her father, "bearded the lion in his den," and had made her anguished wail of sorrow to Burton Meredith, Sr., who had sold the poison to her husband and son, and so had sent them to criminals' graves.

She saw, as in a mirror, how at that time she had stood a thoughtless girl in her father's sitting-room and had laughed at the absurdity of her father's being blamed.

"How unreasonable such low persons as Mrs. Byrne were, to be sure; people need not drink unless they choose!"

To-day, in an instant, the scales had fallen from her eyes; whereas she had once been blind, now she saw clearly. She heard a voice repeating, like a refrain, "As ye sow, so shall ye reap;" she could not rebel from its justice, and her heart softened as she cried, "Burton, my poor brother, come home! Father, our father, is dead—killed by his own hand and yours!"

Burton stared wildly at her; slowly, but steadily, the truth of at least part of her statement burned itself into the remaining consciousness of his nearly stupefied brain.

"How could I say no when he wanted it so much? Father dead? Did I kill the old man?"

He staggered from behind the bar, across the room to the window, and looked over to father's; all was quiet there; could it be so?

"How did it happen, Celia?" asked he, still stupid from the effects of his frequent libations.

"He fell in a fit before he reached the gate; some neighbors brought him into the house; he breathed but once after they placed him upon the lounge," answered Celia, making a strong effort to speak calmly. Her father had scarcely been dead twenty minutes, yet it seemed ages ago to Celia.

Burton was becoming slowly aroused to a full sense that he had given his father his last drink, that in a drunken frolic he had extorted a heavy price for it, and had drunkenly boasted of it before a class of men who would be glad to keep him in remembrance of it. He was growing conscious of the fact that his father had died from the immediate effect of that last glass from his hand, that he had fallen within fifty feet of his son's—yes, Burton's own door, and Burton's drunken stupor had prevented his being conscious of any unusual stir without.

When this fact penetrated his sodden brain, his eyes seemed to be starting from his head, the foamy drops gathered upon his lips; with a shriek he bounded into the air, then sank to the floor a writhing, bloated mass.

The drunken sleepers now half roused, some to curse the disturbance, others to mumble and laugh, and then sink into their stupor again.

Cyn, with her noble-looking boy of twelve and daughter of ten years, came home just in time to see the farm-hands (who had been hastily summoned from the fields) bearing into the sitting-room the helpless form of the husband and father.

The story was soon told; Cyn wondered why such troubles should be sent upon them; she blamed Celia for scolding Burton, and gracefully ordered the doctor to be called, and graciously received him when he came, all the time doing in a queenly manner for her husband all that could be done.

Cyn loved Burton, and as she never doubted in her life but that she should have all that she wished, so she did not worry, but that he would soon be better, for she desired him to be so.

As for the "old man," they would have a funeral in a few days, then the estate would be settled, and she and Burton would visit Boston to select new furniture for the house; so, after all, 'twasn't such a very bad affair.

GLIMPSE XI.—TRUE WORTH AND GOODNESS.

To those who knew sweet Barbara Bell personally, it was no matter of wonder that her friends never learned to call her other than Baby Bell. Precious daughter and faithful sister, she bore her own troubles cheerfully and in secret, as she patiently plodded over and over, year in and year out, the narrow routine of her quiet life.

As she and her brothers developed their separate resources of invention and taste, the home without and within began to tell tales of the character of its inmates. The rickety slab fence was removed and a rustic cedar barrier took its place, as if its peculiar grace had always known that its most fitting place was to encompass the brown cottage of the Bells.

As Baby's brothers more and more naturally, as was proper, took the outward management from the fast-palsying hands of old Mr. Bell, it was noticeable that the flower-beds and ornamental shrubbery were each year more surely crowding the unsightly kitchen-garden from its prominence to its most fitting place, the rear of the grounds.

So gradually was the front encroached upon and the rear of the garden crowded upon the strip of greensward and finally to the wall, that father and mother Bell appeared to look upon it all as a matter of course; indeed, so easily and naturally had it all taken place, perhaps they thought it had always been so!

Neat paths wandered about the grounds; rock-eries, whose beauteous hues attracted as much notice from lovers of geology as the flowers did from the gentler botanist, sprang up near the paths as if by magic.

Such fancy-work as theirs had been was broadening to the faculties, ever opening their eyes to new beauties that might be utilized, and in this way they found lying wholly unheeded, close at hand, a wealth of material that could be turned into graceful decoration for their house.

Unconsciously they were fast becoming botanists and geologists, as their rapidly-filling cabinet of curiosities amply testified. Bits of minerals, choice shells, grasses, and rare ferns from everywhere, were brought home by George at every visit.

Finding it cheaper to cure their own bird-skins, they learned that art and found that by that very economy they could afford better to gratify their tastes, and soon a bird or two was too beautiful to part with, and their newly-acquired skill as taxidermists gave the hitherto plain parlor quite an air of elegance.

The demand for ornamental grasses, though somewhat sudden, created a supply. Birds' nests look well in connection with these, and so it followed that long, exhilarating walks were taken through field and wood; Baby kept young and bright amid such healthful employment; what mattered it to her that it was to earn her bread and clothes? What cared Baby if she furnished the taste and the labor to decorate the rich man's home?

Once when she had lovingly filled an order for "the most beautiful collection of grasses, ferns, insects, birds, and nests that can be arranged upon the accompanying form," she was for the moment much annoyed when, instead of the praise she had hoped, the representative of the first families glanced almost disapprovingly, certainly unappreciatingly, at the result of her pleasant labor, and said only: "Oh, Miss Bell, is that all you could make of it? But, then, it couldn't look like much, nothing but 'dried fog.'" Still, it's the fashion, and one must keep up with the times. Did you ever make any handsomer ones?"

"No, never! That is decidedly the most beautiful and effective that I have ever arranged."

"Well, I am positively glad of that; if there is anything I hate, it is to be outdone." And "my lady" born cheerfully drew a crisp bill from her rich porte-monnaie. Baby realized that she was the only one that had any thorough enjoyment of the beautiful piece of work.

In her business she met with all kinds of high-

toned snobbery, and she often told her brothers that she should some day write a history of her experiences.

Meanwhile she was only waiting to decide which was the most unendurable: patronizing gush, the commanding hauteur as of an ancient Russian count to an ignoble serf, mock condescension, or a meaningless pretension of humanity which says, in unmistakable tones, "We are all equal in the sight of the Lord, you know."

Baby Bell's increasing range of knowledge upon many things was rapidly making her an interesting woman, and even her "high-toned" summer customers learned to love her and to linger and discuss flowers, rocks, and rockeries, and their growing plants; to look through her cottage and gain hints of how to decorate their city homes in the winter, from observing her artistic ornaments upon the simply papered walls and plain wooden shelves and mantels.

The parlor mantel, with its fall of soft, scarlet, woolen cloth, edged with an unsalable band of feather trimming, put to blushing shame the simple lambrequin, with its bullion-fringe and oft-repeated quirls of golden cord. The wealth of glistening minerals piled high in a shimmering mass made it of small account whether the mantel was a black-painted wooden slab or carved marble. The rich beauty which concealed it wholly, whatever it was, caused the question to be forgotten and so unasked. Sometimes, in their gush, Baby quite forgot that even her "gifts" did not put her upon a level with their blue blood. She so far forgot these things as to call upon them in return as she would upon others. Their tasteful homes rested and refreshed her, after calling upon her more practical work-a-day neighbors, and to their credit, be it said, Baby made many friends.

Yet not all these guests of hers recognized Baby's busy fingers as worthy to clasp theirs in equal friendship. Mrs. Harding had been very kind and cordial to Baby, often lending her books upon various subjects of interest to her, books such as Baby's necessities would not allow her to purchase. One day she thought she would "run out for an airing" and take those books to the summer villa on the hill. She rang the bell, a neat Irish waitress opened the door and led her to the reception-room.

"What name, ma'am?"

Baby placed her card in Bridget's broad palm

as quietly as though she had been born to the custom of calling-cards.

Mrs. Harding soon presented herself, and cordially greeted her guest. Baby noticed that Mrs. Harding seemed playing with a card, but suspected nothing. The call passed pleasantly, and Mrs. Harding pressed a book upon Baby to take home with her, and as she rose to depart, suddenly said, "Miss Bell, do take this card home with you, pray; you can use it, perhaps, where it will do you some good."

With much surprise, though retaining thorough self-possession, Baby took the card and the snub, and with the returned card in her hand met Cyn in the hall. (Wouldn't Cyn delight to repeat this?)

Amid the gushing greetings of the wealthier, more dressy Cyn and her equal(?), Mrs. Harding, Baby bowed her final adieu to that villa.

Mrs. Harding never called at the Bells' afterward, except in a strictly business manner—one that could by no possible means be misunderstood.

She realized, with a shudder, how nearly she had allowed Baby Bell to believe that she looked upon her as an equal. She never blamed Baby, she knew it was her own fault; she had stooped from that precious family dignity, and it was but just punishment that one of the laboring class (what if she were an artist in thought, feeling, and profession?) should in consequence presume to claim social friendship with one whose ancestors "toiled not, neither did they spin"! What if some of her own circle had been present at the time?

GLIMPSE XII.—A "CALL" THAT MUST BE HEEDED.

TIME refuses to lessen his pace for the weary or the happy-hearted. If we are sinning, he slackens not to delay even for one instant the certain punishment that awaits us; if we are wisely happy and content, he yet plods along at the same changeless pace, bringing us sternly and unrelentingly nearer our salutary lesson of grief and disappointment.

Two swift years had passed since Burton, Jr., became (by his own hand, as one might say) Burton, Sr. Estates are lingering affairs, and it had been only a short time since Cyn had arranged and rearranged to her satisfaction the new parlor set which she and her husband did buy in Boston as she so early planned, yet to-day her husband

was borne from the bar-room in those terribly suggestive spasms that are always lying in wait for the drunkard.

As he was borne into their richly-appointed sleeping-room, recently furnished by the estate, and placed upon the bed, his wife for the first time showed a consciousness that she began to realize the change in her boy-husband of those care-free, youthful days—a change that had long been patent to all but her.

The bloated, blotched face, now convulsed with terrible agony, was brought into full relief as it lay restless upon the snowy pillow. Even now it did not strike her with the terror that would have thrilled a more thoughtful woman, or one who had learned that there are higher things in this world than the mere gratification of foolish pride.

Of course Burton would soon be well, for what could she do with an invalid husband? Nursing is very confining, unpleasant, and wears upon one's looks terribly, besides being very fatiguing! Cyn had always escaped the hardships of this world, and she did not doubt but that in some way she should be enabled to do so for the future.

Burton second, who was now rightfully Burton, Jr., and soon, far sooner than he dreamed, would need only to write Burton Meredith, was as bonny a boy as one would wish to see. His intellectual powers were developing in a surprising manner, considering his parentage. Though but fourteen, he had passed through the district school, and was now at the academy preparing himself for the realization of his dreams—college life. His ability won high praise from all his teachers; while his frank, good-natured manners made him a general favorite.

Amy, the daughter, was a bright, winsome girl, who made friends everywhere; fond of dress and show as her mother's daughter must needs be, yet with something about her that made you feel that if she should by mischance lose her fine feathers, there would still be something left.

Cyn took much pride and a certain degree of comfort in her handsome, showy children, and she could not believe, even when the doctor looked so sober, that her husband could be taken from her, when everybody must know that she and her children would have to deny themselves their accustomed luxuries if the husband and father should be called from behind the bar to take his place before the judgment-bar of eternity. It

would be very hard for her, so of course it would not be permitted.

For once she was at fault; despite her wishes, her husband never left that bed until he was borne thence a clod of lifeless clay.

"Oh, how bitterly hard to have so much to see to." There was widow's mourning to be ordered. Amy, too, was old enough to wear mourning. "How should they ever get along? Would the estate support them?"

Fifteen years ago rang the bells; to-day they toll!

GLIMPSE XIII.—CYN'S PROSPECTS DISCUSSED.

BARBARA BELL is thirty-two this very day, yet as she came down from her room early this morning, looking as fresh and happy as a girl, her brothers George and Fred greeted her by the old sweet name—Baby.

George is soon to be married, but Fred and Baby will keep the old home nest warm and open for the rest and refreshment of the elder brothers and sisters and their growing families; even George had chosen a widow with two fine children, because it would seem more home-like, he said.

Father and mother Bell had tired of living, and had quietly and naturally taken their place in the little "God's Acre" just beyond the orchard wall; there, amid the branches of the trees they had so long loved, their friends the birds sang merrily to them of the some day when loved ones will be reunited.

Life at the brown cottage glided as cheerfully on as happy hearts and clear consciences alone will allow. George this morning was full of the information he had gained during his last visit to his affianced. When next he went to New York it would be to enter business and be married. He had learned that Willis Newell, their old acquaintance, had made a lucky speculation and had invested the proceeds in business, taking in a rich New Yorker as partner.

"Is that so?" asked Fred. "How much money does the firm put in?"

"Well, they say fifty thousand each. I tell you that's doing pretty well for a boy that began life as he did, and is yet not far into his thirties."

"Lucky fellow! but he has struggled hard for it, and deserves it well; do your emember, George, how he used to put us boys to shame at those

spelling-schools? He has been on here twice this summer, but I didn't see him. One day I thought I was going to meet him, but before we were near enough for me to speak, he turned into Cyn Meredith's gateway, so I again lost the chance."

"Cyn Meredith's? Do you suppose that means anything? I believe it does, but I should never have thought of it, were it not that I heard something while I was in New York. 'They' said that Willis was reported to be engaged to a beautiful widow with two children; it must be Cyn. What do you think, Baby?"

Whatever might have been Baby's thoughts or feelings, she had too long been mistress of them to fail now. Years ago she had read Willis's heart, and knew that to him she was nothing, and Cyn everything. To her credit be it said, no one ever knew her secret except me.

Her reply was calm and quiet: "It may be so sometime, but I do not think it is so yet; Cyn has too much regard for the 'proprieties' to make any engagement inside of the first year of her widowhood. Burton was buried one year ago to-day,—his wife's and my birthday and the anniversary of their marriage. At the rate Cyn is living and planning for her children, the few thousands Burton left will soon be gone. She cannot exist without plenty of money, and as she will not work, there is but one method left—she must marry. If Willis Newell is rich, there is little doubt of her acceptance if he offers, and unless he has changed he will propose."

"How so?" cried both brothers.

"Because he always loved her, and if she had not married so young she would most likely have married him. It was but a question of who was the highest bidder; Willis had to earn his money before he could bid; then she was already sold."

"Don't you think, Baby, that she cared for Burton?"

"Oh, yes; yet not so much but that a higher bid would have rivaled him; she certainly cared more for him than she will for Willis; but his health is poor, and if he is as rich as represented, she can reasonably hope, ere many years, to be a richer widow than to-day."

"I don't envy Willis his pleasure as a step-father. That young Burton, keen and clever as he may be, is going to turn out a regular scamp. The love for liquor was born and bred in him, and his brightness is inclined chiefly to run to

pure rascality. Only fifteen years old, yet those who know him best predict a brilliant and rapid career down-hill to the valley of destruction," said George sententiously.

"How about Amy," asked Fred anxiously.

"With a better mother she would have been a better girl," answered Baby almost nervously, for she had guessed Fred's secret.

GLIMPSE XIV.—"GOLD, GOLD, I SAY!"

It is three years since the bell tolled as the young rumseller was borne to his last home.

The widow is as fair as a girl, for all that she is thirty-four and the mother of a tall youth of seventeen and a maiden of fifteen, the copy of her own youthful self. As she looks back to those days, it seems impossible that Amy is as old as she was when she became engaged to Burton. Her heart almost softens as she thinks of her boy-lover and husband, but hardens again as thoughts like these force her to call to mind her plain and lowly farm-house home.

Since the day she became Burton's wife she has always dressed as elegantly as she desired, and been surrounded by such household luxuries as she pleased. She pleased to have the best as far as she knew.

When Burton died she found herself limited to a stated income, and that somewhat narrow for her daily widening tastes, or else she must yearly encroach upon her principal, and thus she would yearly lessen that income. She could not deny herself anything, and quickly decided to have what she wished and trust to that future, which had always provided for her, for the rest.

Fortunately the law reserved a portion for the children (why should it not also when the mother dies? Fathers, like mothers, oftentimes neglect their offspring), and the court appointed a guardian for them and their inheritance.

Burton was sent to college by his guardian, who warned him that he should only recognize legitimate bills; that his small inheritance would not warrant any extravagant habits.

Amy was placed in a first-class boarding-school to obtain a fashionable smattering of music, French, Latin, English literature, and social science. Fortunately for Amy, music was a passion with her, and the smattering usually received in that proved to her more; with no thought,

then, that she should ever need to use her gift, except for her own pleasure and that of her friends, she haunted the music-room like a modern Euterpe. Others might frolic and flirt, but the piano was her best-loved companion.

Cyn saw her thousands lessening in number steadily and surely, yet she would not deny herself until forced to do so, for she hoped, ere they were exhausted, by some kind means the "fund" would be replenished. Her children's portion, under the care of the guardian, was not melting quite so rapidly; yet, she thought, unless Burton was immediately successful when he assumed legal practice, and Amy should marry both soon and well after graduating, they, too, would be without means and a home.

Something must be done, and that quickly, ere that greatest of evils, retrenchment, was unavoidable. Were she to marry again, a simple trousseau like her first would not suit her tastes at all. If she could marry "rich," she could compete in style with the fairest maiden bride, so it behooved her to look about her.

At this critical moment Willis Newell rang the bell. Once more had he come from New York to plead his suit, and Cyn, not having heard of any fairer prospect for herself, graciously accepted his proffered hand, conveniently forgetting that he had mentioned his heart. To her, that held no place in the bargain.

She assented to his request for an early marriage with an amiability that fairly surprised him; he had expected to plead earnestly with her, but when he mentioned three months, she sweetly told him that she could easily arrange matters so as to be married in two; then early dismissed him, that she might write to her son and daughter, both of whom he told her should have a home with them, and that home indolent Cyn stipulated should be a suite of rooms at a fashionable hotel.

GLIMPSE XV.—CYN'S FUTURE PROSPECTS.

"B——, 18——.

"MY DEAR SON: I hope you will not be very much surprised to learn that I have promised to marry Willis Newell in two months from to-day. He is very rich (worth sixty thousand, at least), and our funds, as you know, are lowering every year.

"Your loving mother,

"CYN MEREDITH."

"B——, 18——.

"MY DEAR AMY: Please don't cry now, as you almost always do when I want to do anything particularly; I am engaged to marry Willis Newell; he is very rich, and is doing an excellent business that brings him in a large income; and you know that we have to sell a few shares of bank stock every year, and if we do not get more some way, we shall be entirely out in a few years. We are going to board at a hotel, and you and Burt will spend your vacation with us. I shall have a splendid outfit, and you must have a new dress—pink silk, I guess. We shall be married in just two months. Come home next week and stay over Sunday. I wish to see you.

"Your mother,

"CYN."

The replies were equally characteristic.

"DEAR MOTHER: Hurrah for you; can't you get the old man to be generous and do well by his only son, who is a most promising youth. I am doing first-rate here: got a black eye playing foot-ball, and a 'foul' at base yesterday put my thumb out of joint. Guess I'll have to drop a study or two, they interfere so with athletic sports and society meetings. I'll come to the wedding.

"BURTON."

"DEAR MAMMA: What have you done? I never even dreamed that you would love any man, now papa is gone. What do you mean about our moneys being gone? Couldn't we do something (work, perhaps), so that we could get along? I'm sure I don't know what; but anything rather than to replenish our funds as you so strangely talk of doing. Don't do it, mamma! I'm coming home Saturday, and do please tell me then that you've changed your mind.

"Your loving daughter,

"AMY."

Amy went home, but the hurry and bustle, the array of clothing in all states of preparation, cut, uncut, basted, and half-made, told her that indeed her mother was in earnest; the click of the dress-maker's shears sounded perfectly fiendish to her excited ears.

She was too young when her papa died to criticise his faults, and filling his place again seemed to her like desecration. Besides this, her mother did not even pretend to love this Willis Newell, and when Amy was introduced to him she was startled that her heart went out to him with a wave of vague pity.

The two months were not to be prevented from rapidly passing away, and Amy sadly saw the dawn of her mother's wedding morn.

GLIMPSE XVI.—BLOOD WILL TELL.

"THERE was never a time but at least one of the name of Meredith stood behind the bar," had become a common saying among the country people of this unknown locality. It might also have been added with equal truth that the family name was always freely represented among the patrons of the god Bacchus.

Burton Meredith's uncle this Thanksgiving night gives a "Grand Thanksgiving Ball" in the hall of his hotel, and his heart swells with the joys of avarice as he dwells upon the thought of the dimes that he will "rake in" over his bar to-night.

Burton Meredith did not choose to pass this Thanksgiving with his new father; he had passed one such holiday with the family at their hotel, and he emphatically pronounced New York Thanksgivings most decidedly "slow," and promised himself that another time he would just go in for an old-fashioned jollification.

Cyn was hardly pleased that Burton should contemplate attending his uncle's ball, feeling that with his advantages he ought to seek more aristocratic society for his dissipation. She knew that country balls were not now as in her girlhood, the resort of the middle and higher-class country people, and besides, she felt that with Burton's advantages and prospects his position to choose his society was better than her own had been.

But though Nature had endowed him with unusual talent, so that even impartial judges predicted a bright future for him as a lawyer, yet his vacations were fast becoming one long carouse; to-day he has driven and drunk in a manner that would have astonished his father and grandfather, who were both well content to take their glasses of grog quietly behind their own bar without any neglect of business; they were never too "boozy" to take every advantage of their drunken customers, and many a tale was told with a gusto of the tricks they cunningly played upon their stupid patrons. Sweetened water took the place of liquors, and consequently gain grew heavier as the hours rolled on. Once a vociferous crowd of punch-lovers, after exhausting the spicy resources of the house, watched with perfect satisfaction their muddled host as he shrewdly supplied

the lack of nutmegs by grating in the gimlet-handle, and in maudlin enthusiasm they lavishly praised the increasing richness of flavor of each installment of the gimlet-flavored punch, and never knew the difference until the story floated to their ears long afterward.

But the laws of Nature are immutable, and the seed sown by these strong-nerved ancestors must some day be made manifest and somebody must reap the harvest, and a sorry one it proved to be. Bonny-faced Burton was the victim. He could not content the raging demons within with mild nor infrequent draughts.

Hark! from the distant past comes again to my ears that resonant voice; once more do I hear the galloping hoofs of a maddened horse, and the clear notes of Burton's bass voice wildly mingling with the now jangling, unsteady sleigh-bells. As he nears a corner where I expected to see him hurled a lifeless mass, he springs upright from the seat, shifts the reins to his left hand, draws with his right from an inside pocket a black flask, and waving both hands high in the air with a shriek of drunken delight he sinks backward upon the seat again. The horse, thoroughly frightened, plunged around the corner, and rapidly receding from us

the frenzied shouts still came to our ears as he rushed in the early twilight toward that country ball, there to finish his day's carousal.

How long those wild sounds haunted me! 'Twas far into the night ere I could sufficiently forget that horrible vision to drop into the troubled, dreamful slumber that alone visited me that night.

"The devil cares for his own," and he spared Burton for other and deeper draughts of sin and sorrow.

Cyn and sorrow; can any one think of these two as having anything in common with each other?

This very night Amy is writing to her brother, describing a stormy scene (upon Cyn's part) between Cyn and Mr. Newell, because he would not accede to her request to pay Burton's college bills. Mr. Newell thought it no more than right that the father's estate should educate the children.

Amy's lesser education was considered finished—well enough for a girl! Willis Newell paid the hotel bills, but thought that Amy's musical expenses and wardrobe should be supplied from her own income. But Cyn thought not.

(To be continued.)

GEORGE ELIOT.

By GREYL PUTNAM.

It is not a task of extreme difficulty to analyze a single emotion with perfect accuracy, determining its causes and predicting its effect upon its possessor and upon all who come within the range of its influence. Neither is it difficult through the far-seeing power of sympathy to gain a clear view of the motives, the thoughts, the feelings of others, and to depict them in such vivid colors that the reader is forced to exclaim, "This is the author's very self!" Both this power of analysis and this sympathetic insight are possessed by many writers, and are constantly being exercised with praiseworthy purpose and effect. But it is the work of genius to realize that "the only true knowledge of our fellow-man is that which enables us to feel with him, which gives us a fine ear for the heart-pulses that are beating under the mere clothes of circumstance and opinion," and that the "sub-

tlest analysis of school and sects must miss the essential truth unless it be lit up by the love that sees all forms of human thought and work, the life and death struggles of separate human beings."

It was this "true knowledge of our fellow-man," lighted up and glorified by the most delicate and susceptible grace of sympathy, this subtlest power of analysis, supplemented by the deepest and tenderest love for humanity in all its weaknesses and struggles, in all its aspirations and hopes, in all its lowly pains and distresses of heart and mind, in all the common comforts and annoyances of life, that made it possible for George Eliot to hold within her mind the entire personality of every character which enters into her records of the deeds and thoughts of men, and gave her a place of high honor among the first of English authors.

I.

Mary Ann Evans was born at Griff, near Nuneaton, on the 22d of November, 1820. Her father, Robert Evans, was a surveyor and land agent, the original, no doubt, from whom she drew her Caleb Garth. Mr. Evans was highly respected for his perfect trustworthiness. Mary Ann was the youngest of three children by a second marriage. By a former marriage there were a son and a daughter. As a child she was remarkable for her thoughtful and earnest character. At twelve she became a teacher in a Sunday-school near her home. Her early education was received at a girls' school in Coventry. In 1841 she removed with her father—her mother had died when she was fifteen, and her brothers and sisters had married—to Foleshill, near Coventry. Here she soon became known as a person of more than common interest. Her kindness and sympathy were unfailing, and already with those who knew her best her conversation had an unspeakable charm. It was here that her real education began. Of the headmaster of the Coventry Grammar School she received instruction in Greek and Latin; from an Italian she learned French, German, and Italian, while Hebrew she acquired by herself. At the same time she received careful instruction in music from the organist of St. Michael's, Coventry. In Coventry she made many friends, none from whom she received greater sympathy with her eager love of knowledge than Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bray, both of some literary celebrity. At their house she met such choice spirits as Emerson, George Combe, Robert Mackay, and many others. In their conversations her words were listened to with marked attention. One day, it is said, a doctor ventured in her presence to quote from Epictetus. To his inexpressible astonishment and chagrin, no doubt, Miss Evans quietly and with unassuming politeness corrected his Greek. But she never aired her learning nor engaged in conversation for effect.

Miss Evans's father died in 1849. That summer she joined the Brays in a trip to the Continent. At her request she was left behind at Geneva. On her return to England the following spring, she made her home with these same friends until 1851, when she was persuaded by Dr. Chapman to take up her abode in London, and assist him with the "Westminster Review." From

this time her home was in London, though she often visited her native county, and on different occasions spent considerable time upon the Continent. Soon after she began her connection with the "Review" she met Mr. George Henry Lewes, who frequently contributed to its columns. Mr. Lewes is well known for his many essays in philosophy and literature, but is most celebrated for his "Life and Works of Goethe." After a time she became known as his wife, though she could not be legally married to him. He had a wife living, from whom he was separated, but from whom he could not be divorced according to English law. Her life with him was quiet and happy, his influence upon her stimulating. She labored under the delusion that he was her intellectual superior; her life and later books took tone from him. The morality of her relation to Mr. Lewes will always remain a matter of dispute. Our own opinion is perfectly clear. It was the case of a pure, true woman who bravely set a vicious human law at defiance. About a year after Mr. Lewes's death she was married to Mr. John Walter Cross, a wealthy banker, much younger than herself. But her life with him was of short duration. She died December 22, 1880. She was buried in Highgate Cemetery. Upon the plate were inscribed, besides the names and dates, these words:

"Quella fonte
Che spande di parlar sì largo fiume."

["That fountain
Which spreads abroad so wide a river of speech."]

In personal appearance the gifted author was not prepossessing. She would never consent to have her portrait taken, so we are left to the pen sketches of those who knew her to form some idea how she looked as a woman. All accounts of her agree in saying that she was extremely plain in features and ungainly in figure. Her brow was full and square, while the portion of her face below her eyes was disproportionately long and narrow. She was tall, gaunt, and angular, but neither shambling nor awkward, though not graceful in her movements. Firmness and power were evinced in the way she moved, and were clearly visible also in her plain features. Mr. G. W. Smalley writes of her:

"She was altogether a personage whom at first sight the beholder must regard with respect, and whom, upon further acquaintance, it was perfectly

possible to find attractive, not from her talk only, which was marvelously full, but from her mere external appearance, and still more from her expression and the animation of her face. Her eyes were, when she talked, luminous and beautiful, dark in color, and of that unfathomable depth and swift changefulness which are seldom to be seen in the same orbs, except in persons whose force of character and force of intellect are both remarkable. They could be very soft, and she smiled with her eyes as well as with that large mouth of hers; and the smile was full of loveliness when it did not turn to mocking, or mark that contemptuous mood which was not, I gather, very infrequent with her. In conversation which did not wake this demon of scornfulness, born of conscious intellectual superiority, the face was full of vivacity and light, whether illuminated by a smile or not. I have seen it, when she was talking on a subject that moved her, irradiated and suffused with deep feeling."

II.

In giving some account of the literary work of George Eliot, her writings naturally fall into well-defined classes: her earliest works, the works of her first creative period, and the works of her second creative period. We will speak briefly of her different writings according to this division.

In the first class we include everything previous to the appearance of her first story. It was while she was living at Foleshill that her first literary task was accomplished. This was the translation of Strauss's "Life of Jesus." She undertook the work at the instigation of Mrs. Bray's brother, an eager champion of liberal thought. In one year she had put the great work into clear idiomatic English. She was complimented by Strauss himself upon her success. This was no slight task for a young woman of twenty-five. A few years later, with the same care and conscientiousness that characterized all her work, she translated Feuerbach's "Essence of Christianity." To the "Westminster Review" she contributed many papers upon philosophical and social subjects, all remarkable chiefly for their careful workmanship and for the evidence they afforded of wide and varied reading and culture. These early writings she never sought to connect with the name George Eliot when fame had made it known to the world.

It was not till she entered the domain of fiction that she found her true field.

The works of her first creative period are "Scenes of Clerical Life," "Adam Bede," "Mill on the Floss," and "Silas Marner." These are all pictures of the quiet, easy, old-fashioned life such as George Eliot had seen and experienced in the Midlands in her early days. There is a quite irresistible freshness and charm about them. With the vividness of a photograph the lights and shades of that old society which has now disappeared are reproduced in her pages. We have as clear impression of her scenes and characters, and remember them as distinctly, as though we had actually beheld the ones and had dealings with the others. Though she was an ardent and enthusiastic champion of progress and social development, yet the quaint simplicity of the old country life before the day of political reform or railways or newspapers such as now—the life which was content with stage-coaches and cared little for what was going on in the world outside its own county—had a strange and lasting fascination for her. She has "an occasional tenderness for old abuses," and "lingers with a certain fondness over the days of nasal clerks and top-booted parsons, and has a sigh for the departed shades of vulgar errors," and for the "cheerful queeresses" and

"The fine old incongruities that raise
My friendly laugh."

But while the country life and the lowly characters are set before us with all the vividness and distinctness of reality, yet it is not simply a picture that is painted for us. Many other writers have done that, and done it well. The little village dramas, with their laughter and their pathos, are always presented to us with constant reference to the great wide life beyond, of which they in reality are a necessary, however insignificant, part. We are called upon everywhere to contemplate the thoughts and the feelings, the motives and the impulses, the longings and the aspirations of humanity. We are taught to recognize that there are heights and depths in quite ordinary, nay, commonplace, nay, even insignificant and contemptible, representatives of our race the existence of which we are so apt to disbelieve or ignore. We come to know

"A keen experience with pity blent,
The pathos exquisite of lovely minds
Hid in harsh forms."

She cannot catch sight of "a bent old man or a wizened old woman" without seeing "the past of which they are the shrunken remnant; and the unfinished romance of rosy cheeks and bright eyes seems sometimes of feeble interest and significance compared with that drama of hope and love which has long ago reached its catastrophe, and left the poor soul, like a dim and dusty stage, with all its sweet garden scenes and fair perspectives overturned and thrust out of sight." And she invites us to see with her the poetry and the pathos in these "dim and dusty" lives.

The "Scenes of Clerical Life," George Eliot's first venture in fiction, appeared in "Blackwood's Magazine" in 1857, and in book form the next year. Three short stories, entirely distinct, make up the "Scenes"; namely, "The Sad Fortunes of Amos Barton," "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story," and "Janet's Repentance." They at once attracted great attention, and aroused much curiosity and speculation as to their authorship. The general supposition was that they were the work of a clergyman. Indeed, Mr. Lewes, who transmitted the MSS. to "Blackwood's," had in one of his letters insinuated as much. And who but a clergyman could understand so well the peculiar trials and heart-aches of the long-suffering curates of small parishes? Who but the victim of a sad experience could have written this? "And now, pray, can you solve me the following problem? Given a man with a wife and six children, let him be obliged always to exhibit himself when outside his own door in a suit of black broadcloth, such as will not undermine the foundations of the establishment by a paltry plebeian glossiness or an unseemly whiteness at the edges; in a snowy cravat, which is a serious investment of labor in the hemming, starching, and ironing department; and in a hat which shows no symptoms of taking to the hideous doctrine of expediency, and shaping itself according to circumstances; let him have a parish large enough to create an external necessity for abundant shoe-leather, and an internal necessity for abundant beef and mutton, as well as poor enough to require frequent priestly consolation in the shape of shillings and sixpences; and lastly, let him be compelled by his own pride and other people's to dress his wife and children with gentility, from bonnet-strings to shoe-strings. By what process of division can the sum of eighty pounds per annum be made to

yield a quotient which will cover the man's weekly expenses?"

But Dickens, with a keener insight than the multitude, discerned a woman's tender feeling in the strong delineations of character, and a woman's knowledge of the secret thoughts of other women, and expressed his conviction and his admiration of the author in a note to a friend as follows:

"Will you—by such roundabout ways and methods as may present themselves—convey this note of thanks to the author of 'Scenes of Clerical Life,' whose two first stories I can never say enough of, I think them so truly admirable. But if those two volumes, or a part of them, were not written by a woman, then should I begin to believe that I am a woman myself."

The "Scenes" abound in beautiful descriptions of places which George Eliot knew in her girlhood. She dwells lovingly upon the memory of "Shepperton Church as it was in the old days, with its outer coat of rough stucco, its red-tiled roof, its heterogeneous windows patched with desultory bits of painted glass, and its little flight of steps with their wooden rail running up the outer wall, and leading to the children's gallery." She does not forget to mention the "dear old quaintnesses" within, "the huge roomy pews, and tall, dark panels."

Slight as these sketches were, yet they clearly foreshadowed the great genius and power of their author. She is already a master of a pure and noble English style, and she shows already the distinctive qualities of her art as a novelist. The interest of the reader is held not more by the development of a plot and the incidents of action than by the evolution of character and the analysis of feelings and motives. Passion and affection are not alone the controlling motives, but the higher feelings and impulses with their clashings and confusions, duty brought face to face with preference, and right triumphing over wrong, or giving way to it, to the debasement of the soul that allows it, here play important rôles. In fact, we have humanity before us swayed by its thousand motives and desires. The characters are real men and women with distinct and proper individuality, and they go on developing according to the laws of their own nature, reaching the natural fate in every case. There is no special Providence which assigns to the one and the other "poetic justice" in rewards and penalties. The

novelist simply chronicles impartially what comes in the natural course of events to persons acting upon such or such motives and impulses. And already the author shows her remarkable power of interesting our sympathy in the lives and struggles of characters that are in no way lovable. Amos Barton, with his vulgarity, and the extraordinary Mr. Tryan, are quite outside the conventional class of heroes. Indeed, take George Eliot's books as a whole, and it is astonishing how few characters there are that one genuinely loves; but how many that arouse our sympathy and regard! It is life repeated. It is the few only to whom we can give our love, but many awaken our friendship and sympathy.

"Adam Bede" was begun almost as soon as the short stories were finished. It was completed by October, 1858, and appeared in January of the following year. It was not immediately successful, but within a few months its extraordinary merits were recognized, and edition followed edition in rapid succession.

The name George Eliot had been invented apparently with little previous thought while "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story" was running through "Blackwood's." After the appearance of "Adam Bede," the curiosity of the public was raised to the highest pitch as to the identity of the author. Many of the characters both in this and the "Scenes" were drawn with such faithfulness to the life, that many of them were recognized by people about Nuneaton. She had indeed transferred to her canvas scenes and persons that she had known in her early years. The claim was made that one Liggins, a spendthrift gentleman of that neighborhood, was the author. It was through this controversy that the veil of secrecy with which George Eliot had sought to hide herself was withdrawn, and it became known to the world who the new genius was.

In her early works, especially, the religious element plays a large and important part. The fidelity and truth with which she portrays the religious experiences and life of the different sects show that she had thought much and deeply upon these questions. Her own convictions had early changed. The evidence for Christianity seemed insufficient. But she was ever a devout person. Some portion of the Bible was read every day, and Thomas à Kempis on the "Imitation of Christ" was always a favorite book; it is said to

have been the last book in which she read. She never lost her sympathy with the early religious life from which she had passed. No characters are drawn with more tender and loving touches than the old-fashioned parsons and dissenting preachers. Of none is this truer than of Dinah Morris, the Methodist preacher in "Adam Bede," through whose kindly exhortations and loving Christian grace and sweet purity of character many are led through inward searchings and struggles to better, purer, and more peaceful lives.

"Adam Bede" is a simple story of real, breathing human beings who can be chilled by indifference, aroused by prejudice, or cheered and encouraged by brave outspoken words of fellow-feeling, justice, and good-will.

We are introduced to Adam Bede in a carpenter's shop, and yield a ready admiration to his muscular force and easy power, while his thoughts and heart-searching experiences have for us a deep and lasting fascination, such as no one of George Eliot's later heroes is able to engender. He could not abide seeing men throw away their tools the moment the clock struck, as if they took no pleasure in their work, and were afraid of doing a stroke too much. He liked to read about Moses, because he carried a hard business well through. We are not surprised that the first love of this strong, tender-hearted man should have been the pretty, shallow Hetty Sorrel, whose fresh, healthy beauty and charming grace of manners are irresistibly enchanting. Was ever rustic beauty more vividly painted? "It is of little use for me to tell you that Hetty's cheek was like a rose-petal, that dimples played about her pouting lips, that her large, dark eyes had a soft roguishness under their long lashes, and that her curly hair, though all pushed back under her round cap while she was at work, stole back in dark, delicate rings on her forehead and about her white shell-like ears; it is of little use for me to say how lovely was the contour of her pink and white neckerchief tucked into her low, plum-colored stuff bodice; or how the linen butter-making apron, with its bib, seemed a thing to be imitated in silk by duchesses, since it fell in such charming lines; or how her brown stockings and thick-soled buckled shoes lost all that clumsiness which they must certainly have had when empty of her foot and ankle, of little use unless you have seen a woman who affected you as Hetty affected her beholders, for

otherwise, though you might conjure up the image of a lovely woman, she would not in the least resemble that distinguished kitten-like maiden. Hetty's was a spring-tide beauty; it was the beauty of young, frisking things, round-limbed, gambolling, circumventing you by a false air of innocence—the innocence of a young star-browed calf, for example, that, being inclined for a promenade out of bounds, leads you a severe steeple-chase over hedge and ditch, and only comes to a stand in the middle of a bog."

Though Mrs. Poyser was, in many respects, "a terrible woman, made of needles,—made of needles,"—Martin Poyser liked the needles. Her views on holiday exertions are thoroughly characteristic: "I'd sooner ha' brewin'-day an' washin'-day together than one o' these pleasin' days. There's no work so tirin' as danglin' about an' starin' an' not rightly knowin' what you're goin' to do next; an' keepin' your face i' smilin' order like a grocer o' market-day for fear people shouldna think you civil enough. An' you've nothin' to show for 't when it's done, if it isn't a yallow face wi' eatin' things as disagree."

"Adam Bede" was followed in 1860 by the "Mill on the Floss." This secured her position in the first rank of English novelists. Indeed, many consider it as marking the culmination of her rare genius. Whatever opinions one may have of the social problems which form a strong undercurrent, one is held by the story with a fascination which is almost painful at times. Praise breaks down in attempting to speak adequately of this powerful book. The central figure is Maggie Tulliver. It was first proposed, in fact, to call the story "Sister Maggie." No doubt much of the startling vividness of this creation is due to the fact that something of the autobiographical is mingled with it. The adventures of Tom and Maggie had no doubt some counterpart in her own childish experiences. In one of her sonnets she speaks of her rambles with her brother, and says:

"Those hours were seed to all my after good.
My infant gladness, through eye, ear, and touch,
Took easily as warmth a various food
To nourish the sweet skill of loving much."

The earnest, questioning, unsatisfied Maggie Tulliver, whose ignorance and hard-won treasures of knowledge, whose doubts and fears and "hopeless yearnings for that something whatever

it was that was greatest and best on this earth," fill our hearts with sympathy and our eyes with tears, must be of close kinship with the imaginative girl who used to roam through the country fields about Nuneaton in "the freshness and the dew-fed beam of those young mornings," full of loving thought toward all and looking out with eager longing toward the ideal life of which she caught faint glimpses in the books she read. We can understand the thrill of awe that passed through Maggie as she read Thomas à Kempis, "that chronicle of a solitary, hidden anguish, struggle, trust, and triumph—which remains to all time a lasting record of human needs and human consolations."

It was such food as this that gave her strength for self-sacrifice and the feeling that "we can't choose happiness either for ourselves or for another; we can't tell where that will lie. We can only choose whether we will indulge ourselves in the present, or whether we will renounce that for the sake of obeying the divine voice within us—for the sake of being true to all the motives which sanctify our lives."

The book is inexpressibly sad, and its tragic ending seemed the only one possible. Though other of George Eliot's women may be stronger than Maggie, yet there is no one of them to whom we are so closely drawn and so deeply attached. She is a lovely, conscientious, noble-minded English girl with intense longing to be true to all that is purest and highest in life and in her own self. However hard it may be, she "obeys the divine voice within."

Following close upon the "Mill on the Floss," "Silas Marner, the Weaver of Raveloe," was published in 1861. George Eliot had long had in mind a story of the old Florentine life. She was eager to pass to that. This, perhaps, in some part at least, accounts for the less ambitious character of "Silas." But the work is not slighted. Into the life of the poor, despised, and neglected weaver, who had suffered such wrong and felt so bitter at the world, lonely and hard, and growing daily more narrow and miserly, we enter with pity and sympathy. And when his life is transformed by the love which springs up in him for the little golden-haired foundling we feel our own lives growing deeper and sweeter.

And so we come to speak of the works of her second creative period. These are "Romola,"

"Felix Holt," "Middlemarch," "Daniel Deronda," the poems, and "Theophrastus Such." In the novels of this period we miss something of the freshness and charm which characterized the earlier works. The reflective faculties have been developing at the expense of the imaginative. Elaborate analysis is more and more taking the place of direct and simple presentation. Life and society are analyzed with scientific precision and fullness. As compared with her earlier works, we are reminded in just the faintest way of the botanist's description of flowers as compared with that of the enthusiast. But not too much insistence is to be laid upon this distinction, for many competent judges find her masterpieces among these last works. All the great qualities of the earlier works remain; but one sometimes wearies of the excessive analysis of motives and moods, of character and caprices. The sun at noontide and at even has his peculiar glories. In many ways they are fuller and richer and more powerful than at morning. But there is a tender joy and sweetness and delight about the radiance of the newly-risen sun which to us at least are far more precious.

"Romola," published in 1863, might almost be considered as bridging over the space between the two periods. But it seems better to class it with the second. George Eliot had long been preparing for this novel. She was attracted to the subject by the pure and glowing flame of Savonarola's character. His temperament was much like her own, and she bore a striking personal resemblance to the great Dominican. Into the rich and varied life of Florence, in the fifteenth century, we are introduced with an air of marvelous reality. We are put into sympathy with the political, the religious, the literary, and the artistic life of the brilliant but turbulent republic. One feels the new spirit of the renaissance which is beginning to stir in society. Savonarola, the martyr-prophet, is lovingly portrayed, and with the clearness of an historical portrait. But the great preacher does not make that lasting impression upon us that the sweet-faced Dinah Morris, the Methodist preacher, does. Indeed, the characters of "Romola" that owe their existence to the author's imagination are much more real to us, and are remembered much more distinctly, than those which are historical.

Tito, the pleasure-loving, vacillating Greek,

weak, brilliant, and selfish, who believed that "any maxims that required a man to fling away the good that was needed to make existence sweet, were only the lining of human selfishness turned outward—made by men who wanted others to sacrifice for their sake," Romola, the strong, heroic woman of pure faith and perfect love, whose sweetness soothed the suffering and calmed the murmuring, and loved on even when she knew that her idol had "feet of clay," as only woman can love, and pretty little Tessa, with her childish prattle and confidence, "will never pass into nothingness." "Romola" has not been as popular as most of the other works. It is felt that the author is out of her province. But for all that, it remains as one of the greatest historical novels ever written, and for us it has always had a peculiar and powerful charm.

"Felix Holt, the Radical," published 1866, gives us a picture of English life after the leaven of new political ideas and of advancement and reform had begun to work among the masses. It is a social, not a political study. One remembers the charming description of stage-coaching in the old days, and the intense earnestness and eagerness for something above the dull routine of commonplace life that characterizes Felix Holt.

After five years George Eliot gave the world what many consider the crowning work of her genius—"Middlemarch." Nay, some would not hesitate to pronounce it the greatest English novel; and greatest it is no doubt in some respects. Never were the secret chambers of the heart entered with so little hesitation, never were motives and feelings analyzed with such pitiless rigor and fidelity. The characters are delineated with the utmost delicacy of touch and feeling, and their effects upon one another in the clash and intercourse of life portrayed as only the highest genius could do it.

Dorothea Brooke, with her ardent aspirations for something better than a humdrum domestic life, with her intense longing "to arrive at the core of things and judge soundly on the social duties of the Christian," is the central figure. How one pities her in her self-deception about that soulless old pedant, Casaubon, and grieves with her when she discovers that her faith in him has nothing to rest upon, and when she learns "what a masquerade all development is"! We cannot feel quite reconciled to her love for

Ladislaw. He is not of the stuff of which heroes are made.

Of the other characters, the Garths are instances of genuine, sensible people, such as George Eliot likes to draw, whose highest ambition is to be true and truthful and faithful in their work in life. Like Antonio Stradivari, of whom George Eliot writes in her poem "Stradivarius," Mr. Garth

— "has an eye
That winces at false work, and loves the true,
With hand and arm that play upon the tool
As willingly as any singing bird
Sets him to sing his morning roundelay,
Because he likes to sing and likes the song."

Rosamond Vincy, "that combination of correct sentiments, music, dancing, drawing, private album for extracted verse, and perfect blonde loveliness, which made the irresistible woman for the doomed man of the day," is the type of those women who are always in the right, always the aggrieved party, and who have no conception of or sympathy with the higher aspirations and scientific enthusiasms of the hopeful Lydgates who are unfortunate enough to be bound to them for life.

After another five years, "Daniel Deronda," the most problematic of all her works, appeared. Its personages displease and disappoint us. But its intensity and earnestness, its faithful delineation of certain types, albeit disagreeable, its glimpses of quiet, happy home-life among lowly people, but most of all the remarkable manner in which Jewish sentiment and culture are set before us, enchain our attention and interest. In the "Impressions of Theophrastus Such," her last work, published in 1879, we have genial essays upon life and morals, lofty and earnest in tone, and oftentimes showing a keen, satiric power.

Her poems were written in the intervals of her more serious employment. "The Spanish Gypsy" appeared in 1868, the "Legend of Jubal, and Other Poems" in 1874. Little, perhaps, need be said of her poetry. It does not strike one as the spontaneous outpouring of one who must sing. The fire and the passion of poetry—or that something which breathes into correct verse and it "becomes a living soul"—seem lacking. But still we think that her poems have been too much underrated and too much neglected. All the utterances of a great soul are precious. Her poems serve to illuminate her prose and abound in striking and suggestive thoughts. The ideas upon which she

so loved to insist in her novels, the nobility of doing good work well, the immortality of goodness and truth,

"The faith that life on earth is being shaped
To glorious ends,"

the joy of life and love and sympathy, the glory of self-renunciation in obedience to the higher voice of duty—these and kindred ideas are everywhere emphasized and illustrated. In the sonnets "Brother and Sister" and the hymn "Oh, may I join the Choir Invisible" her muse reached its highest level—and a very high and pure level it is.

III.

Believing with Milton, that books preserve the purest efficacy and extraction of the living intellect, and that a good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond a life, the study of the worker through her work affords us strong testimony of her life and character. Her books were not written for the mere amusement of her readers, but to stimulate thought, and awaken brotherly love and sympathy. Though her stories are closely connected in plan and spirit, so great is the variety of character, scene, and incident that even the most careful critic is unable to discover George Eliot's favorite hero or heroine, and her readers never have any apprehension of that tiresome monotony arising from the close resemblance which different works of the same author often bear to one another. Her novels can be read in succession without producing a feeling of satiety.

George Eliot was a woman of great industry, a rare combination of culture and genius. When we compare her with the chief writers of fiction among Englishwomen, it is not difficult to recognize her superiority.

Miss Austen felt that public taste was becoming more and more vitiated by the romances so popular in her time. Her design was to ridicule the mysterious incidents, the thrilling adventures, and exaggerated characters so much in vogue, and to create an interest in a higher style of fiction, the domestic novel. The venture was hazardous; but there is so much of real merit in Miss Austen's works, that though not very popular when they first appeared, they are now held in high esteem.

Charlotte Brontë's was a life of intense suffering and repression. Her writings are far more per-

sonal than George Eliot's. The fierce vehemence and fire of her imagination, the terrible revelations of the depths of suffering which a tortured soul can know, give an exaggerated and unnatural character to some of her stories which has for many the strange fascination of a deformity.

Both Miss Austen and Miss Brontë died young. Their work was full of promise, but the last call left it incomplete. Their lives were so secluded, and their experiences so limited, that in the one case there is little depth of feeling, and in the other little broad sympathy, while it is just these qualities, absolutely essential to the highest fiction, which are most characteristic of George Eliot's works. The tameness and meagreness of "Pride and Prejudice" and "Sense and Sensibility," the unnatural sadness, the overstrained emotion, and almost morbid sensationalism of "Jane Eyre" and "Villette," mingle and form the healthier and more enduring life of "Adam Bede" and "Middlemarch."

It is difficult, almost impossible, to compare the works of George Eliot with those of Scott. The latter delineate public interests and passions rather than private, they take you into the midst of a camp or show you the glory of the court, they bring before you characters controlled and modified by public struggles and wide social reforms. With a few notable exceptions, they deal with public and business life rather than the inner life of thought and feeling. Scott, as conscious of his limitations as of his power, wrote: "The big bow-wow strain I can do myself like any now going; but the exquisite touch which renders ordinary commonplace things and characters interesting from the truth of the description and sentiments is denied me."

How broad were the sympathies of this gifted writer, how deep her feeling, how strong her thinking, and how clear her vision! We dare not speak of her mind as masculine, recalling her sarcastic words, "A man's mind—what there is of it—has always the advantage of being masculine"; but she possessed in a wonderful degree the power to create a unity from elements apparently the most incongruous. Her characters are of the most opposite description, yet each is true to its type, Dinah Morris and Rosamond Vincy, as well as Romola and Hetty Sorrel.

Youth has its charms for her, and old age commands her sympathy. She introduces you to the

joyous little Bessie Parrot, the flaxen-headed two-shoes, very white and fat as to her neck, who asks the minister, "What you dot in zoo pottet?" and to that sad-hearted, aged woman, whose sorrow is "so piteous," and "for whom no hope remains but the grave." We wonder that so fine effects can be produced from such imperfect materials, but nature is constantly showing us the same puzzle. The leaves, even on the same branch, present stranger differences; not one may be perfect in form, yet you can tell the tree to which they belong, and you know that they will blend and produce a symmetrical effect by their reflecting and shade-creating power.

George Eliot's appreciation of whatever is good and brave in human nature is mingled with a generous sympathy for its frailties and shortcomings. She rarely deals with exceptional characters; her most masterly delineations are those of girlhood and early womanhood, not as they appear in the artificial life of the drawing-room, but in their every-day intercourse and in their every-day clothes.

In a remarkable passage in "Daniel Deronda" she tells us the reason of her deep interest in girls; speaking of her heroine, she says: "Could there be a slenderer, more insignificant thread in human history than this consciousness of a girl, busy with her small inferences of the way in which she could make life pleasant? in a time, too, when ideas were with fresh vigor making armies of themselves, and the universal kinship was declaring itself fiercely; when women on the other side of the world would not mourn for husbands and sons who died bravely in a common cause; and men stinted of bread on one side of the world heard of that willing loss and were patient; a time when the soul of man was making the pulses which had for centuries been beating in him unheard, until their full sense made a new life of terror or of joy.

"What in the midst of that mighty drama are girls and their blind visions? They are the Yea or Nay of that good for which men are enduring and fighting. In these delicate vessels is borne onward through the ages the treasure of human affections."

George Eliot takes delight, not in representing a finished character, but in tracing the evolution and development of a soul, and in showing the connection between the smallest act and its result.

It has been truly said that the element of fate pervades her writings; for ignorance leads on to sure and swift misfortune no less than guilt; one person suffers deeply for the sin of another. The future is made dreary by the errors of the past; selfish tyranny dwarfs sweet sympathies and checks benevolent impulses; but here the analogy between the writings of George Eliot and a Greek poem ends. When we look for victory after this tragic struggle we find, as in Shakspeare, nothing but "dead march and clothes of burial, while" at the close of a Greek tragedy there are "far-off sounds of a divine triumph and a glory as of resurrection."

In design and execution her work bears evidence of strength and delicacy. We cease to wonder that the diamond is but the perfect form of a common substance, so wonderfully does her touch redeem an ordinary nature. The natural connection between plot and incident is seldom violated in her stories. There is no trace of that varying impulse which produces exquisite work to-day and blemishes to-morrow. Knowledge and reflection tempered her emotions, and to some extent counteracted the exhausting effect of that too "keen vision and feeling of ordinary life"—which she felt was like hearing the grass grow and the squirrels' heart beat—that she might not "die of the roar which lies on the other side of silence."

So accurate are her psychological investigations that even her most humorous portraits cannot be considered caricatures. In this respect her work is more artistic than Dickens's, even though the intention to exaggerate is clearly manifest in his writings. She is far juster to women than Thackeray, but she has no "David Copperfield" and no "Colonel Newcome."

Had this great teacher of the nineteenth century no faults? Can we listen to her instructions and utter no word of adverse criticism upon their subject matter or the manner in which she has conveyed great truths to us?

If gratitude for good received should so dazzle our eyes, or sadness for our loss should so dim them that we see but few blemishes, who can blame us? We know that the perfect unity and artistic effect of many an exquisite story is injured and that the magic charm of many an emotion is broken by her miscellaneous and powerful observations on life and manners, but we remember

her precepts of practical wisdom and her instructive epigrams long after the story is forgotten. We weary of heart-ache and tragedy, and long for some laughter-exciting comedy. At times we wish that this woman could have seen the fun in this life, which Shakspeare saw between the cradle and the grave. Everything seems so real to us that we miss the inspiration of the ideal, forgetting that it is not the higher art. We do not like to be raised gently through the air only to be dashed suddenly to the ground again by the force of some quite too earthly metaphor, but we are not in the least troubled by her mannerism of classical or scientific allusions. We never think of calling them pedantic, but regard them as unconscious evidences of great culture. We miss that hopeful soul-cheering faith which lives in the "power of an endless life," and that spiritual insight which beholds the invisible, but who can doubt the sincerity of her opinions? Every one, even, though rejoicing in a "larger hope," must regard with deep interest the brave woman who faced the mysteries of the future with a sad "I do not know," and gladly and earnestly set about her noble work:

"I've faith
That man's perfection is the crowning flower,
Toward which the urgent sap in life's great tree
Is pressing."

We feel sure that the great writer is expressing the profound convictions of her own soul when in the "Spanish Gypsy" she puts these inspiring words into Zarca's mouth:

"Nay, never falter; no great deed is done
By falterers who ask for certainty.
No good is certain, but the steadfast mind,
The undivided will to seek the good;
'Tis that compels the elements, and wrings
A human music from the indifferent air.
The greatest gift a hero leaves his race
Is to have been a hero."

This "steadfast mind," this "undivided will to seek the good," characterized George Eliot in all her ambitions and efforts. She does not set about her work with faltering because the great questions of life and immortality are to her uncertain. Through all her works, whatever scenes she depicts or personages she portrays, we feel the throbbing of a kindly, sympathetic heart, whose eager wish was to be a source of help and consola-

tion to other hearts in this sad and weary work-a-day world, whose strong and abiding desire, whose lofty aspiration, was to

—"be to other souls

The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty—
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense."

To those who have gained inspiration from her

works there is no doubt but that her longing is satisfied, that she has joined

—"the choir invisible,
Whose music is the gladness of the world;"

no doubt but that her

—"better self shall live till human Time
Shall fold its eyelids, and the human sky
Be gathered like a scroll within the tomb,
Unread forever."

APRIL FIRST AT NETHERBY PLACE.

BY ELLA F. MOSBY.

"POLLY loves her mistress! Polly loves her mistress!" echoed from the gilt cage by the window, as the bright face of Pauline Netherby, flushed with active exercise, appeared at the door, and her plump, rosy-tipped fingers held up a lump of white sugar to the gorgeous green and gold parrot, which clambered eagerly down from her perch to get it.

Polly did love her mistress, but so did everybody and everything on the old Netherby place, from the great Newfoundland dog that lay lazily blinking in the sun, on his mat in the front porch, to the white-haired and stately-looking old gentleman who was its owner.

Mr. Douglas Lonsdale, the most talented lawyer in the county, with a profile as perfect as a Greek's, and a pedigree as long as your arm, loved her, and did not tell her; Frank Forrest, a lively young engineer, who had been her companion from childhood, loved her, and told her so many dozen times during his frequent visits; but her admirers were legion, from the fat old grocer of eighty, who always trotted to the door to see Miss Netherby ride by, to the chubby little Sunday-school boys in her class who put their fingers in one corner of their red mouths and gazed at her with great attention, but took no heed of her explanations and morals.

She was an only child, and, I fear, a spoiled one; but the shadows of the three tiny graves in the green church-yard fell too darkly on the heart of mother and father for them ever willingly to dim the sunshine in the bright face of the wayward young daughter who sang from morning

until night in the grounds, and was ever ready with warm caresses and pretty coaxing ways to win their consent for some doubtful scheme of amusement or pleasure. In truth, though somewhat untrained, she had a bright, intelligent mind, a warm heart, full of generous and kindly impulses, and a disposition of untiring energy—now, alas! too often exercised in freaks and pranks at some one's expense, to be atoned for by a few days of her sweetest behavior; and how sweet that was, those whom Pauline loved well knew.

I have said that everybody loved her; but I doubt whether Celia Netherby did. Celia was the niece of Mr. Netherby—"Colonel Netherby," his neighbors called him, deeming it, in true Southern fashion, an appropriate mark of respect for the venerable old gentleman to give him a title that was suggestive of the triumphs of war, although he greatly preferred his quiet library and its worn brown volumes to even the successes of an October shooting.

Celia's parents were both dead, and her mother's brother, who had adopted her in childhood, having been summoned West for several months on business, suggested that it would be well for Celia to spend this time on her long-promised visit to her Virginia relatives, whom she had not seen since her aunt and uncle had paid a brief visit North when Pauline and herself were children.

She remembered Pauline as a willful but bright-tempered child, with lovely dimples in her rosy cheeks, brown curls, which usually were well tangled an hour after "mammy"—as the negro nurse was called—was through brushing them; laughing,

dancing brown eyes, and a skin which, though rather dark, was smooth as satin, and suggestive of perfect health.

Pauline was not very much changed, except to look more graceful and bewitching than ever, Celia confessed to herself, as her cousin met her with affectionate warmth. She even wondered that Pauline could have learned to dress in so picturesque and stylish a fashion in this remote country neighborhood, and admitted that her voice only needed a little training "to be charming—quite like Mlle. Santini's."

But though Pauline was always cordial and polite, Celia's momentary enthusiasm rather cooled as she discovered that most of the eligible young men in the neighborhood had fallen into the habit of making love to Pauline, and were not to be won from their allegiance. She did not appreciate Pauline's jests in the least, though they were all laughingly uttered; and in her secret heart, I think, she was conscious that her *petite* figure looked insignificant beside Pauline's well-developed form, and her palest of blonde hair and eyebrows colorless near her cousin's rich brown and rose tints.

On this special March morning with which my story begins Celia was not a little piqued. She had quite willingly relinquished such boyish lovers as the students from the next academy, and even reconciled herself to Mr. Forrest's devotion; but she had relied on the "eternal fitness of things" to bring the intellectual Mr. Lonsdale, who so highly appreciated culture and artistic tastes, to her feet.

There had, however, been no demonstrations in that quarter,—even Mr. Forrest had been more attentive,—and Celia looked up from her cup of coffee—for it was the morning after a dancing party, and the two girls were taking a late breakfast together—with only a faint smile.

"Polly is rather loud in her professions of love; more so than Mr. Lonsdale, who seems to me the most silent admirer I ever beheld."

Pauline flushed.

"I have never reckoned Mr. Lonsdale among my admirers, Celia. I am not in the habit of imagining a person in love with me who has never uttered a word to that effect."

Celia looked relieved.

"Ah! I fancied from your neighbors' remarks that he was a declared lover; but, indeed, Pauline

dear, I think you are very sensible not to consider him so."

At this moment the rain began to patter heavily against the panes.

"Oh," said Pauline, with a sigh, "it is going to rain all day persistently, and I had so hoped we could go riding."

Celia looked complacently toward the well-filled music-stand.

"I am not at all sorry, I must confess, for I shall have three good hours for practicing those compositions of Meyerbeer's, and trying those songs from the new opera. I cannot think, Pauline, how aunt can let you neglect your instrumental music so."

Pauline did not reply; she was not a well-trained young woman in the routine of schools, and a long rainy day, with Celia's monotonous practicing from Meyerbeer, presented but a dreary prospect to her.

Pauline retired to her own room, and had fallen into a longer and more unbroken reverie than was usual with so active a person, when, looking up, her glance fell on the calendar against the wall, "March 31st," and she broke into a laugh.

"To-morrow is the first of April," she said. "I believe Mr. Frank Forrest had the impertinence to suggest the same idea which my cousin Celia communicated to me this morning. I think they deserve a practical joke," and with a face dimpling with smiles, like a sudden gleam of April sunshine, she drew her writing-desk to her, and, taking out some dainty rose-colored sheets of note paper surmounted with a highly ornate *N*, she began to write.

Presently she paused.

"Mamma will think I ought not to do so,—dear mamma, she is always so kind to every one!—and I know it is wrong—" At this moment the door opened down-stairs, and the heavy chords of Meyerbeer's most brilliant passages struck upon the stillness.

Pauline drew the desk toward her again with a little air of determination.

"I know I shall be sorry for it, but it will be such fun; and then I will tell Frank as soon as he comes in the afternoon, and no harm can be done."

The next morning a little negro mail-boy, who brought and carried the family mail-bag to and from the neighboring office, received from "Miss

Pauline," with a broad grin, suggesting his suspicions of "April Fools," a tiny envelope, also pink, and marked with a letter *N*, and directed to "Mr. Frank Forrest, Forrest Hill."

This note, in the daintiest and most decorous of phrases, set forth that in reply to the ardent and impassioned letter just received, the writer begged to say that she would refer him to her uncle, Mr. James Chamberlain, with a very plain inference to be drawn that, if that gentleman replied in the affirmative, she would not decide in the negative, all written in the most prettily flowing style of handwriting, and signed, "C. C. Netherby."

It may easily be realized that Pauline, after playing so daring a prank, of which she knew even her mother, indulgent as she always was, would gravely disapprove, was restless and uneasy.

No one escaped a reminder of the date, and Mrs. Netherby at last gently observed "that it was well that April could only have one first day, as she thought that was quite as much as the household could endure."

As the hour for evening visitors approached, Pauline's mood changed, and though she glanced a dozen times at the clock she was very quiet.

Soon Mr. Lonsdale and Mr. Forrest were announced. Mr. Lonsdale looked very much confused and very wretched, and was even more silent than usual, while Frank was in buoyant spirits, and contrived to elude all of Pauline's attempts to have a *tête à tête* with consummate skill, though with a look of concealed amusement in his brown eyes which filled her with vague suspicions.

At last, however, he asked Celia to play, and, under cover of the music, contrived to say in a low voice to Pauline that he had received a very surprising letter that day.

She looked up and blushed as their eyes met.

"You know very well who wrote it," she said quickly; "it was very unjustifiable in me to bring Celia's name into such a jest, and I have been quite miserable about it all day."

"It was the occasion of a maternal lecture with me," he answered laughing. "The mail was brought during my absence, and my mother, recognizing the *N*, and thinking it might require an immediate answer, opened and read it. As she did not notice the date, she supposed, why, I cannot conceive," he interpolated with an innocent

air, "it a proof of a shameless flirtation on my part with your guest, and when I came in handed it to me with a reproving glance, and begged me to take it to my room and reflect on the consequences of my fancy for idle love-making."

Pauline laughed, then looked grave.

"Of course you told her the truth. She must not think Celia to blame. Oh, what a foolish girl I was to dream of such an unsuitable jest!"

"You know what a favorite you are, and how lenient her judgment would be," he said affectionately; then catching Mr. Lonsdale's eyes fixed on their earnest interview with an expression of poignant unhappiness, he added: "But I have not told you half. The best of all is, that Lonsdale thinks himself in honor bound to address Miss Celia."

"Mr. Lonsdale!" exclaimed Pauline in dismay.

"Yes; I appreciated the jest so highly that I determined to make some one else a sharer in it. You know the note does not begin with any name, and I happened to have an envelope of the same kind directed to Lonsdale."

"How could you have gotten it?" exclaimed Pauline again.

"In the simplest manner imaginable," he replied nonchalantly. "You yourself presented me with it. Don't you remember the dance here on your cousin's birthnight? She directed the envelopes, and was not quite satisfied with the curve of the *L* or the rounding of the *o*, and threw it aside. When I left, I asked you for the flowers you had fastened at your waist, under the pretext of showing my mother that new tea-rose,—you must not ask her how she liked it, however,—and you dropped them in that envelope."

"But I don't understand," said Pauline. "Surely you did not use that envelope to deceive Mr. Lonsdale in regard to my cousin."

"I surely did; was not your intent in-regard to me the same? How could I fancy that I alone was a fitting recipient for a jest?" he continued with some pique. "I arrived at the office in time to put it in before Lonsdale rode up, and after he read it he proposed that I should ride a little way with him, and told me all about it:

"Some one has played a very inappropriate jest upon me," he said with deep rage. "Fellows like Lonsdale always do look well when they are angry—it gives them fire and expression; but I never saw Lonsdale look so before."

"‘Some one has perpetrated a jest on Miss Celia,’ I said very gravely, after reading the note and returning it to him.

"‘Do you think that?’ he replied, evidently dreadfully cut up at the idea.

"‘Why, yes,’ I said; ‘that handwriting is unmistakable, and you see she alludes to the letter received from you. She has a great deal of sensitive delicacy, and really, Lonsdale, this is a dilemma. I don’t see how you are to get out of it, old fellow.’

"He meditated for a little while as grave as a statue, then I saw him set his mouth firmly, and he remarked rather abruptly:

"‘I have not as yet expressed any desire to get out of it. Good-morning, Mr. Forrest,’ and he rode away at a gallop.”

"Oh, how could you be so reckless, so unkind to Celia—and to me; for I shall explain the whole affair to Mr. Lonsdale. It will only be just to Celia and himself, and what will they think of me? Frank, I am surprised at this conduct, even from your thoughtlessness!”

The young man bit his lip.

"I do not think you can explain now. . . Matters have evidently adjusted themselves. If you had not been so very indignant on Mr. Lonsdale’s behalf, you would have observed that Celia—Miss Celia, I mean—had stopped playing Meyerbeer some time ago, and that Mr. Lonsdale and she had gone into the conservatory—to see the orange-trees, I presume. There they appear now—do you think any explanation appropriate? It can’t help Lonsdale now, and would only make his position a shade or two more awkward, and your cousin’s extremely so.”

Pauline looked across the room. Mr. Lonsdale, it is true, looked very unhappy, but quite as agitated as any lover could possibly be, and Celia wore a blushing, radiant air of perfect complacency. Pauline saw at once that any words would be useless, but she turned to her companion with flashing eyes and flushed cheeks.

"I think even you must be conscious of the extreme impropriety of your behavior, Frank. It is unpardonable.” And she quickly left the room, much to that young gentleman’s discomfiture.

"Pauline thinks she has a monopoly of such amusements,” he said inwardly; “but I am surprised if she does not find her weapon turned

against herself. I had no idea she would mind this so much.”

Pauline did not return, and, on the plea of a headache, retired to her own room, and very soon the whole company dispersed. She had forgotten the preparations made in Frank’s usual sleeping apartment, and, not dreaming that any one else would share it with him, all was left in its original state, and Mr. Lonsdale and he found themselves confronted with a novel experience.

The water in which they washed was as briny and provocative of smarting eyelids as if the tides of old ocean visited the springs of Netherby Place; the soap—in texture very like a smoothly-cut turnip—would not lather; the candles, after a few moments’ flickering light, left them in utter darkness, and no application of lighted matches could ignite the suspicious-looking articles. After a few ejaculations of discomfort, and smothered laughter on Frank’s part, Mr. Lonsdale, fervently but inwardly wishing that his own situation as Miss Celia Netherby’s affianced lover were also an April fooling, betook himself to bed as a last refuge. But a loud crash ensued: the slats gave way, and in the darkness Mr. Lonsdale was tumbled precipitately to the ground.

"I knew the first one to go to bed would catch it,” said Frank. “Beg pardon, old fellow, but one of us had to be the victim!”

The only answer was a groan.

"What’s the matter?” questioned Frank in some concern.

"I believe my ankle is sprained,” came from the darkness, where Mr. Lonsdale seemed to be struggling with a chaotic heap of the bedclothes and parts of the bedstead.

An energetic pull at the bell-rope soon summoned the old servant, much amazed at what he did not see.

"Dat William must be a trifling boy, to be suah! Ain’t he done give de gen’lem no better candles dan dese?” he grumbled.

"I think you had better bring a light from down-stairs,” remarked Mr. Forrest significantly. And soon the old man reappeared with a genuine candle.

Mr. Lonsdale picked himself up with rather a rueful air, and, by “Uncle Dick’s” aid, contrived to reach the arm-chair by the hearth. His ankle was badly sprained, and when the bed was put in its ordinary condition he subsided

upon the pillow with a groan that brought forth great sympathy on the part of his colored attendant.

Pauline the next morning was surprised by an early visit from her mother, with a very grave countenance.

"My dear Pauline, when will you stop being such a child! How could you have inflicted such annoyances on our guests? Your papa and I feel deeply mortified."

"Mamma, what do you mean?" said Pauline, starting up with a sudden recollection of last night's events flashing across her brain. "Has Celia——"

"No, my dear; I trust Celia has known nothing about this new escapade of yours. But you look really frightened, dear; I hope it will not prove serious. Dr. Martin says a fortnight's perfect quiet will make all right."

"Dr. Martin, mamma; who is sick?"

"Mr. Lonsdale sprained his ankle very badly last night when the bed fell. Ah! Pauline, I see you remember your work yesterday; and Dick says he suffered terribly last night. However, he wanted to get up this morning, but Dr. Martin was here, and would not let him do it; says he must keep still."

"Oh, mamma," said Pauline (like most Southern girls, every sentence began with an "Oh" or "Ah," in a liquid, emotional voice, very flexible and sweet in its soft intonations), "I am so sorry." And the tears gathered in her large eyes.

Her mother put her hand caressingly on her head.

"Won't papa tell him how sorry I am?" she continued. "Indeed, I only intended a foolish joke on Frank, and I forgot all about it last night, or I should have had everything replaced."

Mrs. Netherby's lecture ended, as it generally did, in a caress; but Pauline was not so ready to forgive herself as she usually was.

Mr. Lonsdale soon limped down to the library with a sympathizing attendant on either side, and Pauline made a very blushing apology, which was most kindly received, and she proposed, as Celia was going to drive, that she might atone for her unintentional ill-treatment by amusing him until Celia's return.

Mr. Lonsdale flushed, and assented rather stiffly; the bright smile with which he had greeted her first words quite vanished from his handsome face.

"Shall I read aloud to you?" she asked gently. "Don't hesitate to refuse, for I fear I don't read very charmingly. Perhaps you would rather hear me sing? Or," she added hastily, as the remembrance of Celia's vocal exercises came to her mind, "a game of chess would be more interesting than either."

"Yes," said Mr. Lonsdale, "I should like a game of chess, and," he continued, with a strange smile in his eyes, "in spite of Dr. Martin's pleasant prophecy, I fear I shall not be a prisoner very long, and your atonement will be a short one; so you may sing to me afterward, and talk. You did not promise that, but I shall expect it nevertheless."

"Oh, yes," answered Pauline brightly; "I shall be so glad to do so."

The result was that their conversation occupied most of the time when Celia was not present, at which times Pauline retreated, although Celia affably pressed her to remain.

The games of chess were not very scientific. Colonel Netherby was disgusted with the lack of observation on Mr. Lonsdale's part, and the many chances of checkmate overlooked by both.

"I must own I think your game is an instance of true Christian charity," he once dryly observed, after looking on half an hour. "Each of you seems to move only for the benefit of his opponent." And, lighting his pipe, he walked slowly away.

Pauline very often sang at the invalid's request; but that was when the whole household gathered in a cheerful group around the little wood-fire in the library, and the soft twilight shadows obscured the room in a pleasant shadowiness rather than gloom.

Her voice seemed to harmonize with the hour in its soft sweetness of tone; and whether she sang "Allan Percy," the old ballad which her father liked, with its low lullaby accompaniment, or Christina Rossetti's pathetic "When I am Dead, My Dearest," or some light and flowing French song with swaying movement and joyous refrains, her listeners never spoke until the last rich note died away in silence.

Celia, I am afraid, would have regarded Mr. Lonsdale's behavior as very undemonstrative and reserved had she not been at this period greatly engrossed by some new dresses from Paris and the neighboring festivities at the academy, to which

Mr. Frank Forrest, provoked by Pauline's continued displeasure, escorted her with much *em-pressement*.

Pauline, it is true, did not notice the change, nor did Mr. Lonsdale apparently desire to interfere with his betrothed's amusement.

"Mr. Lonsdale is so free from jealousy," she one night remarked to Pauline confidentially. "It is very pleasant to know that he trusts me so entirely."

One bright April day—it was the last that Mr. Lonsdale was to spend in the library, for he could now walk without much effort—Pauline and himself overheard Aunt Sally, the cook, salute a negro passer-by in the following manner:

"Brother George, Brother George, whar is you going?"

"Down to Johnson's store," came back the answer in rather doubtful tones.

"And when is you coming dis way ag'in?"

"In an hour or so. Why is you so pertickler about my ways and doin's, Sister Sally? Is you forgittin' your old man?"

"Go long wid you," answered Aunt Sally, but in the mildest of tones. "I ain't kearing what you is gwine do, but I wishes you to take dis mail-bag to de office, and bring back de letters as you comes. Dat William is out de way ag'in, and de kunnel wants his papers."

"Brother George" consented, and Mr. Lonsdale looked up with an amused laugh.

"Do you often get your letters after that fashion, and do you find it safe?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," said Pauline; "why not? If they have a mail-bag, the negroes always bring them safely; but they never seem to have any pockets in their clothes, or else they all have holes in them."

"I remember well," said Mr. Lonsdale, "hearing my mother laugh at her own astonishment, when she came as a bride from New Orleans, at my father's habit of sending a colored boy to the cross-roads to meet Judge Preston's man with the mail. The post-office was then fifteen miles off, and one man brought the mail for several families."

"Only fancy it," said Celia, with a disdainful little shrug of the shoulders. "I am always so surprised now to see Uncle Netherby read papers sometimes a fortnight old with such complacency. Of course, half of the news has already been contradicted. Uncle Chamberlain never thinks of

touching a yesterday's sheet—that is as much out of date with him as if it were before the flood."

In the course of time, the two hours having lengthened into four, the bearer of the mail-bag arrived, and Pauline brought it in to distribute its contents.

"No letters for me at all," she said; "but here are papa's papers, and a long letter for mamma from Uncle Henry's wife, and three letters for Mr. Lonsdale. None for you, Celia."

"I certainly expected one," said Celia, with a little sigh of *ennui*; "uncle must have returned to New York now."

"But I was mistaken," said Pauline, looking into the bag again; "here is another letter, and it is for you, Celia."

It was from her uncle, who had arrived in the city after a very successful journey in the West, and announced his intention of making an extensive tour through Europe, and taking Celia with him.

"Of course, however, I shall expect you to start without any complications of the matrimonial kind, such as you have alluded to in previous letters. With your expectations, you should do better than marry a country gentleman with a worn-out farm."

Celia showed this letter to Pauline that night as they sat by the window, talking of her departure for New York on the next Thursday. Pauline's eyes kindled with indignation at the cool tone of the lines about Celia's engagement.

"Your uncle has never seen Mr. Lonsdale, Celia. If he had, he would never write in such a way."

"I don't know," said Celia, meditatively plaiting and unplaiting one of her blonde tresses. "You know Mr. Lonsdale's income is not large."

"No," said Pauline quickly. "He has a large landed estate; but papa says that kind of property is so expensive. But that does not weigh with you, Celia, of course," looking at her with warm sympathy. "How sorry you will be to go to Europe just now. Don't you think Mr. Chamberlain would consent to go abroad without you?"

"Oh, no," answered Celia, with unusual haste and emphasis. "Never. He would be deeply offended. Besides, Pauline, I really can't blame uncle from his point of view."

"But from yours? Oh, Celia, you don't mean

you will give Mr. Lonsdale up for a trip to Europe?'

Miss Celia remarked with some asperity that she should certainly follow the line of duty; she had not been brought up to weak self-indulgence, and with this somewhat enigmatical observation retired to bed.

The line of duty, however, became clear when, a week after her departure, a dainty note came to Mr. Lonsdale dissolving their engagement, on the grounds of irreconcilable opposition from a relative to whom she owed more than a daughter's obedience.

She was to sail in a few days, but Mr. Lonsdale's reply—a model of politeness and resignation—arrived before she entered the steamer, and was tossed with other farewell missives into the grate.

Mr. Lonsdale's spirits rose rapidly, and his silence and shyness disappeared to such a remarkable extent, that the neighborhood was fully prepared for the rumors of an engagement between Pauline and himself that soon followed, and only a mild surprise was expressed, without the usual opposition which is supposed to flavor love-making with romance.

Pauline's married life, with a devoted and faithful husband, in the vicinity of her father and mother, and the home of her childhood, has been so happy that she only smiled in an amused way when Mr. Frank Forrest reported, on returning from a visit to New York, that Miss Celia Netherby still spoke of Mr. Lonsdale as "one of *my* old admirers, you know. *So* devoted, and quite in despair when I sailed for Europe."

EB AND I TAKE A TRIP.

BY G. S. S. RICHARDS.

ONE drizzly, sleety morning last winter, after a sleepless night, I came down-stairs at my hotel in no very good humor, chatted aimlessly with the clerk for a few minutes, took a disappointed look at the weather indications, and tried to reconcile myself to the necessity of spending the day within-doors. The foreboding sky overhead and the slippery earth beneath made this prospect less disp'ensing. I glanced over the morning papers without finding much to interest me, and then was at a loss for something agreeable to do. I wandered about the halls and reading-room, hoping that somebody or something would turn up. I wanted somebody to talk to, and all the better if that somebody should be a person I knew.

At last it occurred to me to consult the register, and to my delight there was the bold and crooked signature of one of my oldest and dearest friends, whom I had known and loved from the days we spent in knee-breeches at Miss Matilda's school until now, when the heads and beards of both were silvered with the frosts of nearly three-score years. Knowing that he was a very early riser, I said to the clerk, "Will you be kind enough to send my card up to Mr. Jones at once?"

"Excuse me, sir," he answered, with the modu-

lated politeness that distinguishes the accomplished hotel clerk—in addressing a fat pocket-book, "but Mr. Jones has sent word down to the office to let nobody come up to his room on any plea whatsoever."

"What is the matter? Is he sick?" I asked.

"I think he is not sick in bed, sir; in fact, I know he is up already; but he told me when he first arrived that he was worn out with traveling and wanted a rest."

It required a full half hour's solicitation and explanation before my card went on its way up to old Eb's room. I learned to call him Eb at his own request, as a sort of set-off to the solemn way in which the late Mrs. J.—(poor woman, rest her soul!) used to drawl out her "Eb e-ne-zer."

He sent the messenger back in a jiffy to hurry me up the stairs as fast as my legs would carry me.

"Bob, you're a godsend!" he exclaimed, as I entered his room, gathering me in his arms with, I think, as much hearty warmth as ever had been spent in the embrace of the estimable but wiry Mrs. J—. It seemed but as yesterday that we had parted, though five long years had intervened since we had been together.

"Eb-e-ne-zer," said I, "It makes me feel ten years younger, after such a long parting, to clasp your hand again." Whereupon he immediately released his hand from mine, and, backing off several steps, said:

"If you call me that name again, Mr. Brown, I shall invite you to leave the room, and if you don't go I'll send for the biggest porter in the hotel and have you put out at once—there, sir!"

"My dear fellow," I explained concernedly, "the late estimable——"

"Blank the late estimable!" roared he, as he clutched the bell-rope and nearly twitched it from its fastenings.

"I excuse your petulance and profanity, Jones," I commenced solemnly, "because you're sick; but I can't help thinking that you've been neglecting church, and have acquired habits out in your wild western country that at best are very disagreeable. Come now, be yourself again, and don't let a little sickness make a dunce of you." And with that I seated myself comfortably before the fire, lighted a cigarette, and awaited the stalwart porter's knock.

A little bit of a Frenchy-looking fellow came into the room, bowing and scraping and smiling all over, while Jones, gradually working himself up to a pugilistic attitude, stood over him glaring down upon him until the poor little fellow lost both head and heart, and the tears came welling into his eyes.

"How dare you, sir—how dare you be so long in coming!" he fiercely exclaimed.

It was several moments before the little fellow found voice to ask:

"And what would you wish me to get, sir?"

"I want you to get your senses back first, and then, sir, what I want is the biggest porter you can send up, sir——"

"In a bottle, sir?"

"In a b-ot-tle—what do you mean by a bottle? But never mind the porter; go and bring up the best breakfast the house affords, for two, sir; and be quick about it, if you know what is well for you."

This tirade at an end, my old friend's countenance—the cloud of irritation passing away as he threw himself into a chair—beamed on me once again with that genial summery smile of the long-ago, and he said:

"Bob, that fellow's bottle puts me in mind of it—I've effervesced."

"I'm heartily glad of it," I returned; "and now give me some account of yourself. What is the matter with you—legs all bandaged up, head enveloped in a turban, temper so irritable, and the strange message you gave the clerk? Why, I felt alarmed about you."

"It is a long story, Bob, but to make it short, I'm too 'much traveled.' Why, bless my soul, that big snow storm and I set out together; and every time I've started out, from stopping over, I've had a fresh one to keep me company. I've been snowed up and thawed down—snowed up and thawed down—till I'm sick from the tip of my toes to the top of my crown; but that isn't the worst of it. I'm worn out with missing connections, with trains behind time, with waiting hours at junctions, with changing cars, with one collision, and with being twice off the track, with the loss of my baggage, and with cold and comfortless depots on the outskirts of towns; in fact, I've been on the railroads so long that traveling has become a bore."

"But where are you bound for now, and why are you stopping here?" I inquired.

"I am on my way to New York, and I stopped over here for a comfortable day's rest. But I have been here four days; to tell the truth, I have been unable, with the mercury so near the zero point, to get up courage for the cold ride to the depot."

"Why, poor fellow," I could not help saying, with an approach to a sneer, "you must be near your childhood days again. Have you stopped reading the papers? Did you think that two such cities as Philadelphia and New York would have to wait forever for rapid transit, a convenient depot, cheap fares, and every other essential for comfortable, reasonable, and quick communication between them? Why, man, the depot of the Bound Brook route to New York is but a few blocks away—within rifle-shot of this very room."

"Whew! and why didn't you tell me all this before? I contracted this rheumatism, I believe, in a cold, comfortless ride in the street cars through this very town."

"Why, I haven't had time to tell you anything, and wasn't with you to tell you anything. What are you talking about? But if that young man will hurry up with the breakfast, I will tell you something of account."

It need not seem exaggeration that this piece of news was such a tonic to our friend that he

at once began to pull off the many bandages with which he was enswathed.

"Tell the French fellow to bring up a timetable, Bob, and some good cigars." And so Frenchy was instructed, as he laid the cloth and removed the covers from the tempting breakfast spread before us. There was little time to talk during the first ten minutes of this meal, as Eb seemed to be making up for much lost time. The waiter brought the time-table; I glanced over it and said:

"Do you remember, Eb, the stage-coach journey to New York that we took nearly forty years ago?"

"That I do," he said between mouthfuls, and laughed heartily.

"Well, my dear old friend, we'll take the journey again together for old remembrance' sake, though under a little different circumstances, I think."

On the intimation that I proposed to join him in his trip to New York, the enthusiasm of my friend was most extraordinary.

"And do you remember our reading the 'Arabian Nights' together, and how you asked me if I thought that wonderful wooden horse which used to mount up in the air and carry you wherever you wanted to go with such lightning-like rapidity ever existed?"

"Very well," he answered.

"Well, we are going to ride to New York behind an iron horse in such ease and comfort, seated or reclining in an elegant and luxurious parlor car, and in such quick time, that you will think we are hardly started before we are there; and as for the palaces which sprang up when Aladdin's lamp was rubbed, we shall see their counterpart in the comfortable depots and the splendid ferry-boats, as well as the fine hotels near which we land in New York. It is now ten minutes past seven o'clock. If you can pack up and pay your bill in ten minutes, we shall have ten minutes left for a leisurely walk to the station at Ninth and Green streets."

My proposal was eagerly approved, the packing was done, the bill paid, and we were soon at the station in good time for the 7.30 train. My friend was greatly surprised when on asking for a round-trip ticket good for several days and handing the agent a ten-dollar piece he received six dollars in change. He had been used to pay-

ing more than two cents a mile in his travels. We entered the car and away we went whistling over the crossings of the streets to the mellow music of the bell floating on the crisp winter air, and, gradually increasing our speed, we left the city behind and were spinning over the polished rails at fifty miles an hour.

"It is a great thing, Bob," my old friend remarked, "to have a depot in the heart of the town near the hotels, and on high ground, so that you don't have to go to it in a row-boat, as I was obliged to do the other day in Washington. It was an old fishing-boat, and the darkey rowing packed us in like herring, at a dollar each, and loaded us off on the cars as if in a fish-house. I have smelt fishy ever since. But how long, Aladdin, is it going to take us to run over to the city?"

"To what city do you refer?" I asked superciliously.

"Why, the great city, New York, of course."

"You should qualify that, my friend, by speaking of New York as the great commercial city. The greatest manufacturing city of this continent we have just left behind; but to answer your first question, we shall be there in about two hours, which, in comparison to the time it took forty years ago, is about as close an approximation to the prophetic wonders of the Arabian horse as we should wish to see. Indeed, under the enterprising management of this road New York and Philadelphia, for all purposes of business or pleasure, are practically the same, so closely are they united by the fast trains."

"You were taxing my memory somewhat to-day, Bob, about that ride to New York. Is yours as good? Do you remember the little inn where we stopped to feed the horses, and how we wandered on the road ahead?"

"I do."

"Don't you remember the stalled horse and wagon, the front wheel of which had broken through the skim of ice over a puddle, and sunk up to the hub in the mire, while the body of the rickety affair was tilted over so as to be looking askance at the early morning sun, while the old darkey, who had tried every means to get it out, but had failed, sat cross-legged on a rail fence whistling a hymn?"

"Ha! ha! I remember it all; go on."

"You will not forget our manly offer to help him out, nor how our chests swelled, and we

wished we were men, when the old fellow answered, 'Yer's very kine chillen, but yer's too diminutive'; nor will you forget the other darkey that came along, singing a noisy song, with a light wagon and a spanking team, which could have helped the old fellow out easily, shouting:

"Hello, old man; git out of the road. What are you waitin' thar for?"

"'Ise waitin' for Providence, chile,' the old man answered in an humble voice.

"Well, ole nigger, if you specs thar's any Providence in this yer team, youse mighty much mistaken, that's all."

I was afraid that Eb, after he had had a comfortable old-time chuckle at the remembrance of this incident, would go to sleep. In fact, the luxurious car, gliding so easily and evenly along, seemed to be the very abode that the drowsy god would have chosen for a home. But I had no intention of letting him sleep, as I was selfish enough to want to make him talk. And why should a man wish to sleep, even if without a companion, in a short two hours' ride, while a beautiful country is spreading out with ever-changing views on either side?

"Let me try your memory again, Eb," said I. "I think you came this way on the happiest trip of your life, some ten years later?"

"Y-e-s," he drawled.

"You were very, very happy then," I continued.

"Yes, for a day or so," he sighed.

"Why only for a day or two? We are old friends; tell me what was the matter."

"Brown, you're badgering; you know what was the matter. Why, *it* broke loose, you know!"

"I can't imagine what broke loose; the matrimonial knot was surely tied tight enough."

The old man was thoroughly aroused now. I had banished sleep from his eyes for hours to come, as it was easy to observe when he roughly began:

"It was her tongue, of course; but I do not want to talk much about it. For a time after we went West we had some pretty trying experiences in our wretched cabin,—the best I had money to build, though, at that time,—with a steady diet of corn-bread and bacon, and hard work to get on, and maybe the hard times sharpened it" (I knew what *it* meant, pronounced in a certain way); "it grew worse and worse every day, until in an evil hour shortly before her last"

(and the poor fellow lost control of his feelings for a moment), "in the exasperation of a quarrel on some trivial domestic matter, I was rasped to such unmanly desperation, that I attempted to stop her tirade by such means as no *man* in his senses would ever use. Can you believe it, Bob, I struck her, but only once. Realizing at once the enormity of what I had done, I rushed from the house, and after roaming about irresolute for a time, returned, determined to apologize, as I should. She had already gone. The minister kindly visited her in my behalf, urged my good intentions for the future, advised her to be kind in both word and deed to me, especially when worried and ill-humored; told her that by so doing she would heap coals of fire upon my head. 'You need not talk to me of coals of fire,' she replied with grim humor; 'I once on a sudden impulse used boiling hot water, and it did no good!' A statement, alas! too true."

The reader mistakes if he supposes I laughed at this pathetic tale. It may to him seem comical, but I thought of it simply as an incident in my friend's domestic tragedy.

"Bob," he continued, "she was such a dear creature when I was away traveling, and so humble, that she would address me 'My dearest ebenezzer,' with a small *e* instead of double-scored italics, the way she called it out at home; and then, again, she would mention such an insignificant sum for household expenses, that I couldn't find it in my heart to send less than five times the amount she asked for. Ah! how I loved her when I was traveling, Bob!"

I felt, as Eb lost control of himself for a moment again, that I had been guilty of trespassing upon memories amid which I had no right to intrude. All this time we were sitting *vis-à-vis*, for I preferred to ride backwards. But indeed you could hardly tell which way you were going, unless you were looking out of the window, so perfectly balanced was the car and so smooth the road. We were hardly sensible of the motion, except in the humming suggestive of our lightning speed.

We had long ago stopped for an instant at Columbia Avenue and Wayne stations, where we had taken in a number of passengers from Norristown, Conshohocken, Manayunk, Chestnut Hill, and Germantown, who find this route the quickest and most convenient to New York.

We had crossed the Delaware at Yardley, with a splendid view of the river and the city of Trenton, a short distance below the bridge. We had arrived at Bound Brook, from which this division of the Philadelphia and Reading takes its name. We had passed through Plainfield and many other pretty Jersey towns, through the beautiful and historic little city of Elizabeth, and were rapidly approaching our journey's end.

I had forgotten, until now, to ask my friend what had brought him East.

He informed me, much to my delight, that he had come East to stay, that he intended to buy new machinery and start his manufacturing business in the suburbs of either New York or Philadelphia, preferring New York so far, as he already had many large customers in that city.

"All the more reason," I argued, "why you should choose our city, for your New York trade being already secured, why not settle in Philadelphia and build up an additional one there? And the expense of both time and money in getting to New York is so slight as to be no objection to Philadelphia. You can make the trip over and back in a morning or an afternoon or an evening, and for ninety dollars you can get twenty-five round-trip tickets."

Scudding over the few remaining miles of our course, in a few minutes we were running into the commodious depot at Communipaw, having so far consumed considerably less than two hours of time. "And here we are at last," I remarked, gathering up the luggage.

"Is that a fact?" the old fellow answered gleefully. "Why, I thought we were only fairly started."

Indeed, he was a different man; the clouds in his head and the twitches in his legs, as well as the irritability of his temper, had all been dissipated by the cheerful influences of our pleasant

ride. Of this, one could not have wished better evidence than to have seen the old gentleman twist his moustachios, and gallantly offer his services to two fair young ladies overburdened with bundles and packages. This service they accepted in such a gracious and lady-like manner as made the dear old boy blush up to the roots of his hair.

"Those two young women were ladies," said he, as we were crossing the North River; "for, Bob, no woman of true refinement is ever prudish. Why, one hot day last summer, when everybody in the car had the window next him up, one little plump, black-eyed miss of twenty had hers down, while she was perspiring and fanning herself as though her life depended upon it. Supposing she could not raise up the window, I said, bowing, 'Excuse me, miss, but shall I have the pleasure —' 'S-i-r!' said she, in such a tone as attracted the attention of everybody in the car. I was about to explain, but she wouldn't give me time, not she. 'I don't want to have nothin' to do with yer at all, yer old gray-headed sinner; an' if yer don't go way with yer impert'nence, it will cost you dear. I tell yer I've got a friend in the smokin' car, as I want yer to understand.' As you will imagine, I beat a hasty retreat to another car. It was well I did, for the people of that one would have hustled me out if I hadn't."

A short ferry ride and we were landed at Liberty street, within easy walking distance of Wall street and Broadway and of good hotels. After making an appointment for the return trip next day, we separated, and he started off as briskly as a school-boy to fulfill his business engagements. It hardly seemed credible that he was the wretched person I had found at the hotel in the morning, groaning with rheumatic aches and dreading the very thought of further railway travel. Pleasant companionship and a quick, delightful ride had wrought the change.

As I walked with myself
I talked with myself,
And *myself* said unto me:
"Beware of thyself,
Take care of thyself,
For nobody cares for thee."

As I walked with myself
I talked with myself,
In this self-same reverie,
And *I* said to myself,
"Beware of thyself,
For nobody cares for thee."

A WONDERFUL WOODEN SHOE.

BY HART AYRAULT.

THE great and illustrious violinist, Nicolo Paganini, had fallen seriously ill toward the close of a series of concerts given by him in Paris, September, 1832. He was attacked by a low intermittent fever, which refused to yield to the remedies employed, and he whose leanness was at all times almost spectral, now seemed as though his frail existence hung by a thread which the slightest shock might sever. His physicians, with serious apprehensions for his life, ordered absolute repose and a strict regimen as to diet, and in order to carry out these prescriptions, Paganini removed to the Villa Lutetiana, in the Faubourg Poissonnière.

This luxurious establishment was intended at that time for the exclusive reception and cure of wealthy invalids. A spacious handsome house stood in a large park-like garden, where every patient could ramble at will, and enjoy the society of his fellows or solitude at his option. The reputed charm of the house was that every one did precisely as he chose, either living in the solitude of his own apartment, or joining in the excellent company that brightened the drawing-room with music, games, conversation, or dancing. Paganini naturally belonged to those who preferred quiet, and thus there was plenty of gossip about him, as several censorious old ladies chose to think he avoided their society too pointedly.

"Have you seen the great artist," said one. "*Ma foi!* he salutes no one, either passing with his eyes cast down to the ground, or staring blankly in front of him, as though one didn't exist. He takes his *bouillon* covertly by himself in an arbor, and flees the moment any one approaches. What a *drôle* he is, to be sure!"

"That is part of his malady," said another. "Depend upon it, there is some terrible mystery hidden somewhere. People do hint there was a love story."

"Love story, indeed! one might as well be wooed by Death on a pale horse."

"No, mesdames, the secret is that Paganini is a miser; there's no mystery about it at all. Every one knows that the concert organized for the benefit of the inundation at St. Etienne, he re-

fused to take part in because he would have to play gratuitously, and I haven't a doubt that he shuns our society for fear he may be asked for similar favors."

Paganini could not help perceiving how he was regarded by his fellow-boarders, but it affected him little, if at all. His health gradually improved, and he began by degrees to exchange a few words with Nannette, the *bonne* who attended upon him, a cheerful, bright-faced, innocent country girl, whose gay prattle when she served his meals often availed to dispel the cloud which habitually darkened his brow.

One morning Nannette presented herself with swollen eyes and a sad, tear-stained countenance, and served breakfast without the customary cheery words. The musician, who watched her closely, noted the change in the young girl, and questioned her about it.

"What's the matter, my child? You have been weeping, and you look very sad; some misfortune has then befallen you, Nannette?"

"Oh! but yes, Monsieur."

"Would it be indiscreet to ask you what it is?"

"No, Monsieur, not precisely; but——"

Paganini fixed his great black eyes on the girl's troubled countenance.

"I see how it is," he said. "After making you a thousand promises, *he* has quitted you, and you no longer have any tidings of *him*."

"*Hélas!* Monsieur, 'tis not Henri's fault. It is true he has quitted me; but what will you? it was against his will."

"How is that?"

"He drew a bad number in the conscription, poor fellow! and he has been marched away with a great long gun on his shoulder, and I shall never see my Henri again," sobbed the poor girl, burying her face in her apron.

"But, my child, listen: can you not purchase a substitute for him?"

The girl, withdrawing her apron, smiled through her tears.

"Surely Monsieur is jesting," she said; "a poor girl like me, how could I buy a substitute?"

"It costs then very dear?"

"Ah! but yes, Monsieur. This year men are dearer than ever, because there is a report that there is going to be a war. Fifteen hundred francs is the lowest price."

The musician patted Nannette's plump shoulders with his long, sallow hand as he said:

"Don't distress yourself, my child, if that's all. We'll see what can be done."

And disregarding the young girl's delighted thanks, he tore a leaf out of his pocket-book, on which he wrote:

"Mem.—To see about giving a concert for the benefit of Nannette."

A month passed on and the winter arrived, and Paganini's physician still forbade his going out of the house until spring should come.

"If I must submit, I must," replied the musician.

During the winter Paganini grew stronger, and a comparative degree of health was attained. Being no longer able to stroll about the gardens, he began gradually to frequent the drawing-room, where, throwing himself on a sofa, he would pass half an hour or so turning over a book of engravings, or sipping a glass of *eau sucrée*. The old ladies of the house still gossiped about him and his peculiar ways, but if he heard he certainly did not heed them.

Christmas eve approached. There is a Christmas custom in France that takes the place of our stocking-hanging, or that is equally dear to its juvenile inhabitants. The little wooden shoes are ranged in order around the hearth, and a beneficent fairy is supposed to come down the chimney laden with various presents and dainties with which he fills them. It has been calculated that one year with another the Christmas wooden shoe enriches the trade of Paris with two million francs.

On the morning before Christmas several of Paganini's female critics were in secret consultation together.

Before they separated one remarked: "It will be for this evening, then?"

"Yes, for this evening; that's settled," replied another.

Just after Paganini had ensconced himself on his customary sofa that evening, and was quietly discussing his sugared water flavored with a dash of orange-flower, Nannette entered and announced that a porter had arrived with a case directed to Signor Paganini.

"There must be a mistake," said he; "I expect no case."

"Pardon, Monsieur," replied Nannette, "there is no mistake, for I saw the name myself on the lid in great letters, *comme ça*," measuring with her hands.

"Then," said Paganini, "he'd better bring it in."

Accordingly the stout porter was introduced, and brought into the room a large-sized deal-box, on which, besides the address, were the words, "*Fragile—with care*." Paganini looked it over with some curiosity, and calling for a hammer proceeded to open the lid. His skilled and muscular hands soon accomplished the task, and the company, whose curiosity caused them to transgress the bounds of good manners, crowded around in order to see the contents of the box.

After burrowing through a quantity of straw and shavings, the musician drew out a large packet, enveloped in strong wrapping-paper, and sealed with several seals. Having opened this, a second, a third, and finally a fourth envelope appeared, all sealed in like manner, and at length the curious eyes of the company were regaled with a gigantic wooden shoe, carved out of a piece of ash, and almost large enough to serve as a child's cradle. Bursts of laughter greeted the discovery.

"Ah!" said Paganini, with a long-drawn exclamation, "a *sabot*, and I can guess, without indiscretion, who sent it. Some of these estimable ladies wish to compare me to a child who always expects presents, yet never gives any. *Allons donc!* We will try and make the wooden shoe worth its weight in gold."

So saying, and absorbed in his own idea, Paganini withdrew to his own apartment without saluting the company, carrying with him the case and its contents.

For more than four days he did not reappear in the drawing-room. Nannette, when questioned, informed the company that he worked from morning to night with carpenters' tools, and in fact the musician, whose hands were wondrously flexible and dexterous in all things, had fashioned a perfect and sonorous instrument out of the wooden shoe. Having stretched one silver string across it, his work was complete. A public notice appeared stating that on New Year's he, Paganini, would give a concert in the large hall of the Villa

Lutetiana. The great master announced that he would play ten pieces, half on the violin, half on a wooden shoe. The tickets were limited to one hundred, at twenty francs each. There was, of course, a great rush to secure places, and it is needless to state that the *élite* of the *beau monde*, who, during several months had been deprived of the pleasure of hearing Paganini, attended in large force on the evening in question. The Faubourg Poissonnière was crowded with elegant equipages, the concert-hall was furnished with comfortable chairs and brilliantly lighted for the occasion, and expectation was on tip-toe to fathom the announcement concerning the wooden shoe.

At length Paganini appeared, smiling, with every appearance of sound health, and was greeted with rapturous applause, as he played on his marvelous violin some of those strains such as were never heard before and may, alas! never be heard again. Then, in an ecstasy, he seized upon the wooden shoe, which, in its new guise of a violin, still preserved somewhat its pristine form. His whole being was alive with enthusiasm as he began one of those wondrous improvisations which transported his hearers into the seventh heaven. This one represented first the departure of a con-

script,—the tears, the sobs, the wailings of his betrothed,—then his stormy life on the battle-field, and finally his return in triumph and happiness to his love once more. A merry peal of wedding-bells completed the musical poem.

Thunders of applause shook the hall, as showers of bouquets thrown by fair and jeweled hands fell around the great artist. Even the censorious old gossips were transported, and clapped and applauded with the rest. In a far corner of the hall sat Nannette, sobbing and weeping bitterly, for the symphony had come home to her and gone straight to her heart. At the end of the concert the receipts were counted and found to amount to two thousand francs.

"Here, Nannette," said Paganini to the astonished and delighted girl, "you have five hundred francs over the sum required to purchase a substitute for Henri; they will defray the marching expenses of your bridegroom; but, *ma foi!*" he continued, as a new thought struck him, "you will need something wherewith to start the *ménage*. Here, my girl, take the shoe violin and sell it for your dowry."

Nannette did so, and received from a rich amateur six thousand francs for Paganini's wooden shoe.

NOVELTIES IN FANCY-WORK.

BY MARIAN FORD.

LADIES who devote much of their time to fancy-work of various descriptions are always in search of "something new," and the interest felt in every description of embroidery, from the simple "cross-stitch," familiar to almost every one who can hold a needle, to the most elaborate designs in "Kensington art-work," will doubtless secure a welcome from the readers of the MONTHLY for two new varieties of cross-stitch, illustrated in this article,—the Italian double-stitch, and the parted cross-stitch.

The former is used for linen or grass-cloth, and possesses the advantage of having no "wrong side," a very desirable thing for some articles.

This stitch is clearly illustrated in the accompanying cuts (Figs. 1-14). No extended description or detailed explanation seems to be demanded, with such clearness every stage of the stitch is here

represented. By studying the cuts in succession no one will have the slightest difficulty in mastering the stitch. It would be wise for the learner to begin by practicing upon canvas, or some similar material, before trying her skill upon fine linen or grass-cloth, which will be a much more severe tax alike upon eyes and patience.

As soon as the stitch has been acquired, she can proceed at once to embroider the elaborate pattern illustrated in Fig. 15, where the heavier double-stitch is relieved by single stitches, forming slender graceful lines, the method of working which can be seen by a glance at the cut.

This is used as one of the bands on the curtain illustrated in Fig. 16, a very beautiful design in which the border of Italian double-stitch embroidery is placed between rows of fillet, for which, however, other styles of ornamentation may be

substituted ; for instance, drawn-work, of which several patterns have already been published in

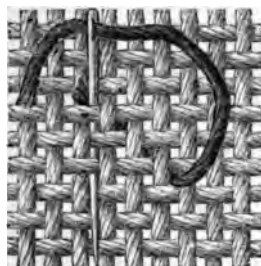


FIG. 1.
First half of cross, right.

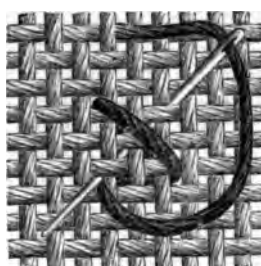


FIG. 2.
Second half of cross, right.

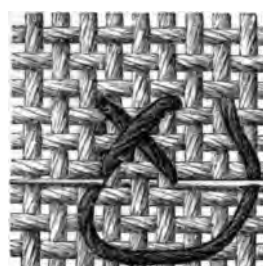


FIG. 3.
First bar, right.



FIG. 4.
Second bar, right.

the magazine, or insertion of darned net, designs for which will be contained in the present article.

Another variety of Italian double-stitch is illustrated in Fig. 17. This is produced by simply drawing the threads tightly together, to cause a



FIG. 5.
Third bar, right.

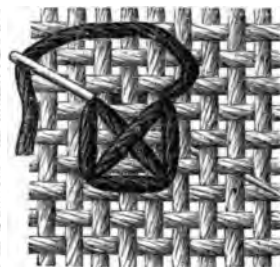


FIG. 6.
Fourth bar, beginning of next stitch,
same row.

lace-like effect. The work should be done in an embroidery frame.

A description of various methods of trimming curtains will be found in an article published in the December MONTHLY, entitled "Home Decoration and Holiday Gifts." We would suggest to its readers that a band of Italian double-stitch embroidery would be very beautiful used in place of the tatted, crocheted, or drawn-work borders mentioned.

The "parted cross-stitch," illustrated in cuts 18, 19, 20, 21, and 22, is very easily and rapidly embroidered, and is used for slippers, handbags, chair-stripes, pincushions, indeed, any of the articles for which the ordinary cross-stitch is employed. Congress

stool beneath a band of plush, velvet, or rep, matching the blue or red of the embroidery

medium size, in dark-red, yellow, and pale-blue zephyr.

Very coarse canvas is shown in the cut, that the learner may be able to follow the stitch with greater ease. In Fig. 18 the first stitch is seen worked upward ; in Fig. 19 the same stitch worked across to the left. Fig. 20 shows the second stitch worked upward, and Fig. 21 the same worked across to the right. In Fig. 22 we have illustrated the completion of the stitch and the beginning of the next one. It should be borne in mind that this stitch is to be worked slantingly.

The pattern will be found very pretty for the low round footstools now fashionable. An ordinary pine frame can be made by any carpenter, and supplied with castors. Tack stout pieces of webbing, interlaced like the threads in darning, over the top. Over this tack strong unbleached cotton. Above this pile hair or wool to the height desired, cover with a second circular piece of cotton, and over this lay the embroidery, finishing it and concealing the wooden sides of the

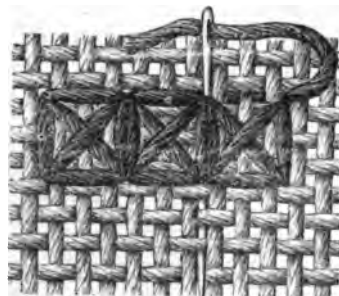


FIG. 7.
Finish last stitch, right, and beginning of
first stitch, left row.

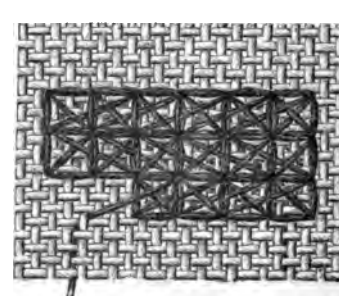


FIG. 8.
Italian double-stitch, wrong side.

stool beneath a band of plush, velvet, or rep, matching the blue or red of the embroidery

in whatever manner will best suit the room where the stool is to be used.

If more embroidery is desired, substitute red or blue wool canvas for the plain plush or velvet band, and use the star-stitch pattern illustrated in Fig. 24, which many readers will doubtless utilize for many other purposes. It would be an extremely graceful and effective design for wool canvas bureau-mats, and requires the expenditure of very little time or labor.

CHAIR-COVERS.

A very pretty and extremely useful article, recently introduced to public favor is the embroidered chair-cover. It is made of all kinds of fabrics, from the most inexpensive to the most costly, and in all designs, from the most simple to the most elaborate. Wicker-work chairs, so cool and pleasant in summer, but, alas! somewhat chilly for winter use, may be transformed into beautiful

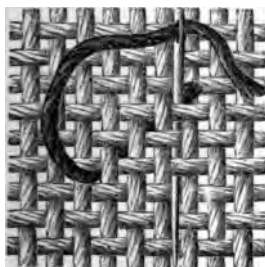


FIG. 9.
First half of cross, left.



FIG. 10.
Second half of cross, left.

parlor ornaments by throwing over them these embroidered covers, which can be instantly removed when matings once more replace carpets. Another use, which will not fail to suggest itself to thrifty housekeepers, is that of concealing under these pretty pieces of needle-work, worn or faded upholstery, which it may not be convenient to renew. Often, too, an accident happens to one chair of a set of furniture, while the others are in good order—the embroidered cover will hide the blemish till the rest of the set is reduced to the degree of shabbiness that necessitates sending them to the upholsterer.

A very elegant and elaborate design for a chair-cover is illustrated in Fig. 25. The materials employed in its manufacture are striped gray linen, the stripes an inch wide, black velvet, and embroidery silk. Edge the stripes with black velvet points, which meet, forming squares, fastening the points to the foundation with fancy stitches of

silk. Embroider the squares alternately with a star and a spray of flowers. The star, an illustra-



FIG. 11.
First bar, left.

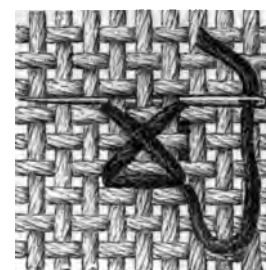


FIG. 12.
Second bar, left.

tion of which is given in Fig. 26, is made with fine gold cord, sewed down with stitches of fine blue silk, the centre being worked with red.

The flowers, illustrated in Fig. 27, are embroidered with split filoselle silk in olive and blue. Between the velvet-trimmed stripes are embroidered stripes, the design of which is clearly seen in the illustration.

A row of blue braid, one inch wide, passes down the centre, bordered on both sides with gold braid half an inch wide, on the right side of which is a brownish-green cord, fastened with olive filoselle silk by fancy stitches to the velvet; on the left side is dark-green cord, fastened with violet filoselle silk in fancy stitches to the velvet. The dots are blue, the gold braid is fastened with brown silk, the fancy stitch in the middle is worked in blue and rose color. Work the stitches overlying the blue centre stripe in black, and those in the centre in cardinal. Edge the cover with gold cord, and silk or woolen balls, which have all the colors used in the embroidery, and finish the ends with a very handsome ball-fringe.

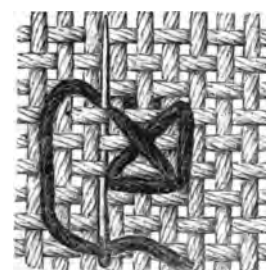


FIG. 13.
Third bar, left.



FIG. 14.
Fourth bar, left, and beginning
of next stitch, same row.

Those who, while appreciating the beauty and convenience of this article, have not leisure for

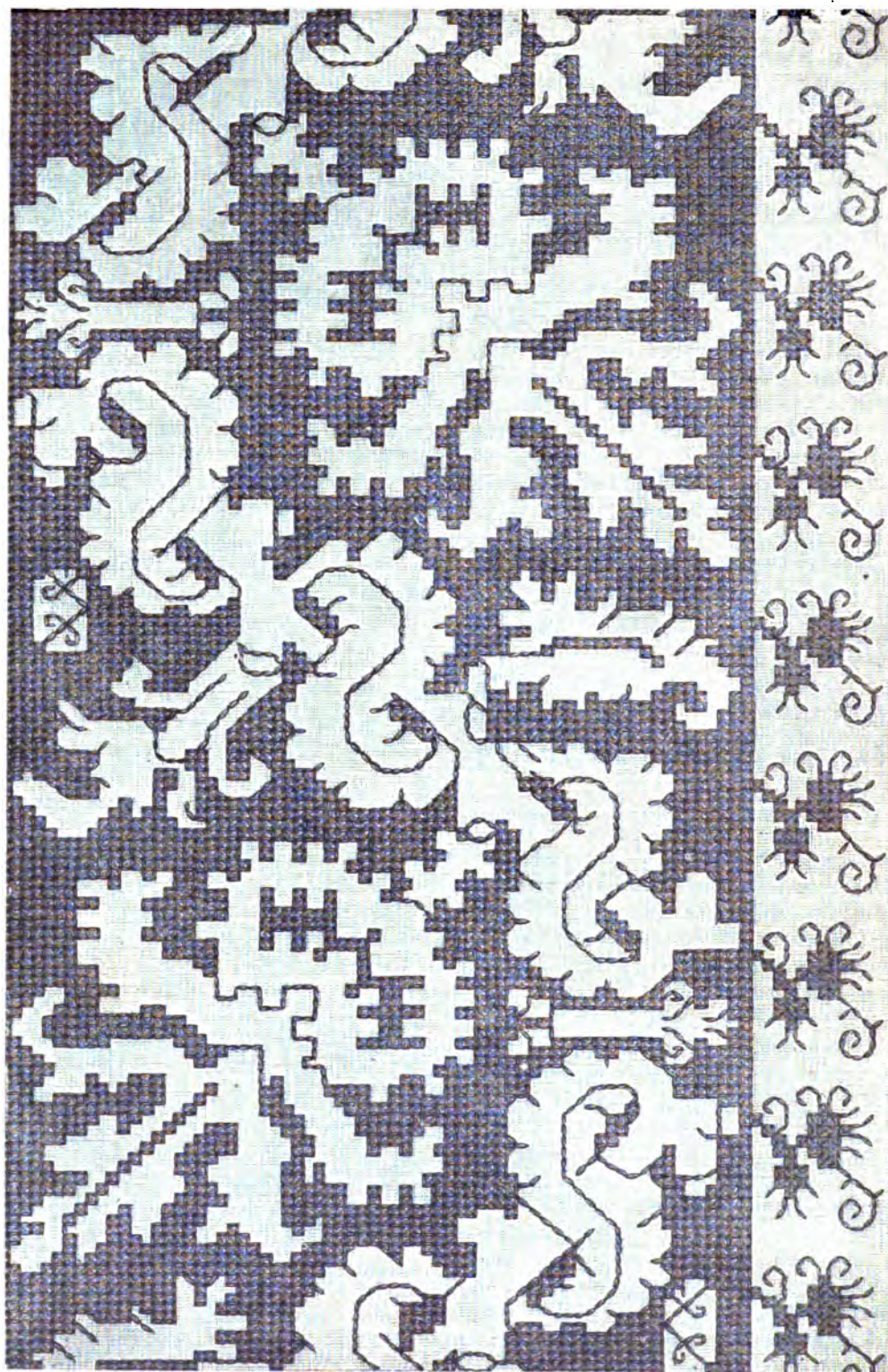


FIG. 15.—BORDER, ITALIAN DOUBLE-STITCH. (SEE FIGS. 1-14.)

elaborate embroidery, or means to purchase costly materials, can make very pretty covers at a much smaller outlay of time and money.

A special favorite is composed of upholstery felt and velvet or braid. Choose the felt of any color that harmonizes or contrasts tastefully with the other furniture in the room where it is to be placed, and cut it long enough to hang about an eighth of a yard over the top of the back and



FIG. 16.
Curtain, linen embroidery and filet.

below the bottom of the seat, and sufficiently wide to conceal the covering beneath. Finish the top and bottom in five or six points, according to the width of the cover. Then, with fancy stitches of colored silk or wool, fasten a row of velvet or braid on both sides of the cover, and two, three or four more, as taste may direct, at equal distances from each other and those on the edges, fastening them also to the felt with fancy stitches.

Sew felt tassels—made according to the directions given in the article “Embroidery for Home

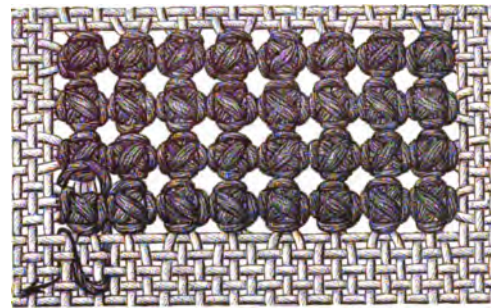


FIG. 17.
Italian double-stitch, with threads drawn together.

Decoration” in the March number of the MONTHLY—to the bottom of each point and in the spaces between the points, by way of finish.

Another design, somewhat more elaborate in effect, but requiring no greater expenditure of time than the preceding one, is also made of felt ;



FIG. 18.



FIG. 19.

but instead of velvet or braid, fine felt bands, pinked on both sides, are feather-stitched to the felt foundation, and between the bands a row of *appliqué* daisies is fastened. The top and bottom are finished in points and tassels. A pretty combination of colors for a cover of this style is a



FIG. 20.



FIG. 21.

foundation of garnet felt, with bands of bright blue, feather-stitched with black, and between the

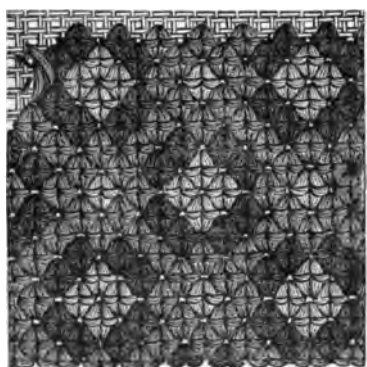
bands white daisies, fastened with stitches of gold-color. Bands of old-gold felt may be substituted for the blue, and tiny blue or white butterflies for the daisies.

Another very simple style of cover whose effect



FIG. 22.

is extremely pretty is made of *écru* butcher's linen. Leaving a space an inch and a half wide on both edges, draw out the threads to the width of two inches, then leave another strip of linen and again draw threads. Proceed in this manner till the width necessary for the cover is completed. As no exact measurement can be given for a cover that will fit every chair, the best plan is to cut the material the width desired,—allowing what may be necessary for hems if they are used,—and then arrange the stripes. Three open rows and four of solid linen are a good number. Having measured the width, divide it into seven parts, draw the thread from three stripes,—the open stripes may be wider than the solid ones if preferred,—

FIG. 23.
Slipper pattern, parted cross-stitch.FIG. 24.
Border, star-stitch.

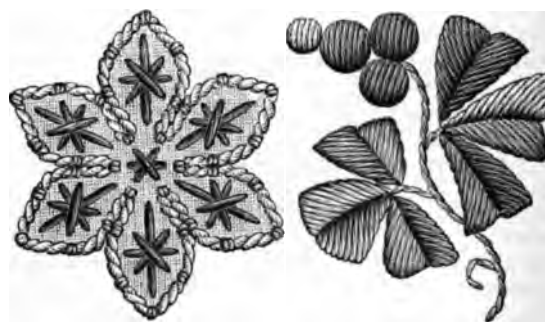
and work them in any of the drawn-work patterns illustrated in previous numbers of the MONTHLY. Line the cover with silesia of any shade that best suits the room, and finish by fringing the top and bottom to a depth of three inches. The fringe

may be knotted, in which case it must be raveled from half an inch to an inch deeper. The silesia

FIG. 25.
Chair-cover embroidered in striped linen.

is sometimes double and interlined with wadding, when one wishes to make a chair more comfortable.

Another pretty method of decorating chairs is to embroider a broad strip of canvas in cross-stitch, line it with silk, wool, or silesia, and fasten it with bows of ribbon to the top and bottom of the chair. The style is specially liked for brightening the light cane rockers now used. Smaller pieces of embroidery are fastened on the arms in the same way.

FIGS. 26 AND 27.
Designs for stripe of chair-cover.

A very pretty chair, recently seen by the writer, had a strip of Kensington embroidery passing diagonally across the back, a smaller piece ornamenting the seat and a row of elaborate ball-fringe around the outside of the seat and along the arms.

(To be continued.)

CURRENT TOPICS.

Thomas Carlyle.—The great prophet of the last generation, the censor of this, but through all one of the most potent and wide-reaching influences of the century, has at last (February 5, 1881) been called to obey the final summons, for which, his life-work complete, he had long been waiting with cheerful resignation and submissive reverence. He first saw the light (December 4, 1795) when the European skies were lurid with war clouds and the atmosphere was hot and stifling with revolutionary schemes and impulses. In his youth were the long and exhausting Napoleonic wars which finally led to the downfall of "the great highwayman of history" who had been going about Europe clutching "King or Kaiser by the throat" till "Arthur, Duke of Wellington, succeeded in clutching him." Following the revolutionary epoch of brilliant hopes for the dawning of a new political and social era, of energetic action and splendid achievements, of great leaders and orators and statesmen, came the depressing period of reaction over which mediocrity and conventionality were the presiding genii. Forms, formality, formalism in society, in religion, in philosophy, in literature—these were the prevailing modes and influences in English life when Carlyle began to proclaim his distinctive message.

He was born of hardy Scotch race, at a little village in Dumfriesshire, Scotland. His father was an elder in the church, thrifty, industrious, of perfect truth and abiding faith, if we may trust his son's description of him. Indeed, Carlyle calls him "quite the remarkablest" man he had ever known, and remembers lovingly his "extraordinary insight into the very heart of things and men," and says, "he was a man into the four corners of whose house there had shined through the years of his pilgrimage, by day and by night, the light of the glory of God." With such a father and in such a household as that must have been, the lessons of truth and honesty and sincerity must have been constant, the habit of looking at things in their real essence stripped of all adventitious accidents must have been early acquired.

He was destined for the church, and at an early age was sent to Edinburgh to the University. There his most intimate friend was Edward Irving, whom he had already known at school. Together they "talked and wrought and thought," and together for two years on leaving the University they "strove by virtue of birch and book" to initiate the archbishops of Kirkaldy into the rudiments of learning. Then Irving began his brilliant but erratic career as a preacher, the light of his heaven-born genius too soon to be quenched. "The fools," Carlyle once exclaimed, "said that Irving was daft; he was not daft, but dazed—trying to see God face to face. In blindness and loneliness he sobbed the great heart of him to sleep."

It was not without heart-searchings and fierce spiritual conflicts that Carlyle gave up the idea of entering the ministry. In phraseology that reminds one of the Hebrew prophets, whom, indeed, he greatly resembles in the sturdy truth

and outspokenness of his character, he speaks of this crisis of his life: "And the voice came to me saying, 'Arise, and settle the problem of life!' And so I entered into my chamber and closed the door, and around me there came a trooping throng of phantoms dire from the abysmal depths of nethermost perdition. Doubt, Fear, Unbelief, Mockery, and Scorn were there; and I arose and wrestled with them in travail and agony of spirit." Out of that chamber of anguish he came with the decision that the Church was not for him, and with the consciousness, from which throughout his long life he was never free, that he was "the miserable owner of that diabolical arrangement called a stomach."

His face was set steadily from this time to literature, for many years with scant encouragement, during which he was doing journey-work of a high character, as the translations of "Wilhelm Meister" and Legendre and other work abundantly testify. At the age of thirty he married a lady of whom it can be said with perfect truth:

"None knew her but to love her,
None named her but to praise."

"For forty years," Carlyle said of her, "she was the true and loving helpmate of her husband, and by act and word unwearily forwarded him as none else could in all of worthy that he did or attempted." Besides the sweetness of a helpful and congenial spirit, she brought with her a small but sufficient fortune, so that from this time Carlyle was freed from the galling bondage of doing hack-work to supply his daily needs. Some years were spent in Germany, where he became yet more deeply imbued with the spirit of German philosophy and literature, whose influence up to that time had hardly begun to be felt in Britain. Then on his return to Scotland followed a residence of six years in a "wilderness of heath and rock in the loneliest nook in Britain," as he writes Goethe, far "removed from any who would be likely to visit" him. Here he hoped to "simplify his way of life and to secure the independence through which he could be enabled to remain true to himself," while at the same time he could "bring the ends of his thoughts together," and have unbroken leisure for study in many directions.

It was during this period that the best of his critical and biographical essays were written. One of the most notable of these is the noble and appreciative one in which the genius and worth of Burns are eloquently proclaimed. Incidentally in this essay and in some of the others are laid down some of the soundest principles upon which history and biography should be written.

On leaving the wilderness of Dumfriesshire he took up his residence in a modest house in Cheyne Row, Chelsea, a London suburb, an abode which he never afterward left except temporarily. He is often referred to as the "Chelsea Sage." He lived a simple, quiet, uneventful life, busy with his study and his books. His house became a sort of literary shrine, whither flocked the literati and illuminati to hear the

great man talk, for he became famous as the most wonderful and entrancing of talkers.

It is not necessary to speak in detail of his various literary performances at this time. Most of them and their character are too well known to need dilating upon. But it seems worth while to consider briefly what his message to the world was, what claims it has upon us, and what the limitations and peculiarities of his style and genius were.

It is in "Sartor Resartus," published when the author was thirty-eight, that Carlyle's distinctive note is most clearly, most unmistakably struck. Strange as it seems to us now as we read the book, and are impressed with its many beauties of thought and expression, publishers were absolutely unwilling to have anything to do with this when it was first offered. In this the author explains what he calls the great philosophy of clothes. In clothes are typified, of course, the institutions and conventions which mankind has formed. With unsparring humor and keenest satire antiquated institutions, however much they may be unreasonably revered for their age, are ridiculed as the mere old clothes of society. With tremendous force and directness this nineteenth-century prophet—we insist that this term best describes him—preaches hatred of shams of every sort and description. Look at things just as they are, he tells us, cleared of all the incrustations with which centuries have loaded them. Do not accept things nor adhere to them simply because they are old. If you have outgrown your clothes,—be they pet forms of church or hoary institutions of State,—cast them at once aside. Make new ones to suit new conditions.

"New occasions teach new duties: Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still and onward who would keep abreast of
Truth."

Be earnest, be faithful, be true; in all things, in all thoughts, in all desires and aspirations be *sincere*! In sincerity, indeed, Carlyle finds the grand distinguishing mark of the great men of history to whom he does peculiar homage.

This message of insistence upon realities, of the contempt of shams and empty forms and meaningless conventions, of the intrinsic worth and glory of truth and sincerity, is one to all ages. It is not new. To us, except for the wonderful earnestness and enthusiasm with which it is presented, and its air of prophetic assurance, it seems almost to approach the commonplace. But to the formal, conventional age to which it was first proclaimed it came as a very revelation. And no one can read his earnest words without having his ideas and purposes quickened to be truer to his own self, and to have loftier and purer ideals.

But besides this grand gospel, Carlyle stands as the defender of another doctrine which we of the Western world have utterly discarded, and which has everywhere lost ground as civilization and culture and humanity have gained. We mean, of course, the "strong man" idea. As Carlyle presents his heroes and explains his hero worship, we are, under the spell of his genius, little repelled; but when we remember that these heroes are after all only men with weaknesses of flesh and blinding ambitions, and with the godlike in them all too deceptively magnified by the enchantment-lending distance through which we gaze upon them, we return with a feeling of relief to our sounder belief that the autocratic idea, the "strong man" or hero theory, the

"divine right" of any one, whoever or whatever he may be, to rule in and of himself, is a crude, semi-barbarous, unworthy notion. Carlyle had little faith in the government of the many. His ideal seemed to be virtuous force at the head of the State to keep the many at their duty. For people who could not achieve their own freedom, and for people who would not work as much as he deemed best, he thought slavery the proper condition. So he opposed the emancipation of the blacks in the West Indies, and sided with the South in the recent war between the States. Few people, we imagine, have been misled by Carlyle's social and political philosophy. They have read his books upon such subjects, gained inspiration from their thrilling earnestness and the many bright thoughts scattered through them, but smiled at the absurd doctrine.

History in the "French Revolution" and "Frederick the Great" Carlyle has given the world in a shape that it never had before. These works are read with the interest of great dramas or poems. But one cannot rely too implicitly upon his views of men or events. He was too much of a partisan in everything to be a dispassionate or disinterested judge of either. His heroes are painted with too resplendent colors, his bad men are too black and sombre.

A great deal has been said about the literary style of Carlyle, and with reason. Enthusiasts used to try to imitate it, but we suppose nobody will ever be foolish or presumptuous enough to attempt it again. Whatever it is in Carlyle's hands, it at once becomes ridiculous when any one else touches it. It is extremely difficult to characterize. It has a German tang—not flavor. It abounds in unusual words and forms, delights in extraordinary and impossible word combinations and coinages, and revels in strange idioms and idiosyncracies. Yet there is an energy, a verve, an impulse to it, that, when you once get over the feeling of strangeness, have a peculiar charm. In his power of picturesque presentation he has been compared with Turner, who plashes great blotches of color upon his canvases with marvelous effect. But let no one else try it!

In the earlier writings the style is much less bizarre and grotesque. And in passages all through his works the English is pure and simple and classic, yet always with a vigor all its own.

The influence of Carlyle upon the thought and the thinking of the century has been most penetrating and permeating. Its quickening power has been felt among people of every shade of religious or philosophical opinion. "The meek, silent Light can mould, create, and purify all Nature," Carlyle says somewhere. And the "meek, silent Light" of his earnest insistence upon truth and sincerity everywhere has helped to "mould, create, and purify" the new thought, the new life, the new hopes of the present. It is idle waste of time to be questioning whether Carlyle was "one of the greatest thinkers of the age"; puerile to find in him little more than the "picturesque scold" and the pessimist of his later years. Whether technically one of the greatest thinkers or not, by his great thoughts which illuminate almost every page he ever wrote, he has been one of the greatest and most pervasive forces of the century.

To us he seems in a remarkable degree to have been possessed of the characteristics Tennyson assigns to the poet:

"Dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
The love of love. . . .

The viewless arrows of his thoughts were heeded
And winged with flame,

Like Indian reeds blown from his silver tongue,
And of so fierce a flight,
From Calpe unto Caucasus they sung.
Filling with light

And vagrant melodies the winds which bore
Them earthward till they lit;
Then like the arrow-seeds of the field flower,
The fruitful wit

Cleaving, took root, and springing forth anew,
Where'er they fell, behold,
Like to the mother plant in semblance, grew
A flower all gold,

And bravely furnished all abroad to fling
The winged shafts of truth,
To throng with stately blooms the breathing spring
Of Hope and Youth.

So many minds did gird their orbs with beams,
Tho' one did fling the fire."

The Obelisk in Central Park.—The chief facts in the story of the obelisk, which was formally presented to New York February 22d, are of sufficient interest to justify our repeating them here. It is one of two obelisks which were originally erected before the Temple of the Sun at Heliopolis. This was done by Thothmes III. in the seventeenth century before Christ, as scholars for the most part think. That it was this monarch who caused it to be erected, is learned from inscriptions in hieroglyphs upon the shaft. Under this Thothmes the Egyptian empire was at the height of its glory and power. Northern Africa and Western Asia acknowledged its supremacy. Other inscriptions upon the obelisk speak of Rameses II. It was he who completed the construction of the first Suez Canal. And it was under him, scholars believe, that the children of Israel made their remarkable escape from Egypt. The finest historical novel of recent authorship, Ebers's "Uarda," takes us back in the most charming way into the life and the strife of Egypt in the time of Rameses, the fourteenth century before the beginning of the Christian era.

The two kings, whose names are perpetuated upon the obelisk, were the most distinguished warriors in Egyptian history. In the novel just mentioned is the translation of a fragment of a long poem commemorating one of the great victories of Rameses.

After the obelisk had stood for over sixteen centuries before the temple of the "Lord, the Creator of the World," it was with its companion,—for obelisks were always erected in pairs, one on each side the entrance,—now in London, taken to the new centre of Egyptian power and influence, Alexandria, a hundred and twenty miles farther down the Nile, and erected at the entrance of a majestic temple, the construction of which was probably begun by Cleopatra. It has been known as Cleopatra's Needle, but it was not erected at Alexandria until some years (22 B.C.) after the death of that imperious beauty into whose arms the "Roman Antony," "fresh from war's alarms," leapt with "a wild kim,"

"Contented there to die."

There it remained, always erect, though its companion fell and lay half buried by the desert sands for generations, until, on its presentation to New York some three years ago by Ismail Pasha, then Khedive of Egypt, Mr. Vanderbilt generously furnished the means, and Lieutenant-Commander Goringe, of the United States Navy, who had studied the conditions of removing the obelisk while making a cruise in the Mediterranean, undertook to bring it to this country. With what eminent success the labor of this able officer has been crowned, every one knows. Probably no obelisk has ever been removed from Egypt with such admirable celerity and skill and at so little expense.

The material of the monolith is a reddish granite known as syenite, from Syene, the modern Assouan, near the northern boundary of Nubia, from whose quarries the obelisk must have come. Syene was about four hundred and fifty miles up the Nile from Heliopolis. The quarries were worked by criminals and slaves. It is not fanciful to suppose that Hebrew slaves may have quarried the stone. The obelisk proper is sixty-nine feet two inches long, seven feet seven inches by eight feet two inches at the bottom, tapering to about five feet square at the base of the pyramidion. It weighs one hundred and sixty-nine and a half tons. The pedestal is nine feet square, seven feet high, and weighs forty-three tons. The other foundation stones aggregate eighty-seven tons. These simple figures show how great difficulties had to be overcome in moving and handling the mighty column. They fill us, too, with amazement at what must have been the engineering skill and mechanical knowledge of the ancient Egyptians.

That obelisks had any special meaning or significance other than to commemorate the names and deeds of the kings who erected them, and to stand as fitting warders at the gates of the temples which they always overtopped, is a question about which the scholars still disagree. The theories about them have been quite as numerous, we fancy, as about the pyramids.

From whatever point of view one contemplates the bringing of this hoary monolith to the New World, one is filled with thoughts and haunted with reflections of the most intensely interesting character. The primal civilization seems to be speaking from the dim Egyptian to the busy world of to-day in the silent hieroglyphs of the obelisk. It stands in Central Park as a voiceless monitor of a vanished civilization and a perished race, its base beaten by the waves of a new civilization and of a race not even dreamed of when it was hewn from the granite masses of Nubia.

What epochs of history it has outlived! What revolutions and wars, what turmoils and civil broils it has calmly looked down upon! How the storms and tempests of untold ages have beaten upon it, and the page of history which unknown artists graven in its polished surface in uncouth characters has escaped almost unscathed, and repeats to us "in these last days" the names and exploits of warrior kings

"Whose bones were dust,
Whose good swords rust."

centuries before Ultima Thule was discovered, or poet-philosopher had dimly dreamed of the fair island Atlantis!

What creatures of a day we seem when standing with uncovered head in the presence of this century-crowned patriarch! Cities have been projected and built, have grown in power and magnificence, have lived their short and happy life of centuries' duration, have grown old and fallen into decay, and the very sites they once occupied have been heaped with sand, and the plowshare has leveled their useless bastions with the plain, or they have passed utterly out of man's knowledge and remembrance, and this silent granite index finger has all the time been calmly pointing away from the changeful earth below to the changeless heaven above, where the silent stars are still telling the same world-stories, and luring man upward from the earth with the same grand aspirations, as in the days of that dim anterior epoch when Thothmes III. was great in the world.

States have been founded and conquered; empires have risen, expanded, passed away; peoples and races have sprung up, flourished, perished; all that we have been accustomed to think of as history has come to pass; civilizations, philosophies, religions, have been developed, have seemed gifted with undying life, but have crumbled into nothingness and given place to new systems;

"Our little systems have their day;
They have their day, and cease to be;"

new worlds have been discovered and peopled; and all this while the African sands have been slowly accumulating about the base of this venerable memorial of the far-off twilight of the world.

It is almost impossible for us to realize that this granite pillar was already older than the most ancient European monument in the United States, long before Moses ascended Mount Sinai and came down thence with the decalogue which shall be the law unto man forevermore. It is not beyond the range of possibility that the obelisk may have overlooked the spot where Pharaoh's daughter found the infant Moses in his Nile rocked bulrush cradle; nor is it at all improbable that the boy Moses, who was, most probably, educated in the college of the priests near by, for he was "learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians," may have more than once stopped to read the inscriptions at which the school-boy of New York may now lift his wondering eyes. With what apathy this ancient column saw the exodus of the Israelites, the waning of the Egyptian power, the subjection to the Persians after

—"the great Persian Conqueror Cambyses
Marched armies o'er the land with thundering tread
O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Aps, Isis;
And shook the pyramids with fear and wonder.
When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder;"

the brilliant raid of Alexander, and the dynasty of the Ptolemies; the reign of the Cæsars; the clashing of Paganism and Christianity and Mohammedanism; the dynasties of Arab and Turk; the conquest of Napoleon; and the ten thousand other events with which Egyptian life has been crowded in these thirty-five hundred years, that it stood and watched when all was well and when all was ill beside the Nile!

One cannot help speculating upon the future of this remarkable stone. When thirty-five centuries more shall have

rolled away, what new world-changes and vicissitudes will this hoary observer, that has come down to us from a time that antedates antiquity, have beheld and overlived? Will it see the decadence of New York and the downfall of the Union as it saw the glory of Heliopolis and Egypt depart? Will it make pilgrimage to yet other seats of power now as undreamed of as Alexandria and New York were when it was first floated down the Nile to the City of the Sun? Will it see the religion and philosophies of to-day replaced by new systems as it has seen the Egyptian worship and the Alexandrian philosophers give way? Questions that no man can answer. It was erected before a temple of worship, and its enduring granite may fitly represent the enduring nature of man's search after God, "if haply he may find him" who is

"Older than Nilus' mighty flood
Into the mid-sea pouring,
Or than the sea, . . .
Who madest life and light
Bring 'at morning after night,
Who all things didst create,
Great God to whom since time began
The world has prayed and striven."

Whatever mutations and revolutions in government, society, and knowledge it shall see in the future, we believe it will recognize, as through the vicissitudes of the past, that "sweetness and light" are coming more and more into the world, that

—"through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns."

The New Administration.—The people have been congratulating themselves since the fourth of March at having a President once more of their own electing. Of course, now that the four years' joke is over with, no one with any discernment, no matter what his politics may be, makes any pretension of believing, except, to be sure, "officially," as Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B., was careful to explain to Josephine that his protestations of love were made, that Mr. Hayes had any real right to the place he has just left. The decision of the Commission to which all agreed to leave the vexed question made it decent for him to take the chair, and everybody gracefully acquiesced. But neither the decision of the commission nor the acquiescence of the country could change the facts, and nobody felt proud of having a President who owed his seat not to the ballots cast by honest men, but to the ballots manipulated by political poltroons who in any well-regulated community would have been serving the State not on Returning Boards, but within prison walls; nor did it add to one's respect for the President to know that many of the ballot-mongers were—we will not say rewarded—presented with Federal offices. So everybody felt genuine joy when the old régime was rung out and the new régime rung in, with a man at its head who belongs there by the right of a generous majority, and in whom and whose career there is little to be ashamed of or make us sorry, much to arouse our pride and enthusiasm.

Mr. Garfield begins his administration under the very best of auspices. People have great and deserved confidence in his wisdom and statesmanship; the prosperity of the country was never greater or wider-spread; the two great political

parties are so nearly equal in Congress that neither of them will be able to do much mischief. It is a great thing for the country to feel safe against the doings of that wonderful body of small "great men."

President Garfield's inauguration speech has been read with approval and admiration by persons of every shade of political opinion. It is simple, patriotic, full of practical common sense throughout. It is to be hoped that in these qualities it is a prophecy of his whole administration. People nowadays put little confidence in inaugural speeches any more than they do in party platforms or letters of acceptance. No one is brought to very serious account for not living up to his political professions made in such ways.

It was a great relief after the months-long newspaper cabinetizing, after the pilgrimages to Mentor of politicians and interviewers, and the daily bulletins therefrom announcing the cabinet "indications," to know just whom the new President had actually chosen to be his advisers. In intrinsic strength and excellence the new Cabinet suffers by comparison with the one whose place it takes. Evarts, Sherman, and Schurz are a trio such as it would be hard to match; in real ability we suppose they would outweigh the whole seven of the present Cabinet. About the earliest, as well as the most persistent Cabinet rumor, was that Blaine was to have the portfolio of State. We had hoped up to the last moment that this might prove only a rumor, but we were destined to disappointment. There is no better parliamentarian or political manager than he in the country. But we never heard of his possessing any qualities which distinguish the really great statists, unless it be his much-vaunted "magnetism,"—whatever that is,—and this we never knew of his using to much purpose in practical legislation! But while we cannot make ourselves believe that Mr. Blaine is a worthy successor to Seward, Fish, and Evarts, the three great New Yorkers who have lent such dignity to the Department of State for the past twenty years, still, his presence in the Cabinet gives great strength to the new administration; for, for some unaccountable reason, Blaine's following is large and enthusiastic.

In fact, the Cabinet as a whole has been formed with consummate tact. All the elements of the party have been shrewdly considered. Into the Post-Office is put the one man who has shown himself best fitted for the place, and

who has, moreover, on purely business principles, put into practice and defended civil-service reform. Strange as these qualities of fitness and reform make it seem, still Mr. James has been known as a Conkling man, and as such he will count in the Cabinet. The liberal and independent "anti-machine" element is represented by Wayne MacVeagh, who is, besides, related by marriage to the Camerons. In fitness for their places and in real ability Mr. James and Mr. MacVeagh are the strongest men in the Cabinet. The South gets a man who has the singular merit of being a Republican and at the same time holding the respect of Southerners of every political persuasion. Mr. Robert Lincoln is the son of his father—a most excellent thing to be sometimes. He was an ardent Grant man, moreover; is said to have been urged by Logan, and people of sentiment are appealed to by his parentage. The financially erratic Northwest must see with complacency the entrance of Mr. Windom into the Treasury. He is thoroughly suited to win their enthusiasm; he has been unsound upon almost every financial question where he has had an opportunity. His presence in the Treasury would be a source of deep alarm in the Eastern financial centres were it not felt that Mr. Garfield himself will be the informing spirit of the financial policy of the administration, and his career in Congress, and his utterances in speech and print make it safe to put implicit confidence in him. Of Mr. Kirkwood little need be said. It is to be hoped that he will have the good sense to follow out the Indian policy so well begun by Mr. Schurz. All the members of the Cabinet, with the possible exception of Mr. Blaine, are men of unquestioned probity and integrity. An American Cabinet is not a ministry in the foreign sense. It is the President, not they, who is responsible for the administration. So it is not to be wondered at that the Cabinet is so seldom made up of the real party leaders.

It is foolish, of course, to be over-sanguine as to what the politicians will do for us in the furtherance of good government, but we shall be greatly disappointed or we are entering upon one of the best and most successful administrations the country has ever had. There have been so few statesmen at the head of the government within the last forty years, that the conduct of one there will be watched with great curiosity, and we trust with profit.

TABLE-TALK.

An Old Fellow Speaks out his Mind on Science.—The catechism got things rather transposed; the chief end of man is not to "glorify God," but to deify glory. Any fellow can find that out. The more scientific way, however, is to begin not by inverting the answer, but by changing the question, thus: What is the chief end of God? And men of science have discovered so much law, force, correlation, natural selection, promise and potency, ascent, survival of the fittest, protoplasm, psychic force, evolution, unknowability, unthinkability, and "that sort of thing, you

know," that many of them are in doubt whether he has *any* end at all, not to mention the "chief." If they ever should get so far as the answer to this new question, "What is the chief end of God?" it is hard to conjecture what will be the result. To be searched for, perhaps; to tantalize science by forever keeping *just out of its reach*. Every little while some scientist announces that he has reached the last link—the "promise and potency" of all mundane existence. But when he makes the final grasp that is to explain all life and immortalize his own name, he finds, after a nervous clutch,

that his hand is empty. He protests stoutly, however, that he was on the right track, for his fingers just grazed it as it slipped away; if he had only been more patient and waited another second or so, or if his arm had only been the fiftieth part of an inch longer——! Science is a good deal of an art, after all. Then, too, it is such a satisfaction to those who know least about it. The main utility of science nowadays is to obviate the necessity of thinking for yourself; thus it is a good deal like an organ,—a political organ,—that is simply the application of the principle of co-operation to thought. Thought, like cheese, horse shoes, theology, and political opinion, can be manufactured far more cheaply in large quantities, and in the long run cheapness is sure to beat. Most people think it quite absurd to do any thinking for themselves. They prefer to let the votaries of science do it wholesale—in the lump; it saves time and so much bother!

The luckiest discovery of the nineteenth century is the "Unknowable." It is such a comfort! a sort of scientific lumber-room, where you stow away all the knotty problems and hard questions you don't know what to do with. Knowledge itself, we moderns have learned, would be impossible without the unknowable on which to base it. It's just like the tortoise and the elephant on which the world used to rest. If you once reach the unknowable, you're all right; that explains everything; any one can see the rest of the way—it's unknowable all the way down.

But on one subject science is neither content with the old-fashioned theory nor with the unknowable. It knows all about the origin of man. He has "descended" or been "developed"—how clear these words make it!—from the monkey. The ingenious process by which the cunning monkey has been sublimated into the canny scientist has not been fully explained. Who invented the process? It is impertinent to inquire. A few such questions as that would paralyze science. Perhaps the monkey did.

One of my neighbors, an eccentric old gentleman, says: "It is all right; the only trouble is science comes at things wrong end first. The scientist goes in at the back door and swears the house is a kitchen. You can't argy with him, for it is. Then, after rummaging all over the house clean to the garret, he goes down cellar; every new place seems to be *the* place—and so it is. Just so with the world. The fact that it needs explaining ought to give him considerable of a hint. That need ain't in the world; it's in the fellow that wants the explanation; and the same thing that fellow's made of is the only sort of thing that can ever give the explanation. Nothin' ever gets above its source, that's a certainty the world over. The world's managed somehow or other to worry up as high as thought and feelin' and such, and I reckon the head-waters must be that high at least. There is somethin' more in the universe than what you can weigh with your scales or subject to your chemic tests. But science keeps toggling away at the husk o' things as though it were going to shell out some sort o' jumping-jack that has coiled itself up within—Lord knows what for! Where would the law of gravitation be if Newton all the rest of his days had kept on analyzing the apple that knocked off his hat?" And then the old gentleman paused a moment, and as he relighted his pipe summed up his whole idea with:

"Science is like some other things: it is a great thing when there is a great man behind it."

J. H. T.

Thou and You.—"The proper management of *thou* and *you*," said the Professor, as he laid down his weekly paper, and looked quietly over his glasses in that far-off way of his when he is about to deliver himself of any little lecture upon some topic in which he is especially interested, "is something which many writers seem hardly to understand, or if they understand, at least to neglect. I have just been reading a poem, and of some merit too, mind you, in my paper here, which has for its title '*You and I*.' Now, according to the simplest principles of grammatical consistency and common sense,"—the Professor has a way of putting things strongly; teaching makes one dogmatic,—"*the* writer, in addressing the imaginary friend of the poem, should use only *you*. But what does he do? In the first stanza he says:

" 'We'll sing a song. Let *you* and I shout forth
Whate'er is in us—*you*, my friend, and I."

By the way, notice also this incorrect use of the nominative *I* after *let*, an exasperatingly common blunder even among people who speak our language with reasonable grace and correctness. But that is not the point now. Here he correctly calls him *you*. In the fourth stanza he begins with

" 'Where is your heart? or have you any heart?"

and in the third line says:

" 'Dost care what lot, or sigh for any part?"

and ends the stanza with

" 'But now, my friend, both *you* and I are tired."

A little after, another stanza begins with—

" 'What kind of world would'st *thou* have here, my friend?
Thou can'st not say."

while beyond that, when he uses the direct address, he says *you*. Such a confusion of forms as this is a serious blemish to any production. Either the one form or the other should be decided upon, and rigidly adhered to throughout the poem, whatever the exigencies of the verse might be. In this poem, however, the verse requirements admit of either word indifferently, and the author is to be blamed for either inexcusable ignorance of a simple grammatical principle, or for careless negligence of it."

"Ah, yes, Professor," I said; "but are you not making altogether too sweeping statements, and laying down principles, as you call them, which our great writers have held in conspicuous disregard? It is no uncommon thing to find Shakspeare in the same speech using both forms."

"Quite right, quite right," my young friend, returned the Professor, and I saw by the way he settled back in his chair, and tapped his left forefinger with his glasses, which he had removed and retained in his right hand, that I was trenching upon ground with which he was perfectly familiar. "In the time of our early literature *thou* and *thee* had not yet passed out of daily current use. But *you* had likewise begun to be used in addressing a single person, and so nice distinctions grew up in the use of the different words. Much the same distinctions, in fact, as still obtain in modern German. While to you, in your superficial reading of Shakspeare, there

seems to be a perfectly indifferent use of *thou* or *you*, you will find, if you look into the matter, there is always a clearly-defined principle which determined the poet's choice of the one word or the other. And never, if I mistake not, does he in the same speech use the two forms of the same person. Look the question up in your 'Craik's English of Shakspeare;' you will find he states the principles very clearly and gives abundant examples."

I took a note of the matter and the title of the book for future reference, and the Professor proceeded:

"Writers often think, and especially young writers, that very much is gained in impressiveness by using *thou* instead of *you* when they wish to be particularly earnest or have elevated thoughts or sentiments to express. And they are partially right, too. But they should take great care or they will land themselves in absurdities and inconsistencies from which it will be difficult for them to extricate themselves. Moreover, there is always danger of sacrificing naturalness of expression. As a matter of fact, lovers do not nowadays, or did not," said the Professor, with a pathetic smile, "when I was young, say *thou* and *thee* and *thy* even when upon bended knee to the object of their adoration. And so a lover's plaint or joy-song in which these words continually

recur seems always forced. If you ever write, young man," and the Professor looked as though he might have had experiences not altogether pleasant when he first began to wield the pen, "remember that there is no fiction about the dangerous proximity of the ridiculous to the sublime. And mind you how you climb the Matterhorn of pathos; one misstep and over the precipice you plunge, finding nothing to impede your progress down the awful abyss until crushed and bleeding you strike upon the cruel glacier of bathos below."

I had listened with increasing interest to the eloquent words of the Professor, when, as he adjusted his glasses once more and reached for his Horace, he concluded the conversation as follows: "If you have read your Tennyson with any care,—though I sincerely trust you have not squandered much time on his last remarkable performances,—you must have observed with what nicety and fine sense of propriety he deals with *thou* and *you*. In many poems of deep sentiment the simple, natural *you* is preferred. In many one notices a reminiscence of the old English distinctions. *Thou* is nearly always reserved for the purest and loftiest diction."

DUDLEY DIGGES, Esq.

LITERATURE AND ART.

The author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," etc., as Mrs. Muloch-Craik, with the graceful pride begotten of success, prefers to call herself, has done her friends a favor and the world a service by collecting into a single volume her poems "New and Old." ("Thirty Years' Poems, New and Old," Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) They are the transcript of her poetic moods and feelings during thirty years. We had not thought of her as writing so long as that. But her age is still such that we may hope for work from her gracious pen for nearly as long a period to come. Nor had we thought that such a wealth of poetic treasures had been brought by her to the light from the mines of fancy and imagination. Some of her songs had long ago sung their way into our hearts, but we were surprised to find so many others that were worthy to bear them companionship.

Mrs. Craik is not one of the rare great poets that sing for all the eternities to listen, but she is a dear, true singer, whose songs, with their fresh spring-time sweetness and lyric grace, with their simple truth and true simplicity, set chords of sympathy vibrating in every heart to which English is native, that loves the simple homely poetry of happy effort and quiet joys and pure, good life. They are redolent of the joy and the sweetness of life with its gracious hopes and precious promises. They seem as spontaneous and joyous as the happy vernal carolings of the spring-glad songsters of the wood. Without apparent effort or constraint she pours forth her tender lyrics and simple melodies.

With a perfect sense of propriety Mrs. Craik places first in her volume that little masterpiece, "Philip my King," which, had she written nothing else, would have justified us in

according her very high poetical ability. Where else will one find so beautifully and perfectly expressed the mother's happy pride in her offspring and almost reverent devotion to "babyhood's royal dignities"? With what womanly love and thoughtfulness she looks out to his future!

"O the day when thou goest a-wooing,
Philip my King!
When those beautiful lips are suing,
And some gentle heart's bars undoing,
Thou dost enter, love-crowned, and there
Sittest love glorified. Rule kindly,
Tenderly, over thy kingdom fair,
For we that love, ah! we love so blindly,
Philip my King."

In many of the poems we feel there is an undertone of scorn for the conventionalities of life, of happy confidence in the noble realities of righteous efforts and the supreme worth of truth and goodness.

"Ye whose ignorance stands wringing
Rough hands, stained with toil, nor dares
Lift so much as eyes to heaven,—
Lo! all life this truth declares,
Laborare est orare:
And the whole earth rings with prayers"

We should like to make many quotations of what has struck us as particularly fine or felicitous. But it would be of little use. No isolated passages can give our readers any adequate idea of the sweetness, the freshness, and the truth of the many poems. If what we have said shall pique the curiosity of any one to make the acquaintance of Mrs.

Craik's volume, he will thank us for these few words. We cannot forbear, as we close, to quote from the poem "Cousin Robert" these earnest, ringing stanzas :

"O, Robert, Robert, some that live
Are dead, long ere they are old;
Better the pure heart of our youth
Than palaces of gold ;

Better the blind faith of our youth
Than doubt, which all truth braves :
Better to mourn, God's children dear,
Than laugh, the Devil's slaves. "

Vidocq, the French Detective (Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.), is an autobiography which one time and another has attracted much attention. It gives in graphic style an account of the personal deeds and perils of the free and easy Vidocq. Some of the adventures border closely upon the incredible, but we are assured that they are facts. Yet however replete the book may be in astonishing incidents and hair-breadth escapes, and however thrilling the flow of narrative, it must be confessed the morality of the book is, to say the very least, of a questionable character. No one would care to have his children read it.

From the same publishers we have received "The Black Venus; a Tale of the Dark Continent," by Adolph Belot. It has been dramatized, we are told, into a successful and effective spectacular drama. We should hardly have thought a playwright could show such genius. The book is intended to be "thrillin'," but to us, with its wooden characters that act upon the absurdest, most impossible motives, that talk and conduct themselves as no human beings ever did or ever will, the book was intolerably dull and stupid. We are taken into Africa, to be sure, but the narrative has such an air of unreality throughout, the descriptions of places and customs are so manifestly taken from encyclopedia and guide-book, that we read through the passages intended to be most enthralling with ennui and protest. "But for those who like that kind of thing we suppose it is about the kind of thing they will like," as Lincoln is once said to have told an author who had bored him with reading a tiresome MS. on which he asked his opinion. Morally the tone is high enough, a statement which we are sorry to say cannot be made concerning all the French reproductions of this house. The translator, Mr. George D. Cox, should take a common-school grammar and acquaint himself with the very useful distinction between *will* and *shall*.

We are in receipt of a neat little volume, entitled "Young Folks' Bible History" (D. Lothrop & Co., Boston), which is an admirable condensation of Scripture history from the creation to the crucifixion. The narrative is specially adapted to the understanding of young readers, and renders clear to tender minds the full meaning of the wonderful story. The solemn and unfamiliar style of the Scriptures is often a stumbling block to the perfect understanding of the text by children, who frequently commit passages to memory with no clear idea of their importance or meaning. Recognizing this fact, the author tells her readers the Bible story very much in the manner a mother would talk to her children, thus bringing it thoroughly within their comprehension, and paving the way for a clearer study of the original.

To those of our readers who may have read the story of "Ruby Hamilton," published some time ago, the sequel now published by the same house (D. Lothrop & Co.), under the title of "Old and New Friends; or, the Story of Ruby's Daughters," will no doubt prove quite interesting. We had not the pleasure of reading it, hence much of the interest is lost to us, which otherwise might have been felt in the reading of the sequel. The present volume, however, contains some charming pictures of home-life, and paints, besides, in vivid colors the temptations which assail young boys who are thrown into the society and subjected to the influences of evil-minded companions. Its reading should serve as a warning, and help to strengthen the boy whose impulses are for good. To our mind this is one of the strongest and best features of the story.

In "Chips from the White House," published by the same house as the books just noticed, Mr. Jeremiah Chaplin has brought together some of the most important utterances of our Presidents, carefully selected from speeches and addresses, public documents, and private correspondence, and touching upon a large variety of subjects. Some of them occupy several pages, while others are in the form of aphorisms, and show the power which most of our Presidents had of putting things graphically and to the point. The contents of the work are chronologically arranged, the names of the different Presidents following each other in consecutive order from Washington to Garfield. Each chapter is prefaced by a brief synopsis of the life and the services of its subject, and most of the extracts are dated, with brief explanations of the circumstances under which they were written. The work, in fact, is a hand-book from which the reader may learn more of the real characters of the men who form the subject of its contents than from any other single volume of which we have knowledge. The selections are made with admirable judgment, and show not only the peculiar political opinions of the writers, but their social and domestic characteristics as well.

The American Code of Manners (New York: W. R. Andrews) is a reprint of the series of excellent essays which have from time to time appeared in the columns of "Andrews's American Queen" upon the subject of "The American Code of Manners." These essays are well written, and their author appears to have thoroughly mastered the subject of modern etiquette. We would strongly commend their earnest study to the consideration of the rising generation, as indications almost daily manifest themselves of a growing deterioration in good manners. As the writer truly states, "the mischievous tendencies of our society are many, and always tend to lower the tone of good manners. The vulgar worship of wealth, the imitating of foreign vices and follies, contempt of the domestic virtues, impoliteness of young men, and the fast and immodest manners of young women, should all be taken into consideration in the efforts which some well-intentioned people are making to introduce a perfect American code of manners. Until these faults are wholly mended we need never hope to have an elegant society." Such manuals are mainly useful in calling attention to the customs which obtain in good society, ignorance of which is often a source of great embarrassment.

Mr. William Gibson deserves our thanks for giving to the world his little volume of verse, "Poems of Many Years and Many Places" (Boston: Lee & Shepard). While it contains nothing that reaches the highest rank of excellence, yet it has much which will, we are sure, bear favorable comparison with the best of minor poetry which has recently appeared. Mr. Gibson is a navy officer, and has consequently seen much of the world, and in many places his poetic sensibilities have been aroused. Italian scenes and themes have affected him oftenest. Mr. Gibson shows a fairly good command of language, and usually a correct ear. We have noticed one or two vulgar errors. *Romance*, in one instance, is accented on the first syllable; *transpired* is used in the sense of occurred; and it is to be feared that he allows himself to pronounce torture, *torcher*, for he rhymes it with "scorch her." Faulty rhymes, such as *tombs* and *comes*, *lulled* and *emerald*, *north* and *h'arth*, *women* and *demon*, *ever* and *fever*, and many more, are of far too frequent occurrence. We think, too, that his taste is at fault in his evident fondness for sesquipedalian words. For example, such verses as

"All gems, in solitary light or cluster
Diaphanous or of opalescent lustre,
Wherein primordial fires that hardened them,
Still burn and sparkle iridescently,"

do not strike us agreeably. Nor are we quite sure that falling stars are dignified by speaking of them as "pyrotechnical delights" or "phosphorescent points"; nor do we think that a poet should allow himself, in a serious composition, to introduce such an expression as "*quantum suff.*," as Mr. Gibson does, so as to have a rhyme for *enough*.

We like the poet far better in his simple unambitious efforts than when he attempts to soar into the upper air. The poem on Niagara has not yet been written, nor will it be until its thunder-strophes wake responsive echoes in some Coleridge soul. Mr. Gibson, "whose failing limbs faltered in presence of its majesty," essays to sing Niagara, but his voice, as he himself says, is "weak as a petrel's" to what the voice should be to sing "the mighty spirit of the flood." And yet some verses of the hymn are almost worthy of the theme, as when he says:

"Oh! when the sons of God had ceased to shout
Above thee, in the morning of the world,
Thou had'st commission, filiiest after them,
To chant the story of Omnipotence:
The same as ever since thy solemn voice
Has told it to the silent centuries,
I see and hear thee now—Niagara!"

The longest poem in the volume is a sufficiently horrible Italian tale. The scene is laid in the soft "Cytherean zone of Napoli." In his description occurs the following exquisite stanza:

"The purple light of love sleeps on the hills,
And dreams in wild-flowers; everywhere the rose
And violet mingle in voluptuous thrills
Of color and fragrance; even the snows
Of the starred daisy show pink under-tips
As faintly red as young Aurora's lips."

The narrative is, for the most part, simple and pleasant. In the second canto a little peasant girl is telling the story in

a really pretty and graceful style, with here and there some little naïve remark which adds immensely to the pleasure of the listener. But suddenly, for some absolutely inscrutable reason, the poet becomes impressed with the absurd idea that

—"here more gorgeous verse
Than the maid's prattle should the scene rehearse";

and this is the fustian out of which he constructs his first "more gorgeous verses":

"Uncork the vials of summer! Burn pastilles!
Till the air cloy with attar-of-rose and musk!
Oppress the sense of perfume till it reels,
With the rich Cereus blooming in the dusk!
Carve groves of sandal into cabinets!
Shake odors strong as death from fountain-jets!"

and so on! What fatality could have led any man to suppose that such "more gorgeous verses," tricked out with exclamation points, would for a moment be preferred to the "maid's prattle"?

We think Mr. Gibson would have done well to have left out one or two of the poems, especially *La Festa dello Statuto*; if for no other reason—and there are others—because it contains these verses:

"But ruinous walls, like the crumbling loom
Of a once world-shaking thunder-boom
Crop here and there out of Caesar's Rome,
And the grandeur that was Republican."

What in the name of Caesar's Rome is the "loom" of a "thunder-boom"? Do "ruinous walls" look like a "crumbling loom," any way? much less such a loom as he mentions, if one can imagine—we frankly confess we cannot—such a thing. Do looms, as a general thing, "crop here and there out" of anything?

But we have said far more in criticism of the poems than we had intended. Let no one be deterred by our strictures from making their acquaintance. We are sure all who read the volume will feel well repaid. We have had much pleasure in the perusal of many of the poems. We have marked many verses for quotation, but we shall have to content ourselves with only a few, so much space has been consumed already.

In more than one instance the poet touches upon the deep questions of life and philosophy in a manly, earnest way:

"We know in part. The seed must rot to quicken;
And one comes up an Oak and one a Lily,
The whole Idea perfect in the germ;
But what we are, and why we are, and wherefore
We are the thing we are, behold, we know not,
And grope in Nature for the secret hope."

Blow wide, O New Year! Last year's flowers have perished;
And yet the type lives on, and reaffirmeth
With not a ray lost from its crown of light
And last year's nests are empty; but the woodlands
Ring as of old; the nightingales full-throated
Are singing the melodious songs we know."

His firm faith in the "increasing purpose," running through the ages, is clearly uttered when he says:

"Yet whatso'er of movement retrograde
Apparent in the heavens may be, we know
That to a forward march, in order swayed,
The seasons and the cycles come and go."

Now and then the poet gives sententious utterance to some felicitous truth:

"There is no law in heaven and earth but Love;
Or failing Love, then nothing is divine."

"Gold, too, can cure
A spotted reputation; few demand
How clean may be the full and liberal hand."

"Never, save to Omniscience, may appear
Humanity's dark riddles true and clear."

He has exhortation and comfort for the striving:

"Let no heart faint in the slow course
Of effort, if it would achieve;
There lives indomitable force
In simply—to believe.
Hope tunes thy harp, boy-poet pure;
Teach faith with all thy might mature;
Sing heavenly love—its promise sure
To give and to receive;
The purest good, the loftiest goal,
Seek with undrooping eyes,
And life's long day, O dauntless soul,
Shall set in Paradise."

"The Voyage of St. Brandan," the last stanza of which we have just given; "Around the World," which reminds one of Tennyson's "Voyage," but not to its disadvantage; "A Love Poem," the "Hymn to Freya," and "Castle Campbell," seem to us to show the poet at the best. In the last-mentioned occurs the following almost perfect stanza:

"Yet Gloom hath never yet possessed
One spot in Nature wholly;
A skylark in each sunny breast
Lifts out at melancholy.
Oh! loud the linn hath merry din
In tune with voices merry;
The snowy foam lights up the glen
With joy when hearts are cheery."

Not the least praiseworthy part of the volume are the sonnets with which it concludes. With the one on dear old Fra Angelico we will bring our notice to a close:

"Not for earth's joys, triumphal, hymeneal,
Those harp-strings twang, those golden trumpets blare.
On gilded ground, in place of the blue air,
In Byzant lines unrounded and unreal,
The simple monk worked out his own ideal—
And were there ever forms more heavenly fair?
Nay, from the life the ineffable angels there
Seemed limned and colored by their servant leal!

What was his charm? Whence the inflowing grace?
The beauty of holiness! His child-soul dreamed
When psalm and censer filled the holy place,
Till to take shape the mist, the music seemed:
Till Mary Mother's smile grew out of song,
To symphony of the seraphic throng!"

Notes.—The twenty-seventh annual report of the Historical Society of Wisconsin has been received. Its officers are among the most distinguished men of the State. The report shows clearly what can be done with very limited

means by careful and intelligent management on the part of the directors, and by enthusiasm among the members. The Society should receive the hearty support and encouragement of the State for which it is doing a work of incalculable benefit.—The annual catalogue of the Bible College for Young Women, Binghamton, N. Y., is before us. For about five years, with the encouragement of many distinguished divines and educators, it has been providing a college education and a home to daughters of ministers and missionaries, and to young women of slender means who desire to enter the mission field. Free tuition and home are accorded to young women who offer satisfactory testimonials. College catalogues are seldom models of taste or of rhetoric. The rose-colored descriptions of places and privileges make it exceedingly difficult for a stranger to get a clear idea of either. The catalogue before us wins confidence by its simple and temperate style. But in its "Remarks" there is an instance of very bad taste. Parents are asked to "refrain from sending boxes of dyspepsia and sick-headaches to the students in the shape of nuts, cakes, and confectionery." The object aimed at is good enough, but what an undignified mode of expression!—Geo. E. Williams & Co., Pittsburgh, send us the first number of the *Brick, Tile, and Metal Review*, a monthly periodical of handsome appearance and well-filled pages. Workers in clay and metals, builders and plumbers, are the class to which it appeals for support, and from which, judging by the first number, it deserves a cordial welcome.

—The first number of the *Platonist* (Thos. M. Johnson, Osceola, Mo., editor) is received. "In this degenerated age, when the senses are apotheosized, materialism absurdly considered philosophy, folly and ignorance popularized," etc., etc., the *Platonist* kindly rushes to the rescue of "the philosophic souls scattered throughout this vast sensible universe," and encourages them "to persevere in their ascent to Absolute Truth, regardless of the idiotic comments and silly sneers of the rabble." What may be expected in the way of editorial writing may be inferred from these sentences picked out almost at random. The paper will contain translations and reprints from Platonists and original articles. In this number is an article by one Alexander Wilder, F.R.S., who may be "a critical scholar and profound thinker"; but when, in his first half column upon the "Spectator of the Mysteries," we meet with *obligated* and find *would* used for *should*, and *will* for *shall*, we don't somehow enjoy to the full his "turgid, bombastic, and flatulent" lucubrations. Greek names appear simply transliterated, but not always in the same way: Plato and Platon, Aristotelēs and Aristoteles, Sōkratēs and Sokrates, and the like. Copernicus figures as Kopernik. Greek words and sentences masquerade in English transliterations. We fear that the "philosophic few," on whom it "relies solely for support," will not at once go into paroxysms of enthusiasm over the journal. But perhaps we have no right to judge of this aspiring periodical,—whose aim and purpose, be it distinctly understood, we most emphatically praise and commend, whose manner only we criticise,—for, alas! it may be that we belong to that generously large class, the lamentable "nine-tenths of human beings" who "are adverse (*sic*) to the acquisition of intellectual knowledge, and delight to grovel in the mire of ignorance," and so cannot appreciate its wonderful philosophizing. But perhaps not!—Messrs.

Munn & Co., the well-known publishers of the *Scientific American*, send us a copy of their new *Illustrated Scientific News*. Those interested in the "sciences and their applications in the arts and industries" will find this monthly quarto worthy of their attention. The illustrations and diagrams are excellent; the articles instructive and timely, and written in a clear, straightforward, sensible style. Especially noteworthy is the illustrated article in the March number upon Captain Eads's proposed ship railway.—A newspaper a century old is considered a great curiosity; but what shall one say of one that appears a century ahead of time? Yet such a *tour de force* we have before us. The Boston *Globe* has issued an edition bearing the date January 1st, 1981. The world has of course made some progress by that time, and the journal speaks familiarly of things which in

this old time in which we live are the dreams of poets or the vague hopes of enthusiastic inventors. The editor has only to look out of his window to see

—"the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight dropping down with costly bales."

The Phonograph in Divorce Suits, Sunday-school Excursion in Air Cars, Terrible Accidents in Mid-air, Invention of a Burglar Bouncer, are respectively treated from the standpoint of the advanced journalism of that day. News by the Talkogram and Photophone from all parts of the world is fully presented. This curious and interesting piece of prophetic journalism may be obtained from the newsdealers, or direct from its owners, A. Vogeler & Co., Baltimore, Maryland, for five cents.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Weak People and Marriage.—Mrs. Muloch-Craik, in a recent article, which she styles a "sermon out of church," on the text, "The conies are but a feeble folk," has many bright things to say about those weak people, "conies" she calls them, "who are always deferring to other people, who never know their own minds,—perhaps, indeed, they have not got any to know,—who are always hanging the burthen of their existence upon friends and relatives, asking advice but seldom following it, making endless plans but never following them out." In no relations of life do weakness and indecision seem worthier of reprobation than in the matter of marriage. If there is any question upon which one ought to have a mind of his own, to which one ought to be able to give a direct, unequivocal answer, it is the question whether one does or does not prefer a certain person as a companion for life. Mrs. Craik says:

"One would imagine this was the very easiest question to ask or answer, the very plainest point of right and wrong; in which, whatever difficulties presented themselves outside, there could be none in the mind of the persons concerned, who are, in truth, the only persons concerned. If there is one thing in life which people ought to decide for themselves, it is their choice in marriage.

"Yet this is the thing in which every one interferes, appeals for, or listens to interference; so that what ought to be the happiest bit of life becomes the most unhappy. I hope, to the end of my days, to be able to sympathize with an honest and hearty love, whether happy or unhappy; but I own that the 'bother' some young people and their love affairs cause to their friends and the public in general is quite intolerable.

"Sneerers at our sex have said that 'a man can succeed in marrying any woman;' and really, when one looks round on the sort of men some women do condescend to marry, one is tempted to believe this. Persistency, patience, and courage are such rare qualities that they almost deserve to win—and do win with certain kinds of women. Though it seems strange that any true man, truly loving, should stoop

to be loved in that sort of way—being asked by his idol for 'a month's time to think it over;' or, 'till she has consulted her friends;' or, lowest degradation of all, 'till she can inquire into his income, and whether he can make good settlements.' Of course exceptions will occur. Some men will make offers—especially to conies—before the girl has ever seriously thought of them. And some girls, of timid nature, require long thinking before they love. Persistency is so attractive, that it often attains its end, and happy marriages are not unknown in which the lover has been refused several times and accepted at last. Still, the safest marriage is certainly that in which the momentous question needs only a Yes or No, absolute and final. Nay, perhaps the ideal of marriage is that which I once heard expressed or implied, by an old lady, looking with a smile at her old husband, and talking to a newly-affianced grand-daughter, 'Asked me, did you say? Why, my dear, he never asked me at all! We both knew our own minds, and so we married.'

"But the cony never knows her own mind, either before the offer or after it. It has been the fashion to abuse faithless men,—'deceivers ever,'—yet quite as much woe has been worked by women, not intentionally faithless, and by no means meaning to deceive. A point-blank refusal kills no man. Often it does his character real good; teaches him his own failings, and shows him—a rather desirable thing for modern youths—that he has not merely to ask and to have. No tender-hearted maiden need fear her discarded lover's breaking his heart; many a masculine heart is 'caught at the rebound,' and the chances are that the second woman will do quite as well as the first. But terrible harm is done to men by feeble women, who play fast and loose—making and breaking engagements with equal facility, and with such exceeding sweetness that they still get credit for that 'amiability' which is counted the utmost charm of our sex. How far it is so, whether a creature who can neither take care of herself nor anybody else, neither decide for herself nor any one else, is fit to be a wife and

mother, I will not attempt to argue. All I can say is, I would rather see a son of mine engaged or married to the 'strongest-minded' woman alive, than to a cony. Not that strength consists in never changing one's mind, in the mulish theory, 'I've said it and I'll stick to it;' or in that other most amusing characteristic of weak people, the 'contrariness' of the Irish pig, which, when you want it to go one way, obliges you to pull it by the tail in another direction. Strong people are seldom obstinate, and never feel it the least humiliation rationally to change their minds. The courage which can frankly say, 'I retract; I was mistaken,' and act upon it—what worlds of misery does it not often save, especially in the matter of marriage! How many unions, rashly planned, are as madly carried out, when a few plain words would have prevented the wreck of two lives! Far be it from me to defend infidelity; but I do say, seeing we are all liable to err,—liable, alas! even to change,—that an honest broken engagement is more honorable, either to man or woman, than the false honor of a deceitful, loveless marriage."

Other Fashions than Ours.—In traveling abroad one meets two classes of Americans, those who "in Rome do as the Romans do," and those who are disposed to be as unlike their foreign neighbors as possible. "At home we do thus and so," say the latter, of course implying that what is done at home is the best, on the same general principle as mothers and grandmothers exclaim, "When I was young!" And how the present is supposed to pale in the light of that past!

The American of the "male persuasion" belonging to the latter class is as "spread-eagle" as possible, talks constantly of "our great country," turns up his nose at the smallness of kingdoms, rivers, etc., on the other side of the ocean, and speaks of the Alps as a pretty decoration in painting for a candy-box. While his feminine likeness refuses to eat her egg out of a shell, because it is the custom where she is staying, and dresses her hair in a fashion now possibly obsolete at home, because that was the way it was worn when she left, and because her present neighbors do otherwise. Of course, as in other matters, the golden mean is the desirable position to hold.

Those who spend the summer on the other side of the Atlantic will certainly consider that the fashion of weather in vogue there is an improvement on that of "our dear, our native land." Mercury among the nineties is something unknown, and any one with American experiences is occasionally amused with what an Englishman or a German would complain of as a hot day. The capacities for rain on the other hand are perhaps undesirably great; but, on the whole, being drowned is preferable to being roasted or boiled.

At home in summer a lady spends many hours in the briefest of costumes on a sofa with a fan, or appears in the world arrayed in the lightest of materials, while her poorer sister, who is obliged to work all the time, does so in the smallest amount of thin calico that propriety allows. At the same season the German peasant woman is working in the fields with only a scarlet or white handkerchief as a protection over her head, and going to church in a thick-staff

dress and a tall fur cap, which reminds one of the "bold grenadier," on her head. It is a hard life she leads, up at dawn, and working in house or field, with no pause or rest till the day is done. Yet she is not so very poor as one might suppose, at least in possessions of a certain sort. Up in some seldom-used chamber, to make their appearance on the occasional gala days, which are interspersed now and then among the many devoted to hard work, are stored her treasures. A long array of pewter plates and beer-mugs, all sorts of ornaments of china, glass, etc.; fine china cups and saucers; peasant costumes, ornamented with silver buttons and chains; silk dresses, a row of fur caps, and so many silver beads, chains, clasps, and brooches as to excite the wonder of the beholder—all displayed perhaps with great pride by her small, fair-haired, rosy-cheeked daughter, who gives great promise of such beauty as is, strange to say, never fulfilled in the older generation. For "the gifts of the gods" are very unequally distributed in Germany, and among a race of fine-looking men few handsome women are to be found.

Out of the region of railroads, in among the Bavarian Alps, there are three classes of travelers: those who use the ordinary post-wagon, which goes daily from place to place, those in private carriages, and the pedestrians. The last are especially numerous in summer, and for those who are strong enough to walk, it is a delightful mode of progression, the most absolutely independent of the three, in the freedom that it admits of stopping to look at any view, or cull any flower without consideration of horse or man. The amusement is by no means confined to the male sex; women, too, pack on back, or bag in hand, may be seen all along the road. English girls in the universal ulster, Americans in the more varied costumes, suggested by individual taste, and Germans in all sorts of array, from the short, trim and suitable traveling dress, to blue silks and merinos.

Decorative art of a certain kind holds an extended sway in this part of the country; every small house is frescoed within and without with all sorts of devices, Bible subjects and wild animals seeming to be the favorites. Various industries flourish, besides the universal one of agricultural labor; each little village seems to have its own; wood-carving of crucifixes, figures, and animals, the making of violins and zithers (the last, when well played, so delightful an instrument), and other like pursuits. Generation after generation follows in the same path, and a man will be in this respect often what his father and grandfather have been before him, while in America father and son will be sometimes as wide apart in their choice of a profession as the bench is from the circus. Both the likeness and the unlikeness of things abroad to those at home strikes the traveler, and "all the world is kin," or "what is one man's meat is another man's poison," are old adages that seem often applicable; but only let his sympathies be enlarged, and his power of recognizing the best in everything be extended, and the highest mission of travel is accomplished.

LEIGH NORTH.

The Household Voice.—When you were a boy—maybe you weren't though; maybe you were "only a girl,"

as the boy often assures his sister; but if ever you were a boy, then when you were, and lived on the farm in summer, and were raking hay down in the meadow about twelve o'clock, didn't you think the blast from the old tin dinner-horn just the sweetest music of life—music to set a knife and fork to?

Now, if you have grown up with a proper respect for things old, you have preserved in your home voice and that of your household the clear shrill screech of that old tin horn. This is absolutely the only voice fit to keep house with. As a spirit thermometer, it shows that you are in calm spirits and living in the temperate zone of domestic bliss. It is the sole tone in which it is wise and useful to reprove a child for a fault. Nothing less than the whistle of your paternal tin voice will fittingly make the "young rascal's hair stand up." And you know that if you don't accomplish this capillary elevation, your family government is certain to undergo a little French Revolution, and the "little corporal" will lead in a new *régime*. It tells powerfully on the children, does this horn tone. If you don't believe so, and don't keep one, borrow one and use it a few years. No danger of wearing it out; you can only get rid of it by recklessly throwing it away. The longer you use it, the stronger it grows. It has, too, a peculiar power of self-propagation; spreads beautifully, like diphtheria and small-pox. So the more you have of it, and the more robust exercise you give it, the sooner does it become the vocal wealth of all your household—unless your weak wife and children, unable to appreciate the sympathetic rise and fall of the amateur fog-horn, silently steal away to some desert place.

But if your wife has any sense, she soon sees that you are the superior being; that your metallic tones are those made for command and conquest; she remembers that it was thus and for love that Petruchio tamed the shrew; and thus soon, in more perfect love, she imitates the higher life of your voice, rising to the intellectuality of head tones, and addresses you in your own happy *tinphonic* style.

When you have thus vocalized your whole family, you have little left to be desired in the line of home grace, quiet, sweetness of temper, gentle emotions, and whole-souled love. The mellowing genius of that voice presides over your home like a tin ægis. It renders the relation of brother and sister delightful; it attracts to your home the attention of whole neighborhoods. Oh, the laryngeal tin dinner-horn keys the household up to a pitch of life it cannot otherwise attain!

J. C. A.

On Shaking Hands.—Among the Romans a hand was the emblem of good faith, and the almost universal adoption of the clasped hands in marriage and other solemn ceremonies prove this to have been a custom instinctively considered as emblematic of union and fidelity; unfortunately, just as the kiss, at any rate between women and relations, has ceased to be a token of the truest and strongest affection, so has the hand-shake also fallen somewhat from its high estate, and become a mere idle ceremony not necessarily conveying an impression of any special interest or regard. In the ancient usage of striking hands as a pledge of fidelity in confirming a bargain is no doubt to be found the origin

of shaking hands. "Who is he that will strike hands with me?" asks Job, when complaining of the unmerited contempt and mistrust to which he was subjected. We also learn that in ancient Rome the hand-shake was utilized in a manner not unfamiliar to the would-be legislators of modern times; that, in fact, it was one of the condescensions practiced by those who aspired to a seat in the Senate, to win the good-will and adherence of their low-born constituents; for it is said of Scipio Nasica, the enemy of Tiberius Gracchus, that in canvassing for votes he exclaimed, on taking the rough hand of a laborer, "What! do you walk on your hands?"

It is natural that savages in their love of imitation should conform by degrees to the usages of more civilized nations, and in nothing is this more marked than in their adoption of kissing and shaking hands as expressive of love and friendship. A certain facetious ethnologist declares that the existence of savage tribes who do not kiss their women is a conclusive proof of primeval barbarism, since, he says, had they once known the practice, they could not possibly have forgotten it. The Red Indians have certainly learned the habit of shaking hands in wishing one another good-morrow from the Europeans, but for many centuries previously they seem to have clasped hands as a token of fidelity, in ratifying a bond.

Some nations have very eccentric, not to say unpleasant, modes of saying, "How do you do?" And the further we descend in the scale of race-development, the more we find the civilities exchanged by human beings assimilating to those of the lower animals, such endearments as patting, stroking, sniffing, blowing, rubbing noses, etc., being common. Some Pacific islanders who now shake hands used to show their joy at meeting by sniffing at their friends after the fashion of amiable dogs. The Fuegians pat and slap each other. The Polynesian takes his friend's hand or foot and strokes his own face with it. Among the Todas of the Nilgherry hills respect is shown by raising the right hand to the face, and placing the thumb on the bridge of the nose. The people of Iddah greet you by shaking their fist in your face. The ceremony of rubbing or pressing noses is common to many countries; Linnæus found it practiced in the Lapland Alps, while Darwin describes the aborigines of Australia as invariably pressing the tips of their noses together on meeting, continuing the process for a space of time somewhat longer than would be required for a cordial shake of the hand, and accompanying it with sundry short grunts of extreme satisfaction. Some of the tribes in Central Africa take one another's hands on meeting, but, considering this insufficient, at the same time testify their regard for a friend by gently rubbing his arm with the other hand.

Anything but flattering to one's self-love is the hand-shake perfunctory, in which the performer, first raising your hand, gives it a short, sharp, quick, impressive movement downward, and then drops it abruptly, as though he would say, "There! I have done my duty for this time, so far as you are concerned." Then we have also the hand-shake perpendicular, in which the whole arm is moved energetically up and down with precisely the action of a pump-handle; and the hand-shake horizontal, in which the arm is moved with equal vigor from side to side; representatives

of the last two types produce on meeting an admirable illustration of the mechanical combination of forces, the result of their hand-shaking being a curious rotatory motion so embarrassing to the chief actors, so comical to the spectator, that no one who has once witnessed the same is ever likely to forget it. One man at least we know who has the curious habit of embracing his friend's left elbow with his disengaged hand while the right is employed in the customary greeting, a trick which bears a close relationship to the arm-rubbing of certain tribes in Central Africa.

The muscular hand-shaker is generally a very good fellow, but the vice-like pressure of his fist, though it comes from the heart, and may be in that sense pleasing, yet causes his victims nearly as much physical discomfort as would the embrace of a tame bear. A true, warm-hearted friend is a valuable possession, but one would prefer being convinced of his affection in some other way than by having one's joints dislocated. "B—— is an excellent fellow," said some one, in speaking of a muscular philanthropist of this type, but I shook hands with him once, and ever since that, whenever I see him, I put my hands in my pocket, and keep them there."

It would be impossible to enumerate all the different modes of shaking hands with which one has grown familiar, but it is a subject, the consideration of which, besides affording some amusement for an idle hour, may really be of use to the student of human nature, since, though not an unerring index to a man's character, it gives a clue to it at least as trustworthy as phrenology and physiognomy; for instance, the man of an honest, open nature is not likely to use habitually the hand-shake secretive, nor will he of modest, kindly disposition, only vouchsafe two fingers to his friends. The languid hand-shake will generally be found peculiar to persons of cold, lymphatic temperament, while the hand-shake retentive shows what may be, in many respects, a fine character marred by a certain self-sufficiency and want of consideration for the feelings of others. The hand-shake muscular generally accompanies warmth and intensity of affection, combined with great strength of will and a nature good, if somewhat coarse of fibre; and the unpleasantness of this development of our subject being a question not so much of manner as degree, it can easily be modified by culture into the hand-shake unexceptionable, such as of course distinguishes every reader of this article.

POT-POURRI.

THE CULTURED YOUNG LADY.

You will meet her in your rambles with her highly-conscious air

Of superiority to those who pass her;

And the pair of light-blue spectacles that learned women wear

Will proclaim her a wise graduate of Vassar.

Almost any art æsthetic she is competent to teach,

And it's beautiful to listen to her chat in

(With a Yankee's nasal accent) seven modern parts of speech,

And freely quote from Sanskrit, Greek, and Latin.

She also is strong-minded and advances women's rights;

She lectures to lyceums on philology;

And acquits herself with credit in her talks with shining lights

Of the ministry on intricate theology.

In short, a never-failing mine of knowledge, it is said,

Is stored behind that forehead massive-looking,—

But she never in her whole life made a single loaf of bread,
And she lets her aged mother do the cooking! —

MALCOLM DOUGLAS.

A Punster's Career.—

"Alas, poor Yorick! . . . a fellow of infinite jest"

Jack Archer was a born punster. He began to pun while he yet lisped, and as he advanced in years, the taste and habit grew. Woe betide the unfortunate persons whose

peculiarities or defects afforded scope for a pun or witticism, for Jack never failed to avail himself of them in any company or upon any occasion. He spared no one, no matter what the age or sex, the condition or relationship, might be.

Once, when a mere lad, he was in a company made up of several young ladies and a widower, "who had reached the age when he liked to be distinctly classed among the young people," and who, moreover, was anxious to appear well in the eyes of one of the young ladies present. Jack began to propound conundrums.

"I say, Miss Lillie," said he to the elect fair one, "why are Mr. ——'s teeth like verbs?"

"I am sure I don't know," replied the young lady; "perhaps you can tell us."

"Because they are regular, irregular, and defective," replied Jack. "And why is his hair like a sermon?" continued Jack, before the sensation caused by his first conundrum had subsided. As no one ventured a guess, he explained, "Because it serves to remind us of dying (dyeing)," whereupon the widower, with a withering glance at Jack, and a few scathing remarks about "Young America," arose and withdrew.

Jack was also greatly addicted to punning on persons' names. Gardener, Fisher, Hunter, Black, and the like he considered a windfall. It was pleasant to see him beam with satisfaction at a wedding where the bridegroom's Christian name was Ben. This gave him an opening to

NOTE.—The Editor would be pleased if the friends and readers of the Magazine would co-operate with him in making this department interesting. Every one is constantly meeting with amusing incidents in his own experience or in his reading. "When found, make a note," and give the MONTHLY the benefit of your notes.

express his hopes while congratulating the bride that she found herself benefited by matrimony.

And when a young widow of his acquaintance came out, a year or two after her husband's death, "in the full bloom of ornamental sorrow," becomingly decked in pale violet, Jack remarked, he supposed she was keeping the memory of her husband inviolate.

I had often derided Jack's punning, when one Christmas morning he appeared at my room with a volume of poems in his hand. He presented it to me, saying, "You have laughed at my poor puns so much, I thought I would see if I couldn't do something a little *Whittier* this time." I had of course to applaud at that. Such puns as these were innocent enough, but his jests about personal peculiarities and defects often made him enemies or lost him friends.

A young friend of his, of few brains, and, strange to say, sensitively conscious of the fact, never forgave a witticism of Jack's. Some one told Jack that this young man had found a dulcinea several years older than himself. Jack replied, "If she is his dulcinea (dull senior), he is undoubtedly her dull junior." The *jeu d'esprit*, being repeated to the fond young lover, produced a coolness toward Jack which never passed away.

But Jack was destined to learn still more serious lessons of the evils of ill-timed and impertinent wit. A merchant by the name of Sharpe wishing another clerk, Jack applied for the situation. This Mr. Sharpe partly promised him, but told him he would give him a positive reply in three days. Unfortunately, Jack went to the theatre one night meanwhile, and there he saw Mr. Sharpe seated in a private box between his wife and daughter, two rather insipid females. "Look at him," said Jack to his companions; "there he sits, a sharp between two flats." This pun was repeated to Mr. Sharpe, for as Sheridan says in the *Critic*, there are always a plenty of good-natured friends ready to repeat the ill-natured things that are said of us. The enraged merchant in his turn flashed out a feeble spark of wit, exclaiming, "Impertinent puppy! I'll teach him how sharp a thing it is to meet with a flat refusal." So Jack lost the clerkship.

Jack had always longed to go to sea and, like Lord Lovel, "travel the world around." But he was poor, and there seemed no way of carrying out his day-dreams unless he went before the mast. But at last, a few months after his experience with the merchant, a chance offered. A commandant, about to set out on a five years' cruise, lost his secretary. Influential friends urged Jack's fitness for the place. He bade fair to prove acceptable, but the commandant took a day or two before deciding, inviting Jack meantime to be his guest. But, alas, the fatal habit!

In his youth the commandant had met with an accident, in consequence of which one leg was several inches shorter than the other. About this he was morbidly sensitive, not tolerating the slightest allusion to it from anybody. The evening before Jack was to know his fate, as he sat on deck humming one of Barry Cornwall's spirited sea songs, the old habit asserted itself, and he propounded to his comrades one of his personal conundrums, "Why are the commandant's feet like a sum in addition?" The person in question was not so far away but that he heard the answer, which Jack brought out with a relish, "Because he puts down one

and carries one." That was Jack's last night on shipboard. He came back on shore much depressed, and since then the daily average of puns has been steadily decreasing.

MARY W. EARLY.

That most genial of Americans, Oliver Wendell Holmes, in his recent pleasant essay upon the pulpit and the pew, recounts two or three anecdotes of the old New England clergy delightfully characteristic of those thoughtful yet humorous men.

The story is told of David Osgood, the shaggy-browed old minister of Medford, that he had expressed the belief that not more than one soul in two thousand would be saved. Seeing a knot of his parishioners in debate, he asked them what they were discussing, and was told they were questioning which of the Medford people was the elected one, the population being just two thousand, and that opinion was divided whether it would be the minister or one of the deacons.

The Reverend Josiah Dwight was the minister of Woodstock, Connecticut, about the year 1700. He was not old, it is true, but he must have caught the ways of the old ministers. The "sensational" pulpit of our own time could hardly surpass him in the drollery of its expressions. "If unconverted men ever get to heaven," he once said, "they would feel as uneasy as a shad up the crotch of a white oak." Some of his ministerial associates took offense at his eccentricities, and called on a visit of admonition to the offending clergyman. Mr. Dwight received these reproofs with great meekness, frankly acknowledged his faults, and promised amendment; but in prayer at parting, after returning thanks for the brotherly visit and admonition, "hoped that they might so hitch their horses on earth that they should never kick in the stables of everlasting salvation."

Apropos of this last, it is worthy of remark that this praying for those who despitefully use them or for those with whom they disagree, is oftentimes resorted to by clergymen with very doubtful propriety. A prayer, which if it is anything is the sweetest and closest communing of the spirit with the dear God who "made and loveth all," should never be made the vehicle for administering a direct and personal rebuke. Its holy phrase should not be employed to characterize a man in terms which the suppliant would not think of using in an argument or a sermon. It is unmanly, cowardly, for in the very nature of the case one cannot answer or take notice of a prayer. Some years ago, after the Talmage had preached one of his absurdest sermons, the *World* newspaper castigated him severely in a cutting editorial article. It was just at the time when some indignity had been offered to our flag by Spanish ships, and there was the dimmest prospect in the world of a war with Spain. Talmage preached a fire-eating discourse full of the grossest errors of fact and judgment. The *World* next morning very justly rebuked him. And he!—the following Wednesday evening he prayed most stornfully for the editor of the *World*!

A few weeks ago there was a fresh instance of this ministerial bad taste—impiety, even, we might say. It is well known that Dr. Crosby, of New York city, is not a believer in total abstinence, but he has long been doing most valua-

ble service in the cause of *temperance*. In his recent Monday lecture at Boston he explained and defended what he terms the "calm view of temperance." Now, of course, any one has a perfect right to controvert the good doctor's arguments—if he can—and to differ from him as much as he pleases. But who can read the following prayer,—the most extraordinary, no doubt, "ever offered to a Boston audience,"—in which Dr. Mallalieu cudgels Chancellor Crosby, without being shocked at its unmanliness and impiety?

"Bless that Rip Van Winkle of the temperance cause who was here on a recent occasion, and give him a baptism of common sense; to teach him that Christ was not a glutinous man, nor a Sabbath-breaker, nor a wine-bibber, nor a blasphemer, and to let the light of modern times shine in upon his dark and benighted mind."

Walt Whitman, in his recent essay on the poetry of the future, speaks about "using the sun of English literature, and the brightest current stars of his system, mainly as pegs to hang some cogitations on, for home inspection." Well, now it may be all right for a man of Whitman's temperament and peculiar poetic idiosyncracies to "use a *sun* and brightest *current* (*sic*) stars as *pegs*"; but really we wouldn't advise persons who are just beginning to study rhetoric, and are attempting to confine their use of words and figures within the bounds of a reasonable common sense, to imitate the Jersey bard in bringing the heavenly bodies down to household uses. No, they'd better not "use the sun nor current stars as pegs" to start with. Let them gradually work up to such familiar use of heaven's great luminaries by using moons and current—yes, or refluant—comets as tooth-picks to clear the teeth of Whitman's rhetoric of unmasticated tropes!

Now and then in the article just referred to Whitman unconsciously falls into poetry—that is, of course, poetry of his own rhapsodistic, bardic sort. With commendable self-denial he has not indicated the beginning of the verses by the use of capitals. To one at all familiar with his poetry, however, the wild, ungoverned rhythm and sturdy, energetic outbursts of that untrammelled muse of his—we suppose he has one—are clear enough in his abrupt sentences and sounding catalogues, for all that they are printed solid. Many passages could easily be arranged in verses that would compare favorably with some of his admired poems. Take that eloquent passage, for instance, in which he gives the reasons why neither Carlyle nor Tennyson is "personally friendly or admirant of America." See how easily that can be put into Whitmanic verses:

"That they (and more good minds than theirs,
Cannot span the vast revolutionary arch thrown by the United States
over the centuries,
Fixed in the present, launched to the endless future;"

By the way, allow us to interrupt the gush of poetry for a moment, while we call attention to the disposition made of that extraordinary "arch." It is "thrown" "over the centuries," to start with, then it is "*fixed*" in the present,"—oh! why didn't he say anchored?—and then it is "*launched* to the endless future." That is pretty well for an arch; what man in his senses would try to "span" it? But to proceed:

"That they cannot stomach the high-life-below-stairs coloring all our poetic and genteel social status so far—
The measureless viciousness of the great radical republic, with its ruffianly nominations and elections;
Its loud, ill-pitched voice, utterly regardless whether the verb agrees with the nominative;
Its fights, errors, eructations, repulsions, dishonesties, audacities;
Those fearful and varied and long-continued storm and stress stages (So offensive to the well-regulated college-bred mind)
Wherewith nature, history, and time block out nationalities more powerful than the past,
And to upturn it and press on to the future;—
That they cannot understand and fathom all this, I say,
Is it to be wondered at?"

Without the transposition or change of a single word this metamorphosis has been brought about. Read this now "with good accent and good discretion" to one accustomed to the rugged sweetness of our—as simple-minded English critics insist—most characteristic American bard, and he will pronounce it in the poet's best style. Ah, me! how much in poetry depends upon the proper use of the capitals!

The trustees of an Illinois university, not above a thousand miles north of Chicago, were recently holding an informal meeting at the house of one of their number. The lady of the house entered the parlor to enjoy the prelude to business. She was fond of society fuss; her husband despised all show. Under this trifling incompatibility of tastes, she had become a little notorious for keeping herself always in a social "stew" and her husband "in hot water."

Conversation turned on a late marriage between December and May, some of the gentlemen pool-pooing the match. But the lady stoutly championed the frost-bitten Benedict.

"Why," said she, "every man ought to keep himself married as long as he lives. Now, here's my husband! What would he be good for without a wife! If I should die to-night, he would get another wife to-morrow, I hope. Wouldn't you, Josiah?"

Josiah breathed heavily, and seemed to sum up the conjugal torments of a life-time in his calm response: "No, my dear, I think *I should take a rest*."

Dennis brought action at law to secure pay for quarrying a quantity of stone. There was a dispute as to the measurement, and the only way to arrive at the correct amount of stone removed was to measure the excavation. Dennis was examined chiefly as to the amount of stone quarried, and counsel for the defendant began the cross-examination with this question:

"What did I understand you to say, Mr. McMahon, were the cubical contents of that excavation?"

Dennis scratched his head doubtfully, and, leaning forward, said:

"Spake it to me aisy, 'Squire! Spake it to me aisy."
"How big was the hole?" said the discomfited lawyer.
"Aye, and is that what ye are afther? I niver thought it was so harrd!"

A little two-year-old girl wished to go from one room to another, and called to her auntie to open the door. "You can do it yourself, my dear," she said. "Don't you belong to the *try* society?" "No, I doesn't," was the little one's reply; "I belong to the *auntie try* society."

POTTER'S AMERICAN MONTHLY.

VOL. XVI.

MAY, 1881.

No. 113.

UP THE SCHUYLKILL.

By A. G. FEATHER.



LAUREL HILL.

"Up the Valley! Do you mean it, Joe?"

"I do, most emphatically," replied Joseph B——, my friend and quondam associate. I had just asked him where we should go, on his suggesting that we should take a "fly" somewhere for relaxation and rest.

Now my friend enjoys a position that engages his attention very closely, and it is, moreover, a confining one in its nature. I had just met him

on Chestnut street, and, after enjoying a brief chat with him, he broke out with:

"Say, colonel, let us take a *fly out* for a few days. Confound it, I am nearly played."

"Where to, Joe?" I asked.

"Up the Valley," said he.

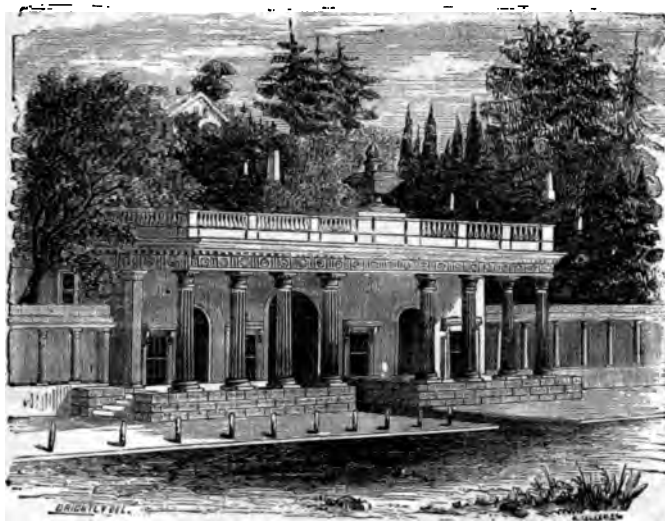
It might be naturally supposed that I should have asked in reply what valley he referred to, since we are somewhat fortunate in our supply of valleys

just hereabouts. But I very well knew B——'s choice, and found it unnecessary to interrogate him further on that point. A fear that he might be joking only, led me to question his sincerity in making the suggestion. 'This his decided answer, however, fully dispelled.

"What shall it be this time, Joe: a 'stag,' or 'in pairs'?" I asked.

"Well, colonel, I suppose 'in pairs' this time," replied Joe.

That the reader may more readily understand this lingo, I will explain by stating that it was decided to add our wives to the party, instead of leaving them at home, as we had occasionally done before in our junketings abroad.



LAUREL HILL ENTRANCE.

It required but three days to complete our arrangements, and we joined B—— and his wife at the railroad depot, our destination the glorious valley of the Schuylkill. The usual preliminaries gone through with, we soon found ourselves seated in a comfortable car quietly speeding our way toward the limits of the valley and through the beautiful Park at Fairmount; across the Columbia Bridge, with a first halt at the Falls, on the western bank of the river.

Looking out upon the beautiful vista that met our eyes as we approached the Park, clothed in all the regal splendors of its natural and artificial dress, our party fully realized what a fitting prelude we had here to the grand scenery that was to greet us all along this romantic valley. And the

historic incidents which identify themselves with this classic ground added an interest to the scene which we could only contemplate with a grateful spirit of reverence. Especially was this the case when our eyes took in the little white cottage at Belmont, once the home of the famous poet, Tom Moore. It was no doubt the memory of this spot which inspired the following verses in a poetical epistle written at Buffalo:

"Believe me, Spencer, while I winged the hours
Where Schuylkill undulates through banks of flowers,
Though few the days, the happy evenings few,
So warm with heart, so rich with mind they flew,
That my full soul forgot its wish to roam,
And rested there, as in a dream of home!"

I was deeply moved to express myself in admiration of the many marked changes observed in the Park in the way of improvements and adornments since my last visit, and was on the point of entertaining the ladies with a glowing account of the historical features which mark every portion of this grand domain, when Joe interrupted me by saying:

"Now, colonel, don't you grow sentimental. We are a matter-of-fact people, and want to hear of *substantials* only."

"Bobby Evans's cat-fish suppers, for instance," chimed in Mrs. B——, as she pointed across the river toward the famous resort for the lovers of this species of the finny tribe.

I questioned their substantiality much more than their sentimentality, at which Joe took decided exceptions, and the result of the discussion ended in a wager of a supper, to be taken at some future time.

"Any wine?" asked Mrs. B——.

"Well—we'll see when the supper is ready," coolly replied Joe.

"Oh, you will lose your bet if you don't order the wine," retorted Joe's wife.

"Why?" asked Joe.

"I'll decide against you, for the reason that without wine the supper will be *all* sentiment!" Mrs. B—— laughingly replied.

"What say you, Mrs. F——?" asked Joe, turning to my better half. "Do you think that there is more sentiment than substance in a cat-fish supper?"

"Certainly more *bones*; and as to sentiment—

well, I never could see any without the aid of a glass of wine," replied Mrs. F——, which created quite a laugh at the expense of friend B——.

"I see that you ladies have not profited any by the example of Mrs. Hayes," retorted he.

"Oh, but Mrs. Hayes has never been tempted with a cat-fish supper!" exclaimed Mrs. B——.

"What say you, colonel, on the subject of the wine?" as he turned to me. "What sort of a glass will you require to determine the question of *substance* or *sentiment*?"

"A schooner!" I dryly remarked.

This bit of by-play terminated in a hearty burst of laughter, in which all parties joined. It was voted that the order should stand on the wager: *a supper for four, two wines, and two schooners!*

We were by this time getting under full headway. The iron horse sent forth his shrill notes of warning which reverberated through hill and dale and awakened the sleeping echoes far and near. The city of the living gave place to the city of the dead. "Laurel Hill," the oldest suburban cemetery in the United States, with the exception of Mount Auburn, near Boston, passes in review. Occupying one of the most romantic situations in the neighborhood of Philadelphia, on the high and wooded banks of the Schuylkill, it is peculiarly and perfectly protected from encroachment by its surroundings. It has long been famous among the places of interest in Philadelphia for the natural beauty of its site and scenery, the magnificence and variety of its monuments, and the names of the distinguished dead who lie buried within its walls.

We have before us now an almost uninterrupted panorama of delightful river and landscape scenery, such as few travelers for pleasure can find anywhere, and of a character also that does not partake of the monotonous. It is ever-changing, and the eye



THE "SCHUYLKILL" OF OUR FOREFATHERS.

does not weary. The effect upon the mind is pleasing, and the depressed spirits of the careworn are perceptibly buoyed up by the invigorating influences which the innumerable attractions everywhere throughout this beautiful valley exert upon them.

Manayunk, with her great hives of industry,

whose "hum of many spindles" is wafted across the placid waters of the river, reminds one forcibly of Birmingham, England. The many large and extensive mills, with their almost countless windows, that line the opposite shore of the river, from the Falls to the extreme upper end of



THE WISSAHICKON.

Manayunk; the homes of the operatives rising in full streets along the steep hill-sides, together with the more pretentious residences which crown them, constitute a picture that strikes the eye of the traveler with an agreeable sense of gratification, realizing, as he must, that he beholds before him the Birmingham of America. Here is the largest carpet factory in the United States, where are

manufactured five miles of carpets daily, from the common ingrain to the finest Axminster. In it are employed some twenty-three hundred work-people, sufficient of themselves to constitute a good-sized village. Then its woolen, cotton, and paper mills are daily sending forth immense quantities of their products,—more than enough, one would think, to supply the wants of the nation.

Passing on, the hum of the busy looms dying away in the distance, we are next treated to a view not unlike the land-locked lakelets of Central New York. The river here becomes broader and more placid. Its upper continuance is concealed by a bend. Its foreground is cut off by a bold and symmetrical fall, called Flat Rock Dam. The perspective is made up of a mirror-like plane of water reaching away to dim, half-cultivated hills or highlands upon either side, while at the base of both frequent passing trains scream a shrill salute as they dash around the curves. Opposite is Shawmont, where are the new water-works of the city of Philadelphia, for supplying the thirsty citizens of Germantown and Chestnut Hill with pure and unadulterated water.

Here I turned to B—, who resides in Germantown, and asked him whether he found the Germantown water more *substantial* than *sentimental*.

"Now, colonel, none of that. You very well know that it requires a little wh—ine to make it substantial."

"Oh, yes, you may well turn it off on wine," said Mrs. B—, interrupting him. "But, really, colonel, don't you think that it is about time that the city provided water from a purer source than the present one?" addressing me.

I thought it was; but expressed myself as of the opinion that so long as the present material was susceptible of being filtered and improved by the addition of the "wh—ine," as suggested by Mr. B—, our city fathers would hardly feel disposed to look for anything of a purer order.

"Probably the 'Committee of One Hundred' may be able to reform this matter by having the water indicted as a 'fraud.' Hey!" came from B—.

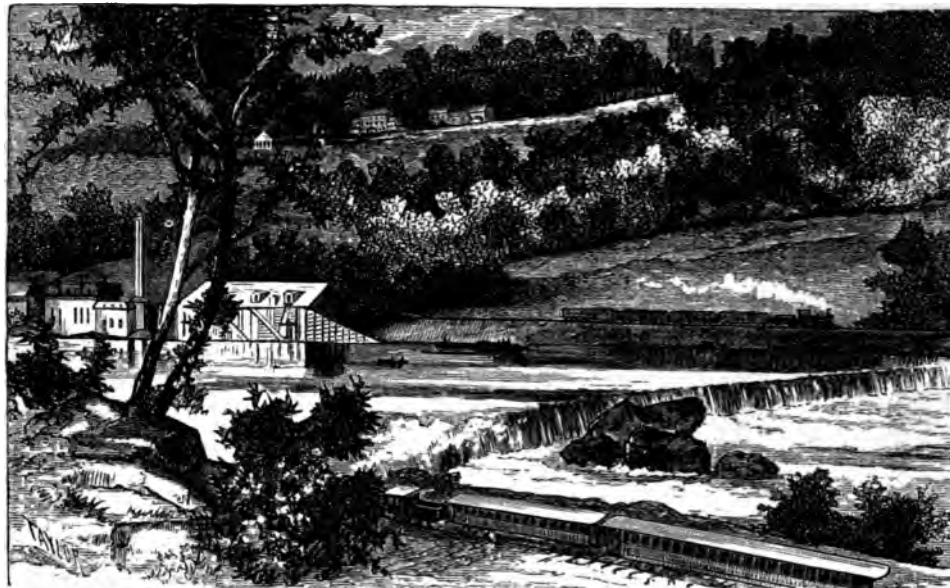
"Nonsense, Joe!" replied his wife. "What would you do for an excuse *then*?"

This was rather rough on Mr. B——; but being of a jovial disposition, and fond of a good joke, even if at his own expense, he fully appreciated the retort of his wife, and heartily joined in the laughter to which it gave rise.

A long and swelling scream of the engine whistle soon announced our approach to Conshohocken. We had entered upon the limits of old Montgomery, and the sloping hill-sides before us were those of Plymouth, especially noted for "broad-brims" and "drabs." These solid and substantial people are an industrious and thrifty race, as

casket, substantial stone houses and barns, with now and then some eminence on which may be seen an elegant country or summer residence. Then again, bits of woodland tufting the hill-slopes or contracted by a bolder bluff of rocks, followed in succession by the park-like islands so gently reposing on the bosom of the river.

Here is to be found the *utile et dulce* of the ancients to a greater degree than perhaps in any other section of equal extent in our wide-spread republic. And to one that has never traversed this part of the valley, this ever-varying



SHAWMONT.

their many broad acres well attest. They constitute a valuable element in any community of which they form a part.

Following its course, the Schuylkill laves the shores of Montgomery County for about forty miles. Within these limits there are no mountains, though the country is most agreeably diversified by undulating hills and valleys, interspersed with towns, villages, and various manufacturing establishments, all beautifully situated by its shores, or nestled near by in some lateral valley. Though not on a grand scale, yet few valleys in any country, for the same distance, can boast of more lovely and varied picturesque scenery. Passing before the eye are broad cultivated fields and fertile plains, on which are studded, like gems in a

succession of scenes will prove a source of attraction that cannot fail to leave upon his mind a most marked and favorable impression.

"What heights are these?" asked Mrs. B——, pointing upward toward a beautifully shaded hillside grove on our left, just before we came in sight of Conshohocken.

"Spring Mill Heights. They are a favorite resort for summer local excursionists, and I believe have become quite popular." I informed her.

"I suppose, colonel, that the Reading Road carries a very large percentage of the summer travel, does it not?" asked B——.

"Well, B——, the fact is that the general public has only latterly begun to realize the many

grand features which this valley possesses, and tourists are therefore availing themselves of this



VALLEY FORGE.

route much more than they formerly did," I replied.

"I presume the bulk of the summer travel on this road is purely local, isn't it?"

"Oh, no; on the contrary, the great majority of summer tours nowadays include this road, and it is certainly reaping its share, in my opinion," I rejoined.

"Conshohocken very much resembles Manayunk in certain respects," suggested one of the ladies, which for the time being drew our attention to the place, as it slowly loomed before us.

"With the exception of the character of the material manufactured, it bears a close analogy to Manayunk, especially with respect to its location and manufacturing industries; the bulk of

these, as you see, being iron works," remarked B——.

"We here enter upon the lines of the great iron ore and limestone belts which traverse this section of Montgomery County, and which account for the preponderance of iron works and limestone quarries which you will observe along the river between here and Norristown," I added.

But a short run farther and the charming Chester Valley appears on our left in all its pristine glory and attractiveness. Swedesford, with its historic church and the weather-stained marble records of its buried dead, receives a momentary glimpse as we flit past. Beyond the river the scene also changes. The rough and frowning face of the hills has given place to an open landscape both pleasing and attractive. Upon an eminence in the distance are located the two well known and very popular educational institutions, Oakland Institute and Tremount Seminary, the former for girls and the latter for boys. In the foreground a beautiful level plateau extends along the line of the river until Norristown is reached, just a short distance farther on. A moment more and our train, gracefully submitting to the air brake, reaches its second stopping place, and halts at Bridgeport, directly opposite Norristown. From here connection is made with the Chester Valley Railroad, which passes up the valley as far as Downingtown.

While the well known sound of the inspector's hammer is telling us that he is on his round of duty, we are watching the hurry and bustle of entering and departing passengers. The iron horse is meanwhile filling his capacious maw at the supply-pipe. At last the dispatcher's signal is given by striking a gong.

"All aboard!" A motion of the hand from the conductor, and the engineer takes his cue. Two whistles, short and snappish, and steam resumes its labor. The express is once more on her way. Soon she reaches the suburbs, and we are treated to a magnificent view of Norristown, the county seat of Montgomery County, and one of the most beautiful places to be found anywhere. I have traveled much in my time and have seen many of our American towns, but I am free to say that none has ever impressed me more favorably than this. Elevated, Albany-like, on the eastern shore of the river, it presents a most impressive aspect to the passing traveler. Its court-house, a fine and

massive building, built entirely of marble, grandly towers aloft from its centre, and furnishes an extended view for many miles in all directions. Along the banks of the river are ranged many industrial establishments, while upon the higher ground are grouped some most elegant and attractive buildings, the homes of affluent citizens. These are mostly three and four stories in height, and handsomely built of brick, with native marble finish.

In the river, and abreast of the town, there is a fine dam over which passes the water of the "hidden river" in an almost unbroken sheet, and just above it lies an island of about sixty acres, inhabited and under cultivation, called "Barbadoes Island," the whole forming in combination with the background a delightfully picturesque land and water view.

"There ought to be some good fishing spots around here, colonel," suggested Mr. B——.

I referred him to Mrs. F——, venturing the information that she had done some pretty tall fishing hereabouts.

"Is that so, Mrs. F——?" queried B——, turning his attention to Mrs. F——.

"Well, yes; but that was a long time ago, Mr. B——. In those days we had no bass to tempt our hooks, as they have now. Our sport then was simply confined to small fish," replied Mrs. F——.

"What was your heaviest catch at any time, Mrs. F——?" I ventured to ask my better half.

"Pshaw! Only listen to the man. Just as though he didn't know!" exclaimed Mrs. F——.

"Why, what was it, Mrs. F——? Not a minnow, I hope," said Joe.

"No!" replied Mrs. F——. "What would you suppose it was?"

"Probably it was a *gudgeon*," suggested Mrs. B——.

"Yes, a *gudgeon*," laughingly retorted Mrs. F——, as she significantly pointed in my direction.

I subsided; the party enjoying their bit of laughter at my expense, Joe feeling exceedingly elated that Mrs. F—— had at least scored *one* against me.

Norristown left in the distance, a succession of shore views passes in review once more. Here they partake, however, of a much more romantic character, and the effect is far more pleasing. Three miles above Bridgeport, and about a quarter of a mile below the cat-fish dam, is presented one of the most beautiful landscapes imaginable, one well worth a long trip to see. Looking up the stream, the falls of the cat-fish dam are seen extending across the river, and about three-fourths of a mile beyond, nestling among the hills, a portion of Port Kennedy, with its bridge. Still beyond,



TUNNEL AND BRIDGE NEAR PHOENIXVILLE.

and as if springing from the river, are seen the picturesque and finely wooded hill-tops of Valley Forge, four miles off; the whole forming such a combination of objects as is rarely to be found in

any one view. And one may add without exaggeration that this stands not alone in point of picturesqueness and beauty; for all along our course views of surpassing loveliness met our admiring gaze.

"See—there is a windmill!" exclaimed Mrs. B——, as she pointed up the hill-side to our left.

"A windmill! Well, that is good." And Joe went off into a hearty laugh at his wife's expense.

"Well, what is it, then, if it isn't a windmill?" his wife asked.

She had mistaken one of the railroad signal-towers for a windmill, quite innocently, too, as they bear considerable resemblance to a Holland wind-mill. These towers are stationed all along this line, and while they look somewhat like a windmill, they resemble still more the light-houses seen upon headlands along the St. Lawrence. A writer some time ago graphically described them in these words: "They are light-houses, whose clear, white blaze tells the engine-driver, in the midst of night and storm, that he may sweep around the curve fearlessly, or whose red beacon gives him timely warning of danger ahead. How comfortable to find the broad, white tablet upon the towers turned assuringly toward us! How it stirred our doubts as the blue cautionary signal held its place, and bless me! how we braced our feet and wished we hadn't come when we saw the red board upon the front! The quick-eyed engineer always saw it first, though, and in his hands we were safe enough."

They are a peculiarity of this road, and furnish, with the aid of the telegraph, a double precaution or guard against accident. To this fact may be attributed the comparative freedom of this road from serious disasters.

Mrs. B—— evidently felt considerably more assured of her personal safety after being informed

of the character of her supposed windmills, as she very freely expressed her sentiments in reference to the excellent accommodations afforded the traveling public by this road. Especially was she decided in her praise of the well-ballasted road-bed over which our train glided so smoothly and evenly, and without the disagreeable jarring and jolting which so often renders railway traveling anything but pleasant.

Port Kennedy, with its lime quarries and schooners taking in lime, is passed. A few brief moments more and we reach the beautiful and historic hamlet of Valley Forge. We obtain but a passing glimpse as we flit by, but enough to realize fully the romantic and picturesque character of the place made memorable by its Revolutionary associations. The lofty hills, whose summits were crowned by the huts of the shoeless patriots during the severe winter of 1777-78; the little plain stone house, quite near the railroad, then the home of General Washington, and from whose rear window, during that memor-

able winter, he watched with many a heart-pang the intense sufferings of his soldiers.

"Their perils fearful—measureless their gain!
While love of home the freeman's breast shall fill,
Their fame shall cause the freeman's breast to thrill."



SIGNAL TOWER.

The topography of the country beyond this does not change very much, and we observe but a succession of almost similar views during the next four miles' run. The scenery, however, changes somewhat when we arrive at Phoenixville, our third stopping-place. Here are acres of buildings, with great clouds of smoke and steam mingling in their upward flight. These are the works of the Phoenix Iron Company, whose great speciality is iron bridge building. Many of the finest bridges and viaducts in the United States were made by this company, such as the Girard Avenue bridge across the Schuylkill at Philadelphia, and that at Albany, New York, over the Hudson.



"IN KNEE-DEEP BATH SEDATE."

These works employ quite an army of workmen; my informant says 1500, and that a population of about 5000 is dependent upon them for support. For many months past the works have been engaged in filling orders for the material used in constructing some of the elevated railways in New York City. The work for the Gilbert Elevated Railway alone amounted to some 6000 tons of beams, girders, etc. And it is said that



ALONG THE MANATAWNY.

in order to complete the contract within the specified time, 105 tons, equal to a span of 200 feet, were turned out daily for twenty days.

The stopping time of the express being limited, however, no opportunity for a general observation of the many features which this place presents is afforded us. Once more under way, we soon plunge into a tunnel, a very long and particularly dark one, which cuts through one of the Chester hills that boldly faces the river. Quite as suddenly we emerge upon a stone bridge spanning the river on the other side, as shown by the illustration accompanying this article. This

passes us over to the eastern bank of the river, and thence as far as Reading our course lies on that side. The road leads by the edge of the hills and along cultivated bottom lands, past great iron works, through shady villages, where most romantic and picturesque homes may be seen. Nor should one forget to mention the charming rural scenes which from time to time greet his eyes. One reminded us of the bovine groups of Birket Foster:

"Who, when heat forbids to browse,
And when midges sting and tease,
In dry shadow of the trees,
Seek a still and sheltered pool,
Rush-begirt and dark and cool,
And, in knee-deep bath sedate,
Flick off flies and ruminant."

Limerick, Royer's Ford, and Spring City, thriving inland villages, each with its characteristic industries, principally iron, are successively left to our rear. Our iron horse is making heroic strides, ever and anon sending forth his warning shrieks as a signal of his coming. One, more deep and longer continued, tells us that we are approaching our next stopping place, Pottstown, situated at the confluence of the Manatawny and the Schuylkill, a place famous for its embowered homes and broad, well shaded avenues. In former years this place was the great central point of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, the company's car works being located here. But latterly the railroad work has been almost wholly transferred to Reading, and these shops are now in a measure abandoned.

Although this transfer of the company proved no inconsiderable loss to the place, we do not see that it has very seriously affected its business industry. Private enterprise has more than compensated for the loss, and we believe that to-day Pottstown, in point of business activity, has more than held its own.

The road has many feeders or connections all along its line. These branches or lateral roads extend eastward and westward through rich and fertile valleys, and draw to it their immense traffic. There is not a valley which intercepts the Schuylkill, I believe, that has not its connecting branch with the Reading. If there is, I am not aware of it. The Chester, the Pickering, the Perkiomen, the Tredyfrin and at Pottstown the Colebrookdale, with their branch lines, daily transport large

quantities of dairy products over the main line to the Philadelphia markets, while the passenger traffic is also very large.

Pottstown possesses for me more than a passing interest. It is here that many of my boyhood days were happily spent, and in looking out upon the town and its quiet surroundings many familiar reminiscences of those days are recalled to mind. But many changes have been wrought since then.

I look in vain for the once familiar countenances of the young companions of those days. They are now men and women grown, and their faces have changed almost beyond recognition. Few of the old *habitués* in and about the town, and especially about the depot, are to be seen. Strange faces greet me whichever way I look. But no; I am speaking too fast. Who is that passing hurriedly across the railroad toward the "old bell"? Do my eyes deceive me, or is it really my old friend M——? Yes, 'tis he; there is no other hand that can bring out that old familiar ring! I cannot describe its peculiarities, but there is something about it that seems to convey to you just about what M—— would say in his characteristic mood.

"There she comes. Get yourself ready!"

It is the down express, which is soon due here, and the eagle eye of M—— has caught the first glimpse of her as she sweeps around the curve and into sight.

The ringing of the bell to announce the fact is an old custom, which for some reason or other has as yet failed to give way to modern encroachments. Probably it is still retained out of regard for the slow time-pieces in the town.

Dong! dong! dong! from the dispatcher's gong tells us that our time for starting is at hand. Once more the ponderous wheels of our iron horse begin to revolve, and we are soon passing over the Manatawny and out upon a beautiful level expanse of country lying beyond.

Along the Manatawny, on our right, extends

the Colebrookdale Branch Railroad, which follows the stream for some distance. Well do I remember, at this day, the fishing excursions I made along this stream years before the presence of the iron horse was even dreamed of by the people of the vicinity. How I sought the shady nooks along its banks during the dog-day mornings, intently bent on beguiling with hook and line the spotted beauties of its waters. And I did not have "fisherman's luck," either! I was an exception to the rule, evidently, as my experience in that line always gave me successful results. True, I always used good and tempting bait, and—the fish were there. Most fishermen,



THE GRAND CURVE BELOW READING.

however, forget these essentials to successful fishing: good bait and the fish to nibble at it; yet I think one can hardly go amiss in casting his lines anywhere along the banks of the Manatawny, even now.

"Colonel, I am thinking that 'black diamonds' are not the only 'trump cards' in this valley!" exclaimed Joe. "From indications thus far, it looks to me as though its iron ore was fast becoming the crown jewel whose intrinsic value is to exercise an immense influence upon its industries."

"That in a measure is true, B——. I very well remember when not a pound of iron ore was shipped over this road; and that was not so many years ago, either. Now there is not a lateral branch road south of the coal belt that

does not transport tons of it daily. Forges and furnaces are springing up all along the valley, and the increase in the production of pig iron has been simply enormous."

feet above, runs the track-way. The view afforded of river, road, and mountain is truly picturesque, and one which the lover of nature can fully appreciate.



THE READING DEPOT.

"Little did our German friends of 'old Berks' in years past dream of the beds of ore and the wealth lying beneath the furrows of their cultivated fields," responded B—.

"No. He would have been set down as crazy who should have even suggested such a possibility."

"That is so. And now it appears, since they have begun fully to realize the fact, nearly all of them are turning in the direction of China!" laughingly replied B—.

"Yes," I answered. "No doubt many of them will reach China without finding ore, if they do not sooner lose patience in its quest. But then the supply seems inexhaustible, and very many, I understand, are discovering it in paying quantities."

At this point of our conversation Mrs. B— interrupted us by asking our attention to the river scenery, the ladies having devoted their time to the enjoyment afforded them by the beautiful river views and many points of interest by the way. We had passed Douglassville, Monocacy, and Birdsboro', and were now approaching the grand curve below Reading. The Schuylkill sweeps in a majestic curve down through a gorge, and upon a shelf, hewn in the mountain side, perhaps sixty

Long before coming in sight of the city of Reading we perceived its proximity by the dense volumes of smoke rising from its many towering stacks or cupolas, which clearly indicated its character as a manufacturing city. It is only when the curve is passed, however, that the city appears before us, of which, from our elevation, a most excellent view is obtained.

Entering the city at its southern limits, the road passes directly through it northward, and as the train moves slowly along, the passenger is afforded glimpses of its long, shady avenues and business streets. The depot, situated at the upper end of the city, is especially deserving of notice, as it is certainly the best arranged building of its character that can anywhere be seen. In general form it is triangular, the sides describing concave curves upon the respective fronts of which arrive and depart the trains of this road, and those of the Lebanon Valley and the East Pennsylvania Railroads. The handsome façade of the central building fronts upon a lawn within the triangle, and is flanked upon either side by spacious grassy enclosures. Within this building are the large and commodious offices of the company, where the bulk of the business, outside of the general office in Philadelphia, is transacted; handsomely fitted ladies' and gentlemen's waiting-rooms, and a restaurant said to be the finest upon the road.

Having previously determined on making a brief stay in Reading, our party left the express

on its arrival here, and taking a street car, were soon passing down Sixth street toward the business centre of the town. Of course, the first point of destination was a hotel. This reached, and a sufficient time allotted for an arrangement of toilets, we were in readiness for an early dinner. A good and substantial meal it was, and one may be assured we did it full justice.

Dinner disposed of, and each with a prime cigar lighted at the farther end, we started out for a ramble through the city, the ladies having previously gone forth to spend the day in making calls on some of their lady friends residing in the city. Leisuredly promenading up Penn street, the prominent thoroughfare, we were much impressed with the many fine and handsomely built mercantile establishments of the city, some of them comparing most favorably with many of the leading houses of either New York or Philadelphia.

A peculiarity which specially attracted our attention was the long range of permanent awnings thrown across the walk upon the sunny side of this street, in the business portion of the city, under which one may walk dry-shod for many squares in the most dismal of weather.

This street leads directly up toward Mount Penn, and following it we were soon at the foot of the mountain. Here we enjoyed a most delightful bird's-eye view of the city and surrounding country north and south. Before us lay a compact city, whose streets can be traced by woven lines of

stored in several reservoirs for its use, and without the aid of machinery, is also an excellent feature, as well as an important factor in the matter of public health.

Reading truly enjoys marked advantages in more respects than one. It stands within one of the most richly-endowed agricultural sections of the Keystone State, whose villages and hamlets become tributary in trade to its merchants. It is situated at the junction of the greatest supplies of both coal and iron—minerals dependent for fruition upon each other. It has also a wide range of special manufactures that are not directly dependent upon either of these conditions for success. In a word, the circumstances of location, the mineral wealth of the adjacent country, the water-power, the facilities for transportation, etc., are conditions which it possesses, and which will assure its permanence and prosperity. It is already the third largest city, in point of population, in the State, and certainly bids fair to outrank all the others as a manufacturing city, except it be Philadelphia.

Descending the thoroughfare again, we directed our steps in the direction of the most prominent iron industries in and around the city, paying each in turn a passing inspection. Among those visited we might name as some of the most prominent the works of the Reading Iron Company, consisting of a rolling-mill, tube-mill, furnaces, forges, foundry, and machine shops, sheet and plate mills; the boiler-making establishment of



THE SKEW BRIDGE, SIXTH STREET, READING.

foliage, and whose many spires are only rivaled by the slender brick shafts of its great factories. Built upon a plain, which rises and swells away from the river, good surface drainage is assured and high sanitary conditions, a noteworthy feature of the city, are secured.

The spring-water, which is here caught and

Mr. F. J. Obert, known as the "Union Boiler Works," together with others equally conspicuous and worthy of mention, but want of space forbids.

The city is not without its pleasant suburban resorts, either. Upon the eastern margin of the town we found the Mineral Spring, with its embowered and whitewashed old hotel in the

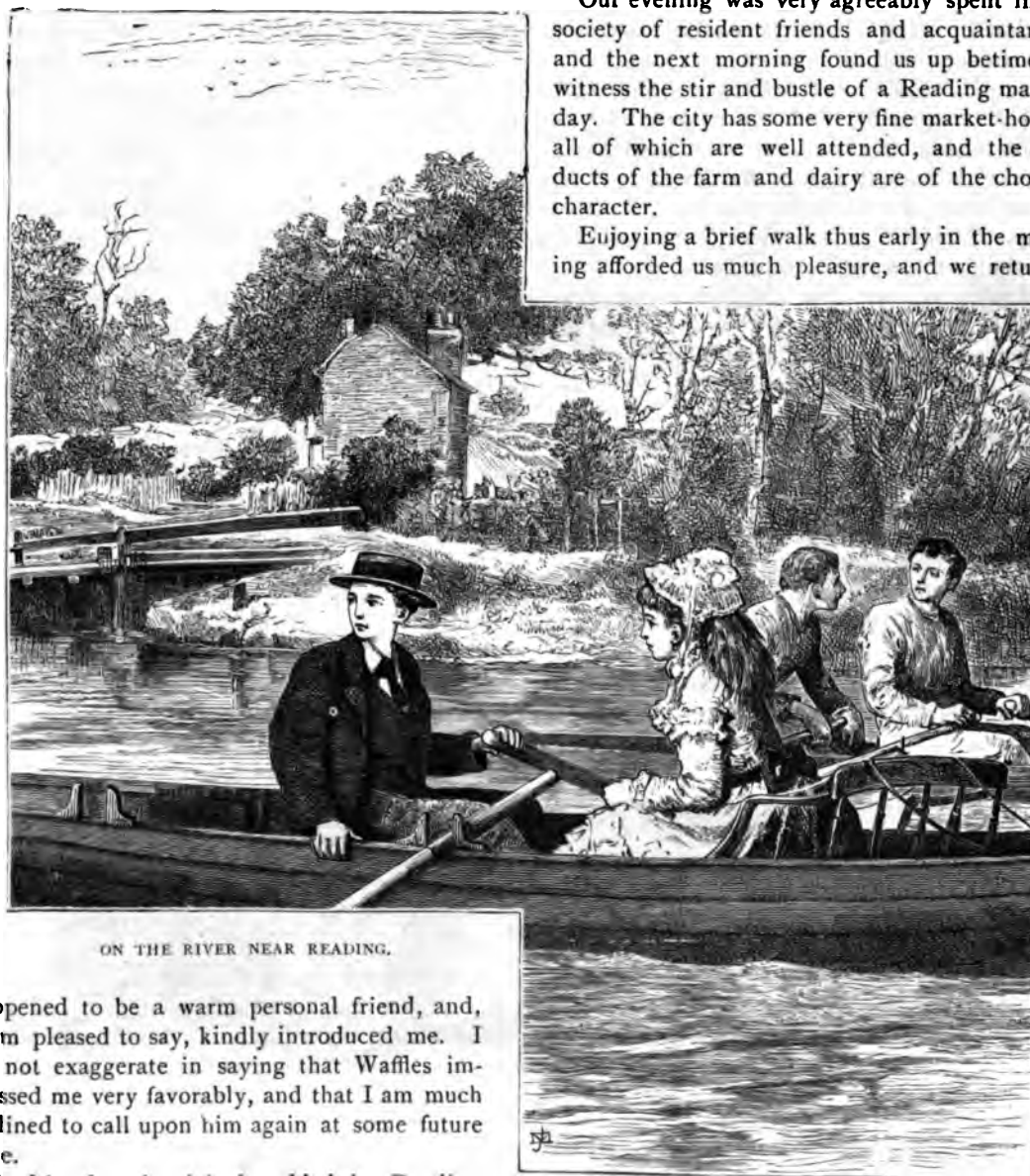
lap of a ravine, much like our Wissahickon hostleries in appearance, and a few rods away the City Park, with its well-known characteristic, the waffle dispensary. We suppose our readers know Waffles? If they do not, more is the pity. B——

B—— urgently impressed upon me the advisability of sampling it, with a view of obtaining my opinion upon its merits.

I sampled it and gave him my opinion. The reader may infer that it was favorable.

Our evening was very agreeably spent in the society of resident friends and acquaintances, and the next morning found us up betimes to witness the stir and bustle of a Reading market-day. The city has some very fine market-houses, all of which are well attended, and the products of the farm and dairy are of the choicest character.

Enjoying a brief walk thus early in the morning afforded us much pleasure, and we returned



ON THE RIVER NEAR READING.

happened to be a warm personal friend, and, I am pleased to say, kindly introduced me. I do not exaggerate in saying that Waffles impressed me very favorably, and that I am much inclined to call upon him again at some future time.

And just here it might be added that Reading maintains a very high reputation also for its excellent quality of beer, and judging from the great quantity of it consumed it must possess some qualities peculiarly its own. This is probably attributable as much to the pure water at hand as to skillful brewing.

to our hotel with a heightened appetite for breakfast. This disposed of, the matter of our further journeying was discussed with the ladies. But we found that their engagements would oblige us to remain another day, or at least until the arrival of the afternoon express.

"Then, colonel, let us take a drive out this morning. I do not feel much like walking. Our tramp yesterday was a little too much for me," suggested B——.

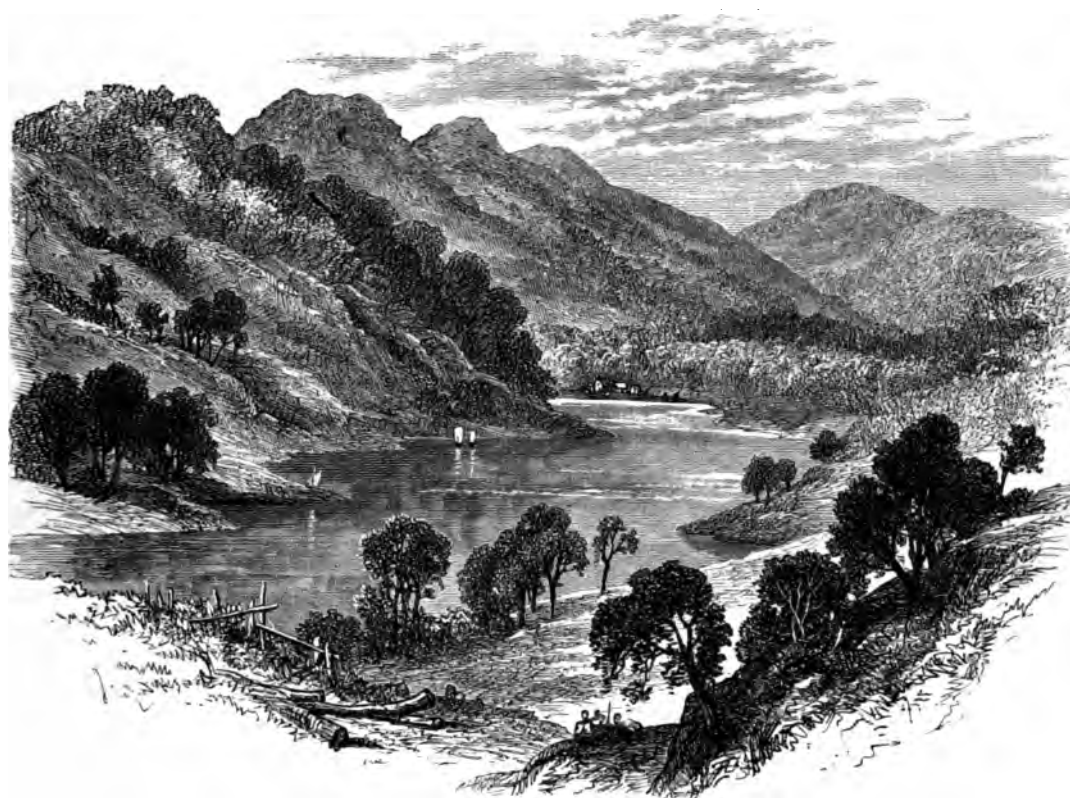
A team was ordered, and soon stood before the hotel door. Now came the question:

"Where shall we go first?"

"The Three-Mile House," said one.

"The Mineral Spring," said another.

We met Mr. Lauer, and found him a strong, active, and clear-headed man, and, moreover, a very genial character. He extended us the courtesies of the place, and afforded us every opportunity for a thorough exploration of his domain. The experiences of our visit to the establishment bear so striking a resemblance to those of another writer, that we are tempted to use his language in the description of them. "We followed our



THE NEVERSINK HILLS.

"No. Go out and see Fred Lauer," piped that notorious wag, Frank S——, as he slyly winked his Ben Butler eye at R——.

"Oh, yes!" replied R——. "Sure enough, we must go out to Lauer's Park."

Away we drove, and in course of time entered the fine Park, here so popularly known as Lauer's Park. This park is connected with the immense brewing establishment of Mr. Lauer, one of the heaviest brewers of beer in America, and a man of great prominence in the community. He is universally respected, and has repeatedly held places of trust and honor.

guide to the regions below, dripping, damp, and clammy. We got down into our collars and shivered. Here we went through a door where the temperature was so much below par that the room just left was remembered as a sweat-bath.

"We tried some beer all around, in order to brace against the cold.

"Then we were taken over masses of ice and crawled through a small door, each with a light—much after the manner of the conspirators in a play. On either side arose, away up into the gloom above, great pipes or tanks, all full of

lager. A small spigot enabled us to try the quality of the article in one of the tanks.

"Then we emerged into other chambers, where the usual ceremony was honored in the observance.

"I don't want to give figures and statistics of quantity. *Quality* is the subject under consideration. I will simply say that the amount of beer stored away in these ice-caves would seem sufficient to keep all creation supplied for a year.

"But it don't.

"All this time the rumble of many wheels came faintly from above, where more beer was making.

"We went up-stairs, and were advised to take a little beer in order to counteract the effects of the sudden elevation of the temperature. We didn't want to run any risks. We proceeded to counteract the effects.

"Then we visited other portions of the building, where due attention was given to the articles of manufacture.

"After which we went out among the trees of the Park, and finally sat down upon a Swiss-like porch, commanding a broad view of the city, hill, and vale, where Mr. Lauer rejoined us."

The reader, however, must not entertain any suspicion that I did such sampling and was so exceedingly cautious against violent changes of temperature as the gentleman just quoted. Upon the other hand, it may with the utmost propriety be conjectured that this portion of the programme was left to Joe, who is a connoisseur, and delights in exercising his taste.

He does not object to the imputation.

Bidding adieu to the genial Mr. Lauer, we next drove in the direction of the mountains encircling the city on the northeastern side of the river, called respectively Mount Penn, Mount Gibraltar, and Neversink. The drives leading from the city and circling around the base of these mountains are most delightful, and the scenery afforded by them the source of much pleasure to both permanent and transient sojourners in the city. Upon every side are the many evidences of the good old German thrift which characterizes this people, while the intelligence that so judiciously develops the natural resources of such a country flatly discredits the oft-repeated slander that some of them are still voting for General Jackson.

After enjoying a very pleasant drive of several hours, we again reached our hotel to find the

ladies in waiting for us. But a brief time was allowed us for a late dinner, in order to reach the depot in time for the afternoon express northward.

All in good time, however, we found ourselves again in readiness to mount the approaching train, as it drew to a halt along the platform of the depot.

We are now bound for the country of the "black diamonds." Moving out of the city in a north by northwest direction, we pass the large shops and rolling-mill of the Reading Iron Company upon either side. Some five miles farther on we cross an elbow of the Schuylkill, and for the first time since leaving the Phoenixville tunnel find ourselves upon its left again. The arched stone bridge at this point is one of the many fine examples of the superb and enduring engineering which gives this road its remarkable appearance of solidity and permanence.

The road has evidently been built with an eye to the future as well as to the needs of the present. In this respect its engineering skill has manifested superior wisdom and good judgment.

The scenery through which we now pass bears a marked resemblance to that already described. Consecutively we pass, within the next twenty miles, the towns of Leesport, Berkeley, Mohrsville, Shoemaker'sville, Perry, and Hamburg; the last a very pretty place, with many houses of brick, which present a solid and substantial appearance.

Just before reaching Port Clinton we pass through another tunnel. While immersed in its gloom, we were requested by Mr. B—— to look to the right immediately upon emerging. Our party did so, and were rewarded by a view of a square and massive rock jutting outward into the river. This is called Pulpit Rock, and beside it is a bridge upon which the down track crosses to avoid the tunnel. Before us is Port Clinton and we are now in Schuylkill County, having crossed the line in passing through the tunnel.

At Port Clinton the road forks, one branch passing up the Little Schuylkill Valley, and the other almost westward toward Pottsville. We are now fairly in the mountains, and the scenery changes most radically. Upon all sides are vast ranges of mountains. These are the Blue Ridge hills, and the particular range through which we pass forms the Lehigh Gap near Mauch Chunk, and the Water Gap of the Delaware. In

many instances the precipitous sides of these hills reach clear to the water's edge, necessitating the cutting out of a road-bed for the railway for miles along their base. The river is narrow and shallow and its bed quite rocky.

A glance at the accompanying illustration will give the reader a better idea of the scenery at this point than can be conveyed by any pen description. It is wild and weird, but relieved by the beautiful flowers which Nature lavishly spreads over the rugged sides of these towering mountains in the early summer months. Their appearance then is very much such as would be presented after a light fall of snow, and the sight is truly a beautiful one. Mrs. B—— recalled the following verses as she caught sight of the bloom-covered mountains:

"Nature dwarfs her hardy children,
Dwarfs her giant oaks and pines;
But the glorious rhododendron,
In its snowy lustre shines.

Gleaming everywhere it meets you,
Streaked with many a tender hue;
Queen of all the forest flowers
Which the seasons shall renew.

O Rhodora! sweet Rhodora!
Dweller on the mountain brown,
The same hand that gave the roses
Dropped thy angel blossoms down."

Once in the Schuylkill coal regions, the number of branch or lateral roads greatly multiplies. Most of these are termed feeders, and lead to the various points about which centre the great collieries. To observe the almost interminable lines of coal trains passing southward at Port Clinton, one would naturally wonder where such a supply of coal could come from; but when one travels through the mountainous regions of this county, and sees the many sinuous lines of railway stretching in every direction about the mountains, and in some instances up and over them, he will hardly fail to realize the magnitude of the source of this great supply.

It is at the foot of the great Schuylkill coal region, which extends from a point about five miles

east of the Susquehanna to the Schuylkill River, that we reach Pottsville, a handsome hill-side city, bearing many evidences of thrift and wealth. Here we left the train and found quarters at a pleasant hotel for a few days of quiet rest. Pottsville is the centre of the coal business at the mines. Here the men who get the coal out of its rocky bed, who superintend the sinking of shafts or transportation, meet to exchange views upon the subject in which they are interested.



THE STONE BRIDGE ABOVE READING.

And then what business activity there is here! The town is fairly alive with energy from centre to circumference.

Pottsville occupies a commanding position, and its elevation above tide-water is such that it is placed within a stratum of atmosphere at all seasons of the year pure and bracing. Here may be experienced the most delightful of weather, with a temperature most pleasant and agreeable to the senses, while the residents of our cities nearer the sea-coast are sweltering through the hot summer months. And then such grand mountain

scenery! We climb a ledge to the rear of the town—no slight task, either—which overhangs the scene. Before us, at our very feet, lies the vision of material wealth below and the cur and grand effects wrought in the rocks w crown the cliff upon which he stands. In



THE SCHUYLKILL ABOVE PORT CLINTON.

town, and from it, southward, extends the valley down to Mount Carbon, where the river makes a bend. We turn in either direction, and the eye takes in visions of lofty mountains, with their hills of fine coal, the refuse of the innumerable breakers which dot their sides far and near. Northward we gain a fine view of Port Carbon, with its extensive works lying in the valley, and not unlike a Swiss hamlet in appearance. To the left, and passing away around the mountain side, winds the road that leads to Port Carbon and St. Clair, outlying towns, and still farther to our left extends the valley of the Schuylkill, along which may be seen extensive iron works in full operation.

I may here remark that the admiration of the beholder is about equally divided between the

instances it would be that other hands those of Nature squared them into position.

The river at this point flows through a pass in Sharp Mountain, and beyond this pass, at Norwegian Creek, is located the town which is now the centre of the immense coal operations of the region. The ground is very uneven and rises abruptly in some places that sites for buildings could only be obtained by leveling the mountain or walling the banks of the stream. Above the junction of the Norwegian Creek with the Schuylkill the valley widens, affords space for several streets, some of which are nearly level. Its principal business street is Center street, extending along the right bank of Norwegian Creek. It is a

thoroughfare and contains many large and handsome business houses.

An object which strikes the special attention of our party is the shaft, or Pottsville Shaft, which is called, a representation of which is here given. It is near this town, and was named in honor. It is the deepest shaft in the United States and penetrates the earth many thousand feet, the object being to strike the immense veins of coal in the valley at the centre or lowest point of dip, and thus get the coal, as it is mined, down the hoisting-cars with the least effort and expense.

In approaching the town by way of the railroad our attention was also drawn to a monument which stands out in bold relief upon this hanging cliff and faces down the valley. The monument is surmounted with a large statuette.

Henry Clay, and was erected, I believe, shortly after his death, by some of Pottsville's public-spirited citizens in recognition of his valuable services in the interests of American industry. An appropriate tribute, indeed! And certainly no more fitting spot could have been selected for the purpose.

The descent to the town was made, the party heartily appreciating the exercise occasioned by the climb, and we soon found ourselves once more at headquarters enjoying a brief rest.

It was my good fortune, while sitting in the hotel, to meet the veritable "oldest resident," and with a laudable desire to learn what I could of the early history of the place, and especially some facts concerning the discovery of these "black diamonds," I engaged him in conversation.

Now, when you can get hold of such a character and know just how to manage him, you will secure a fountain from which will pour more good, solid, and entertaining information than can be obtained from any other source. It is hardly essential, however, that I should report all our conversation. I simply repeat his statements on the subject of coal and history:

"It was in 1807 that John Pott bought a tract of land from Isaac Thomas and Lewis Morris, of Philadelphia, and Lewis Reese, of Reading. This was before my time, though, yet I heard my father tell it often. Upon this tract Pott built a blast furnace, and it was said he picked up enough iron ore from the surface to run it. Then he built a grist-mill, also, a little farther down the stream, and it was while digging the foundation for this mill that coal was struck. This was about 1810. But Pott was not the first operator.

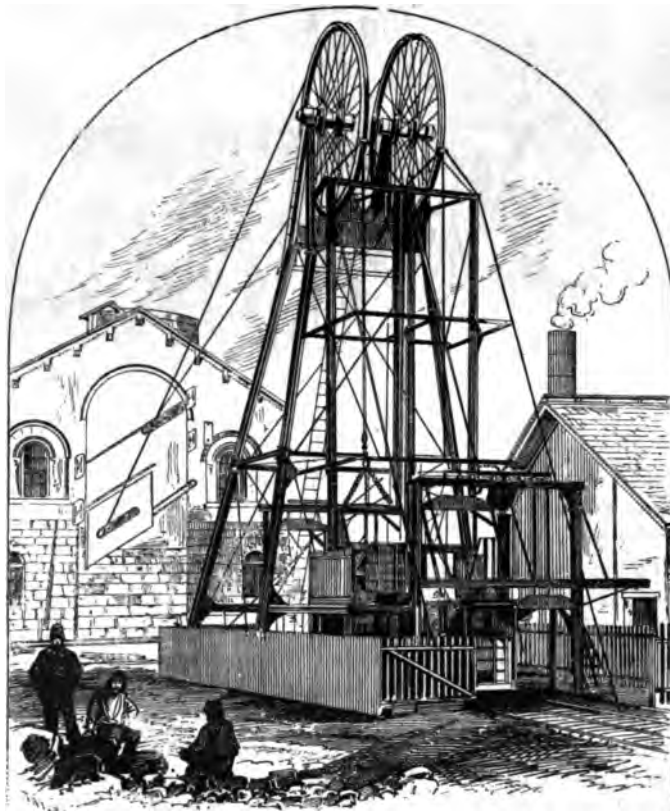
"One Colonel Shoemaker about that time hired a man by the name of John Martz to 'grub' some land he had bought, and Martz, too, struck an 'outcrop' of coal. The colonel, it is said, took considerable interest in the discovery, and conveyed the first cargo of anthracite coal to Philadelphia in his saddle-bags. Whether the suggestion was original with him or

not, he, any rate, went to the city with the idea of offering the coal for the purpose of building fires. But his offer almost gained him a ducking in the river, and he returned home a sadder and perhaps a wiser man."

"How long was it before its utility as fuel was demonstrated?" I asked.

"Well, it was not until about 1823, I think, when a hunter on the mountains, at the Summit, near Mauch Chunk, discovered a vein, and, after some experiments, he and his friends found that the 'stuff' would burn when left to its own devices, and not blown at after the manner of treating the bituminous coal then already in use."

He continued: "In 1825 some 365 tons of anthracite were carried or hauled to market in Conestoga wagons, no railroads or canals being then in existence. Converts to the utility of the



THE POTTSVILLE SHAFT.

new fuel were gained daily. It was in 1829 that the great rush began. It was the 'bonanza' of that day. People paid small fortunes for the

plainest of fare, and for the privilege of sleeping on the soft side of a floor board at the old log house hotel."

So much from our venerable friend, to show the reader the principal incidents which I was enabled to glean from him on the subject of King Coal's early history.

But few persons who have never visited the mining districts, and by personal examination enlightened themselves, can form any adequate conception of the labor, the risk, and the money involved in the opening of a mine; of the vast quantities of timber and the ponderous machinery

A better opportunity is also presented for a personal observation of the breakers and collieries and their manner of operation. You are not dependent upon a limited time, but can come and go as suits your pleasure.

During our brief stay our party enjoyed several drives over these mountain roads, and always with new delight.

The object of our journey here did not contemplate, however, a special investigation of these coal operations, as such a subject would of itself furnish sufficient material for an article. On the contrary, we were on pleasure bent, and in search



THE OLD LOG HOTEL AND CONESTOGA WAGON.

which must be placed in position, much of it far below the surface, before the coal can be mined for the market.

To the reader I would suggest the propriety of doing as we did upon the occasion of our present visit to these coal regions, should he ever contemplate a tour in this direction. While it may be offered in objection that it is too slow a medium of travel by those accustomed to the rapid transit of the present day, I will venture to say that the time lost will be more than compensated by the delightfully grand and picturesque scenery to be enjoyed in a drive over the fine mountain highways which lead away from Pottsville in every direction. Roads that are smooth and level as a floor. The purest of air, cool and pleasantly agreeable.

thereof availed ourselves of nature's aid in all directions.

We sought pure air and cooling breezes where burning sands and rapacious mosquitos are an unknown quantity. No fashionable watering-places, with their social restrictions and incongruities, for us. The music of tiny brooklets in unison with feathered songsters has a greater charm for us than that music which simply exhilarates the "light fantastic toe" of the votaries of fashion.

But the reader will probably think that I still miss one of the delights of the sea-shore—its bathing. "Probably I may, and probably I may not," as David Crockett was wont to express it. In speaking on this point to my friend B—, he bluntly retorted:

"Why, you do not know what a real 'buff' bath is."

"Oh, yes, I do. I have dipped in old ocean's briny waters at sunrise many a time," I replied.

"Order the clerk to have us called at four o'clock in the morning, and we will pay it an early visit," was his reply.

Early next morning Joe and I wended our way



TUMBLING RUN.

"Yes, but you have never been out to Tumbling Run yet at five o'clock in the morning, have you?" said Joe.

"No," I answered. "Where is Tumbling Run?"

to the run, about a mile from the town, I should judge. Arrived there, I stood in perfect awe for some moments in admiration of nature's wild and broken aspect. And such water!—pure and clear as crystal,—with unruffled surface and smoothly

flowing over its hard, rocky bed. Rock-bound and deeply-shaded it lay as a mirror before us.

I thought we had certainly invaded the realms of the fairies.

If we had, it was, however, at an hour when the little creatures were still drowned in slumber. In fact, all the world was hushed. Not a sound broke the stillness of the air, save the tiny ripplings of

B—— suggested to our host the propriety of raising his rates for the time being.

B—— and I should not have felt averse to such a proceeding on the part of our host, especially inasmuch as the experiences of Mrs. B—— and Mrs. F——, in connection with the pure and bracing mountain air and the wholesome exercise afforded in climbing the rugged mountain sides,

were such as to put new life and vigor into them, and to destroy every vestige of either mental or physical dyspepsia.

Their appetites had become almost ravenous, and our sympathies were therefore fully enlisted in behalf of our worthy host.

"It's only 'pot calling kettle black,'" exclaimed Mrs. F——, as she renewed her order for more trout.

"How many cups is that for the colonel?" asked Mrs. B——, as the waiter brought in another cup of coffee.

"Don't know, missus, shuah," replied Cuffy, grinning.

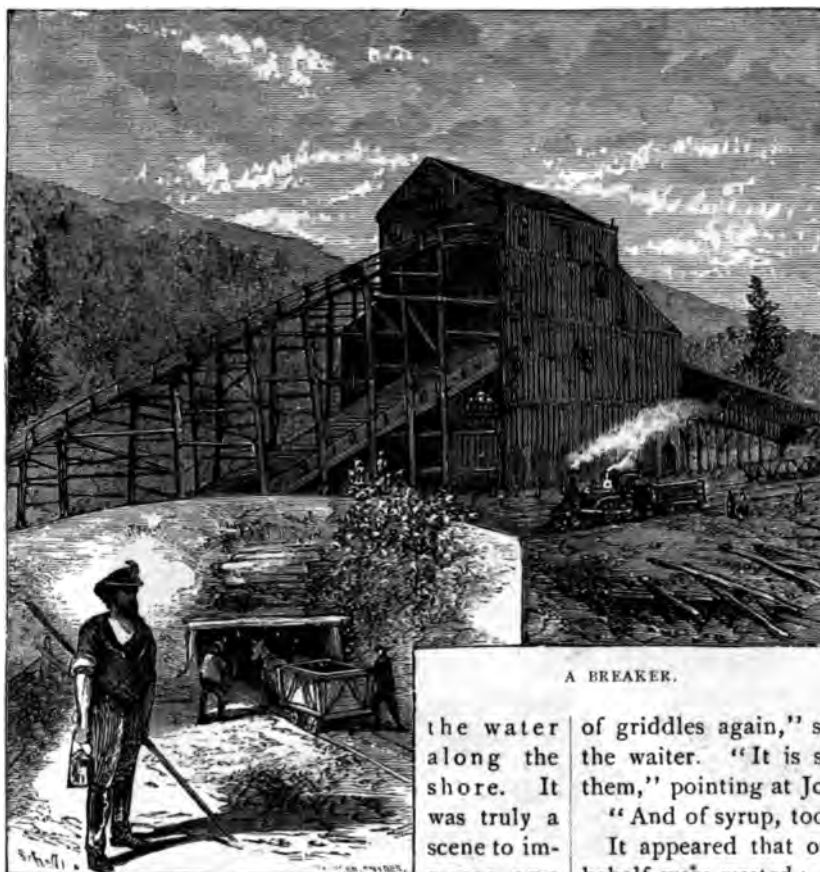
"And I really wish you wouldn't renew that plate

of griddles again," said Mrs. F——, addressing the waiter. "It is simply a waste of batter on them," pointing at Joe and me.

"And of syrup, too," added Mrs. B——.

It appeared that our sympathies in the host's behalf were wasted; at any rate, he good-humoredly remarked that he could stand the strain upon his larder; that the gratification he experienced over the marked improvement in our appearance more than compensated him for the extra onslaught upon his bill of fare.

On the third day of our stay at Pottsville we had the good fortune of meeting an old friend of some years, who happens to be the superintendent of a colliery in the Mahanoy Valley. He gave us a very pressing invitation to visit him. Our party, after consultation, concluded to accept the invitation, and, after visiting that valley, to wind up our tour by taking a direct run homeward.



A MINE ENTRANCE.

A BREAKER.

the water along the shore. It was truly a scene to impress one most forcibly with the

grandeur and sublimity of nature in a state of utter rest.

"Well, colonel, how is this for a 'buff'?" asked Joe, as we prepared for our return to the town.

"I am something wiser, Joe," I replied.

"Don't you think this goes ahead of any surf bathing you have ever enjoyed?" he continued.

It unquestionably did, as I assured him; and it is not impolitic, I trust, to add further, that a more appetizing bath was never enjoyed. In fact,

Taking the train at Pottsville we run down to Mount Carbon, and thence, switching on to another track, we dash across the river, up through Palo Alto on the opposite side, through its long reaches of repair-shops and waiting freight trains. Turning northward, the scene that greets our vision is made up of enormous and complicated breakers, with their vast accumulations of coal-dirt or culm. Through St. Clair, upon the flat land, and onward to where the valley narrows

immense scales of the Reading Company for the weighing of all the coal that is brought up the Mahanoy Plane. These scales have been made especially for rapid as well as correct weighing, and the operation is an interesting one. They are so nicely constructed and adjusted that eight loaded cars can be weighed with the exactitude of a single ton. The cars are run upon the scale in the order of their consignment, the weight of each load being noted by the clerks. In this way, I



A SPECIMEN OF ANTHRACITE COAL.

and the creek dashes down successive rock steps. Here the road, heretofore straight, winds right and left alternately as we climb and pass the rocky gorge. Upon the opposite bank a good road, apparently built to endure for ages, shows where Stephen Girard expended fortunes in an effort to get coal to tide-water at a price which would pay. He was many years ahead of his day in this undertaking, however, and paid the penalty in his failure to accomplish the desired result.

Reaching the summit, we halt at Frackville, a neat little highland town. Here are located the

was informed, 2270 car loads have been weighed in a single day, the value of which amounted to over \$50,000.

Our party here stepped out upon the verge of the mountain, where the great engines of the plane are placed. The view revealed, far up and down the valley, and away into the dim vistas of the swelling heights faintly traced upon the horizon, caused us to realize most fully the immensity of these coal-fields and the operations carried on therein. Huge breakers stand about here and there, with no apparent uniformity of shape or

size. There are scores of them. Everything is black; save a little rill sparkling in the sunlight, and the curling wreathlets of steam from the many engines, there is nothing to break the sombre hue of the scene.

Far down the plane a little dark spot grows as it mounts, while the cable leading downward and its upward mate keep all the circular blocks whirling and rattling in their boxes. The spot gradually assumes a cube shape, and in time develops into a car. In a few moments it mounts the level with its tons of coal.

Our friend, the superintendent, next escorts us to the colliery with which he is connected. Here, though scarcely a dozen persons are visible, we are informed some four hundred are employed. Away down in the dark chambers leading from the shaft more than half of them may be found. We peered down the shaft and listened. The dull boom of a blast strikes our ear.

"Ladies, wouldn't you like to visit the mine?" asked our friend, the superintendent.

The invitation was promptly though courteously declined by both of them.

I thought I detected an expressive "Ugh!" escape Mrs. F——, as she sidled toward the door.

We next visit the breaker. Little boys, grimed and wild, are seated by the dozen below the jaws of the breaker which crunch the coal, picking out the slate as the fragments come tumbling toward them. A particularly grim-looking old fellow with a stick keeps guard over each detachment. He cannot prevent, however, the cry of the young imps as we pass along the rickety stairs, "Pay yer footin'. Pay yer footin'."

"Pay yer footin', Joe!" I exclaimed.

"Nary a footin'," replied Joe, as he passed out of the door.

We were here shown some splendid samples of coal, many of them of huge proportions, which, judging from their size, I should think would seriously trouble the crushing powers of a breaker. After soberly scanning one, a very leviathan in size, for a few moments, Joe, turning to me, remarked:

"This would hardly drop through your grate under a month, would it?"

"Hardly," I replied, and added, "Wouldn't it be a nice thing to have in the cellar to exercise one's muscle on, in sledging it into pieces of a suitable size for the stove?"

Joe did not seem to take very kindly to this idea, however, and rather thought that breakers were a very great blessing, take them as we would.

A rapid run along the Mahanoy Valley, from this point, brought us to the foot of the Gordon planes, located on the Mine Hill Railroad. These planes are nearly two miles long. Near their base, Ashland, a large and well-built town, the largest of the towns in the valley, is located. Its wide streets and principal business houses, handsome and substantial structures, are some of the leading features which give it prominence.

Having scaled the planes, we descend again by curving lines down a ninety-foot grade for some ten miles, until we strike a grand horse-shoe around the valley-head. Leaving this curve, we enter on a straight track to Mine Hill Gap; thence, passing down through Cressona, to Schuylkill Haven, we connect with the main line, and by the evening express reach home again.



KITH AND KIN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FIRST VIOLIN."

CHAPTER VII.—THE SISTERS.

"Now, Del, I'll go up-stairs, and remove the stains of travel," remarked Judith, putting aside Rhoda's renewed demands for news.

"Yes, do, and I'll come with you," answered Delphine, as they passed out of the parlor together.

Outside, in the hall, they stood still, and looked each at the other, their hands locked together. Then both bent forward, and exchanged a grave kiss.

"Now I feel as if I really were at home again," said Judith, in a tone of satisfaction. "I'll come to your room, Del, since my things have not walked up-stairs, and according to Rhoda's account, there is no one to bring them at present."

"All right," said Delphine, flying up the shallow oaken stairs with a rapid motion, and then arrived at the top, standing still and looking down upon her more slowly-moving sister.

"You are more like some 'strange bright bird' than ever, child," said Judith, her eyes dwelling upon her with deep pleasure.

"Don't add, 'with plumage gay,' I pray you," laughed Delphine, "for my plumage is very old and shabby, and is likely to continue so."

"It shows off your beauty the better, then," replied the other, as they went arm in arm down a long, light, broad corridor. There was abundance of room in Yoresett House. If the girls had not many other luxuries, they could each indulge in that of a separate bedroom, and one or two sitting-rooms apiece as well. The only difficulty about it being, as Rhoda had more than once observed, that there was no furniture in any of them.

Delphine fitted about the room, pouring out water for Judith to wash her hands in, placing a brush and comb for her, and so forth, all her movements being instinct with a grace on which the eyes of the elder girl continually dwelt. Delphine was more like a ray of sunshine than anything else, but not the sunshine that is broad and busy and glaring; rather like those rays of it which came quietly stealing through trees on a summer afternoon, as the sun goes westering. Her hair was of the real golden hue, and she wore it braided low

down behind, and falling in loose and natural waves about a delicate and sweet oval face. She possessed, too, the great beauty which does not always accompany such hair and such a complexion, a pair of limpid, golden-brown eyes, which might be light in their actual color, but which, as Judith had often said, "always behaved as if they were dark."

Seen alone, it could not be denied that Judith Conisbrough possessed grace, as well as dignity of carriage. Seen beside Delphine, the dignity remained, but one wondered where the grace had gone. The girls were aged respectively twenty and twenty-two; and their friendship was as closely knit a bond as could well exist.

"How did Mr. Danesdale get here, Delphine, and where does he come from?" asked Judith. "How long is it since he established himself here in this fashion? And have I been away four days? or am I laboring under a delusion, and been absent four months?"

"Your questions are numerous, my dear, for you. I will answer the last one first. You left here last Thursday, so that as to-day is Monday, you have been away just four days. Mr. Danesdale got here by the prosaic method of pulling the bell, and asking Louisa if Mrs. Conisbrough was at home. He performed this prodigious deed last Thursday afternoon—not many hours after you and Uncle Aglionby had started on your travels."

"But what brought him here? The Danesdales and we have not had much to do with each other for a long time, now. Surely, he did not deliberately come to call upon us."

"He came very deliberately, as he does everything," replied Delphine, with a sudden infectious laugh, which began in her eyes, and ended with her voice. "He came, as I tell you, and was admitted. He introduced himself, and said he had been shooting, and that in returning, coming through Yoresett, he had been prowling round our back premises, of course not knowing whose they were, and that his dog, in a moment of temporary mental aberration, having perceived our cat, had rushed into the garden after her, and was then

planted beneath the big apple-tree, awaiting her descent from it, while she sat aloft and growled. He—Mr. Danesdale, I mean, not the dog—thought his personal intervention would be necessary to reconcile the conflicting powers. He had asked a man whose garden it was, and as he knew Mrs. Conisbrough's name perfectly well, he had ventured—and so on. A very elegant speech, but it took him *such* a long time to get through it."

"Well, did you let him into the garden, then?"

"We let him into the garden, and watching him carefully, and in some alarm, as being such a very unusual kind of visitor for us to have, we perceived him go into the garden, call his dog to him, and administer a cuff to it."

"Beat it? oh, horrid!" said Miss Conisbrough, with a red face of indignation.

"So Rhoda thought, for she ran out to him, and caught hold of his arm, and in a voice trembling with emotion, cried 'For shame!'"

Judith laughed.

"He turned round, took off his hat, and said, 'Did you ever t—train a dog?'"

Judith laughed again at the ludicrously exact imitation of Mr. Danesdale's tones.

"Rhoda said 'No.' 'Then,' he answered, with the most melancholy drawl, 'don't hinder me in the performance of a painful duty.' Upon which Rhoda blushed violently, though she indignantly denies it to this day."

"To this day! it might have happened a month ago, to hear you talk."

"It does seem quite a long time ago. He gave his dog a slight chastisement, and sent it in a state of abject repentance out into the road. Then mother asked him to sit down in the parlor and rest, which he did: he stayed quite a long time, and told us where he had been traveling, and what he had been doing, and what he meant to do, now that he had got home."

"Evidently under the impression that his family and ours were on intimate terms," interrupted Judith significantly.

"Quite so, and he described the party they had staying at the Castle, and, I'm sorry to say, made great fun of some of his sister's friends."

"Implying that you were not so dull," murmured Judith.

"Perhaps so," said Delphine, who had seated herself on the edge of the bed, and who looked pensively across toward her sister. "But then

you must reflect, Judith, that as soon as he mentioned us at home, which he would be almost sure to do, his darkness would be enlightened, for Philippa Danesdale is not our devoted friend; he would hear all about us, and about our poverty and our general insignificance."

"Yes, of course; and what conclusion do you draw from that?"

"Oh, nothing in particular, only you seemed to think that if he had known at first all about us and our circumstances, he might not have been so polite as he has been."

"So I did think, and so I do."

"Cynic! But in that case, why does he continue to come; for he has been several times—nearly every day—since, on some pretext or other."

"True," said Judith reflectively, standing still with a hairbrush in one hand, and a handglass in the other, and looking with abstracted earnestness at Delphine, who for her part met the glance openly with her luminous eyes, which seemed to reveal everything, while in reality they concealed nearly all that was passing in her mind.

"He must come, then," said Judith slowly, "because he likes to come."

"Or," suggested Delphine, with a shadowy smile, "to amuse himself—young men like to amuse themselves, so I've heard; and speaking from my own point of view as a young woman, I should suppose it was true—and if they have inquiring minds, and are in a strange country, they like to amuse themselves by studying the manners and customs of the natives. Now, Mr. Danesdale is in a strange country—I'm sure Danesdale must be very strange to him after the years he's been away, and we, as natives, must be strange too."

"Ergo?"

"He finds amusement in studying us."

"It is an ingenious hypothesis, and one which does you credit," said Judith. "I have only one objection to make to it."

"And what is that?"

"That I don't believe, and it would take a great deal to convince me, that Mr. Danesdale was ever amused at anything in his whole life."

"Oh, Judith! Why, he was intensely amused at Rhoda and her goose this very afternoon."

"Was he? Well, I beg his pardon, and yours. In the meantime, don't you think mamma will be feeling herself injured at our long absence?" said

Judith, giving a final shake to her garments. The two girls, arm in arm again, went down the broad, light passage, which, however, was beginning to be dusk now, and back again into the parlor. Neither of them had said, "He comes to see some one," yet the thought had been present in both minds.

"Now," said Rhoda, as they came into the parlor; "draw round the fire, and in the twilight tell us the tale of your adventures at Irkford. Give a sensational account of the meeting at once."

Judith essayed to do so, but succeeded ill, so ill that Rhoda at last said:

"Was it enthusiastic? I can't picture it. Was the room as large as the whole inside of Yoresett Church?"

(Yoresett Church would seat 800 persons at the outside.)

Judith laughed.

"I must have told my tale badly indeed, Rhoda. The room held twenty-five thousand people."

"Oh, dear!" said Rhoda, subdued by the picture conjured up. "I can't imagine it," she said at last. "One ought to see such things, and I never shall. And you went to the play? Oh, *how* I should like to go to the play! What was it called? 'Diplomacy'? That sounds political too. Mr. Danesdale says he has been over and over again to every theatre in Europe, worth speaking of, and he's going to give me an account of his experience."

"Indeed! Then I may as well keep my one little visit quiet. It is sure to fall flat, with such prospects as you speak of looming in the distance."

"Mean thing!"

"Did uncle seem to enjoy it?" asked Mrs. Conisbrough.

"He was delighted with the meeting. He saw lots of faces that he knew on the platform, and if he had not been so shy, I am sure some of those gentleman would have given him a hearty welcome. But of course he wouldn't make any advances to them."

"Just like him!"

"It gave me an odd sensation," Judith went on, "to see all those multitudes. We *are* ambitious, you know, Del, you and I."

"Of libraries!" suggested Rhoda.

"But surely it would satisfy any ambition to walk on to a platform, and on the instant of one's appearance to be cheered madly by twenty-five thousand voices, as if they never meant to leave off."

"Yes, indeed. And did they groan? I have often wondered what groaning on a large scale could be like."

"Oh, yes! They groaned. It has a most extraordinary effect. There's something fearful in it. When any one whom they didn't like was mentioned, you know, then they hooted and groaned. There was a young man near to us whom I watched a little. He was standing close to the end of our bench; I never saw any face look so earnest, or express such an intensity of interest. I think his eyes had a great deal to do with it. I never saw eyes that gleamed like his, nor any face which took such an expression of scorn and contempt. I am sure that young man has a terrible tongue and a hot temper."

"Dear me! This is thrilling!" said Rhoda, holding up a very dilapidated linen table napkin which she was supposed to be repairing, and then laying it down. "I see now what you were interested in. It was the young man, not the meeting. Proceed, I implore you!"

"No; I was interested in him as expressing the opinion of the meeting in a condensed form as it were. The spirit that I saw in his face was the general spirit felt, I am sure. And, oddly enough, when the meeting was over, he came to my assistance when I got separated from uncle, for there were about one hundred and fifty thousand in all."

"Tremendous!" remarked Delphine.

"E—normous!" cried Rhoda. "And this interesting young man; how many more times did you see him?"

"Once," replied Judith, repressing a smile.

"You did! This is portentous! I suppose you cried, 'Ha! Do I behold my doom? Speak, stranger, whence and *what* art thou?' But where did you see him again? I am interested. Everything's interesting here."

"At the theatre."

"No! And did he see you?"

"He saw us; yes, distinctly. I saw him in the upper circle pointing us out to——"

"To his friend, the friend of the hero? What was his friend like? Any one in whom I could take an interest?"

"I really don't know. She was one of the prettiest creatures I ever saw in my life, despite her vulgarity and affectation."

"*She!* It was a *she!*"

"Yes. *She* was *his* sweetheart, my dear. No one could possibly have mistaken that fact."

"Oh—h!" Rhoda groaned. "How you do dash my hopes to the ground! Upon the whole, I think our hero is more interesting than yours."

"Yours?" laughed Judith, very provokingly. "Which? Who? Where? Do tell me about him."

"You saw our hero this afternoon. Unreasonable jealousy alone makes you try to deny it. And he is a gentleman by birth and breeding, who lives at home at ease, and who is not engaged to a vulgar girl whom he takes to the upper circle, not that I know where that is, but you mention it so sneeringly that I am sure it must be an inferior part of the house. No; I think, taken all in all, Delphine, we prefer our hero to this groaning, hooting, gleaming, bad-tempered one of Judith's."

"Joining in the chorus of laughter, which greeted her observations, Rhoda departed, saying she had a little cooking to do."

Judith and Delphine had much to talk about, but Mr. Danesdale's name was not mentioned again until late at night, when they were both in their respective beds, and Judith called from her room to Delphine's, which opened into it:

"By the way, Del, what is Mr. Danesdale's name? His Christian name, by which he is known to those who love him best, you know?"

"Randulf," came sleepily from the other room.

"*Randulf*—what a queer name!"

"It might have been better. Good-night, dear!"

"Good-night. Yes, I remember now, I have heard Philippa speak of '*Randulf*.'"

CHAPTER VIII.—SPECTRES.

THE morning broke fine, but with a delicate white mist over everything, swathing Addleborough hill and the other great green fells which shut in the dale, and enwrapping the woods which filled the hollows and gorges in the said hills. The Misses Conisbrough, surveying the prospect from the windows of the breakfast-room, decided that it was going to be a glorious day, and that they would go out and spend the morning at High Gill, where it would be sheltered and sunny.

There was absolutely nothing to prevent them from going out when and for as long as they chose. No numerous engagements; no probable callers or other claims upon their time and attention existed to detain them.

Judith and Delphine and Rhoda Conisbrough were girls whose life had its trials. Fatherless, brotherless, and very poor, they had never known any other existence than the one they led now. Mrs. Conisbrough's income was of the very slenderest proportions. She possessed the house she lived in; it had been given by old John Aglionby's father to his daughter, Mrs. Conisbrough's mother; and she, as an only child, had inherited it. The years of her married life had been passed there, with the clergyman, her husband. Her income was sufficient, by strict economy, to maintain herself and her daughters in respectability; that sad kind of respectability which has to be ever on the alert to conceal the scantiness of the clothing that is beneath the decent outside garment. They had enough of food, enough of firing, and a servant to wait upon them and keep up appearances before outside eyes. There their comforts might almost be said to end. The girls had never known what real comfort or plenty meant. What few and meagre pretenses of luxury they had ever known had come through the hands of their greatuncle, whose heiresses they were supposed to be, but who loved to keep the reins of power in his own hand, and make his favors appreciated through their very rarity. His help had procured them an occasional visit to the seaside, an occasional dress for some rare and seldom-occurring festivity, an unfrequent sudden little expedition like this of Judith's to some neighboring town with him. It was a pinched, cramped, sordid life, and they were one and all girls of mind and spirit; girls who could not vegetate in inactivity without suffering from it, mentally and morally. They did suffer. Active brains and quick imaginations they all possessed—possessed also intellect of no mean order, and apparently these things had been given them for no other purpose than that they might suppress all their promptings. Everywhere, turn where they would, even in this quiet dale at the world's end, there met them beauty and pleasures and opportunities for enjoyment, and everywhere and always they were confronted by the one grinding answer to all wishes of that kind, "There is no money." Women

like these it is who suffer tortures undreamed of by the busy and active, by those whose hands are full, and whose lives are running over with occupation; who may use their brains and turn their talents into money, or exercise them in benevolent works. Such cannot know the degrading, the souring influence of a life of monotonous poverty, of gray care, of the pinching and scraping which results in no gain, no profit, which has for sole object to hide from inquisitive or indifferent neighbors the real extent of the barrenness of the land. They were young yet; they had rubbed on somehow. Rhoda was still too much a child, lived too intensely in the present, and rejoiced too much in the mere fact of a life of perfect health and perfect ignorance to have suffered much so far. But her sisters suffered, and suffered the more in knowing that the social law was no longer so stringent, which used to decree for women in their position, "Thus far and no farther. Thou shalt work, not for honorable profit, but to conceal thy inherited poverty. Thou shalt wither and die where thou art—only thou shalt not come forward, nor have thy name spoken, for that is a shame." And, if circumstances did not change, Rhoda, too, would suffer in years to come. Mrs. Conisbrough said it was their wretched poverty that was at the bottom of it all. It was poverty which prevented her from dressing her daughters suitably, and taking them out into the society they were fitted for.

"Had I been able to do that," she often said, "both Judith and Delphine would marry easily. Any one can see that Judith goes about like a queen; and Delphine's face, if she had her proper chances, would set a score of men raving. Instead of which they are wait—waiting here; seeing no one, doing nothing, and their uncle will do nothing to keep me, though you would think that out of sheer self-respect he would wish them to make a different appearance in the world."

Judith, tired of these outbursts, and ashamed of hearing them, occasionally remonstrated. A more than usually open discussion had taken place on the subject only a day or two before her departure with her greatuncle for Irkford. "Political meetings," Mrs. Conisbrough had complained, "were not the places where girls found husbands." Their uncle could take them to such places just to gratify himself, but he obstinately closed his eyes against doing anything

which was for their real good. Judith's indignation had been roused, and she had spoken out, more plainly than was her wont, to her mother.

"I would not take a penny from my uncle, mother, to do as you seem to think we ought to do. You mean, I suppose, to buy dresses and go to balls and other places for men to look at us and fall in love with us. It is disgusting, and, for my part, if he offered me the invaluable chance to-morrow, with the alternative of never leaving Yoresett again, I know which I would choose. But if he would give me a hundred pounds now, to do as I like with, I would not be here another week."

"Why, what in the world would you do with it?"

"I should do the only thing that I know of as being open to me. As I have never been properly educated, and all my accomplishments consist of a few songs which I sing very badly, no one would take me to teach his children. Besides, I can't teach, though I can learn as fast as anybody. I should go to some large town, such as Irkford or Leeds, and go to the principal doctor in it, and tell him how much money I had got, and ask him whether I could be made into a nurse."

"Preposterous!" said Mrs. Conisbrough crossly.

"It would be hateful, and I should loathe it at first. But I am able to do nothing else, and it is not an expensive trade to learn. It would earn my bread. I should be of some use to some one; for there must be people to do the drudgery of this world, and it would be, oh, the whole universe higher than selling myself to a man in exchange for a home and clothing. Any girl out of the street can do that."

"Judith, I forbid you ever to utter such—such coarse, horrible expressions again in my hearing. To speak in that way of marriage—the happiest and holiest institution there is."

"If that is what you call marriage, give me unholy institutions."

"I am too much shocked and grieved to say any more," replied Mrs. Conisbrough, really hurt.

"I am very sorry if you are hurt, mother. Unfortunately, Del and I have so very much time on our hands, and so little to do with it, that we get bitter sometimes, and wish we were housemaids."

"You little know what you are talking about."

That murmuring spirit of yours is shocking, Judith. I can't really imagine what you have to complain of," said her mother with the sublime inconsistency of a weak-willed woman, who is tenacious of no proposition except the one which asserts that surely never was mortal vexed as she is vexed. "You have a house to live in, clothes to cover you, and food to eat."

"So has a well-to-do farmer's cow in winter. If I felt like a cow, I should consider myself well off, I daresay."

"Who said anything about cows? You always wander so far from the point. Not only that, but you have your uncle's money to look to. When he dies, you will, every one, be well off, and I shall perhaps have a little rest, if I'm not killed with trouble before ever he goes—poor, dear old man!"

The last words came hastily, as an after-thought. "It is best to bow at the name of the devil—he can do so much harm." Mrs. Conisbrough had become suddenly desirous of counteracting the impression which her first remarks might have produced, that she cherished hopes of Mr. Aglionby's speedy demise, or that she considered him a stingy curmudgeon. If any such speech ever penetrated to his ears, the service of all these years would assuredly go for nought.

"I would far rather that uncle would help me to make myself well-off," said Judith. "I mean as soon as I get the chance to write to some of the women's rights ladies and ask them to help me; only they will very naturally inquire, 'What can you do?' and I must perforce answer, 'Nothing, madam.'"

"If you ever do so disgrace yourself, you—you will break my heart," said Mrs. Conisbrough, who at the words "women's rights" beheld in her mind's eye a woman on a platform, dressed in men's clothes, and shouting at the top of her voice. She herself was one of those women who never look at a newspaper, and viewed them in the light of useful protectors to white-painted pantry shelves, when not ruined for that exalted purpose by the stupid persons who would cut them, instead of leaving them in the original broadsheet.

But Judith had left the room far more deeply moved and agitated than her mother, though the latter bore every outward appearance of chagrin. Mrs. Conisbrough was left to fume over her trou-

bles. She accused her girls of being obstinate, self-opinionated, and unconventional; she did not know where they got that restless spirit from; in her days young people were much more strictly brought up, and scarcely ventured to open their mouths before their elders—the fact being that her own daughters had never been brought up at ail. She always allowed things to drift as far and as long as she could. The girls had grown up, struggled up, scrambled up—anything that the reader likes. They had never been brought up by a hand firm and tender at once; and this fact accounted for some of their defects as well as for some of their virtues. Then again, though their lives were even more secluded, their opportunities fewer, their means narrower than hers had been at their age; though they lived at the end of the world, in a dale without a railway, their souls had received a sprinkling from the spray of that huge breaker of the nineteenth century spirit which we call progress. How it had reached them it would have been hard to say, but perhaps the very silence and monotony of their existence had enabled them to hear its thunder as it rolled onward,

"In lapses huge, and solemn roar,
Ever on, without a shore."

Certain it was that they had heard it, had been baptized with some drops of its potent brine, and that thoughts and speculations disturbed their minds, which would never have entered hers; that things which to her formed the *summum bonum* of existence, caused them no pang by their absence. While she was always lamenting their want of money, their absence of "chances," they cried out that they had no work; nothing to do. She wanted them to be married; they wished to have employment. The difference of aim and opinion was a deep and radical one; it marked a profound dissimilarity in the mental constitutions of mother and daughters; it was a constant jar, and a breach which threatened to grow wider.

She knew that this morning Judith and Delphine would have a weighty confabulation upon certain points which would not be submitted to her; that aspects of the Irkford visit would be described and dwelt upon, of which she would never hear anything. She accused her girls in her own mind of reserve and secretiveness, oblivious of the fact that she never gave an opinion upon their aspirations in the matter of work, save to condemn them.

Mrs. Conisbrough watched them as they left the house, and went up the street toward the hill in whose recesses High Gill was hidden—three as lovely, lissom figures as a mother's heart could wish to see. She heaved a deep sigh. Her comely countenance looked clouded and downcast; and she shook her head.

"God forgive me!" she thought within herself; "sometimes I really wish he was dead, and all safe! Once in possession we should be right, I know. It is all absolutely his, and he can leave it as absolutely to us. No one could set aside any will that he chose to make. Besides, anything else, after all this time, and after all that he has promised, would be so hideously unnatural."

She went to her seat by the fire, and to a great basket of household-linen, every article of which required repair, for all the things at Yoresett House had been in use for many years, and nobody in the establishment had much money wherewith to buy new ones.

The morning droned on, and she sat undisturbed in the breakfast parlor, whose windows looked, not upon the market-place, but to the back, over a delightful garden in which stood the big apple-tree beneath which Mr. Danesdale's dog had sat and watched Mrs. Conisbrough's cat; and beyond that, to delicious-looking, rounded, green hills, like those which form the background of some of Mr. Burne Jones's pictures. There were autumn woods, too, to be seen—a blaze of scarlet and gold, from which the mist had now completely cleared away. Deep in one of these woods was High Gill, the favorite resort of the girls. They loved to pass a summer afternoon or an autumn morning there, listening to the lulling roar of the water, and watching the rainbows made by the spray.

Profound silence throughout the old house, till at last there came the sound of horses' hoofs along the street outside—hoofs which paused before her door.

"It must be Uncle John, I suppose," she thought, and very soon afterward he walked into the room, saluting her with the words:

"Well, Marion, good-day!"

"Good-morning, uncle! How good of you to come and see me so soon! Sit down, and have a glass of wine."

"No, thank you. I won't trouble your ever-

generous hospitality," said the old man, and his smile, as he spoke, was a sinister one, bearing a great resemblance to Bernard's most malevolent grimace. His rugged eyebrows came down in a kind of penthouse over his eyes, effectually concealing their expression, save when they caught the light, and then there was that in them which was not the lambent glow of benevolence.

The old 'squire, as Aglionby was called in those parts, was not famed for the sweetness of his temper, nor for its certainty. Mrs. Conisbrough had experienced, ere now, specimens of the defectiveness of this temper; but though the men of the Aglionby race were not famed for the ingratiating amiability of their manners, she thought she had never seen her uncle look so uncompromisingly vindictive as he did now. She disliked, too, the suave and mellifluous accents in which he spoke, and which belied the expression in his eyes.

"Well, at least sit down and rest," she urged him. "The girls have all gone out for a walk."

"Oh, have they? I hope Judith's safe return satisfied your maternal anxiety."

"I was not anxious about her, so long as I knew she was with you. She looked wonderfully brightened up by the little change. It was so kind of you to take her!"

"Humph! If it doesn't make her discontented with the home-coming."

"Oh, well-regulated minds——"

"Like yours, Marion. I know how admirably you were brought up. And I am sure you have brought up your girls as well as ever you were brought up yourself. They *are* truthful, I think. They ought to be, with a parson for their father, and such a good woman as you for their mother. I am sure you have taught them the sinfulness of telling lies, haven't you, now?"

"Lies——"

"Yes, lies. I always call them what they are. 'Falsehoods,' 'untruths'—such rubbish; *lies* is the word for them, and lies I call them."

"Really, uncle," she said, with a nervous laugh, "one would think you were accusing me of telling untruths." Mrs. Conisbrough's tongue seemed to refuse to form the rougher word.

"The last thing in the world, my dear, that I should think of. I was just saying that you were so well taught the wickedness of telling lies that you would be sure to bring up your daughters

with a great respect for the truth. And then, having yourself been a parson's wife—you look surprised, my dear," he added blandly. "It was your remark about well-regulated minds and a humdrum life which sent my thoughts upon this task. I'm sure you have taught your daughters the necessity and beauty of truthfulness."

"I hope I have indeed, Uncle John. The world would be in a bad way without truthfulness, the most indispensable of moral virtues, I should call it."

"Ha, ha!" he burst out, and there was something so absolutely malignant in the tone of his laugh that Mrs. Conisbrough looked at him, vaguely alarmed. "You never spoke a truer word, my dear. A bad way, indeed—a very bad way. All sorts of relations would be getting wrong with one another, and all sorts of injustice would reign rampant. Did you read the Tichborne case, when every one was interested in it?"

"No—I never read newspapers."

"That's a pity. There are so many interesting little scraps in them, such as ladies like. In the first place, of course, there are the births, marriages, and deaths, and then, for us men, the political news and the leading articles; you women don't care about such things, of course. But there are all kinds of bits of gossip that women *do* care for—such as long-lost sons turning up again, and all that kind of thing. That Tichborne case was the case of a man who called himself the rightful heir, you know."

"Yes, I think—of course I heard a great deal about it, though I didn't read it. But, you see, we only have a newspaper once a week," she faltered, turning pale, and pressing her hands against her heart.

He was remorseless.

"It is just in the weekly papers that they cull together the choicest morsels of that kind," he said, smiling unpleasantly. "You consult your paper next Saturday, and I'll warrant you'll find little bits that will interest you."

He rose and grasped his hat as if to go; held out his hand, and when she nervously placed her own within it, clutched it in a grip of iron, so that her rings cut into her flesh, and staring into her face with intent eyes, which seemed to flame with anger, said in a rough, harsh voice:

"Last Saturday afternoon I saw my grandson. Last Saturday evening I saw my grandson again.

Yesterday morning I found him and had a long conversation with him, and told him who I was."

"Oh—oh!" she cried faintly, and nerveless, pale, trembling, she would have sunk backward into her chair, but that the grip with which he held her hand sustained her.

"He is not at all what I should have expected. He is very poor and working hard at a warehouse, where he has to slave for a lot of d——d upstart tradesmen, who would kick him out-of-doors if he uttered a murmur. That's what he's been doing for years, ever since his mother died, and before that too. He may have wanted a sovereign many a time, while I have been living in plenty! Ah! it's enough to turn one's brain."

"Ah! Loose my hand! Let me go!" she almost panted, as with laboring breath and disturbed visage she tried to get her hand free. "Uncle, you hurt me!" she at last cried petulantly, as if petulance would relieve the agony of her overstrained nerves. He laughed roughly as he flung away, rather than loosed her hand, and continued in the same grimly jocular strain to banter her concerning her skeleton in the cupboard. She felt in her heart sickening qualms of fear as he thus burst open the door, as it were, took the spectre out and dangled it relentlessly before her eyes, aghast as they were at the unexpected revelation.

"Fancy what lies those relations of his must have told—that mother, you know," he went on. "I always said she was a graceless baggage, and she has deceived the lad himself to such an extent that he won't even hear a word in her dispraise. Some people are fools, Marion, and some are liars. That's just the difference in this world. What a *fool* you must have been, once upon a time, to be duped as you were, for a *liar* you couldn't have been."

He turned toward the door, when she, suddenly springing up, ran after him, seized his hand, and exclaimed, agony and apprehension, pleading and urgency, in her voice:

"Uncle John, be pitiful, I pray. Remember my poor girls! What *are* they to do? What will become of us all? Oh, miserable woman that I am, why was I ever born?"

"Ah, why?" he retorted, almost brutally. "Being a parson's wife, you ought to know more about that than I do. As for me, I'm an old pagan, like a lot of those I knew in this dale

when we were all young together, and if we had no Christian meekness, we were free from some Christian vices too—lying among them. Good-day, my dear.”

He did not turn again, but went away, leaving her alone with her fears, her misery, and her humiliation.

“What does he mean?” she kept repeating, beating her hands together, as she paced about the room. “What does he mean, and what does he intend to do? Why does he not speak out? It is enough to kill one to be kept in this agony of suspense. After all these years—after all his promises and all my servitude—no, it cannot, *cannot* be! no, it cannot,” she reiterated, catching her breath. “What could I tell him? Why did he not wait, instead of speaking to me in that manner, as if he wanted to tear the very heart out of my breast. How can any one speak or explain—how can a nervous woman collect herself, with a man glaring at her more like a devil than a human being—mad with unreasoning rage! And then they talk about women having no self-command! Oh, if I dared, what a tale I could tell about *men* and their boasted generosity to those who are weaker than themselves. I believe if I said what I thought, that I could make even a man blush—if that is possible. But I must not lose my self-command in this way,” she added, suddenly collecting and composing herself, and seating herself in her rocking-chair she swayed slightly to and fro, with clasped hands and eyes fixed on the ground, lost in a painful, terrified calculation of chances.

“I must think, think, think about it,” she thought within herself. “It is that thinking and calculating which wears me out more than anything else. Oh!” (as her mind, despite the necessity for dwelling on the matter in hand, persistently reverted to its grief and woes). “This life is a hard, dreary business; and what *brutes* men are. Hard, grasping wretches! They keep us in slavery. They hate to see us free, lest they should lose our blind submission to them; I know they do. If we try to make ourselves free, they grind us to powder. Judith and Delphine are right; yes, they are perfectly right in their principles, but they do not know, as I do, what will become of them if they carry those principles out. They talk about selling themselves, and the degradation of trying to please men that they

may fall in love with them; but when they are as old as I am, and have lived through what I have, they will know that it is the only way for a woman to find a little ease and comfort in this world. It is the only thing to do, unless they want to be crushed to death for defying the universal law.”

This was the form of reflection into which Mrs. Conisbrough’s emotions usually crystallized after they had been deeply stirred, as this morning. She spoke as she felt. She loved ease and hated discomfort, and nothing moved her so profoundly as the loss of the first and as having to endure the second. Presently she somewhat calmed down, and when the girls came in from their stroll she looked not very different from usual, though she was pale and silent. She gathered that they had been at the waterfall all the morning, and (implied, though not expressed) occupied, Judith and Delphine in what Rhoda called “talking secrets.” Immediately after dinner Mrs. Conisbrough retired to her own room, saying she felt tired, and wanted a rest. She did not mention their uncle’s visit to the girls, who were thus left for the afternoon as well as for the morning to follow their own devices.

CHAPTER IX.—SCAR FOOT.

RHODA had put on an ancient straw hat and a pair of leather gloves and gone to “do a little gardening.” Judith and Delphine were alone in the parlor.

“Then you’ll go?” said the latter.

“I shall go this very afternoon. We have quite decided that it is the best, and there is no use in delaying it. He was in a very good temper, and, for him, quite gentle all the time we were at Irkford. Yes, I shall go.”

“The sky has turned gray, and it looks as if there might be a storm.”

“I’ll put on my old things. I cannot wait.”

“Well, God speed you, I say. I shall be trembling all the time until you return.”

Judith ran up-stairs and soon returned, equipped evidently for a long walk over a rough road, in strong boots, her skirt kilted conveniently high, and her soft rough hat on her head. Delphine came with her to the door, looking wistfully at her.

“Let me go, Judith!” she said suddenly. “It is always you who have the disagreeable things to do.”

"You, child! don't talk nonsense, and never fear. I am all right. Good-bye!"

Delphine kissed her hand after her, and watched her down the sloping market-place till she turned a bend in the road, and was lost to view. Judith stepped forward at a pace which carried her quickly over the ground. There was nothing of what is popularly known as "masculine" in her movements, but they were free, graceful, and untrammelled; she did not hobble on high heels, nor were her garments tied back in such a manner as to impede her every motion. Her gown followed the old Danesdale rule for what a gown should be—it was not long enough to catch the dirt, and it was "walking width and striding sidth,"¹ as a gown should be. The walk she had before her was one which required such a gown and such a *chaussure* as she wore—along a good country road, which kept pretty much on the level until she arrived at a brown, bleak-looking village, which had a weather-beaten appearance, a green in the centre, with five old horses grazing upon it. Then the road became a rough one. Beautiful, no doubt, in its varying charm of uphill and downhill, in the grand views of the high hills and the long, bare-backed fells which spread around on every side; with the white sinuous roads traced over them; roads which led over wild passes and lonely "commons" to other valleys and dales, remoter even than this one. Lovely in spring, in summer; lovely, in a way, at every season, but, on this gray October afternoon, invested with a certain savage melancholy, a bleak desolation unnoticed, probably, by most of those who lived amidst it, but which had its undoubted influence upon their habits and their characters, and which must have stirred an artist's heart and set a poet's brain working in lines which he might have made as rough and abrupt as he chose, but which, to fully express the poetry of the scene, must have had in them something both of grandeur and of grace.

It was a strange, forsaken country, full of antique gray villages, which made no progress, and most of which appeared gradually falling into decay, inhabited by persons many of whom had never been even into the neighboring Swaledale.

¹ That is, for walking, wide enough, and to spare, with space enough to stride in, if necessary, without being pulled up short at each pace.

All this district, in the early days of English religious dissent, was a stronghold of the people called Quakers. Here and there, in unexpected places, in archaic-looking little towns, in tiny, half-forsaken hamlets, will be found some little square stone meeting-house, often incapable of holding more than from a dozen to twenty persons. There was such a meeting-house, though one rather more considerable in size, in the brown village through which Judith had passed, and in its dreary little yard were mouldering the bones of some of these stern old "Friends," unindicated even by a name, with nothing to show them save the grass-covered mound beneath which they lay. Sturdy spirits, Spartan souls they had been—spirits of the kind known in their day as "god-fearing," a kind one seldom meets with and seldom hears of now. Looking round on the present race, one feels indeed that they would be hard set to comprehend those "god-fearing" men, or any of their works or ways, or to understand the spirit that breathed into and animated them. Emasculate orthodoxy faints away on the one hand in incense and altar bouquets of hot-house flowers; on the other, dilutes its intellect in the steam of "tea-meetings," in the reek of muffins, and the blasphemous familiarity with the Deity of revival hymns; while, opposed to it, rampant secularism jeers at the notion of a Deity, and ignorantly points the finger at the word "fear," being apparently unable to comprehend that there is a holy awe which is as far removed from abject terror as the exalted paganism of Marcus Aurelius is removed from its own blatant annihilation of what it is pleased to call the superstition of a God. Vociferously its adherents denounce the god-fearing man as a puerile creature, a prey to timid superstition. Neither that orthodoxy nor this heterodoxy would know what to make of the stern, cold religiousness, the unyielding righteousness of those ancient "god-fearing" men, any more than they could own anything to be good which lies outside the pale of their own dogmatism and their own crotchets. "There were giants on the earth in those days," as Judith Conisbrough often thought, for she had a high opinion of these departed Quaker dalesmen. Where is the hero in the ranks either of secularism or orthodoxy, who will bring the same concentrated fervor to bear upon his cause; who will suffer all things and endure all things, and

such things as were suffered and endured by those early Methodists and Quakers—those “god-fearing,” uncultivated rustics?

Judith left the village behind her, crossed the bridge, and took the road up the hill to the left, and now, as ever, though her heart was not light to begin with, the glorious sweep of country which met her eyes made that heart bound. Aye, it was bonny, she often thought; it was solemn, too, this rare, unspoiled dale, this undesecrated temple of nature. She loved every foot of the road as well as she knew it, and that was by heart; she loved the quaint, bleak shape of bare-backed Addlebrough, with his “scar” of gray rock on the summit. She loved the three or four great hills which brooded over the other side, treeless and cold; and dear to her was the little group of very old houses shaded by a wood of broad-boughed trees, which hamlet went by the name of Counterside. She had heard her great-uncle tell how he and his sister, her mother’s mother, used to go to school at a queer little brown house in the said hamlet, trudging with hornbook and slate in hand from Scar Foot to Counterside, and back again from Counterside to Scar Foot.

Then the road grew lonelier and wilder; the birds chirped in the tangled autumn hedgerows; a tiny little crested wren hopped forth and impudently nodded into Judith’s face ere it flew away. The spikes of the wild arum, the “lords and ladies” of our childhood, gleamed scarlet through the lush grass. The brilliant berries and sinister beauty of the black briony cast their charm over the hedges of thorn which in spring had been a waste of hawthorn blossom. The few autumn flowers flourished—the yellow coltsfoot, the lilac scabious, the blue duckweed. But chiefest and most glorious were the red berries; what is the tale of the number of those bushes, plants, and herbs which die down in the autumn in the shape of a scarlet berry? There were the aforesaid “lords and ladies,” the aforesaid black briony, and in addition to them the spikes of the honeysuckle, the broad, flat tufts left by the wild guelder rose; the hips and the haws in their thousands, all helping to make the hedgerows a vivid mass of color.

Judith lingered because she could not do otherwise. She was one of those people who cannot rush along such a road, without pausing or pon-

dering. She felt it a desecration, a thankless course, too, as if a beggar spurned the hand held out to him, filled with gold.

Turning a corner, she suddenly had in view on the left, and far below her, a small and lovely lake, perhaps a mile in length, of an irregular oval in shape, bordered on all sides by the great fells before spoken of, and, on its margin in many parts, by trees. From the moment in which she came in sight of it, her eyes dwelt upon it with an earnestness that was wistful in its intensity. She knew it well, and loved it, every silver foot of it, with a deep, inborn love given by the inherited tastes of generations of forefathers, who had lived and moved and had their being by the side of that fair sheet of water, in the midst of those pure and elevating natural surroundings. For it—this fairy sheet of water, the Shennamere, as it was called, an old corruption of “Shining Mere”—and the old house at its head, of which she had not yet come in sight, were inextricably woven in her mind and fancy with all of glad and happy, of bright and pleasant, which her life had contained. There was no remembrance so far as not to include that of Scar Foot by Shennamere. Infancy, childhood, little girlhood, young womanhood, large portions of each of these periods had been passed here, and passed happily. Influences like these must have sunk somewhat into even a light nature, and hers was no light one, but deep and earnest; calm on the outside, and undemonstrative, but capable of intensely concentrated feelings—of love and resentment keen and enduring, of suffering and patience practically unlimited for that which she felt to be worthy, noble, or right; tenacious of early impressions which colored and modified all her thoughts and feelings. Should she live to be a hundred, should she pass through the most varied, distracting experiences, to the end of her days Judith Conisbrough’s heart would leap up at the sight of this mere, and the name of the beloved old house would be as music in her ears.

For about a mile the road went above the lakeside, then down a long, steep hill, with a rough stone wall at one side, and with shady trees stretching over it, till, still turning a little to the left, the back of a large house came in view; behind it ran a roaring beck; a small wood of large old trees gave it shelter—trees in which the rooks were cawing hoarsely. There was the farm-

yard to pass through, and the farmer's wife to greet ere she came to an old stone gateway, and, passing through it, found herself in front of the house. It was a large, fine old three-gabled house. Over the stone archway she had passed through, a slab was let in with the initials, J. A., and the date, 1667. John Aglionby of that period had built himself this house, but upon the remains of an older and a smaller one, where his fathers had lived before him. Over the doorway was a larger slab, with the same date carved on it, and "JOHN AND JUDITH AGLIONBY, THEIR HOUSE," above and below it.

Judith passed several windows, and paused before the door in the porch, before she went in, surveying the prospect. The clouds had lifted a little, and one pale, white gleam of light stole through them, and slipped adown the side of the hill opposite, showing up the bare gray houses and stone roofs of the tiny village called Stalling Busk, and then slid gently on to the lake, and touched it with a silver finger, so that even on this dark afternoon it was veritably "Shennamere."

Raydaleside and the Stake Fell looked black and threatening, and the clouds that were piled above them seemed big with the coming storm. From where Judith stood, a most delightful old-fashioned flower-garden, with no pretensions at all to elegance, and therefore full of the greater charm of sincerity, sloped down almost to the lakeside. There was just a paling, a little strip of green field with a path through it, and then, the margin of the mere, with a small wooden jetty running into it, to which a boat was moored, with the name *Delphine* painted in white letters on its grass-green side. Many an hour had the two girls passed in it, floating about the lake, with or without their granduncle. Just now it rocked uneasily; not constantly, but occasionally. The whole surface of the lake seemed to sway restlessly. It all portended a coming storm, and as Judith looked across the water, there came a sound from Raydaleside like some prolonged, weird whisper. Storm-portents, all. She knew it; and as the breath of that whisper struck cold upon her face, she turned to the door, and with a strange, unwonted chill at her heart, lifted the latch and walked in.

CHAPTER X.—"IN THE FLOT."

THOUGH large and solidly built, and with some pretensions to elegance outside at least, the house

at Scar Foot was in reality planned more like a large farm-house than anything else. The door by which Judith entered let her straight into a splendid old square kitchen or houseplace, with flagged floor, warmly carpeted over, with massive beams of oak, and corner cupboards and flat cupboards, wainscoting and chair rail of the same material. They were solid-looking old oak chairs, too, black, and polished brilliantly by the friction on their seats and arms, of generations of small clothes, hands, and elbows. This room was furnished comfortably and even handsomely, but it was always used by Mr. Aglionby as a sort of hall or entrance-chamber. Over the way on the right was another spacious, comfortable room, serving as a sort of library, for all the books were kept there. Up-stairs was the large drawing-room or reception-room—"the great parlor" had been its name from time immemorial. The master's own favorite den and sanctum, into which no person dared to penetrate without first knocking and being invited to enter, was a much smaller room than any of those already described, arrived at by passing through the houseplace on the left of the entrance. This little room was paneled throughout with oak.

Not finding her greatuncle in the houseplace, where a roaring fire was burning cheerily, Judith knocked at the door of the sanctum, and a rough voice from within bade her enter. She found the old man there, puffing at his "churchwarden," with his newspaper beside him, and his colley dog, Friend, couched at his feet. He looked up as she entered, and she saw with surprise that a black look darkened visibly over his face. He did not speak.

"Good-afternoon, uncle. I have walked over to see you."

"Vastly obliged, I'm sure, my dear," he replied, with the urbanity of tone which with him portended anything but urbanity of temper.

"We have heard nothing of you since our return," she pursued.

"I was at your house this morning, anyhow," he said snarlingly.

"Were you?" she said in great astonishment.

"Then didn't you see mother?"

"Of course I saw her."

"She did not mention your having been. How very extraordinary."

"Humph!" was the only reply.

Judith seated herself, as she usually did, opposite to him, in an oaken elbow-chair, and stooping to take Friend's head between her two hands, and brushing the hair from his eyes, she said: "Perhaps she will tell us about it to-night. She was tired, and went to lie down after dinner, so she doesn't even know that I am here. I came early to save the daylight. Do you know, uncle, there's going to be a storm."

"It is more than probable that your surmise is correct," he rejoined sententiously.

"Shennamere is restless, and the wind comes moaning from off Raydaleside," she went on, keeping to commonplace topics before she approached the important one which lay near her heart, and which, after long and earnest discussion with Delphine, they had decided should be broached to-day. She was sorry to see that her uncle was not in the most auspicious mood for granting favors, but she felt it impossible now to turn back with the favor she desired, unasked, after all her heart-beatings, her doubts and difficulties, and hesitations, and—she took heart of grace—he never had refused any of her rare and few petitions. He might, perhaps, have grimaced over them a little, in his uncanny way, but in the end they had been granted always.

"Ay," her uncle responded to her last remark; "whoever thinks that Shennamere is always ashine, knows naught of the weather in these parts; and whoever lives at Scar Foot should fear neither solitude nor wild weather."

"Well, you have never feared them, have you, uncle?"

"What do you know about it?" he returned surlily.

Judith, looking out through the window, saw the storm-clouds gathering more thickly. She must broach her errand. With her heart in her throat, at first, not from fear, to which sensation she was a stranger, but from the tremendous effort of not only overcoming her own innate reserve, but of laying siege to his also, she said:

"Uncle, I came to see you this afternoon, with a purpose."

He looked sharply up, on the alert instantly—his eyes gleaming, his face expressive of attention. She went on:

"You have been very good to us girls, especially to Delphine and me, and most especially to me, all our lives."

"Humph!"

"And I am sure we have returned your goodness with the only thing we had to give—affection, that is."

A peculiar sound, between a sneer and a snort, was the answer.

"I am more than twenty-one years old now, nearly twenty-two, indeed."

"Thrilling news, I must say!"

"I am not a very clever person, and I am a very ignorant one."

"Some grains of truth appear to have penetrated your mind; though they have taken a long time to get there, if you have only found that out now."

"But I don't think I am more stupid than most people, and when one is young, one can always learn."

"Do you desire a master for Italian and the guitar?"

"Not at present," she replied composedly, but her heart grew heavier as she saw no sign of responsiveness, or of sympathy on his face; only a hard, stolid fixity of expression, worse almost than laughter.

"I don't think I should ever care to perform on the guitar," she proceeded, "though I should like to know Italian well enough. But I did not come to you with any such absurd request. It was a much more serious business that brought me here. Uncle, mamma has often told me that you are rich."

"The devil she has!" broke discordantly from him.

"And if she had never said so, we have heard it from numbers of other people. And mamma has often said that when you died——" She hesitated, faltered.

He removed his pipe from his mouth, and, with gleaming eyes, and lips that had grown ominously thin, relieved her from the necessity of finishing the sentence.

"You lasses would have my money to cut capers with, eh?"

"Oh, no, no! But that, as you had no one else to leave it to—we—you, uncle, you know what I mean; and do listen to me. You quite misunderstand me. I hope you will live for years and years—for twenty years to come. Why not? And I do not want your money. I hate to think that people point us out as being your heiresses;

and when mamma talks about it, it makes me feel fit to sink into the earth with shame. But, uncle, you know—for you cannot help knowing—that mamma has not enough money for us to live upon. We can starve and pinch, and economize upon her income, but we can't have any comfort upon it, and it is terrible. We cannot speak about it to strangers—we don't wish to; but it is none the less misery that we live in. And—I am so tired of being idle, and so is Delphine: we should like to work sixteen hours a day, if we could keep ourselves by doing so. And if you would give me a hundred pounds now, uncle, you should never need to think of spending another penny upon me as long as we both live, nor of leaving me any money when you die; nor to Delphine, either. We have a proper plan. We want to work, not to waste the money. Oh, uncle, dear, you know what it has cost me to ask this. Surely you won't refuse!"

The pleading in her voice amounted to passion. She laid her hand upon his arm in the urgency of her appeal, and looked with an intensity of eagerness into his face.

Mr. Aglionby put down his pipe and rose from his chair, his face white with anger; his lips and hands trembling.

"What! you are in the plot, too, shameless girl!" he said, in a fury which, if not loud, was none the less dreadful.

Judith recoiled, her face pale, her eyes dilated, and gazed at him as if fascinated.

"Your precious mother has bequeathed her impudence and her slipperiness to you, too, eh? A bad lot, those Arkendales, every one of them. You thought to come and wheedle something solid out of me before it was too late. I know you. I know what it is to be an old man with a lot of female vultures sitting round him, waiting for him to die that they may pick him clean. It seems some of them can't even let the breath leave his body before beginning their work. But," his voice changed suddenly from raving in a broad Yorkshire dialect to the treacherously smooth tones of polite conventionality, "though I am past seventy-two years of age, my dear, I

am not a driveling idiot yet, and so you may tell your respected mother on your return. And——"

"My mother knows nothing about this," Judith said, or rather, she tried to say it. She was stunned, bewildered by the torrent of anger she had drawn upon herself, and utterly at a loss to comprehend his repeated references to some "plot," some "scheme," of which he seemed to accuse her of being cognizant.

"Bah!" he vociferated, returning to his raging anger, which appeared to have overmastered him completely. And as he spoke he hissed out his words in a way which irresistibly reminded her in the midst of her dismay of the streaming out of boiling water. And they fell, too, upon her head with the same scalding effect. She stood still, while he raged on with wild words and wilder accusations; nothing being clear in them, save that she and all belonging to her had played a part to cheat and fleece him, and to "oust the poor lad from his rights," all of which accusations were as mysterious to her as they were outrageous to her dignity. She had forgotten by now the errand on which she had come, while her mind, in painful bewilderment, sought to assign some reason for this fit of frantic anger. The accusations and the epithets he used at last roused her indignation beyond control. Raising her head, she fixed her clear eyes unblenchingly upon his face, and standing proudly upright, began in a louder, clearer voice:

"Uncle, listen to——"

"*Begone!*" he almost shouted, with a stamp of his foot, and turning upon her with eyes that scintillated with fury; "and may you never darken my doors again."

She paused a moment, for her mind refused altogether to comprehend his words. Then as some understanding of what he had said began to dawn upon her, she turned to the door, saying, in an almost toneless voice:

"Good-bye, uncle. You are not yourself. You are making a dreadful mistake. Some day you will repent it."

(*To be continued.*)

LORA.

BY PAUL PASTNOR.

FIFTH MOVEMENT.—OVER THE HILL-TOPS.

HOMEWARD as farmer Laroix through the island was driving,
In the sweet air of the morning that followed the rain-
storm,

Suddenly rose, like a vision, the years of his daughter :
Eighteen bright, beautiful summers—and this was the nine-
teenth !

Thus with the tip of his finger he counted them over,
Measured them out in the midst of his horny palm's hollow ;
Stopped in amaze, when he came to the limit of girlhood,
Holding the years in suspension, with finger uplifted !

But in the meantime the horses had come to the hill-top.
Fields with the aftermath rich, full of ruddy-backed cattle,
Lay in the valley, and climbed on the ridges around it ;
Also the pasturing sheep were like dots in the distance,
Through which the threads of the streamlets were tracing a
pattern.

"Happy is he," quoth the farmer, "who owns these broad
acres

Here in the heart of the island—a portion right princely !"
Pondering thus, he drove down the long slope to the valley.
There, on the porch of the Island House, waiting to meet
him,

Stood the young landowner : glad was his face, full of wel-
come.

"Will you not tarry?" he asked, coming out to the roadside.
"Nay," said the farmer; "I needs must get home before
noonday.

Lora will stay at the tavern, perhaps, for a fortnight.
When I return for my daughter, I'll pay you a visit,
Though 'twill be short, for I like not this chasing from
duty."

Thus as he spoke, the old man gave the rein to his horses,
Nodding good-bye, as though fain he would flee from per-
suasion.

"Stay!" cried the landowner, blushing from temple to
temple;

"I will bring Lora home gladly, when two weeks are ended,
And it will save you a journey from south-isle to north-isle ;
Also the farm and the toll-gate will not be neglected."

"Thanks for your offer," the farmer, with gratitude, an-
swered.

"Tell, then, the maid that you come in the place of her
father ;

And if she will not return, when the two weeks are finished,
Carry her off, like a child that is stubborn and willful !"
Straightway the honest old man swung his lash and departed,
Leaving the lover of Lora surprised and rejoicing
At the broad mantle of influence fallen upon him !

Seven and three of the long summer days had departed,
Like the still shadows when bird-wings go over a grain-
field.

Oliver Bascom awoke on the morn of the new day,
Counting the hours that had passed and the hours yet
remaining.

Thereupon rose in his bosom a mighty impatience ;
Also a project his heart's hammers wrought, wildly beating.
"I will ride out toward the tavern," he mused, with excite-
ment,

"Over the hill-sides that slope to its roof and surround it.
So shall I seem to be coming all day for the maiden,
Circling with sweet expectation, yet drawing no nearer !"

Slender and proud was the gelding that waited his pleasure.
Even the buckles were spotless that shone on the harness.
So he rode off, with the bright morning sunlight upon him ;
Thousands of spokes in the wheels seemed revolving and
flashing !

Laughing, the hostler returned to his post in the stable ;
For not as usual Oliver Bascom was riding,
Sturdily straight in the midst of the seat, but reclining
Low in the cushioned right corner, and leaving beside him,
Even on his heart's side, plenteous room for another !

Mid-morning high, robed in glory, the day-king was riding.
Hushed were the birds, but the insects kept piping and
droning.

On a bleak hill-top, that hung o'er the roof of the tavern,
Stood, for a moment, a steed like the steeds of Apollo.
Broadly his mane, like the beams of the sunrise, was stream-
ing,

And his proud neck was as free as the breath of the morn-
ing.

Lora beheld, from her window, the glorious picture ;
Quick were her hazel eyes shielded with fingers of nut-brown,
And her lips parted, in murmurous wonder and longing.

"Oh, if my lover might come to me over the hill-tops,
Splendidly drawn in a carriage with beautiful horses,
Bear me away, like a fluttering bird in his bosom,
Show me a fathomless future, as deep as the sky is !"
Meanwhile the spirited gelding of Oliver Bascom
Went his proud neck, and descended the hill-side with
caution ;

Soon underneath a green covert the carriage was hidden.

Lora forgot her love-dream, and bethought her of dinner ;
For 'twas the first of September, the season of shooting,
When the good hostess was wont to prepare for the sports-
men,

As was established by custom, the "open-day dinner."

Therefore the maiden groped down the steep stair to the kitchen,
Where, in the glow of the range, which her hot cheeks reflected,
Roasting and broiling the game, stood her aunt, the landlady.
"Lora," she begged, with a sigh, and a glance at the dial,
"I have forgotten the flowers for the platter of woodcock.

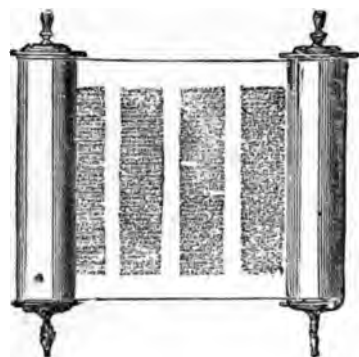
Gather some trifle, my child, from the roadside or pasture,
Anything simple and sweet, to preserve the old custom."
Gladly the generous girl took her hat from the mantel;
The faded red ribbons roared in her ears, as she tied them
Softly and happily singing, she went on her errand.
"God bless the child," prayed the matron, "and shield her from evil!"

(To be continued.)

SOME BOOK-BINDINGS.

By W. N. DOUBLEDAY.

It is not the purpose of this paper to give a history of the art of book-binding; to attempt it even would be beyond the limits of a magazine



ANCIENT MANUSCRIPT ROLL.

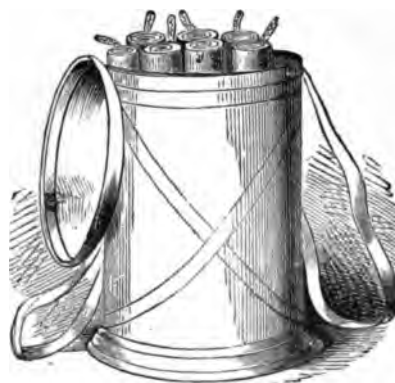
article, and intensely interesting as it is to the bibliophile, it may not to the general reader be a matter of equal concern; but rather is it the intention to speak very briefly of some of the rich old bindings which a few hundred years ago were so numerous, and of some of the binders themselves and their patrons.

We may fairly assert that the first written manuscript gave birth to binding, or some device for preserving the precious writing. The ancients wrote on papyrus more than a thousand years before Christ, and these papyrus rolls or scrolls were generally bound with a broad kind of tape or strap which served the double purpose of ornamenting and preserving; in the British Museum is a papyrus roll of this description thought to be over three thousand years old.

In Cæsar's time binding had become more of an art, and it is probable that about this time square books were substituted for scrolls; this first

kind of square binding was of the rudest form. The covers were wooden boards very possibly decorated or strengthened with metal, between which the manuscript was laid. Books were invariably kept on the side, the upper cover always the heaviest, thus keeping the manuscript of vellum, which was at this period most used, smooth and flat. We read that Cicero took much pleasure in his own books and those of two or three literary friends, and in a letter to his friend Atticus he asks that two slaves, clever binders, may be sent him. If slaves were taught how to bind, it must certainly lead us to believe that books were more common at that time than is usually supposed.

The most ancient binding in the British Museum in boards (which we may truly consider *binding*) is a copy of St. Cuthbert's gospels, written by a monk in the eighth century, who spent over



CASE CONTAINING MANUSCRIPT ROLLS.

twenty years in the execution of the task. This was intended for the Emperor Charlemagne, but we have no reason to suppose he ever received it.

This old monk, desirous of having the fruit of so many years' careful and patient labor preserved, had his manuscript strongly bound in boards covered with velvet intermixed with silver, and provided with a broad border of the same precious metal set with many gems. The book survives as one of the very few contemporary bindings, and bears witness to the monk's industry.

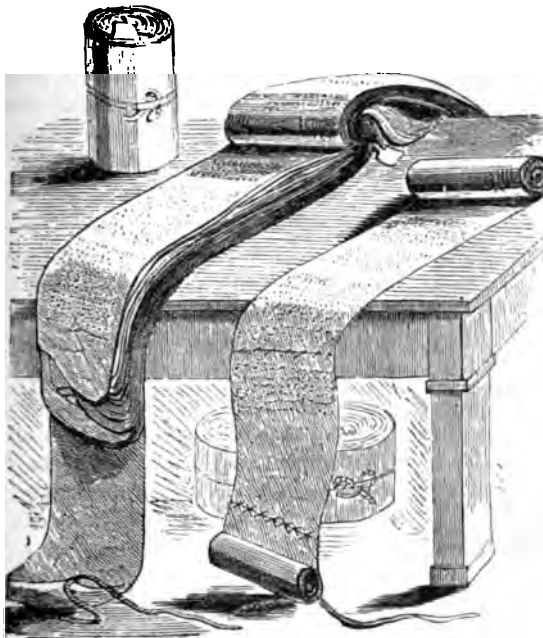
During the age of Charlemagne the art was carried on and some noteworthy progress made. The bindings of this time were massive. Heavy boards made the foundation for gold and silver ornamentation in profusion, and binding became almost the work of the goldsmith. The covers of an important book frequently received additional ornaments from each successive owner until the weight and the size of the volume became excessive. A story is told of the venerable old Florentine poet Petrarch, who, it is said, was in the habit of consulting a massively bound copy of "The Epistles of Cicero," which would often fall from the reading desk; but Petrarch, unmindful

of museums of Florence, bound in wood with edges and clasps of copper.

The monks of early time did most of the binding, besides transcribing the manuscript, and sums



ANCIENT SQUARE BOOKS AND PENS.



MANUSCRIPT ROLLS.

of the danger, continued his studies until one unlucky day the book fell upon his leg, injuring him so seriously that amputation was threatened. The huge volume is still preserved in one of the

of money or estates were left especially to support and maintain the *Scriptorium*, a room reserved in the monastery for writing and binding. The earliest binder whose name we know was an Irish monk, Dagærus, of about the sixth century; he was also a clever scribe. Had he not been a monk, he would have been confined to one of these arts, the law being—except in the case of monks who were allowed particular liberties—that each man should practice his trade or profession, and only that; thus a writer was obliged to be a writer only, a binder a binder only, neither being allowed to encroach on the goldsmith's art, though all were employed in producing a book. Another Irish monk, Ultan, of a little later period, we know of; he was recommended as a good binder to Egbert, in a letter written by Bishop Ethelwolf. These two Irishmen, Dagærus and Ultan, besides a monk of the eighth century, named Bilfred, were foremost among the celebrated binders of ancient manuscripts.

Most of these books being so immensely valuable, both for the manuscript and often jeweled bindings, were chained to the bench or desk for better security against thieves. Whole libraries were frequently chained in this way. In speaking of the many beautiful bindings which have been lost, M. Libri, the famous French bibliophile, in his excellent book, "Monuments Inédits," one of the few good works devoted to this subject, says: "At present the number of ancient bindings known is very small, and it is extremely

rare to find even these on the manuscripts they were originally destined to cover, for the different causes of destruction and deterioration have not always acted in the same manner on the exterior and the interior of the volume; often ornaments too rich on the outside have brought misfortune

scripts, after taking off the rich bindings, which alone excited their cupidity. Of the manuscripts anterior to the twelfth century which have come down to us, only a very few remain in their primitive bindings. Sometimes the ancient coverings perished from the effects of age; some-

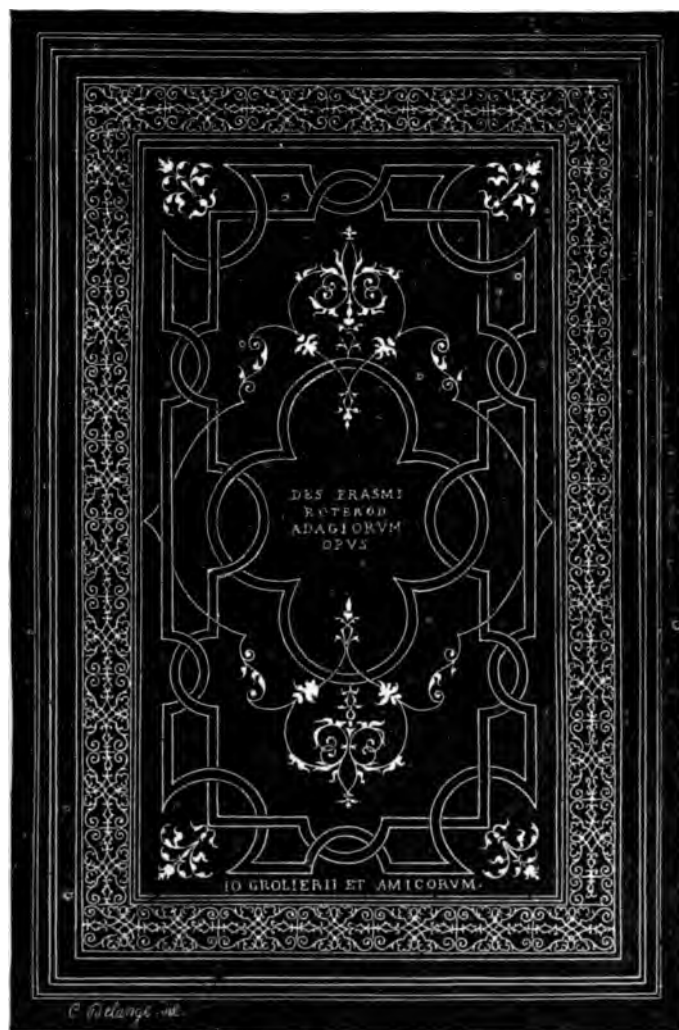
times they were destroyed for the sake of the precious metals of which they were composed; sometimes it is the manuscript which is lost, while the ancient cover that embellished it has been transferred to another book, or has been preserved as an object of art and on account of the perfection of the workmanship." True it is that very few of the bindings embellished with precious metals or jewels remain, notwithstanding the care taken to secure the cherished volumes with chains.

Slowly, under the guiding care of monks and wealthy patrons, the art made progress, though almost imperceptible; the painfully tedious work of transcribing limited this advancement, so few manuscripts were produced; the enormous cumbersome bindings answered every purpose, and no need was felt for different ones.

With the invention of printing came a revolution in the art, and a new period in its history was commenced. As books multiplied they became of less money value. Gradually the heavy and cumbrous boards, massive clasps, and metal carvings were laid aside to give place to bindings of prepared leather, silk, or velvet on light boards; rich materials were now used, combining strength, beauty, and compactness. The demand was for books that could be used; ladies of

rank and taste interested themselves in literature, and the demand arose for volumes pleasant to the eye and the touch, and such as could be easily handled and carried about.

At the time of the renaissance in France, when, as M. Libri says, "the perception developed itself



THE "ADAGIA" OF ERASMUS.
(An example of Grolier's binding.)

to the book they were intended to embellish. For example, it is well known that, having seized the magnificent library of Matthias Corvinus (King of Hungary, crowned 1404, and one of the most enlightened men of his age), the Turkish soldiers threw away as useless the most precious manu-

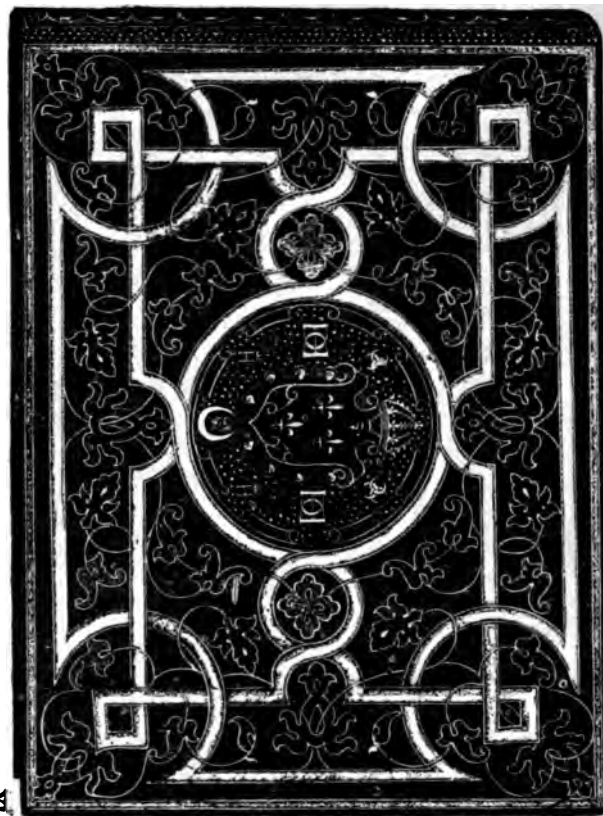
with such force that the eye seemed unable to endure the sight of objects which had not been embellished by the hand of the artist; when even the slippers of the luxurious became true objects of art, and when at banquets hardly a pastry appeared which had not been modeled by a sculptor, assuredly the binding of books would not have been neglected." So this age saw great changes and improvements in the art. Nowhere were the heavy bindings continued except by monks, who seemed to be thoroughly wedded to their enormous volumes and loth to give them up.

The figure most prominent in the history of book-binding at this time was Jaen Grolier, though we should mention Michael and Thomas Maioli, who were great collectors even before Grolier's time; and volumes from the Maioli Library are among the highest-prized treasures of the bibliophile.

Jaen Grolier, the founder of the French school of ornamental binding, was born at Lyons, 1479. He belonged to a noble family. Under his king, Francis I., he became war governor of Milan. Having wealth, he made the collecting of fine books and bindings the favorite pursuit of his life, and collected one of the most superb libraries that ever existed. He went to Italy in search of better printers, though even then France had many good printers. He employed also many Italian binders who had gained some reputation in their native land; these workmen he brought to France, and, with some skilled Frenchmen, also of his own selection, set them to work under his own supervision in the production of bindings which have made the name of Grolier a famous one in the arts. The materials he used were of the very best; his leather the finest morocco from the Levant, his paper and vellum the finest and most carefully prepared. His style was chaste and elegant, the tooling often elaborate, but always in good taste. De Thou, a collector and lover of fine bindings, says of Grolier's volumes, "his books partook of the elegance and polish of their owner." The interior was not inferior to the coverings of his books, most of them being printed by the celebrated Aldus of Venice, an intimate friend of Grolier's in early life. Aldus, the greatest

printer of his time, and Grolier, the most famous patron of the art of book-binding, are thus closely associated. Grolier's motto, the words of the Psalmist, was generally placed on the bindings—

"PORTIO MEA DO
MINE SIT IN
TERRA VI
VENTI
VM."



BINDING FROM THE LIBRARY OF DIANA OF POITIERS.
(Showing arms and monograms.)

and also generally this charming inscription, either stamped on the binding or written on a fly-leaf with his own hand, "*Joanni Grolierii et Amicorum*," to the effect that his books were for himself and his friends, an inscription that is not often seen on a modern book-lover's volumes. He died an old man in 1565. Many contemporary works were dedicated to him by both Italian and French authors; so generally was he beloved, that we are told even the most severe critics of his time had naught but praise to offer Grolier.

The interest awakened by Grolier's magnificent bindings grew into a passion in France; none were too noble to turn their attention to collecting and decorating books. Kings and princes, popes and cardinals, bishops and monks followed the

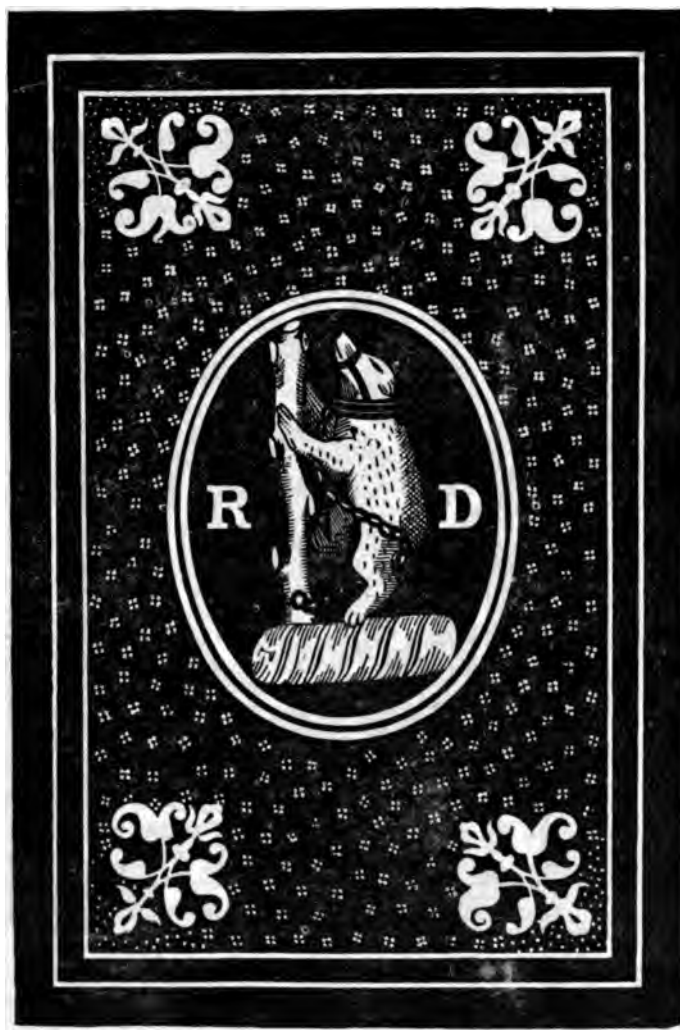
furnish patterns for her books. Le Petit Bernard, an artist of no little reputation, she engaged to superintend her binding. Everything was done to make her collection most perfect. Her favorite symbol, the bow and crescent, were placed on most

of her books, and on many are found her initial D, interlaced with the H of her royal lover, surmounted by a crown, and ornamented with *fleurs-de-lis*. A most beautiful library she had at the *château* of Anet. At her death, the treasures it contained being unknown, the owner (Princesse de Condé) announced in 1723 that the contents would be sold at auction. Some connoisseurs seeing catalogues of the books, recognized their value and eagerly bought them at prices much below their actual worth.

Another noted collector was Jean Baptiste Colbert, the Minister to Louis XIV. of France, and a statesman of great eminence and fame. By his influence engraving, which until then had always been a mechanical trade, became an art. To his kindly encouragement two of the greatest portrait engravers that ever lived, Edelinck and Nanteuil, owe much of their success: his energy was untiring in the interest of all branches of art. With characteristic care for the development of artistic bindings, we find him stipulating in a treaty with Morocco for a certain quantity of fine leather to be used by the French binders. He delighted in obtaining fine books; he had also a fine collection of rare manuscripts. His library was very complete, and included books from all parts of Europe where France had consular agents. As may be

imagined, his bindings were sumptuous. The best materials were used and the most exquisite workmanship was employed. They generally bore his initial C engraved and ornamented.

At this time the art of book-binding was in France in the most prosperous condition. Of the binders themselves we know little, as they were seldom allowed to put their names on their work;



SPECIMEN FROM THE COLLECTION OF ROBERT DUDLEY, EARL OF LEICESTER.
(Now in the British Museum.)

fashion; each had his special binders and mottos, or arms, which he had engraved on his volumes.

Diana of Poitiers, that famous beauty, who had captivated Henry II. so completely, possessed some most superbly bound books, and was a zealous collector. She employed her own binders, selected her own designs; some of the most celebrated artists were pressed into her service to

many of those who were known have now almost lost their personality, their reputations having become merged in the fame of their patron under whose charge they worked. But the names of Jean Petit, Vêrard, Le Gascon, and Pigorreau among the French binders will never be forgotten by book collectors. In Germany binders oftener placed their names upon books; and they were by no means inactive when so much magnificent work was being done in France. Some beautiful bindings of this time still remain; one of these is a copy of the Laws of Nuremberg, bound, by the order of Maximilian, in leather, with gold and silver ornaments. Charles V. possessed some fine books, and we read of a prayer-book bound for him most elegantly, which is still preserved in excellent condition. One is inclined to think had this famous old king preserved his prayer-book less carefully, and read it more earnestly, his subjects might have suffered less. Many members of royal and noble families owned fine books and employed binders; but at no time did the art become such a passion as in France.

In England book-binding was rather backward; the Englishmen seemed to have caught none of the French enthusiasm. It was not until the later part of Edward IV.'s reign that the art awakened much interest.

Soon the French patterns and styles were introduced; taste for fine bindings increased; the higher classes we find beginning to make collections of books imported from France, and binding up sheets from their own presses; fine covers for books became the fashion. Many noble ladies occupied much time in embroidering covers for their volumes. A volume is still extant, the cover of which was embroidered by Queen Elizabeth; and the British Museum has a book, "The Gospels of an Evangelist," bearing her royal arms, presented her "by a subject." It was printed and

bound by John Daye, 1571, and is one of the few books which can be traced as having belonged to her. Her favorite, Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, made a good collection of books. The bindings were not elaborate, and all bore his device, the "bear and the rugged staff."

The books once owned by Mary, Queen of Scots, which are by no means numerous, are almost all bound simply and in black, a sign of her mourning and imprisonment. The St. Petersburg Library contains one of the most valuable books that belonged to her, a "Book of Hours," bound in red leather with platina ornaments, and with clasps of the same metal garnished with precious stones. Mr. J. T. Gibson-Craig, of Edinburgh, has also an original Scotch binding from her collection, "Cronique de Savoye," a brown calf folio, tooled very beautifully with silver, bearing the Scottish arms and the initial M. The same collector has a volume with the name and arms of the fierce Earl of Bothwell, the third husband of Mary.

With the beginning of the eighteenth century England takes the leading place in the execution of the most noteworthy bindings, and the person most closely identified with this prominence is Roger Paine, a man of much ability and of the most eccentric character.

He was born in Windsor Forest, and learned to bind under Pote, the binder to Eaton College; he did all his work himself, employing no help even when his bindings became known and much work was pressed upon him. His bills were most remarkable documents; here is one in which he takes one into his confidence in the most extraordinary way:

"AESCHVLVS GLASQVÆ MDCCXCIV.

"Bound in very best manner, sew'd with strong Silk every Sheet round every Band, not false bands; the Back lined with Russia Leather but



THE BOOK-BINDER, BY JOST AMMON.

exceedingly large, Finished in the most magnificent manner. Emborder'd with ERMIN expressive of the Highest Rank of the Noble Patroness of the Designs. The other parts finished in the most Elegant Taste with small Tool Gold Borders, Studded with Gold; and small Tool *Pains* of the most exact Work, Measured with the Compasses. It takes a great deal of Time making out the different measurements, preparing the Tools, and making out new patterns. The Back finished in Compartments with parts of Gold Studded work and open Work to relieve the Rich close studded Work. All the Tools except the studded points are obliged to be worked off plain first, and afterward the gold laid on and worked off again. And this Gold Work requires double Gold, being on Rough Grained Morocco. The impressions of the Tools must be fitted and cover'd at the bottom with gold to prevent flaws and cracks."

His work was "very carefully and honestly done," as he tells us. The toolings were most beautiful, often odd and quaint, his ornaments original and clever, his bindings altogether more excellent than any English binder before him—and we are almost tempted to say any binders since—ever produced.

The chief characteristic of Paine, as well as his superiority, is to be found in his happy choice of designs, which were always peculiarly appropriate to the book upon which he was at work. In another bill we see how carefully he attended to this matter:

"Vasierii Prædium Rusticum I angus MDCCL-XXIV. Bound in the very best manner, in the finest Green Morocco, the Back Lined with Red Morocco.

"Fine Drawing paper and very neat morrocco joints inside.

"There was a few leaves stained at the foredge which is washed and cleaned, o. o. 6.

"The subject of the book being Rusticum, I have ventured to putt the Vine Wreath on it. I hope I have not bound it in too rich a manner for the book. It takes up a great deal of time to do these Vine Wreaths. I guess within Time I am certain of measuring and working the different and various small Tools required to fill up the Vine Wreath that it takes very near 3 days Work in finishing the two sides only of the Book. But I wish to do my best for the Work—and at the same time I cannot expect to charge a full and proper price for the work, and hope that the price will not only be found reasonable but cheap, o: 18: o."

His prices were certainly very low. Perhaps this is one of the causes of his extreme poverty; but the direct cause of all his troubles was his most dissolute habits, which unfitted him for his work and weakened his character most lamentably. He was an habitual drunkard, never sober, it is said, when in funds. He died on the 20th of November, 1797, wretchedly poor, and was buried at the expense of Thomas Paine, the bookseller. So ended the career of the father of English book-binding.

Many excellent binders have followed the art since Paine's day and most beautiful work has been done; but the quaint and characteristic designs of Paine will hold their own and win new admiration until many more generations of binders have passed away.

THE WIFE AT HAVRE.

BY OSCAR FAY ADAMS.

ON the high road between Lillebonne and Caudebec there are not many passengers on a certain August afternoon, and Catharine Deschamps, who has been standing for some time in the shade of a tree at the top of the hill overlooking Caudebec, grows rather tired of waiting there in hopes of seeing a cart which will take her into the town.

"I might better have walked on by myself but for these old knees of mine, that must shake and tremble when I go downhill," she says to herself.

It is one of the loveliest views in Normandy that is to be seen from the spot where Mother Deschamps is standing. The hill slopes sharply away from before her, and on the other side of the wide valley rises a densely wooded ridge, that

forms an excellent background for the gables of Caudebec, with the noble spire of the church of Notre Dame towering above them all. Through the valley runs the pretty little river of Saint Gertrude, willow-shaded much of the way, and having near its banks, a few miles above Caudebec, a little church with a white tower and slender gray spire outlined against the trees behind, and clustered about it the few houses of the village of Saint Gertrude. In front of Caudebec sweeps the Seine in a long ellipse, curving on the right so as to face Villequier, and seemingly hemmed in on the left by the sombre hills of the Maulévrier forest, which bend around toward the village of Saint Wandrille. On the opposite side of the Seine the banks are low and poplar-fringed, and the villages of Saint Nicholas and Vatteville can be seen among the poplars and osiers.

Mother Deschamps has watched the *bac*, or ferry-boat, cross the river twice since she has been waiting on the hill, and she is getting decidedly impatient. What is it to her that the river has an exquisite curve, or that the valley of Saint Gertrude is a lovely one and that many strangers come to see it? She has seen this valley all her life, and she is none the better for it, she thinks. A fine view is well enough, but what she most desires just now is to get home.

Catharine Deschamps is an odd-looking, little old woman, yet not so very little either, you will think, when you see how broad she is. She has on a much-faded, dark gray-green gown and short black jacket, while on her head is a close cap with a dimity border, having its ends fastened over the forehead by a pin. Her gown is so short that you can see beneath it her black stockings and dusty wooden shoes. Her face is brown and much wrinkled, and it does not wear a pleasant expression at present, if indeed it ever does. Truly, as she stands there, a dingy, dusty, faded object in the bright sunshine, Mother Deschamps is not fair to look upon.

Just now she is gazing eagerly up the road toward Lillebonne at the cloud of dust in the distance. It is Camille Gailliard's cart that is coming, and as it gets nearer she can recognize Camille himself perched upon a load of melons which he is taking to Caudebec. He sees her, too, and knows that she will beckon to him, and wishes that he could drive very fast past her in order to escape her company. He tries to urge

his horse¹ on at a greater speed, but the animal, a quiet and respectable beast, has no notion of hurrying himself, and downhill too! Verily, his master must be crazy to think of such a thing.

"Camille," calls Mother Deschamps, when the cart is close by, "hast thou room for an old woman beside thee on thy load there?"

"But yes, my mother," says Camille rather ungraciously, for he does not like Catharine Deschamps, "there is room if thou canst climb up here."

So the cart stops, and with much groaning and grumbling the old woman manages to seat herself beside Camille, and then on they go toward Caudebec.

"I shall be glad to get home again," observes Catharine as they go downhill, "for thou must know, Camille, that I have been for two whole months at Lillebonne." She pauses here, but her companion says nothing, and she continues, "Yes, I have been there two whole months with my sister who has been ill, but now it is she that is quite well once more, and I am going home."

"Thou hast not heard the news at Caudebec, then, it is likely," remarks Camille.

Mother Deschamps turns quickly to her companion.

"What news, Camille, *mon ami*?"

"Jacques Relay and Marie Estouteville are to be married, if thou must know," answers the other, holding back his horse where the road is quite steep, and thereby much annoying that respectable animal, which feels quite able to take care of himself and the cart as well.

Madame Deschamps frowns at this intelligence.

"Art thou not jesting, my good Camille?" she asks.

"But no, Mother Deschamps; it was Jacques Relay who told me himself last week, and I am sure I wish him joy, for Marie Estouteville is as good as girl as is any in Caudebec," says Camille decidedly.

But Catharine does not wish joy to Jacques Relay or to Marie Estouteville, either. Why should she? Is not Jacques Relay the son of her old enemy, Baptiste Relay, and did not Jacques as a boy, ten years ago, delight to play off all manner of pranks upon her. Catharine Deschamps has never forgotten or forgiven one of his tricks, though they have gone from his memory long since, and she has always meant, if

time should serve, to find out some revenge. The resolve has been slumbering in her mind for years, and is now waked into active life by this announcement of Camille's. Jacques Relay shall not marry Marie Estouteville if she can help it, and she sets her lips firmly together.

"How ugly she is," thinks Camille, watching her. Camille himself is a young and moderately good-looking Norman farmer, and in his light-blue blouse presents a pleasant contrast to his dusty, faded companion.

"Ah! but it is she that is ugly to look at," he says again to himself, for her lips are still tightly closed, and her brow wears a fierce scowl.

Not much more is said by either, and by and by the cart rumbles into Caudebec. Camille is going no farther than the quay by the river, so Catharine gets out of the cart there and goes on through the arched avenue of trees by herself. She walks slowly, for her limbs are cramped after sitting so long in the cart, and, turning a corner or two, enters the Grande Rue, and from thence the Rue de la Boucherie, where she lives.

It is not a wide street, but for all that there is room not only for the roadway, but also for the river of Saint Gertrude, which runs through its entire length. The houses in the Rue de la Boucherie are tall and darkly timbered, and on one side they jut over the river into which it seems as if they must one day fall. Boxes of nasturtiums at many of the windows brighten up the old house-fronts, and their gay blossoms are reflected in the water below. The upper stories of the houses opposite project, in many instances, far out across the street, and rest on stone pillars at the edge of the pavement. It is in one of these curious houses that Madame Deschamps lives with her brother Paul, the clockmaker.

The Deschamps are not poor people by any means, and Catharine Deschamps could easily have afforded to ride in the diligence from Lillebonne to Caudebec if she had been so minded. But she is thrifty and saving,—as who in Normandy is not?—and it suited better with her disposition to walk the distance, only, as we have seen, she was not averse to riding a part of the way if it would cost her nothing.

Paul Deschamps looks up from his work as his sister enters the house. He is as tall and thin as she is stout and broad; but he has an intelligent face, and might have been more than good-look-

ing forty years ago. His sister's is, however, the stronger mind of the two, and it is quite evident from his shuffling, indeterminate manner that hers is the ruling spirit in the household, and that he himself is not the possessor of any great amount of self-assertion or strength of character. Yet his sister's manner to him is not unkindly, and her greeting is not wanting in affection.

"Ah! Paul, my brother, it is indeed I that am glad to see thee this day," she says as she kisses him, and after the greeting is returned the two find much to say concerning the sister at Lillebonne and her illness, Catharine's absence from home, and various matters appertaining. Or rather, it is Catharine who finds much to say, for Paul does not shine in conversation, and he is best satisfied to go on with his work and listen.

"Jacques Relay and Marie Estouteville are to be married, I hear," observes madame after a time.

"But yes, *ma soeur*, so they are saying in Caudebec," answers Paul. "It will be a good thing," he adds.

"Humph!" growls Madame Deschamps, "there are two minds to that, and I am not so sure that it is good to marry. What did I gain by marrying Simon Deschamps? Answer me that, my brother," she says a little fiercely.

Paul might have reminded his sister that besides the doubtful blessing of a husband she became the mistress of a good home, which, with a considerable sum of money besides, became hers solely on the death of Simon Deschamps twenty-eight years ago. He says nothing of all this, however, and only murmurs indistinctly, as is his way when Catharine, his sister, becomes emphatic.

The mother of Marie Estouteville is the first cousin of Catharine Deschamps, and it is to the house of her cousin that Mother Deschamps betakes herself on the morning after her return from Lillebonne. It is nearly a mile from the Rue de la Boucherie to the house of Madame Estouteville, which is on the road to Yvetôt, and by the time the Deschamps has reached her destination she is red and glowing, for the day is hot and the walk a hard one.

It is greatly to be feared that the mother of Marie does not altogether admire her Cousin Deschamps, but she is very civil to her nevertheless, for is not Catharine Deschamps a wealthy woman, who can do as she pleases with her

money? And to whom, besides her brother, should she leave it, save to her cousins, the Estoutevilles? Indeed, it is possible that on the occasion of this wedding something valuable may be forthcoming from the cousin in the Rue de la Boucherie. For these and kindred reasons, therefore, is Marthé Estouteville full of delicate consideration for her Cousin Deschamps. The latter sees quite through the nature of Marthé's regard for her, and smiles to herself at the thought of her own cleverness, but is not displeased at the result of her perceptions. The Lillebonne sister is as well-off as she, and why, then, should she not leave her money to Paul and the Estoutevilles if she chooses. Knowing so well her own intentions, it will be pleasant to keep this cousin of hers in suspense as to her actual purpose.

Madame Estouteville suspects that Catharine has come to inquire about the wedding, but she herself is not just ready to speak of that, and it is not until her visitor puts a direct question, that cannot be evaded, that she mentions the subject.

"What is this I hear, Marthé?" inquires Catharine. "Thy Marie to be married? Truly, *ma cousine*, I am surprised!" And Madame Catharine scowls.

Marthé knows that scowl well, and inwardly trembles just a little, but she endeavors to assume a careless, unconcerned air, as if the marriage were quite an ordinary matter, as she replies to the words of her cousin:

"But yes, Catharine, it is true; and to Jacques Relay as well. What would you? Marie is nineteen this month, and it is fully time for her to be married. Art thou not of my mind, my cousin?" she concludes.

But Madame Deschamps is not going to say just yet what she thinks, and she merely asks when the wedding is to be.

"In September," is the answer. "The day is not yet named, but possibly St. Matthew's Day."

"Will Jacques make a good husband for thy Marie, thinkest thou, Marthé?" says the Deschamps.

"*Mon Dieu!* and why not?" returns the other, alarmed at the possible suggestion conveyed.

"Truly, why not? But then there are stories that I have heard of Jacques——" And the speaker pauses.

It is a very suggestive pause, and Madame Estouteville well remembers now that Jacques Relay

is a neighbor of her cousin. It would not be surprising, then, if the latter should know more of him than she does. She moves uneasily in her chair as she thinks of this.

"What stories, *ma cousine*?" she asks.

"Stories that are not for thee to hear, since Jacques is to marry thy Marie. But it is thy affair, the marriage of thy daughter, and may be it is not for me to tell all that I have heard." And Catharine gathers herself up as if to go.

"It is thou that *must* tell me, Cousin Deschamps," replies Marthé. "Ought not I to know all about the husband of my Marie; I, her mother? Tell me, Catharine, knowest thou any reason why they shall not marry?" And the mother's face is pale.

"Thou wilt have the truth, then?" queries the Deschamps, rolling her black eyes and scowling fiercely.

"But yes, *ma cousine*; I must have the truth. Make haste, I say to thee?"

"Well, then, Marthé, since thou must know, listen thou to me," and dropping her voice to an impressive whisper, she says, "Jacques Relay has already a wife and a child at Havre?"

Now all this is sheer falsehood, as the Deschamps knows quite well, but she tells it without the least hesitation. Mother Deschamps has practiced too many deceits and told too many lies in her long life to have any compunctions at this late day.

"*Mon Dieu!*" screams Marthé, overcome at this announcement. "And how dost thou know this of Jacques?" And the hand trembles that she lays involuntarily on her cousin's sleeve.

"Thou knowest, Marthé, that I have been in Lillebonne these two months, at the house of my sister?"

The other nods assent.

"Well," continues Madame Deschamps, "it was while there that I was one day speaking of my neighbors in Caudebec to my sister, and, among others, I spoke of Jacques Relay. Annette Bouchard, a cousin of my sister's husband, was by, having come from Havre, where she lives, the day before. She looked up from her sewing when I repeated the name of Jacques Relay, and I, remembering that he was much at Havre a year or two ago, asked carelessly if she knew him. 'But yes, Madame Deschamps,' she answers me. 'I knew him well, for he married a friend of mine

and then left her with one child to take care of herself.' 'But there might be many a Jacques Relay,' I say to her, 'and the one I know is handsome, and is well spoken of in Caudebec.' 'It is the same,' is her reply to me; 'for he who married my friend was tall and handsome, and from Caudebec.' This, *ma cousine*, is what Annette Bouchard told me at the house of my sister, in Lillebonne, and Annette is, I assure thee, one that is to be believed. So what thinkest thou now of Jacques Relay as a husband for thy Marie?' concludes Madame Deschamps, watching closely the face of her listener.

"Jacques Relay can never be the husband of my Marie, that is very plain, for how can he, since, as thou sayest, he is married already? He shall never have speech with her again," adds Marthé Estouteville, with sad emphasis.

The scowl vanishes from off the face of Catharine. She is pleased at the success of her plan to defeat the hopes of Jacques, and she rubs her fat forefingers together with delight; but Marthé does not observe what she is doing. She is thinking only of the unconscious Marie, and of the sorrow that is coming so soon upon her.

"Thou knowest," says the Deschamps, after a time, "that this is not a matter concerning which it is needful for thy Marie to know all. Thou needest only to tell her that Jacques, thou hast learnt, is not a fit husband for her, and that she is not to see him again. She is thy daughter, and it is for her to obey thee."

"But yes, Catharine, that is what I shall say to my Marie; but it is I that am sad this day, because of the trouble that she must bear."

"Ah, yes! it is hard for thy Marie, thy poor Marie," sighs the hypocritical Deschamps; "but listen thou to me. Some day will she forget all this and be thinking of some one else. What would you, my cousin? Such things have been, and thy Marie is not unlike other girls. This, then, will I say to thee: If Marie marries to please me, I will do for her as if for a daughter of my own."

"It is well, then, Cousin Deschamps," returns Marthé, "and it is thou that art very good to my Marie, since it is but a small *dot* that I can give her when she is married."

"Why should not I do well by Marie Estouteville," remarks Catharine, rising once more to go. "Is she not of my own flesh and blood, and have I not always been good to her?"

"Yes, yes, thou hast, it is but true," assents Marthé, deeming it wisest to forget certain times when the Deschamps has not been so affectionate in her demeanor toward Marie as could have been desired.

Madame Deschamps has finished her errand now, and there is no occasion to do more than to caution her cousin again not to repeat the substance of what she has heard of Jacques to Marie or any one else, and so she takes her leave and goes homeward; while Marthé, with a heavy heart, for she is very fond of this daughter of hers, prepares herself for the task of telling Marie what is now to be done.

On goes Catharine Deschamps, feeling that she has accomplished a good morning's work, and on her way stops to say her prayers in the church of Notre Dame. So good-humored is she just now that, meeting Jacques Relay himself, coming out of the church, she pauses to bid him a cheerful good-morning. He returns it, saying to himself the while: "Ah! but thou art of an ugliness, Mother Deschamps, with thy eyes like gimlets, and thy great wrinkles, to which there is nothing in all Caudebec to be compared."

Just around the east end is a picturesque assemblage of gables and tiled roofs covered with vine sprays, having here and there a window gay with nasturtiums or scarlet geraniums, while on every projection, where there is room for its pink feet to rest, is a snowy, gently-cooing pigeon. When her prayers in the church are over, and they are not of wearisome length, Mother Deschamps stops to chat with an acquaintance who lives in one of those tumble-down, gray-green houses of dark oak, and so her morning fills itself out satisfactorily to herself.

Jacques Relay, going that evening in the best of humors to the Estoutevilles, finds the mother of Marie at the door resolute in her determination that he shall not see her daughter again.

"*Mon Dieu!*" exclaims Jacques, in simple wonderment at this sudden announcement. "Surely, Madame Estouteville, but thou art beside thyself. What dost thou mean by saying I am not to see my Marie again?" And the young fellow's voice quivers.

"She is not *thy* Marie, Jacques Relay; she will never be thy Marie. She is not for such as thou art, and that thou must know full well?"

"But it is I that *must* see her. Is she not my

promised wife, and wilt thou keep her from me?" exclaims the young man passionately.

"She will never be thy wife, Monsieur Relay," replies the other coldly. "Have done with thy impatience and listen thou to me. I am her mother, and have I not spoken? She will have nothing more to do with thee." And then the door closes in the face of the wondering and loudly-protesting Jacques.

"What can all this mean?" thinks Relay to himself sorrowfully, as he walks away, feeling as if he could throw himself into the Seine. "Is it that the mother of my Marie has lost her mind?" he questions, half aloud, but he can think of no cause sufficient to account for Madame Estouteville's sudden resolution.

Great is the surprise of all Caudebec when it hears that the much-talked-of marriage will not take place, and many are the comments on the affair.

"Of what can Madame Estouteville be thinking," says one Cauchois woman to another, as they meet at market and discuss the news. "Does she think that husbands for her Marie are as plentiful as—radishes?" she continues, seizing a comparison, as it were, from the pile of vegetables before her. "She could not have found a much better husband than Jacques Relay would make, and indeed there are few that would have taken Marie Estouteville to wife with so small a *dot* as she has, when there are others with more money that they might have."

"True, thou art right," observes the other woman; "but perhaps Catharine Deschamps would have given her something."

"It is likely," says the first speaker; "but now thou speakest of her, it is I that fear Mother Deschamps is at the bottom of all the mischief."

"Hush thou, *ma chère amie*," cautions her companion; "seest thou not that Catharine Deschamps is just before us?" And the gossip ceases for the time, to be resumed when the object of it has passed from hearing.

Very slowly the days go by, and August becomes September, and yet Jacques has had no word with Marie, whose mother has been laboring to convince her that Jacques is not worthy of her love. Marthé has had only partial success, for, since she may not mention any special crime that Jacques has committed, she can only say vaguely that she has heard that he is a bad man, and

therefore not the person for her daughter to marry. Marie, listening to her mother, inwardly believes that mother to be mistaken; but though she is too good a daughter to disobey her parent and see her lover against her mother's will, she does not give up praying to the Virgin for him, and that all may be right at last. But it is a weary time, and what with anxiety and sleepless nights, Marie loses the fresh color from her cheeks and grows thin and pale.

Half-way between Caudebec and Villequier, beside the Seine, is the Calvary and chapel of Barre-y-va, to which, according to a very ancient custom in Caudebec, every newly-married pair must go on their wedding day. Unknown to her mother, Marie goes twice to this little shrine to offer a prayer for herself and Jacques, and each time leaves an offering behind her. She fancies that the Christ on the tall Calvary looks down pityingly at her as she kneels there.

Her daughter's evident sorrow and her altered looks go to the mother's heart; but she does not relax in the least her determination concerning Jacques, and Catharine Deschamps is happy. She pays frequent visits now to the house of her cousin on the Yvetôt road, and seldom leaves there without contriving to deepen in Marthé's mind the conviction of Jacques's unworthiness. She is very kind to Marie at this time, and the girl, who has never before liked her much, begins to soften in her feelings toward this hitherto disagreeable old woman who is so good to her now in the days of her trouble. Verily, Mother Deschamps is one who knows what to do at all times.

"Surely," thinks the Deschamps, "all is going well, and Jacques Relay may seek elsewhere for a wife, since it is I that have spoiled his hopes of Marie Estouteville," and the lines which malice and hatred have graven among the wrinkles of old age on her brown face grow deeper.

The September days go by as drearily to Jacques and Marie as the August ones, but to the rest of Caudebec the time seems much as usual, and to Madame Deschamps we know that it is a period of rejoicing.

The moon of September comes at last to its full, and the Cauchois are making ready for the approach of the *mascaret* or *flot*, as they call the *barre* of the Seine, for certain elderly men have predicted that the water will be higher this year than usual. All easily movable articles are

carried off from the long quay and from the double-arched gallery of trees along it, and the small boats are drawn high up out of reach of any possible danger. It is about half-past seven one Friday morning when Paul and Catharine Deschamps walk down the quay to watch the coming of the *mascaret*. All Caudebec is out-of-doors, likewise, for, though the *mascaret* happens twice a year, at the time of the equinoxes, they are never weary of seeing it. This Friday is the third of the four days when it is highest, and the sight on this third day is always considered the grandest by the Cauchois.

Madame Deschamps chooses a position in front of the avenue, or gallery of trees, as it might be called, and a little nearer the water than many others. Jacques Relay, who is not far off, calls to her that she is not in a safe place, for the wave is sure to be very high. This cautionary advice is quite enough for the Deschamps. She would not go back a step now; no, not she. Has she not seen the *mascaret* every year of her life, and does she need Jacques Relay to come and tell her what she must do? She says nothing, however, but remains in the same position on the quay and just in front of a heap of large stones left there for mending the wall at some future time. Others are nearer the river than she, but there is no one very near her and the heap of stones.

The river just now is not roughened by even the faintest ripple, and nothing seems less likely to be disturbed than its broad, placid surface. All at once down the river below Villequier and the hill above crowned by the lofty Château de Villequier there glistens a spot of foam in mid-stream, and then the waters gather themselves up along the whole width of the river and rush on, past the village of Villequier and the high, wooded hills about it, past the Calvary at Barre-y-va and the sloping, poplar-fringed meadows near by, and still on around the long curve and past La Maison Blanche toward Caudebec. On comes the great wall of water, nearly seven feet high, sending showers of stones and spray far inland on each side and closely followed by two or three small waves.

As the great wave nears the quay, a half-dozen people who are in exposed positions hastily retire farther in shore, and Mother Deschamps, attempting to follow their example, finds her way impeded by the heap of stones. Somewhat disconcerted at

meeting with this hindrance, she stops a moment to consider, and at the same moment the first great wave goes roaring by. It misses her by a foot or two, but a succeeding one reaches after her and sweeps her stout figure unceremoniously away. The roaring of the torrent drowns her screams of terror, but not the shout of horror which goes up from the crowd on the shore.

"*Mon Dieu!*" says one old neighbor of the Deschamps, "it is Catharine Deschamps that will this day be drowned before our eyes, and no one was ever carried away before by the *mascaret* since I can remember."

But poor Catharine Deschamps is not going to be drowned if the stout arms of Jacques Relay can save her. Almost as soon as the wave has carried her off has he dragged a boat down to the river, and in a moment more is in it and urging it rapidly with all the strength he possesses toward the spot where the old woman's arms were last seen wildly tossing above the waves. It seems impossible that a boat can be guided over the madly-heaving waters which the *mascaret* has left in its wake, and as if he, too, would be lost in the raging foam; but somehow he manages to keep the boat from overturning, and at last reaches Madame Deschamps, who is just going down. While the river is still like a furious, stormy sea, he cannot, of course, lift her into the boat, and can only, by supporting her firmly in the grasp of one hand, keep her from sinking, while with the other he endeavors to prevent the upsetting of the boat. As soon as the waters begin to subside, he draws the now unconscious old woman into the boat, and turns toward the Caudebec shore. The tumult of the waves is of short duration, and before the shore is reached, the foam and the fury have alike gone down, and the broad Seine is once more quiet and peaceful and gentle as at first.

Although it is pleasant, when the Deschamps regains her consciousness, to find herself alive and not very much the worse for the encounter with the *mascaret*, it is not such an agreeable discovery for her to find that she is indebted to Jacques Relay for the preservation of her life. Malicious old woman that she is, however, she is not without some sense of gratitude toward the young man who has so courageously risked his life for hers, and she thanks him earnestly and sincerely.

"But it is thou that art a brave man, Jacques, to venture thy life for that of an old woman like me," she says to him. "And Catharine Deschamps is not a woman that forgets," she calls after him as the young man turns away to escape further thanks.

It is not an agreeable task that is before the Deschamps after this, but it must be done, she thinks, for it is what her feeble sense of right urges her to do, and so accordingly she presents herself next day at the Estoutevilles. After the story of her adventure has been recounted, and this is an affair of considerable length, for its heroine is never wanting in words, she mentions to Marthé, when Marie does not happen to be by, that she has had a letter from her sister at Lillebonne.

"It is of this that I desire to speak to thee," she adds. Madame Estouteville at this inclines her head near to her cousin's, and the latter begins: "It has been all a mistake about Jacques Relay and the wife at Havre, for my sister says that the Relay that Annette knew at Havre is quite another person. It is I that am distressed at the thought of having caused a separation between thy Marie and Jacques, but what would you? Thinking the story I had heard to be a true one, since there seemed to be no reason for doubting it, what else could I do but tell you what I knew?"

"You might have let me ask Jacques himself," returns Marthé; but the other does not choose to notice this remark, and continues:

"Of course, *ma cousine*, there is no good reason now, as thou seest, why Jacques Relay should not marry thy Marie, and it is I that will give them thirty thousand francs on the wedding-day; for I am not a woman who can be almost drowned and yet feel no gratitude to the one who saves her life. So this will be my gift to thy Marie and also to Jacques, who yesterday saved my life. The Virgin be thanked that I am still alive," she concludes, with a sudden spasm of piety. "Thou art a discreet woman, Marthé Estouteville," adds her cousin presently, "and of course thou perceivest that no good will come of thy mentioning to any one the story of the wife at Havre." And she looks sharply at Marthé.

Madame Estouteville is not altogether a fool, and she sees clearly enough that there must be something in the background in spite of all the

Deschamps's smooth speeches and grateful promises; but she is a discreet woman, as Catharine Deschamps has judged her to be, and since Catharine Deschamps is disposed to do well for Marie and her husband, what matters it to the mother of Marie what motives may have influenced madame, her cousin? The Deschamps need have no fear that any unpleasant little matters will become public through Marthé, and of this she feels quite sure as she goes on to her home in the Rue de la Boucherie.

It is not many weeks after this conversation that there is a wedding in the beautiful church of Notre Dame on the Grande Place. It is well attended, for the bridegroom, Jacques Relay, has always been a great favorite in Caudebec, and never more so than since his rescue of Mother Deschamps, so that every one is glad that he is to marry one so good and pretty as is Marie Estouteville.

After the wedding comes, of course, the pilgrimage to Barre-y-va, for no true child of Caudebec neglects this wedding-day's journey, and there are few who desire to do so. Jacques and Marie are most devout worshipers at Barre-y-va to-day, and Marie remembers the time when she came hither alone, and when the pitying eyes of the stone Christ looked down upon her. Her prayers have been heard at last, she thinks, as she steals a glance at the tall, handsome fellow kneeling beside her. Her faith in the efficacy of the shrine at Barre-y-va will henceforth remain unshaken.

The Deschamps is in high spirits on this occasion, and feels of quite as much importance as the bridal couple themselves. Possibly of more; for was she not carried away by the *mascaret*, and is she notwithstanding alive and well before all Caudebec to tell the tale? Never a Caudebec woman before her was the heroine of such an adventure!

She is not quite sure even yet that she could have wished that Jacques should meet with so much happiness, but her conscience, for the Deschamps has something of the sort, would not allow him to be miserable after what he had done for her. Malicious old women are not changed into good angels all at once, and it is highly probable that Madame Catharine Deschamps will still pursue crooked paths to gain her ends; but she does not find Jacques Relay to be quite so disagreeable a person as of old, and she seldom likes to think now of "the wife at Havre."

HOME LIFE OF THOMAS CARLYLE.

BY GREYL. PUTNAM.

NEARLY fifteen years ago a woman died in London, snatched suddenly from life "as by a thunderbolt from skies all blue." Her death extinguished "whatever light of cheerfulness and loving hopefulness" there was left in Thomas Carlyle, but the great public had known little or nothing of this woman, and only a small circle missed her bright presence and mourned her death.

Not long after his bereavement Carlyle began a sketch of his wife's history, but finding the effort too painful, he placed her letters and journals, his own notes and recollections, together with short fragments upon Edward Irving, James Carlyle, and Lord Jeffrey, in the hands of Mr. Froude, desiring him, as soon as expedient after his death, to publish such parts of them as he thought best. "His object was to leave a monument to a singularly gifted woman, who, had she so pleased, might have made a name for herself, and who, for his sake, had voluntarily sacrificed ambition and fortune."

From the materials thus fearlessly placed in his hands Mr. Froude has selected and arranged the "Reminiscences."

The home life of many distinguished authors will not bear close investigation. The biography of scholars and philosophers hints at anything but fireside harmony. Unsympathizing wives, viragos, and vixens seem to have tormented the lives of those whom posterity has honored as saints and sages. We read of crimson traces of unloving fingers on the faces of the great, of a ringing in the ears which, though unheard by others, was not caused by the music of the poet's soul.

The fact that those who have expressed the tenderest sentiments and the loftiest imaginations, from Socrates and Dante to philosophers and poets of to-day, have been so little appreciated at home, has led to the conclusion that it is possible for an author to live two lives, and that he may have a genius for selfishness whose development equals that of his heaven-scaling imagination.

"In striking contrast to the domestic infelicity of many literary men, the "Reminiscences" furnish us the sweetest picture of a happy home

life on record—that of Thomas Carlyle and his "bonny wife Jeannie."

Carlyle was married in 1826, and lived for eighteen months at Comley Bank, on the north side of Edinburgh. Here, in a small house, Mrs. Carlyle's first experiences in the difficulties of housekeeping began. She had never been accustomed to work of this kind in her own home, and her early attempts to prepare food for her dyspeptic husband were both perplexing and amusing. Her first loaf of bread was a success, and she brought it to Carlyle for inspection late at night, eleven o'clock or so, looking mere triumph and quizzical gayety. From that time they never wanted excellent bread.

While in Edinburgh Carlyle published four volumes of "Specimens of German Romance," and wrote for the "Edinburgh Review" essays on Jean Paul and "German Literature."

At this time an interesting and lasting relation between Carlyle and Goethe was established; gifts and letters were exchanged between them, but the greatest of all the great of modern times and England's prophet never met.

Lord Jeffrey, who was at this time about fifty years of age, was a frequent and welcome guest at Comley Bank. He found Mrs. Carlyle a surprisingly agreeable friend, and was "much taken with her," as well he might be; for was she not one of the "brightest and cleverest creatures in the world, instinct with beauty and intelligence to the finger ends"?

Carlyle felt that Comley Bank, except for one darling soul, whose heavenly nobleness then as ever afterward shone on him, was a gloomy and intricate abode, with little or nothing pleasant about it but her.

After a residence of a year and a half in Edinburgh, they removed to Craigenputtoch, a small property owned by Mrs. Carlyle. Here Carlyle found the silence and solitude so essential to his health and to the successful prosecution of his chosen work. This retreat was "fifteen miles to the northwest of Dumfries, among the granite hills and black morasses which stretch westward through Galloway almost to the Irish Sea." In

the midst of this "wilderness of heath and rock" Carlyle's estate stood forth a green oasis, a tract of plowed, partially inclosed, and planted ground, where corn ripened and trees afforded shade, although surrounded by sea-mews and rough-wooled sheep." Here Carlyle built and furnished a neat substantial dwelling, and here he "cultivated literature in his own peculiar way," and hoped for health and happiness to further his aims.

The country had few inhabitants, and the loneliness of that life must have been almost unendurable. Their guests were few and far between, and letters came but once a week. At one time no one, not even a beggar, called at Craigenputtoch for three months. Mrs. Carlyle endured this awful silence and solitude with great cheerfulness. Mr. Carlyle was so engrossed in his work that he had little time to devote even to the loved companionship of his "helper," and the brave, self-denying little woman would not intrude on the hours devoted to literary labor. How she must have enjoyed those brief seasons, those hours of idleness and rest, when the bonds of silence were broken and her emancipated tongue could express her long-suffocated thoughts and feelings! No wonder that she was bright and fascinating during the long drives which were usually taken when any literary work was finished.

The "saving charm" of Mrs. Carlyle's life in this dreary place was that of "conquering the innumerable practical problems that had arisen for her there, all of which she triumphantly mastered,—dairy, poultry-yard, piggery. Perfection in housekeeping was her clear and speedy attainment in that new scene." One day when Lord Jeffrey was her guest at dinner he admired the fritters or bits of pancake he was eating, and she let him know, not without some vestige of a shock to him, that she had made them. "What! you twist up the frying-pan and catch them in the air?"

"Even so, my high friend, and you may turn it over in your mind!" was the answer.

The wild moorland home was transformed, and the desert blossomed beneath her loving, watchful care. "From the smallest household duty to the management of the most intricate affairs, all was insight, veracity, graceful success."

Life in the wilderness was to Carlyle a season of "good industry and many loving and blessed thoughts." In after-years it looked to him "like

a kind of humble, russet-coated epic," and he felt that for "living in and thinking in" he had never found in all the world a place so favorable. In this country residence he wrote essays for the "Foreign Review," and that most fanciful and grotesquely humorous of all his works, "Sartor Resartus." After this had passed through "Fraser's Magazine," and was "done up" as a separate thing, about fifty copies being struck off, Carlyle sent six to six Edinburgh literary friends, but from none of them did he ever receive the "smallest whisper even of receipt." Such neglect as this may have helped to change his boisterous humor into the cynicism which characterized his later writings.

"The perpetual fluctuation, the uncertainty, and unintelligible whimsicality" of the "Review" editors proved so intolerable that Carlyle decided to "make for London" when "Sartor Resartus" was finished. Mrs. Carlyle was very eager for the change. "Burn our ships," she gayly said, "dismantle our house, carry all our furniture."

To London, accordingly, they came during the next winter. Mrs. Carlyle remained for some weeks at Craigenputtoch, "getting all things packed and under way," while the writer of books sought far and wide through London for a cheap house in a desirable locality. He selected one in a retired and rather obscure situation in Cheyne Row. The house was formerly known as No. 5, but is now reckoned No. 24. Here Carlyle lived for forty-seven years. He was much averse to any change in his personal or domestic habits, and would never hear of removing to another house. After Mrs. Carlyle's arrival, Carlyle went with her to "some dim iron-monger's shop to buy kettles and pans." A tinder-box with steel was a part of their outfit.

Now began the days of the "French Revolution." When the first volume was written, he lent the manuscript to his friend Mr. Mill. One evening Mrs. Mill chanced to leave it lying on the table. In the morning one of the servants came into the room and lighted the fire with what she supposed was a mass of waste paper. In writing of the affair, Carlyle says: "How well do I remember that night when he (Mr. Mill) came to tell us, pale as Hector's ghost, that my unfortunate first volume was burnt. It was like half sentence of death, and we had to pretend to take it lightly, so dismal and ghastly was his horror."

That night Carlyle resolved that the history should be written again, and he affirms that he had a job more like breaking his heart than any other in his experience." It was a terrible effort, much of it had to be rewritten from memory, but there is in this volume far more intensity of thought, depth of feeling, and power of description than in the others.

While living in London Carlyle wrote a series of lectures on "Heroes and Hero Worship," "The History of the French Revolution," "Latter-Day Pamphlets," "Life of Sterling," and the "History of Frederick the Great." His books were "never productive of money to any but a contemptible degree," but his wife's income of £200 yearly was a "highly considerable sum" to them. They had always £200 or £300 in the bank, and Carlyle "continually forgot all about money." Not so the "unwearied helper and comforter," whose ever-watchful solicitude made all his burdens light.

"The London years were not very definite or fertile in disengaged remembrances like the Scotch ones; dusty, dim, unbeautiful," they seemed to Carlyle in comparison. The tenderest reminiscence to him was that of the lecture times, and the most dismal that of "Frederick."

To the red brick house in Cheyne Row, so homely and commonplace without, so bright and beautiful within, came many noted men and women. What inspiration they must have gained from that keen discernor of the thoughts and intents of men!

That Carlyle's guests were studies to their host may be easily seen from his amusing and vigorous sketches of many of them. Leigh Hunt was a frequent visitor, and "talked like a singing bird"; the little warbles in the tones of his fine voice were full of fun and charm. The contrast between his home and the "little paradise" at the Carlyles was very great. He alluded to it one evening, just before taking leave for the night, by repeating "as if in sport of parody, yet with something of very sad perceptible,

"While I to sulphurous and penal fire."

Mill was very useful about the "French Revolution," and his evening visits were "sensibly agreeable for the most part"; his talk, though "rather wintry, was always well informed and sincere."

Harriet Martineau was a welcome guest for

many years. "Her imperturbable self-possession, her swiftness of positive decision, her frank, guileless, easy ways," made her very popular even among those who could not admire her literary genius.

Southey's first and last visit to Carlyle was long remembered. Mrs. Carlyle was making marmalade that day, and, the kitchen fire not being brisk enough, she had the large pan and its contents brought up to the parlor, and was there "victoriously boiling it, when it boiled over in a huge blaze and set the chimney on fire." Carlyle had been "suddenly summoned to the rescue" and had just succeeded in quenching the fire; the room was full of smoke; the pan was on the hearth, when there came a knock and Southey entered. Explanations followed, and the wreck soon vanished.

Carlyle received many invitations from "select individuals of the aristocracy," but great assemblages possessed little attraction for him, though he expressed the conviction that of all the classes known to him in England, the aristocracy, with its perfection of human politeness, its continual grace of bearing, and of acting steadfast honor, light address, and cheery stoicism, was actually the best of English classes.

Mrs. Carlyle was "habitually in the feeblest health," yet by an "alchemy all her own, she extracted grains of gold out of every day," and seldom failed to have something bright and pleasant to relate when the day was done.

This happy home life was soon to be ended. A serious fall had so injured Mrs. Carlyle that she became an invalid, and though she "veiled her miseries away," the sad conviction came to Carlyle that here was death, and that victory never so complete, up in his garret, could not save her. The suffering woman died April 21, 1866, while riding in her carriage. She was buried at Haddington, and "lonelier creature there was not henceforth in the world" than Carlyle.

"He entered in his house—his home no more;
For without hearts there is no home; and felt
The solitude of passing his own door
Without a welcome."

Henceforth neither "person, work, nor thing had any value in comparison with his great loss." The lamp of his life had gone out, and on February 5, 1881, he who had been "the soul of his age" fell asleep, "weary—wearied unto death."

ASPECTS OF MATERNITY.

BY THOMAS S. SOZINSKEY, MD., PH.D.

A MOTHER with her child in her arms is an interesting object to contemplate. There is no other, perhaps, of a more pleasing character. Artists in all ages have taken delight in picturing it. Raphael found no better subject through which to display his genius. One, too, looks in vain for anything else which stimulates the sentiments so potently. But in looking on a mother and her child one of a reflective cast of mind may receive impressions of a very different nature from those which are produced by personal beauty or tender personal relations. To a few remarks on some of these I invite the attention of the reader.

The utter dependence of an infant is an obvious fact; it is entirely at the mercy of others. Happily there is in its natural care-taker not only the average amount of human sympathy for weakness and the cry of distress, but a strong, active, inborn affection—a mother's love. Very seldom does it happen, I fondly believe, that a child is wholly neglected, or deliberately ill-treated. So many are the necessities of its nature, however, that it may be questioned whether it often, or indeed ever, receives the ministrations which would best subserve the unfoldment of its various faculties, physical and mental. For, as every one who has reflected on the matter is aware, the mere preservation of life is far from being all that is expected of one who has charge of a young child—of a mother. Of more importance, probably, than bare life is the quality of it. A finely-constituted body and mind will not spring forth spontaneously; as well expect a rich harvest from wheat sown on rocks as expect any child to develop and grow into superb manhood or womanhood under adverse conditions. Positive influences must be brought to bear on infant humanity, or it will at best have little tendency to become what it should. In order that her child may flourish, a mother must see that the conditions essential to desirable bodily and mental development and growth are constantly present. Day after day she must keep moulding, or vainly may she expect her offspring to be desirably constituted.

In thus stating that a child is almost as clay in

the hands of the potter, I have not expressed myself rashly. Heredity is at present an over-rated force; it is the tendency of many to attribute to it the credit for almost all that is either bad or good in mankind. If a person is possessed of great talents, or if he turn out a great criminal, the cause in either case is sought for in inheritance. Let it be understood, however, that I am not at all disposed to say that inheritance or heredity has nothing, or even a little only, to do with what people are, both physically and mentally; still, I believe that the training, or in other words, the various influences at play from birth forward, have more. Bacon justly observes in one of his essays that "Nature will lie buried a great time and yet revive upon the occasion or temptation; like as it was with Æsop's damsel, turned from a cat to a woman, who sat very demurely at the board's end till a mouse ran before her." Doubtless this is true. But what is ingrained in early life becomes as essentially natural as what is inherited. Such is the opinion of Mr. Darwin. However, Bacon says, with equal wisdom, "A man's nature runs either to herbs or weeds; therefore let him seasonably water the one and destroy the other." This truth is one which cannot be too thoroughly appreciated by mothers. What a child shall be depends for the most part on what his care-taker does for him in his early years. If the conditions proper for his physical welfare are present, he will prosper physically. If the conditions proper for his mental welfare are present, he will prosper mentally. While of either the converse is just as true. How responsible, then, is the trust committed to those in charge of the young!

Of course, I do not mean to convey the idea that a mother has all to do in shaping the physical and mental character of her child. Still, hers is infinitely more powerful than the influence of any other at play. Unlike a father's or any other's, hers is felt almost hourly, and is of far greater force. The young are practically in the keeping of the mothers of the land. Is there any other human charge so grave as this?

There is good reason to believe that the serious

aspects of child-rearing are not generally kept much in view. How many mothers have habitually in mind the fact that they are shaping the next generation, or rather, all succeeding generations? How often is the idea entertained, that what the men and women of the future shall be in all respects depends almost entirely on what is being done for the children of to-day.

A large percentage of mothers regard their children during their most plastic years simply as pets; to them they are merely objects for the reception of affection; and in their treatment what they are to be is not taken into consideration. And very interesting objects of endearment are they, these buds of mankind, these fresh units of our species. As Wordsworth makes them say:

"Trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy."

But unfortunate is the child that is regarded by his mother in no other light than as a pet; his fate is apt to be very unenviable. Indulgence of his tastes and desires and the enervation which attends the lavishment of favors serve ill to fit one for creditable living. Such treatment in early life generally results in not only short, but ignoble careers. It is not in this way that sons and daughters that will be the pride and glory of their parents can be reared; it is not through pampering in their formative period of existence that those of splendid qualities are produced. A sound body and a sound mind do not spring from the touch of love alone. Indeed, it is usually the case that great maternal love, if not tempered by intelligence and sound sense, is extremely detrimental in its effects. What a pity that this must be said of anything so admirable in itself! What a pity that a mother's love should ever generate evil! For there is no one else whose love is so great and pure and lasting, or, as Mrs. Hemans says:

"There is none
In all this cold and hollow world, no fount
Of deep, strong, deathless love save that within
A mother's heart."

Not a few mothers regard their children, if not as necessary evils, at least as creatures to whom they are not called on greatly to devote themselves. These undutiful parents exert themselves to make their offspring as little trouble to them as possible; their own personal concerns are of paramount

interest to them. To them a trifling pretext is sufficient to divert their attention from where it should naturally rest. To them the claims of fashion or of society are of vast significance in comparison with the claims of their infants. To them it seems wise to transfer their proper functions to others, that they may follow the dictates of their perverted tastes. To them a nurse is an absolutely necessary personage, if it be at all within their pecuniary means to provide one. Can great respect be entertained for such mothers? I think not. Shakspeare makes one of his characters say, in true parental spirit:

"His life I gave him, and did thereto add
My love without retention or restraint."

This is indispensable in every mother; her heart should cleave freely and firmly to her child, so that she may have the inspiration requisite to lead her to apply herself to meet his manifold wants. For be she a queen or a beggar, the most sacred duty of a woman who has borne a child is to take care of it. She who will not do this has but slight reason to expect filial affection, or esteem. She who is unwilling to labor lovingly for the good of her offspring is entirely unfitted for maternity. Moreover, she who obviously does not act rightly herself cannot hope that the conduct of her child will be praiseworthy. For children are extremely imitative; they tend strongly to become like those who take care of them. Well does Plato say: "The best way of training the young is to train yourself at the same time; not to admonish them, but to be always carrying out your own principles in practice." Example is stronger than precept.

It is, indeed, a terrible misfortune that the mothers of intelligence and refinement, those who are best qualified to perform maternal duties, are the most apt personally to neglect their children. Having the means to procure the services of others is undoubtedly the chief cause of this. Certainly a large proportion of the children of the affluent are for the most part taken care of by ignorant hirelings. Is not this explanation enough of the degeneracy which so frequently attends on wealth?

As hinted already, the lack of personal devotion to the welfare of their children on the part of mothers is a fertile source of the lamentable absence of filial affection and attachment which prevails. Without having cared for her child faithfully, without having made any great self-

denials for his sake, a mother may not reasonably look for his unqualified love in manhood. She should indulge in self-sacrifice if she would retain his regard in after-life. Thus it was that Volun-
nia, in her widowhood, nurtured the fealty of her son, the celebrated Roman, Coriolanus, of whom Plutarch says: "The end which others proposed in their acts of valor was glory; but he pursued glory because the acquisition of it delighted his mother. For when she was witness to the applauses which he received, when she saw him crowned, when she embraced him with tears of joy, then it was that he accounted himself at the height of honor and felicity."

A great and frequent dereliction of mothers, one about which I cannot refrain from saying a few words, is the failure to give their children their natural nourishment. Artificial feeding is nothing short of a curse to infants. It is sapping and destroying tens of thousands of lives annually in our land. It would be well if the strong arm of the law could be brought to bear to curtail, if not to stop it. This is now done to some extent in France. The mother's milk is the only proper food for an infant, and she who withholds it commits sin. I am aware that it may be entirely impossible for a mother to suckle her child, but this is rarely the case. If the will is right, there is seldom any difficulty experienced in performing this noble function, and in performing it well.

Besides artificial feeding, there is another great crime against young humanity about which I feel impelled to say something; namely, the habitual administration of medicines, particularly those of narcotizing properties. This practice is extremely common, as any one may infer from the extent to which the abominations, usually called soothing syrups, are advertised by manufacturing quacks. Now, it may be said that every drop of any stupefying compound which is given to a child is simply so much poison deliberately introduced into the innocent victim's system. There is no better means by which to ruin the health and stunt the growth of both body and mind. The ordinary reason given for drugging is that it procures comfort for the little unfortunate on whom it is practiced. Well, it may bring comfort of a negative sort temporarily, but in the end it does precisely the reverse—it tends to shatter the health. The real reason is generally a selfish one; it is to prevent bother. And here I may remark, that

very bothersome children are such, as a rule, because of bad care. If managed hygienically, a child that is not actually diseased should seldom or never be irritable.

There would seem to be an increasing propensity to fight against the maternal instinct. Some wives are bold enough to declare that they do not want any children; and a few even dare to proclaim openly that they will forego propagation if possible. The hearts and heads of such wives are both sorely at fault; they are sadly in need of regeneration. They are unwomanly in their tastes; they are blind to their highest and holiest purpose in life. In the production of a worthy family the true wife sees the most precious outcome of her career. Sir Richard Steele, in the *Spectator*, makes some remarks on the subject of the possession of many children, which I cannot help quoting:

"These," says he, "I cannot but regard as very great blessings. When I see my little troop before me, I rejoice in the additions which I have made to my species, to my country, and to my religion, in having produced such a number of reasonable creatures, citizens, and Christians. I am pleased to see myself thus perpetuated; and there is no production comparable to that of a human creature. I am more proud of having been the occasion of ten such glorious productions than if I had built a hundred pyramids at my own expense, or published as many volumes of finest worth and learning. In what a beautiful light has the Holy Scripture represented Abdon, one of the Judges of Israel, who had forty sons and thirty grandsons that rode on three-score and ten ass-colts, according to the magnificence of the Eastern countries. How must the heart of the old man rejoice when he saw such a beautiful procession of his descendants, such a numerous cavalcade of his own raising! For my own part, I can sit in my parlor with great content when I take a view of half a dozen of my little boys mounting upon hobby-horses, and of as many little girls tutoring their babies, each of them endeavoring to excel the rest and to do something that may gain my favor and approbation. I cannot question but He who has blessed me with so many children will assist my endeavors in providing for them."

Whatever desire to limit the number of their offspring prevails among wives is by no means

wholly due to casual perversion of their minds. That there are deliberate efforts being made to divert the tastes of women from motherhood is obvious to any observer, and it is one of the greatest errors of our time. Girls are led to believe that it is most desirable that they should become distinguished for achievements outside of what has hitherto been regarded as woman's proper sphere. A wife and mother is of small account beside an artist, a physician, a lawyer, or the like! Family affairs are too trivial, too despicably mean, to claim the attention of a woman of strong mind! The rearing of children is something derogatory to a woman of culture! Such ideas as these are only too current at present. Their currency is not indicative of a normal condition of a community. When women renounce the ways which the wisdom of ages stamps as alone womanly, there is something seriously at fault in the state of society. Considerable numbers of the female sex being left to shift for themselves in the world, is likely the main reason why many drift from their natural course, as well as why encouragement is given them to do so. But because some fail to find husbands to provide for them is no just argument in favor of filling the minds of girls in general with ideas which will certainly render them less apt to become good wives and mothers.

Familiarity with horrors makes one callous to them. If it were not for this, the fearful mortality which prevails year after year among young children could not be contemplated with composure. In the city of Philadelphia (which, by the way, is a relatively healthful city) nearly twenty-five per cent. of the deaths are of persons under one year of age; thirty per cent. are of persons under two; forty per cent. are of persons under five; and nearly forty-five per cent. are of persons under ten. A half of all the deaths are of persons under twenty-one years! Now, of course, no one of average intelligence would venture to say that this fearful mortality is inevitable. The time for such belief is past; life can be fostered and prolonged up to a certain point. No one necessarily dies prematurely. I do not mean to convey the idea, however, that all children could be kept alive until cut off by old age. The constitutions of a considerable number are so bad to begin with that an early death may be expected, in spite of any measures which may be instituted to prevent it.

Then, many are pretty certain to be destroyed by contagious diseases, although this would not be the case to a tithe of the extent that it is if people were to pay more attention to sanitary affairs. But an immense proportion of the early deaths are attributable entirely to bad management. All experience goes to prove that if a child is not properly cared for it will sicken, and, sickening, will likely soon die. Health and strength are conditioned; they cannot be present if the conditions are wanting. And let it be borne in mind that even a slight breach of sanitary law, a slight physical sin, will make a deleterious impress on the system; and such impresses, however trifling, if oft-repeated, may be of immense consequence. By little and little the finest organism may be reduced, may be destroyed. The very young are extremely tender, and consequently it is easy to disturb and pervert their life-forces. Much, therefore, are they in need of intelligent management. To guide them safely forward to the period when they can look out for themselves, is a grave and difficult task.

But all the horrible defects of children are not physical; mental defects are quite as common and quite as deplorable. These, too, may to a great extent be prevented. Talents may be nurtured or blighted, and the guiding principles shaped almost at will. And cultured the mind must be, or evil traits will spring up and overshadow the good. From birth onward a child's mind is being moulded by the influences which bear on it, and it is in very early life that it is most easily impressed. From this it follows that the mother exercises a great power for good or for bad; in her rests practically the destiny of her offspring. Very careful should she be to implant and foster the development and growth of the seeds of good in her children; but above all she should strive to enable them to become masters of themselves. How many are ruined by indulgence! Plato dwells forcibly on this, and by way of illustration speaks of the children of Cyrus. These were reared "from their childhood as the favorites of fortune, who were blessed already and needed no more blessings. . . . No one should be allowed to oppose them in any way, and every one was compelled to praise all that they said or did." Such an education was given them as princesses who had recently grown rich usually give. From this one might well ask, What would you expect?

"After the death of Cyrus, his sons, in the fullness of luxury and license, took the kingdom and first one slew the other because he could not endure a rival; and afterward the slayer himself, mad with wine and brutality, lost his kingdom through the Medes and the eunuch, as they called him, who despised the folly of Cambyses."

It is a sad truth that there is no systematic preparation made to meet the duties of maternity. I have never heard of a school for maternal studies; I have yet to discover a professor of the art of child-rearing. Whatever a young mother knows, she has picked up incidentally; she has never been taught anything of what she should know; such knowledge has likely in part been carefully concealed from her. What she learns, too, incidentally, is apt to be traditional and largely out of keeping with modern ideas—a lot of antiquated rubbish, not a little of which is harmful. There is really not much serious attention given to the means by which noble men and women may be produced; less even than was given ages ago; less than was given by the Spartans. Is not this a grave defect in our civilization? Thoughtful men like Andrew Combe and Herbert Spencer have pronounced it simply monstrous. The management of children should be one of the leading items in the list of studies pursued in schools for females. When shall it be given even a place? It is hard to hope that it will be soon, since as yet no matters of health are regarded as they should be. But it cannot be doubted that the time will come when a knowledge of how to preserve and foster health of body and mind will be valued more highly than a knowledge of the higher mathematics, or of any of many branches which are now carefully taught, although of infinitely little value in after-life.

It is all wrong to assume, as seems to be usually done, that a mother knows instinctively how to rear a family; to be equipped to perform her part properly demands much earnest study. Indeed, I hazard little in saying that the most thoroughly informed student of the human organism, physical and mental, is not entirely competent to take charge of a child to the best possible purpose. Body and mind are each wonderfully complex, and consequently it is not only difficult to bring the best means to bear to assist in their unfoldment, but it is easy to start distempers in them. A mother should be deeply versed in all such

learning as will assist her to rear her children so that they shall be all that the possibility of their natures admit of in every respect. And on her own account, also, it is highly desirable that she should be properly informed; for if she is not, her children will in all probability be a constant source of dread and misery to her. From bad management defects will inevitably spring; and the defects of children, whether they be physical or mental, are sure to sting the parental heart. Through them multitudes of mothers have shed bitter tears, and been brought sorrowingly to premature graves.

But if a mother has not sound sense, as well as much knowledge, the latter will not be of great advantage to her. There is plenty of room for the exercise of good judgment daily in the rearing of the young. There can be no set rules to follow blindly. The wants of every child are, to a considerable extent, special, and they vary with the age; hence it is impossible to minister to them without thought. Open, observing eyes, with both knowledge and the faculty of applying it properly, must be possessed by a mother, or she cannot fill her great office worthily.

Knowledge and sound sense, however, are not all that is requisite in a mother. Of greater importance than either, perhaps, is fidelity. To act her part creditably she must have ingrained in her nature an inflexible desire to do right by her child by day and by night and under all circumstances. If she is animated with the proper spirit, she will labor patiently and unselfishly; she will never regard her services as irksome, nor let her own concerns divert her from her post of duty.

And blessed is the child, and truly blessed only he, whose mother is possessed of fidelity, sound sense, and knowledge. Such a one needs nothing else to prove his birth auspicious. Even if born in a cot he is rich indeed. His is a fortune beside which money is of small worth. Personal gifts and graces are an inestimable treasure, and the memory of a good mother and a happy childhood are of more value than silver and gold. These are things, and these the chiefest, which ennoble a man and fit him for a noble career.

Of the reward of the worthy mother what shall I say? The consciousness of doing good, the glow of satisfaction which springs from helping others, are in themselves a splendid recompense. The love of children, however, is a rich source of delight, a precious inspiration; but apart from

this there is an inexpressible joy attendant on the possession of promising sons and daughters, different from and far above that which arises from the possession of anything else. Then, as they advance in years, the young on whom a true mother's impress has been made, being full of the better elements of human nature, will take pleasure in doing all in their power to make her life as free

from cares and sorrows and as rich in happiness as possible; being grateful for the infinite favors bestowed on them, they will make smooth the way for her in her declining years, and keep her spirit buoyant and joyous until the time comes to bid them a final adieu. Verily, to be the mother of a noble family is to be supremely blessed. It is the crowning glory of womanhood.

SECRETARY STANTON AND THE PRETTY VIRGINIAN.

BY JAMES CLEMENT AMBROSE.

BACK in the early sixties our national war office was one place under Secretary Cameron, and quite another under his successor, Secretary Stanton. But then the character of any place is the man in it. Nor was the metamorphosis greater in the field than in the Washington apartment where sat the civil engineer of the military.

Mr. Cameron had learned the office-keeper's trade for times of peace. He measured all sorts of business by the conventional "red tape." By no other system of measurement could his official latitude and longitude be definitely ascertained. With his portfolio of public affairs he effectually "took the veil" and withdrew from public gaze. Witnesses are still on the stand who testify that three days was about the average time consumed in whipping one's card into his cloister, and that seven other good days were not an exceptional waste for reaching him in person. Men whose time was wealth and vitality to the country rode a thousand miles for a hasty interview with the Secretary of War; then, often, rode back with missions unfulfilled, and, like Saul, rather than Paul, in spirit—"breathing out threatenings."

When Mr. Stanton had stepped into Mr. Cameron's "old shoes," he found that they did not fit him, and straightway he put on a pair that did. He nearly ruined the card-writer's calling at the capital; he abolished the card system of business; he pulled down the wall of partition between the people and his official presence; he converted the old war cloister into a very useful cloak-room; he set his high desk into the centre of a large room, himself on a high stool behind it, and as the clock called off a certain hour of the day, he was

ready for callers without previous herald as to who they were. The outer door opened, and the throng passed in single file before his desk.

The great war Secretary was an iron man in his mental make-up. To some he seemed a hard, austere, pitiless man. It was simply that in his chariot Justice rode at the fore of Mercy. To an eminent Illinois friend of Mr. Lincoln and himself he once said:

"The President has placed me here in command of the fighting resources of the country; and while I remain here, I shall command. I owe a responsibility to the country to maintain discipline within the army; I am trying to keep faith with my country, my honor, and my judgment. I have no forgiveness, no new lease of authority over soldiers for any man once found in the wrong or lacking in the elements of leadership. Your client and Mr. Lincoln's friend, Colonel ———, may be very serviceable to your party in time of peace; but he has shown himself incompetent at the head of his regiment; he must go; this is no party affair."

And his conduct ran close to this line always. On one other occasion this friend stood in the daily row of applicants for favors, palpitating as they approached the judgment stool, and marked the marvelous rapidity with which Mr. Stanton disposed of a hundred cases. He seemed to sort strange men as deftly as the farmer reads the faces of his own few and familiar kine. To him whose cause kept company with justice his rapid words were yet toned to the mellowness of affection. At a glance he detected the mere politician, the self-seeker, the army shyster; such he ordered to make

speedy exodus from his presence, and he uttered the command in gruff and contemptuous tones.

On this occasion said friend was the specially favored observer of a rather romantic episode for so stern and practical a stage as the war office—proof again that Venus has her camp as well as Mars. He witnessed a variation of the cold war needle from the pole of strict business. He saw the iron Secretary melted, and his action moulded counter to his judgment. A woman did it; she disclosed his kinship to our common frail humanity.

Just in advance of my informant, waiting within the line whose high and low got their grists ground as at the country mill,—in the order of their coming,—stood and marked time a gay and jaunty little woman,—a bright, black-eyed young lady,—a bewitching, brunette sample of Southern girls at seventeen, from one of the valleys of Virginia.

He felt a wonder as to what might be her mission, long before she neared the god of war; in fact he rather hoped, no matter what the burden of her errand, that she would win. And when she stood at last before the high desk, and, through a single tear, so fitting it seemed made to order, smiled upward into the face of the Secretary, my friend stood close beside her, an involuntary but not unwilling listener to her story and Mr. Stanton's reception of her petition.

"Good Mr. Secretary," the girl began, in a tone sweet even to its touch of tremor, "my only brother is confined in Capitol Prison. I haven't seen him for more than three years; I love him dearly; I want to go into the prison and see him and carry him some little things from home and our old mother; I'll touch nothing there, and speak to nobody but brother. Say, please, Mr. Secretary, can't I go in?"

"No, miss!" responded the Secretary, with patriotic sternness. "You can't enter the prison unless you go to stay."

"Why not, sir, please? What harm can I do there?"

"Not so much as you may out. But you're a rebel, and your brother is a rebel; and you rebels are starving our loyal soldiers to death down at Andersonville and the rest of your pens not fit for pigs to wallow in; you neither feed them nor let us do it. And now you come up here and want a chance to give your rebel brother nice things! Isn't this so?"

My friend thought it was already apparent that Mr. Stanton was sacrificing his usual celerity to some unusual charm. The rebellious maiden had carried the outer works of the grim castle, the iron man; she had induced in him an inclination to linger over her petition. A man behind the request to visit a rebel brother would probably have been forced to leave without further answer than the negative monosyllable.

The young girl knew the advantage which grace of face and manner gave her, and renewed the charge. She hastily brushed from her blooming cheek another tear, as dew-drop from a morning flower, and beseechingly pressed her face a little nearer to Mr. Stanton's, who all the while looked at nothing else.

Tenderly she began to make confession, and soon covered it with logic in these words: "Now, kind Mr. Secretary, I know very well that I'm only a rebel, and so is brother; but he's a real good brother. And I didn't bring on this awful war, nor did brother; and it won't prolong the war a single bit for you, in your goodness of heart, just to let me go into the Capitol Prison and carry Brother Charley some clean shirts and handkerchiefs, and a box of goodies to eat; now, would it?"

The Secretary looked at her steadily, as if he liked to, and as if a small debating society were holding animated session within him, but made no reply.

She continued: "Just think, please; I haven't seen Charley for 'most four years! What if your boy was down in Libby, and you hadn't seen him for so long a time! Wouldn't you like to be let in and out again?"

"But I shouldn't be," Mr. Stanton laconically retorted.

"Perhaps not," admitted the girl, somewhat reluctantly. But directly she hastened to strengthen her weak point.

"Still, you know, Mr. Secretary," she said, with a good deal more pathos than most Sunday-school teachers put into their expression of the same sentiment, "you know it's not as others do unto us that we are told to do unto them, but as we'd *like* to have them do unto us."

Mr. Stanton was "too far gone" to permit his taking shelter in such a presence behind so bitter a remembrance as that "the devil can cite Scripture for his purpose." He had kept

his eyes on the pretty panorama of shifting smiles and tears, while his loyal right hand mechanically kept jabbing the point of his pen into the well-inked blotting-pad that lay on the desk before him. Evidently his mind was temporarily half-off business.

Suddenly he came back to himself as from pleasing dissipation. Seeming hardly to have comprehended the wish of the girl, he hurriedly asked: "What, Miss —, did you say you wanted?"

"To see my brother, sir, in a Union prison, and take him some things."

"Oh, yes! I remember now. Well, well," he continued, "you shall see him and take him some things. Here, you have your wish," handing back her petition favorably endorsed; "go and be happy."

She showered her benefactor with grateful words and looks, and withdrew from the desk. But before my friend could get the bewildered attention of the War Department, back whisked the pretty rebel and resumed her cause; rather, issued a supplement to it.

"You've been very kind to me, Mr. Secretary, to let me see my prison brother, and take him some home comforts too. Now, if he will solemnly promise—and I know he will, for he wants to see mother ever so much—if he will promise not to go into the rebel army again, won't you be so good as to let me take him home with me?"

Certainly the Secretary appeared not a little dazed by the extravagance of the girl's sudden request; but he also seemed to feel the heavy frowns of the long line of petitioners in waiting,

and that it would not be like himself to linger longer over even so interesting a case, and only replied, smiling:

"Not now; you've already got one victory over my judgment; so you must be satisfied for this time. But you may come again if you like."

The young lady silently drew her Southern drapery about her petite form, left a parting smile with the Secretary, and went away, but not as one without hope.

My friend felt himself on ground where he might venture to be familiar for a moment, and as he leaned over that high desk, like some lecturers, he began with a prelude that held no relevancy to his mission-in-chief. One eye of the tall Illinoisan twinkled with a knowing wink, and one corner of his large mouth twitched merrily as he accosted the citizen manipulator of the army. And from the broad face of the Secretary there had not yet wholly faded that peculiarly pleased expression which only the ways and the words of a charming woman can call up.

"My dear Secretary," remarked my friend playfully, "I've been watching you under fire from a rebel sharpshooter, and I didn't feel sorry to see you hit near the heart. You 'dropped' very handsomely."

Mr. Stanton briskly returned that telegraphic, complimentary smile sometimes exchanged between men just after the lady has left the room, and ended this interlude in martial affairs with this brief and honest confession:

"But she was *very* attractive, wasn't she?"

Of course the "attraction" did call again, and took Brother Charley home with her. The Secretary really couldn't help it.

SONG OF FORTUNIO.

(From the French of Alfred de Musset.)

If you suppose I'm going to say
Whose love I dare,
I would not for an empire's sway
Her name declare.

Nav, sing we turn about this air
If you think meet,
That I adore her—she is fair
As is the wheat.

I to her whim where'er it leads,
Or bids, defer,

And I can if my life she needs
Give that to her.

The anguish which a love untold
Makes us endure,
My heart has torn, my heart will hold
Till death, I'm sure.

But I too fondly love to say
Whose love I dare;
I'd for my darling die—nor aye
Her name declare.

C. R. W.

CYN.

BY KEZIAH SHELTON.

GLIMPSE XVII.—TRYING HER POWER.

CYN NEWELL was not quite so happy as Cyn Meredith had been, though Mr. Newell was, as husbands go, very indulgent; but even such as Cyn must submit to the quiet moulding of Nature's laws, and time had at last opened her eyes to the fact that this world is not of the unchanging, roseate hue that upon the morning of her first marriage she had deemed it.

Then, too, she had loved Burton as well as she was capable of loving, and so it was as much her first and only love as though she had loved him with a deeper and less selfish affection.

This second marriage was just a mere business venture; money was needed; funds were daily lessening; she must form a partnership with capital. Upon her part was beauty and style, which she considered amply equivalent to *his* investment when the *he* should be found.

Willis Newell had always over-appreciated her charms, and too soon presented himself as the willing victim. His manhood had been passed accumulating wealth, not in analyzing character, and he never dreamed that it was his capital, and not himself, to which Cyn was so smilingly complacent; never thought it possible that Cyn's coyness during her widowhood proceeded from aught but a desire to rebuke any unseemly haste that might be construed by the uncharitable into disrespect for the departed.

Yet those clear judges, the world, discussed the matter freely, and with one accord said, "H'm, waiting to see if perchance there may not be a richer opportunity." The world was correct, and the few years of wedded life have not been of that unalloyed bliss that Willis Newell fondly expected.

Cyn found it more difficult always to look bright and care-free in a strange hotel in a strange city than in the home where she had been from her earliest girlhood, the admired centre of any company she chose to honor with her presence. Here she was a stranger, with no other companion than Amy, and she and her daughter were not models of congeniality.

When her husband came to his meals or home at night, ready to escort his wife and step-daugh-

ter to lecture, theatre, or opera, it was not as though one had come whose presence made her life joyous and complete, whose absence made it seem barren indeed. What value to her were entertainments in a large city? She was there but one beautiful woman among hundreds as attractive as herself. A mere stranger, attended by an ordinary man and a grown young lady, she attracted little notice or attention. Could she have heard the comments, they would only have been, "Rather a nice looking family party." And who could thrive upon such light flattery as that?

In her country home, wherever Cyn went, she was the one woman among women, and she knew it well. It paid to dress when she knew that it would be the talk for weeks thereafter; that when she entered a room each gentleman glanced admiringly at her; that each woman inventoried her wardrobe enviously, knowing a back seat," phrase, that she would have now Cyn had arrived.

But here it was different; Cyn, with the most elaborate toilets that Newell could afford her, was yet forced to see that she was easily outshone by the many wealthier dames, and in seeing this she suffered constant mortification and chagrin. If she could induce Willis to retire and return to their native town, with her New York knowledge she could make a display such as would establish her as queen of the village forever; and here she was just nobody!

Amy had heard this reiterated in various forms until she was tired and disgusted, and her heart sympathized with Mr. Newell, for whom she had the utmost respect. This beautiful spring morning she is longing for her mother to go out with her and enjoy the refreshing new-born sweetness of the air, but she must needs "possess her soul in patience" and listen to her mother as for the thousandth time she badgers Willis about providing for Burton.

This Willis has always sternly refused to do. He has considered that if he and Cyn were in a home of their own, the son and daughter ought to have the privilege of living with their mother

whenever they chose to do so; acting upon this principle, they have known that it was their privilege to be at the hotel whenever they desired; further than that he does not feel it his duty to assist them while they have an income of their own.

Beyond all these reasons was Mr. Newell's knowledge that Burton was yearly sounding the depths of dissipation with a longer line, and he very wisely decided that to aid him in paying necessary bills would only increase his surplus for folly.

None could deny but that despite all these errors Burton was making good progress in preparing for the bar, and gave promise of taking rapid strides through the lower ranks of the profession toward the top, where there is always plenty of room.

"He will be one of our foremost lawyers if he lives," said one of the professors at the Law School.

It was well said; but a candle burned at both ends soon goes out.

His career was brilliant, but how sad!

"It is useless to urge this matter, Cyn, for even were I inclined to gratify you in this, my conscience would not allow me to furnish your son with more money; I fear that he has had enough now to ruin him. It would have been far better if he had been under the necessity of working during vacation to defray the next term's expenses."

"What are you saying? *My son working!* You shall not insult either him or me by saying such things."

"I worked for my money, Cyn.

"Yes, and anybody would know it that looked at you once; you'd better compare yourself to my son!"

Willis Newell was not unmoved at this, neither was he as angered as he might have been had this been the first time that Cyn had taunted him with his inferiority to herself and her first husband.

Amy looked pleadingly at her mother, but Cyn was not to be remonstrated with.

"Well, if you will not help Burton, will you tell me whether you intend to gratify my wish, and retire from business and settle on the old homestead? We can enlarge and renovate the house for a few thousand dollars, so that it will be the best in town, and on the interest of what

you have left we can make a finer show than has ever been seen there; and here we are just nobodies."

"Once for all let me tell you that I do not intend retiring from business until disabled; in the first place, I should not be content without business of some kind; an idle life would kill me, I believe" (here Cyn's face brightened); "and if Burton goes on as he has begun, the day will come when he will need my help to save him from publicly disgracing the family, though *we* know we are disgraced enough now."

"It is false, Willis Newell; Burton is all right. I declare I've half a mind to go home and *stay* there, if they do live on a farm!"

GLIMPSE XVIII.—CALLERS

"BABY" BELL and Fred having at last found time to visit brother George and his wife, it chanced that not many minutes elapsed after the close of this unpleasant scene ere they were ushered into Cyn's private sitting-room.

Amy greeted them with eyes whose lids were not yet dry; but Cyn's look of repressed excitement puzzled them yet more, for they could form no idea of aught which Cyn would allow to irritate her, although one could easily believe that she would daily annoy a girl of Amy's temperament.

When did Baby and Fred become upon visiting terms with Cyn?

In this country everybody visits everybody else in the neighborhood more or less. And so it had happened that Baby and Cyn had been upon calling terms as long as Cyn had remained in the country.

And if Baby had not called upon Cyn while in New York, the neighbors would have taunted her with being "afraid" of Cyn, and would have laughed her to scorn for allowing Cyn Newell to think that her old acquaintances acknowledged her superiority.

Cyn, in her lonely grandeur, was truly glad to see any old friends, even if they were such commonplace persons as the Bells. All the old town gossip was discussed, and Cyn announced, to their astonishment, that she was tired of hotel life, and was going home to spend the summer. Amy started as though she had received a blow, for she had deemed her mother's threat only a burst of temper. There was nothing strange in this plan,

but Amy thought her visitors must see the impending scandal.

Fred Bell wondered that Amy was so ill at ease; at each pause in the conversation she would drop into troubled thought, from which, when addressed, she roused herself with too apparent effort.

When asked if she did not anticipate much pleasure during her summer's sojourn at her grandparents' home, she showed much emotion, and with ashen lips said "No."

"What could it mean?" thought Baby and Fred. Was there some particular reason why Amy dreaded going back to her early country home? Had she formed an attachment here that rendered New York dearer to her than other places? These and kindred thoughts filled the minds of brother and sister, but they strove to conceal the pain they felt, and parted as cheerfully as possible from their "old neighbors," expressing the polite hope that they should see much of each other the coming season.

GLIMPSE XIX.—CYN COMMITS A SIN.

A FEW weeks later Mrs. Newell proposed to her husband that they should all go out to her father's and pass a week or so; Willis was only too glad that Cyn had again resumed her good nature, and so he pleasantly acquiesced in her proposition.

Arrangements were soon made to leave his business for a short space of time; the journey, which might have been tedious if managed properly, was made a pleasure trip by them; Cyn was in one of her most self-satisfied, bewitching, and gracious moods, and Amy, too, was happy in thinking that after all her mother's threat, unpleasant as it was, was nothing but a threat.

Dreams, however pleasant, end, and so must theirs; as the train halted at the insignificant way station where they expected to find the family express wagon awaiting them, Mr. Newell and Amy presented a vision of happy contentment; but Cyn had grown somewhat perturbed in manner as the journey neared its close.

Amy rushed gladly forward to meet her grandfather, who with wisdom born of experience was standing by. "old Billy," lest the aged steed's strength of nerve should desert him.

"Where's your mother, Amy?" asked the old gentleman, and Amy, with surprise at her non-

appearance, turned toward the station and beheld a sight that she could never afterward forget.

There was her mother nervously looking over a pile of trunks, and Willis Newell was standing by her side with a look of consternation and trouble on his face.

Amy tottered across the platform toward her mother, guessing only too surely what was meant. She reached them just in time to see Mr. Newell's lips move, and to hear a strange voice issuing from between them, asking, "Cyn, what does this mean?"

"It means, Mr. Newell, that I shall never go back to New York with you."

Oh, the pity of it! Amy heard her mother's heartless answer, and sank senseless to the ground.

The station agent assisted Mr. Newell as he bore Amy into the common waiting-room, and as soon as she was sufficiently recovered to assert some self-control the sad party rode in the calm twilight toward the old homestead.

The lovely scenery along the river road had lost none of its beauty since that morning long ago when old Dr. Knap plodded along in the early dawn to Mr. Hathaway's to introduce Cyn officially into the stirring affairs of this worldly world.

But Nature's beauties to-night possessed no charm powerful enough to soothe Cyn's temper, to cheer Amy's sad spirits, to comfort Grandfather Hathaway's despair, or to heal Willis Newell's broken heart.

The state of affairs could not be concealed from Mrs. Hathaway; long and sorrowfully did she plead with Cyn; but she yielded not to her mother's advice or entreaties not to disgrace them, not to ruin her own future, not to break her husband's heart.

But these parents had sown wildly in Cyn's youth, and they, too, must bow to the immutable law, and were now reaping in sorrow the harvest of regret and humiliation which was but the natural outgrowth of the early indulgence of Cyn's temper and vanity.

No excuse could be made for Cyn. Her husband had been both kind and indulgent. The plea that she did not love him only made her case darker, for she knew that when she married him.

If she persisted in her petulant desire to be divorced, her mother felt severe punishment would surely befall her.

Cyn accused her mother of fearing that she

would burden them, and assured her that she need not grow anxious about that, that she should demand and of course receive a handsome alimony. "I am not fool enough," she said, "to leave a rich man unless I take enough with me for my support."

She quite failed to comprehend why that assurance did not comfort her parents; she knew of no sorrow yet that the possession of money would not assuage; even when Burton died, the thought of the thousands that he would leave her and the fact that widow's weeds would be becoming to her comforted her stricken heart.

But Mrs. Hathaway felt the mortification about to fall upon the family, and could not be hardened to numbness as she thought of her daughter's contemplated sin by groveling thoughts of a liberal alimony.

Nor did Cyn heed the pleading of Amy or the advice of Burton. Nothing could move her.

Mr. Newell remained at Father Hathaway's several days, hoping to induce Cyn to yield her whim and quietly return with him without creating her intended scandal. Willis Newell was not only a loving man, but he possessed a proud nature, and aside from the hurt to his affections was the painful thought of the disgrace of a separation.

In the most taunting manner Cyn replied to his pathetic pleadings.

"I do not love you, and I am tired of living with you; so it is useless to say anything more about it. I shall petition for a divorce at once on the ground of uncongeniality. I never cared for you, and now I almost hate you."

There was then nothing for Willis to do but to return to New York; when at last he decided to go he humbled himself so far as to ask of his wife the privilege of corresponding with her, with the concealed hope that he might succeed at a distance in what he had personally failed, and induce her to retract her decision and promise not to seek a divorce.

"You may write to me any time when you care enough for the privilege to enclose a twenty-dollar bill," was the heartless answer.

And Willis Newell wrote to Cyn several times, complying with those degrading conditions! This was from pride, not for love. His hope of changing her was vain, and ere long a legal notice warned him that his wife was surely taking steps to accomplish her purpose.

This was one of the few separations upon the plea of uncongeniality where the complaining party had not yet made choice of a successor to the former spouse. It was in that respect an unusual case, and Cyn shall not suffer from a moment's suspicion of being guilty of the one sin that she was innocent of; though without doubt her loosely-arranged code of morality would have considered a divorced person as perfectly eligible; still she was not yet "courting," nor making ready to file away a new marriage certificate with her divorce papers.

GLIMPSE XX.—THE NEIGHBORS DISCUSS MATTERS.

"GOOD-MORNING, Barbara," creaked Granny Gray's shrill voice, as Baby Bell, without rapping, opened the kitchen door of neighbor Gray's cottage.

Granny Gray was one of those pleasant characters that are always engaged principally in teaching the neighborhood the correct way and manner of living and doing. She had long ago been disgusted that Barbara Bell should be by every one called "Baby," and she had said, "I mean to set an example by always calling her Barbara, that's what I'm going to do." You've all seen this neighborhood "example," have you not?

"Good-morning, granny," said Baby pleasantly; "how are you feeling this morning?"

"Pretty well, pretty well; have you heard that Cyn Hathaway, Meredith, or Newell, or whatever you call her, is getting a divorce from her husband? Says she don't like him; pretty time of day to think of that. Ain't he done enough for her? Why, she has boarded at a hotel, they say, ever since she was married, and she has done no kind of work at all; everything has been done for her. I have had to work for my living, and I shall not feel sorry to see her come down a little."

"It is a very sad affair, granny, and I am truly sorry for all concerned. Willis Newell is a very fine man, of a proud nature, and he will not easily recover from such a shock as this. Then there is Amy; it will hurt her future; people will fear that the daughter may inherit her mother's faults of temper."

"Temper! I don't care for that. But it does seem to me there is judgment to come upon her for dressing so much better than I ever could, or any of her neighbors. And then she has never had to work, but has always been sporting her

fine feathers, and pretending to be better than other folks. I can't abide her."

"I do not envy Cyn the luxuries she has had."

Granny almost sprang from her chair as she shrieked:

"I don't envy her, nor you needn't insinuate that I do; and I can tell you, Barbara Bell, that I don't think much either of folks getting their living pottering over fuss and feathers. 'Tain't according to Scripture. I always had to work, to earn my living by the 'sweat of my brow,' and I always expect to. I can't have three or four bonnets a year, nor have 'em all trimmed with span-gles." Here she glanced spitefully at Baby's neat bonnet of black lace and beads with its one crimson rose, so as not to be considered mourning. "Cyn has got to come down, I tell ye, and I'm glad on't, whatever you think about her luxuries and laziness." And granny scowled darkly.

Such people as Mrs. Gray are to be found in every community. They cannot bear to see others enjoy luxuries they cannot themselves afford. You must eat what they eat, drink what they drink, think as they think, dress as they dress, associate with those that associate with them, or be tongue-lashed by them whenever they are not too busy with others to attend to your affairs.

GLIMPSE XXI.—UNEXPECTED NEWS.

A MESSENGER from the village post-office brought two letters for Mrs. Newell. One was in a strange handwriting, and post-marked New York; the other was from her lawyer, and this Cyn opened first. The case, the lawyer said, would come up at the December term; as yet Mr. Newell had taken no notice of the papers served upon him, and it was not known whether he intended to oppose them or not. Cyn fell into thought upon reading this, and wondered if it would be impossible to gain a separation with alimony upon the single plea of incompatibility. Separation without alimony would not suit her purposes at all; she would never have dreamed of leaving her husband had she not thought that nowadays marriage was considered generally as little more than an ordinary partnership, to be dissolved any day by mutual consent, and a new one formed as soon as should be desired. •

Cyn was gradually learning that her ideas of law were rather crude; that all of the States did not conduct their legal business in the loose

manner she had thought, and that when a woman desired alimony, she would be called upon to make charges and prove them. Now, she was earnestly thinking what accusation she could bring and best sustain with a reasonable amount of plausibility. Let us follow her mental charges:

"I do not love him; he is not a handsome man; I find myself constantly contrasting him with my first husband, and that makes me like him less; he is not willing to defray the expense of my son's legal education, but thinks that Burton ought to live within his income; he would not go to Europe last season, much as I desired to go; he thought we had best wait a year or two, and he knew that I never liked to wait; then I had rather have plenty of money and live away from him, and so he ought to allow me a handsome sum, and I think these reasons ought to satisfy anybody."

Whether the court would have esteemed Cyn's complaints good and sufficient cause, and so have made her a single woman again, will never be known, for just here her eyes fell upon the other letter, her sluggish curiosity was aroused, and she languidly tore it open. What could it contain that should arouse her quiet gracefulness to an almost fiery enthusiasm? Quickly she hurries for writing materials, and writes to her lawyer: "Suspend all proceedings until you hear from me again." Then she inquires rapidly about the time of day, trains, boats, and all manner of conveyances as she flies hither and thither, packing her trunk, sending Amy here to fetch that, and there to get this. Amy tried to understand her mother's incoherent explanation, but she could not, it was all so mixed up with her orders about the packing of her trunk, and the carriage that was to come to take her to the station. Remorsefully she thought, "Oh, why did I not wait; this is better than a divorce!" For the first time in her life Cyn acknowledged to herself that she had, in the light of succeeding events, rather overreached herself. Circumstances were proving her mistake; if she could have controlled her impatience, and for awhile longer had made pretense of loving Willis, she might have easily induced him to give her everything when he came to know that he must die, as the letter from an officious acquaintance of his told her he was soon likely to do. It really seemed like premeditation upon his part to deprive her of his property, for of course he

would make a will unless she could reach New York in season to seek a reconciliation. She never doubted her power to do this; the "stakes" were heavy, and she would willingly perjure herself to secure them.

GLIMPSE XXII.—IN THE DEATH CHAMBER.

WHILE Cyn, with glowing face, was making preparations to take the first train to the boat-landing, anxiously hoping to reach New York and become reconciled to her husband, that she might for the second time becomingly accept her weeds and the widow's portion, and was enthusiastically thanking her usual good fortune that the case had not yet come to trial, a far different scene was being enacted in a darkened room upon the second floor of the hotel in New York, where the sick man lay.

When Willis Newell was taken sick, the landlord and his wife had shown him every possible attention that their natural kindness of heart, added to their deep sympathy for him in his domestic affliction, could suggest.

As the weeks passed on, and he continued to fail, they won his consent to send for his only brother and his wife. No one thought of sending for Cyn, or noticing her at all. She had forfeited her claims.

The medical men could find no sufficient physical cause for his failure of strength and apparently rapidly approaching death. Mental depression seemed daily to lessen the strength of the heart's action, and when the landlady confidentially informed the physician that up to the time of Mrs. Newell's desertion of her husband his health had been good, that since that time he had "never held his head up, nor eaten enough to keep a canary-bird alive," the doctor said it was the blow to his pride and affections; for such troubles they had no prescription.

When told that his days were numbered, he sent for a lawyer, that he might prepare that will and testament which we are all prone to neglect until Death stares us in the face.

Upon this very day, and almost at the very moment that Cyn was packing, full of happy dreams of a rich widowhood, the lawyer was seating himself beside the bed whereon lay the now wasted form of Willis Newell, who was unsteadily breathing out the last moments of his ruined life. Witnesses had been summoned, and were waiting

in the sitting-room beyond until such time as they should be wanted.

In faint tones Willis gave the lawyer his instructions; they were few and to the point. Sadly he gazed around the room and thought of his desolated life, and while listening to the scratch of the lawyer's pen he wandered back in memory to the early days of his married life, and tried to recall each event and question the past, to learn if he might-not have been in the wrong.

But even now, upon his death-bed, he could not feel but that he had done all that could have been done for peace, unless he had put his fortune into her hands; and, basing his calculations upon what she had spent in her widowhood, it would not have taken her long to squander even his handsome competency if the opportunity had been given her.

He remembered the surprise with which he had learned soon after his marriage that Cyn was nearly penniless. Not that he would have cared for that fact, except as it clearly indicated that he had wedded a reckless, extravagant woman. Cyn had yearly been encroaching upon her principal, until she had but a few hundreds left. To indulge one's taste at that expense, is to set out upon the road leading to dependence upon public charity, unless one makes a short turn and a hasty retreat.

Willis's next sharp lesson was to take in the fact that she had married him solely to replenish her depleted funds.

The lawyer's voice recalls him from these unpleasant reminiscences. We, too, will listen as he reads aloud the will for Mr. Newell's approval.

"NEW YORK, N. Y., June 10th, 18—

"I, Willis Newell, feeble in body, but of sound mind, do hereby proclaim this to be my last will and testament, and by this act revoke all previous wills. I give unto my beloved brother, Jacob Newell, all my bank stock in — Bank. Also all my furniture, pictures, books, and papers in my rooms at — Hotel, New York, or in the office at my place of business, — street, N. Y. Also all my right, title, and interest in the firm of 'Ketchum & Newell,' — street, N. Y."

"In presence of } (Signed)."

"That is all right," said Mr. Newell faintly.

The lawyer raised him up, placing the pillows carefully around him for support, and stepped to

the door to call the witnesses that they might see Willis Newell sign the instrument.

They came in, and were greeted by a smile of recognition from their old friend; the pen was placed in his hand, a change passed over his face, his fingers relaxed their grasp, the inky pen dropped from them, and left its traces upon the snowy sheet—the will was, and would remain forever, unsigned; Willis Newell was dead, and Cyn was left a richer widow than at Burton's death. Lucky Cyn!

GLIMPSE XXIII.—CYN ARRIVES.

It was the morning after Willis Newell's death and the body was sleeping in a casket in room No. 32 as a strikingly handsome woman was ushered by an attentive servant (*attaché* is the thing nowadays) into the public parlor. This woman had traveled all night, but her face was fresh and self-sufficient, though she had not quite decided upon her line of action, and thought to rest here a moment and think.

Later she stood before the desk, ordered a room, gave directions for having her trunk sent up, and then registered her name, "Mrs. Willis Newell."

The colored porter took the trunk upward, and as Mrs. Newell passed out into the corridor the obsequious clerk allowed his feelings to come to the surface, and his lip curled with genuine scorn, for the whole story was well known at the hotel. Calling a boy to take his place for a moment, he hastened to inform the landlady of the latest arrival.

Meanwhile Cyn was adorning herself in her room, thinking to take her husband's weakened heart by storm with a sight of the beauty that he once loved; then there would be doctors present of high professional reputation and perhaps of wealth, and one never knows, you know, what may happen! Stranger things have been than that.

Just as she was about to descend to her husband's room to charm him into forgiving her and bequeathing her his wealth, the door opened and the landlady entered with a stern face, and followed by the porter, who had but just left the room.

Cyn was puzzled, but with her queenly graciousness advanced cordially to greet Mrs. Otis. That lady was blind to Cyn's outstretched baby fingers,

or rather she felt a recoil from them, as if they had been dipped in blood.

"Mrs. Newell, please relock your trunk; the porter will remove it to the sidewalk, and you must follow it at once."

"What indignity is this? I do not understand it at all. I have come to nurse my husband, and was about to go down to his room. I thought it might alarm him were I to appear with my wraps on; that it would seem more natural and homelike were I to go in as though I had been here all the time; one has to be very careful about a sick person's nerves. How is he—quiet this morning?"

"Very," answered Mrs. Otis dryly. "But we are wasting words; you must leave at once; so long as Willis Newell's body lies in this house you cannot remain under the same roof."

"You have no right to turn any traveler out of this hotel that chooses to stay and pays his bill. I will pay you in advance, if you wish." Mrs. Otis made a gesture of repulsion as Mrs. Newell offered her money; the porter obeyed her motion, and without waiting for Cyn to lock the trunk, he had done so and tossed the key on the table beside Mrs. Newell's bonnet and gloves.

Mrs. Otis convinced Cyn that in defiance of custom, law, or precedent, for once she should expel a traveler from the house, and Cyn was forced to leave with meagre information as to how or when her husband had died.

Legally, perhaps, Mrs. Otis was wrong; in fact I know that she was; but morally she was right, and she has always had my greatest respect for that act.

Cyn would never make any ado about it, for she was too shrewd to publish her own disgrace; but through some mysterious channel the news reached her country home before she returned.

The funeral was at the "Church of the Messiah," and there at last Cyn forced her way into the position of first mourner; she knew that Jacob Newell would not cause a scene at church; so here she was at last in the blackest of crape and the whitest of caps bewitchingly attractive, and won much sympathy, as she was afterward pointed out upon the boat and railroad-train, as a recently bereaved widow, whose husband was being transported to the restful, homelike cemetery of his native village.

"How thankful I am that he did not succeed in

signing that will!" thought Cyn, as the train neared the station where she had given him his death-blow.

Are you haunted ever, Madame Cyn?

GLIMPSE XXIV.—THE BELLS TALK OF CYN.

"HAVE you seen Cyn since her return from New York, Baby?" asked Fred, a few weeks after the events recorded in the last chapter.

"Yes, I called upon Amy and thereby saw her mother, and one could not say of her 'that she was not much depressed nor very much elated,' as Dr. Knap very dryly remarked of old Mr. Gray's widow, for Cyn did seem excited with joy; I suppose because she was not cut off by the will. But how was that, Fred? I have always understood that a man could not ignore his wife's claim to her 'dower'; that the 'mighty arm' of the law gave a married woman certain claims upon her husband's estate that could not be disputed."

"So the law does in our State; though you women," with a roguish look at his sister, "will persist in asserting that estate laws discriminate in favor of the male survivor; first, then, Willis Newell owned no 'real estate'; secondly, the law in New York, as regards personal property, is different from ours; it is very different if a husband could legally 'will it away' from his wife at his pleasure. Here the wife is entitled to the 'profit' of a one-third interest in all her husband's real estate—during her life; if there are children, she has one-third of his 'personal' estate, and the children take the remainder; if there are no children, she has one-half the personal property, and his relatives the remainder. In New York, if there is no will, the widow first has two thousand dollars (if there is that amount) and one-half the remainder of the personal property. So notwithstanding the fact that Cyn does not deserve a farthing, she will have a handsome sum. Jacob Newell, of course, will have the remainder; I wish he were to have the whole; but no one can dispute Cyn's legal claim. We could wish that Willis might have lived until the divorce was decreed, or, better than that, that he might have been allowed to sign that will and thus have cut her off without a dollar."

"I am very sorry for Amy; this disgraceful affair annoys her, and it will make honor-loving people shun her, lest the daughter should inherit

the iniquity of the mother," said Baby thoughtfully.

"No one of any judgment will ever suspect Amy of being like her mother; her very movements betray the honesty of thought that actuates them," exclaimed Fred hotly.

Baby did not appear to notice this outburst of Fred's, but quietly continued her work and conversation, gradually leading it from the Newells and Merediths, well knowing that to dwell upon the thoughts roused by these families was not healthy for either of them.

Fred and Baby still continued to live quietly at the old homestead, though Fred occasionally threatened to go West and establish a branch business of his brother George's house in New York, an art-decorative establishment.

Baby long ago decided to remain Baby Bell during life, and though she wore no weeds nor rode in any of the funeral carriages, yet there was One that read her heart as she stood with the neighbors in a group and watched the bearers as they lowered into its narrow bed all that was mortal of Willis Newell; One that saw all and comforted the sad and lonely heart in his own tender way.

If Fred thought of marriage, for some reason his thoughts were well concealed from the world. Baby alone knew of his secret and he guessed at her knowledge only by her tender avoidance of anything in connection therewith that might pain him.

George had a growing family and almost at all times of the year some of his children might be seen at Aunt Baby's, or riding to and from the city with that best and most indulgent of uncles—Fred Bell.

GLIMPSE XXV.—SETTLING THE ESTATE.

VAINLY did the Newell family regret that Willis was not permitted to consummate that will; it was so ordered by a higher power whose ways are not as ours.

It does not accord with our ideas of justice, that the woman who by her cruelty had wounded him unto death, the woman that had stood ready to secure a divorce from him by any means, however disgraceful or slanderous, that the difficulties of the case might demand, should now stand in as favorable a position as regarded the estate as the bereaved widow only should.

The divorce had, fortunately for her, not even come to trial; Mr. Newell had died before the completion of his design, and in consequence Cyn was a happy widow.

Jacob Newell being the only brother, and the conjugal difficulties of Willis and Cyn having been brought to the knowledge of the court, Jacob secured letters of administration upon his brother's estate in disregard of the widow's claim to that position.

Newell's partner, Mr. Ketchum, meanwhile had not been idle; from the beginning of his partner's illness the worst had been predicted; so, with a dishonest hand, he had been expertly examining the books and placing them in order for the inspection that would likely soon be ordered.

Well (for himself) did he perform his work, and when Jacob Newell came to examine papers and accounts, the figures unblushingly asserted that each partner's stock had depreciated nearly one-half, despite the fact that heretofore both parties had represented their business as unusually flourishing.

Jacob Newell was morally positive that the estate was being grossly swindled, yet he was without proofs such as would oblige the thief to disgorge.

There was but one consolation in this inevitable disappointment, and that was, that Cyn's portion was just so much smaller. All of Willis's friends were quite resigned to Ketchum's act, as it was very bitter to them that Cyn should be benefited by his death.

Cyn, of course, heard of all the disparaging comments made upon her and her marriages by the neighbors, and, loving admiration and approbation, she sought to dispel the unfavorable opinions of her neighbors by erecting, in the rural cemetery where his body had been interred, a marble shaft to the memory of "My Loved Husband"; a shaft that attracted as much attention in its lonely grandeur amid the plain headstones that marked the other graves as Cyn herself did when in comparison with her humble neighbors.

But the true-hearted friends of Willis Newell were not to be blinded to Cyn's deadly sins by the gleaming of that highly-polished shaft. The one shaft, amid acres of ordinary headstones, attracted as much attention as Cyn desired, though of a different nature. Some said it pointed upward to heaven as a warning, that from thence Cyn's punishment should surely descend!

(To be concluded.)

MY PLANTS.

By THEO. B. WILLIAMS.

ASIDE, and in an upper room,
Quite unbeknown to passers-by,
Together live my plants and I;
For them I care, for me they bloom.

They clamber o'er my window so,
That, could I hear some sweet bird's tune,
'Twould seem within like sunny June,
Though all without is bleak with snow.

I love them, for with tender care
I've watched them twine and intertwine;
Yes, love them—they are truly mine;
For me they grow and blossom there.

Sweet plants! they upward reach for light!
And so I search myself to see
If there be aught of grace in me
To lift me up from Wrong to Right.

Their blossoms cast a perfume round,
And even make my lonely cell
A place wherein I joy to dwell;
Do I with power like this abound?

Where'er I am do I impart
Such joy and peace, such love and grace,
As make the world a happier place?
Do I make glad one lonely heart?

Ah, plants of mine! ah, well-tried friends!
The lessons your mute blossoms teach
Are more to me than sermons preach:
Their silent pleading never ends.

Throughout my life forever bloom!
Climb toward the light within my heart!
Through noise and worry of the mart
Shed round my thoughts your glad perfume!

NOVELTIES IN FANCY-WORK.

BY MARIAN FORD.

In the last number the "Italian double-stitch" and the "parted cross-stitch" were carefully explained and illustrated, and full directions were given for making those extremely useful and pretty articles—chair-covers. In the present article we resume the subject of the last paper, and give descriptions of many other useful and tasty articles. And first, an article is described closely related to the last.

CHAIR-STRIPES.

Embroidered chair-stripes are always in so much demand, that the beautiful design illustrated in Fig. 28 will no doubt be greatly admired. The foundation may be rep, cloth, felt, velvet, linen, mummy-cloth, or sateen, the embroidery being executed in satin-stitch and stem-stitch. The shade of dull red, known as Pompeian red, forms a very effective background. Work the leaves, stems, and tendrils in shaded olive-green, the flowers green, with shaded purple border, the stamens and pistils brown, with a yellow ground, and the buds white, with a few green stitches. The same selection of colors may also be used on a black, light-gray, or écreu ground.

This design is equally handsome for mantel and curtain lambrequins, also for the plush and felt bands used to trim portières.

MACRAME LACE.

Many persons who wish to make the fashionable and pretty Macrame lace will be glad to have directions for manufacturing at home a "pillow," which is an excellent substitute for those sold at the stores. This may be done by covering a large brick with flannel and list, and then putting over it an outer cover of a dark material, or by making a case of strong linen, nine inches long, cutting two circles, five inches in diameter, and sewing together like a bolster. This must be filled very full and firmly with hay, and then supplied with an outside cover of cashmere. The threads are fastened to the pillow by winding them around large pins, which are thrust firmly into the cushion. The materials generally used are Italian twine, or thick thread, but sometimes silk is employed in making trimmings for neck-ties, aprons, etc.

Fig. 29 illustrates a pattern of Macrame lace in two shades of silk. It is commenced with twenty double threads, eight dark and twelve light, and worked as shown in illustration. Made in silk, it is intended for dresses, but the same design in twine forms an extremely pretty trimming for chairs, foot-stool, mantel lambrequins, etc.

An exquisite table lately shown the writer was covered with crimson plush, and trimmed with a border of Macrame lace half a yard deep, lined with some crimson wool material the same shade as the plush. The pattern illustrated in Fig. 29 would be a very beautiful decoration for the "clover-leaf" tables now so fashionable.

DARNED NET.

Fresh patterns for darning net are always eagerly sought. Figs. 30 and 31 illustrate simple and pretty designs for insertion, and Fig. 32 for edging. When strong net is used as a foundation, darned with linen floss, this work is substantial enough to be used in children's dresses that must pass frequently through the wash. The insertion is often placed between clusters of tucks, but for very little children the entire dress is made of the darned net and worn over a colored slip.

The insertion and the lace are also employed for trimming curtains. Not infrequently, especially when thick over-draperies are used, the whole curtain is made of the net, the insertion and the edging being darned directly upon the fabric.

While the latest novelties in fancy-work of every description are eagerly sought by many, the large class who object to "new-fangled notions," and cling to their beloved knitting and crochet, ought not to be forgotten. Grandma, clicking her shining needles in her easy-chair, is no less pleased with a new pattern for a comfortable shawl than her golden-haired granddaughter with a fresh design for Kensington art-work or Macrame lace. Indeed, there are often hours that can be whiled away in knitting or crochet-work, when tired eyes and weary mind would be unequal to the task of watching the bright colors and following the intricate patterns of embroidery and Macrame.

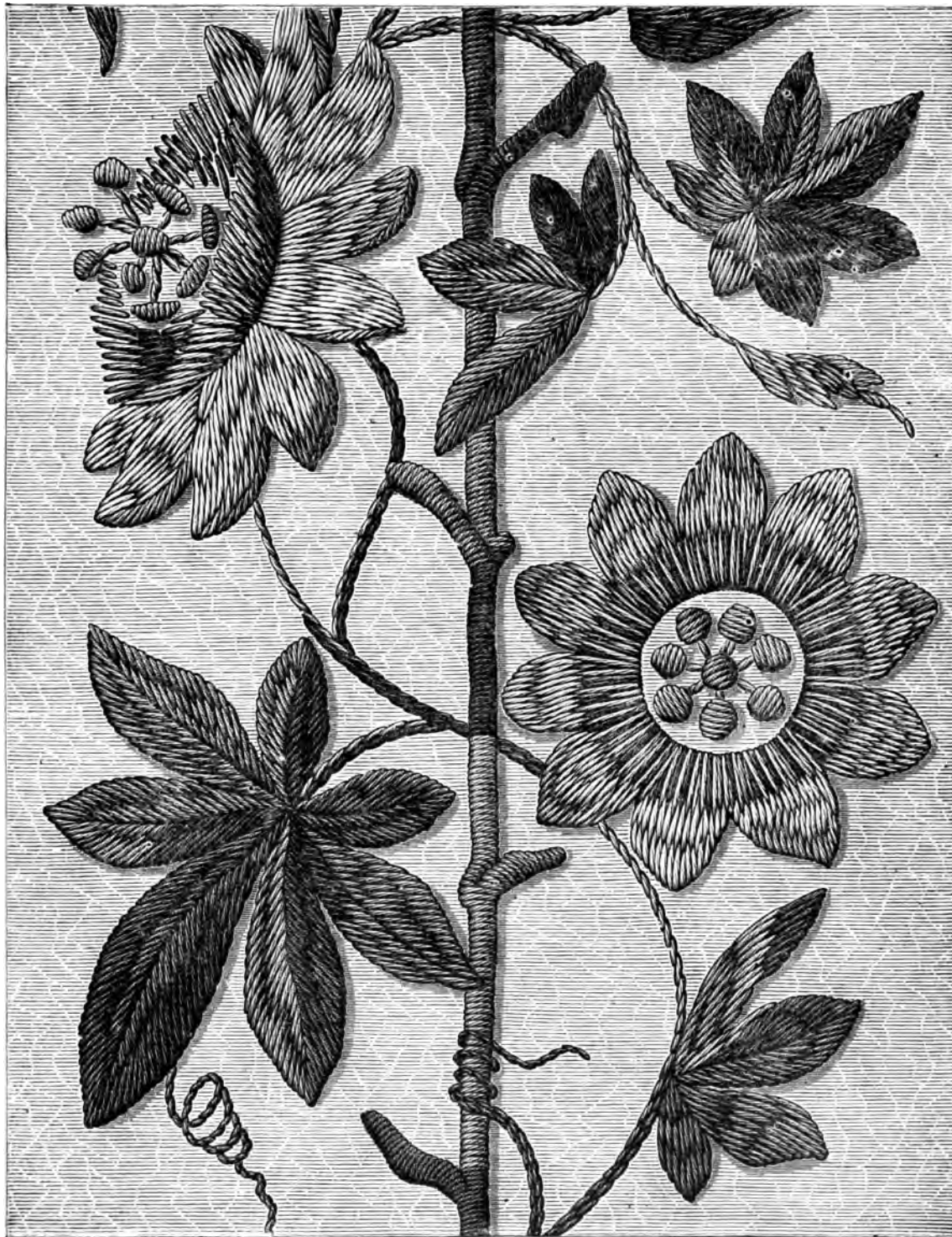


FIG. 28. —DESIGN FOR CHAIR-STRIFF.

KNIT SHAWL.

Fig. 33 illustrates a very pretty knit shawl. The materials required are a pound and a half of zephyr wool and two needles of medium size.

The pattern consists of two different rows. Begin at one of the front ends with three stitches on the needle.

First Row. Knit two plain stitches, cast thread over needle loosely; two plain, cast thread over. Repeat to end of needle.

Second row. Always knit two, and drop the thread cast over needle in the preceding row; the thread will be found to have shifted its position, as shown in Fig. 34. Widen until the middle is

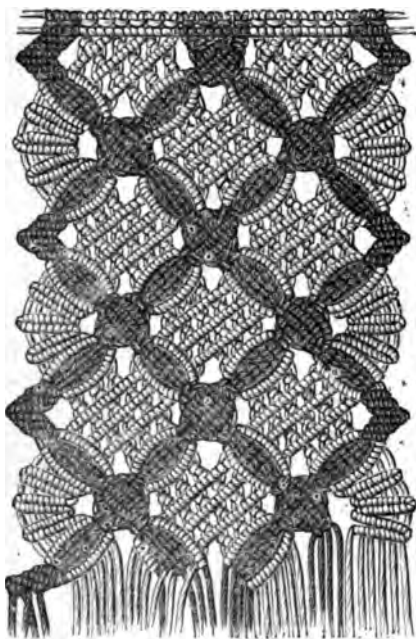


FIG. 29.—BORDER KNOTTED-WORK (MACRAME).

reached by knitting off crosswise the thread cast over by the last stitch, instead of dropping it; then narrow to the end by knitting the last two stitches and thread cast over as one stitch. Always widen and narrow on the straight side.

For the fringe, draw three threads of wool, nine inches long, through every second stitch, and knot them. Divide, and knot again. This makes the fringe, when finished, four inches long.

INFANT'S SACK.

Fig. 35 illustrates a new design for an infant's crocheted jacket. Begin at the bottom by making a chain of one hundred and eighteen stitches.

First row. Draw the wool through one chain, wrap it around the needle,—keep the stitches on

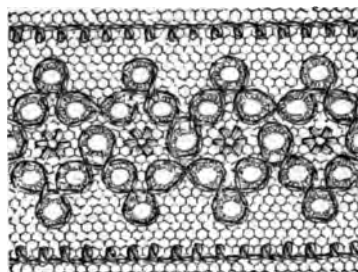


FIG. 30.—DARNED NET INSERTION.

the needle,—draw through the next chain, wrap loosely around the needle, etc., to the end of the row. In going back, draw the wool through two stitches, make one chain, draw thread through two, etc., to the end of the row.

Second row. Wrap loosely around the needle, then pick up one stitch, and the wool which was wrapped around the needle of the last row and the chain-stitch, drawing the wool under the chain and through the two stitches, etc., to the end.

The fourth, seventh, tenth, thirteenth, and sixteenth rows are decreased by drawing the wool through two double stitches. Narrow all the rows in that manner, and from the eighteenth row on crochet the fronts and back separate, of about eleven rows. The fronts each consist of fourteen double stitches; the twenty-one double stitches between being for the back. Combine the back and front at the shoulders by a tight chain; make two rows of tight single crochet around the neck. The next row around the neck is: three triple, one chain, one single, one chain into each single of preceding row. Draw a cord

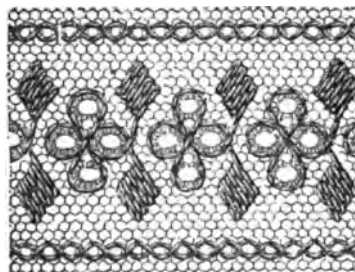


FIG. 31.—DARNED NET INSERTION.

and tassel through this row to tie the jacket; a row of shells finishes the neck.

For the sleeve make forty chain-stitches, crochet

one plain row, cut the thread, turn the work so that the wrong side shows the edge, and proceed to the pattern. Crochet twenty-four rows from the side edges up, drop one stitch in the

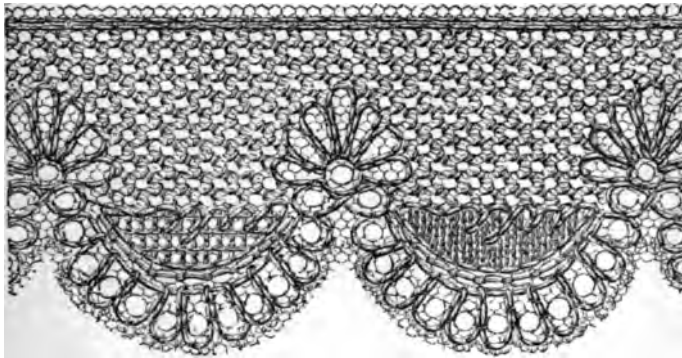


FIG. 32.—LACE, DARNED NET.

middle of the fourteenth, and every second row from there on, so that the twenty-fourth row has only fourteen double stitches. Close sleeve, and crochet to the jacket by a tight chain. The pattern of the shell lace illustrated in Fig. 36 is crocheted around the whole jacket. Fig. 37 clearly shows the pattern of the jacket.

The pretty purse illustrated in Fig. 38 is composed of two kinds of fancy-work, bead embroidery and crochet. The pattern, worked with beads on fine canvas, can be readily followed. The design may be embroidered in white, black, gold, or silver beads, and filled in with garnet, opaque white, crystal, jet, or blue beads. Or, if preferred, the beads can be used only for the design, and the background filled in with silk. In the illustration, both white and gray beads are employed in the embroidery.

A pretty combination of colors is made by using gilt beads for the design and black or bright blue for the foundation. A purse of this description, intended as a gift for a lady in mourning, had the initial and border worked in opaque white

beads, and the foundation filled in with cut black jet ones, producing a very handsome effect.

After completing the embroidery, press the rim down with an iron, and begin the crocheting with colored silk. The first two rows are worked around in single crochet; the next three in single as far as the handle is fastened; from here on use double-crochet around the top. Now line both parts with fine, thin leather, and then sew them together. The fringe is of fine steel beads. Fasten the purse with back-stitch to the steel clasps with chains.

INFANTS' SHIRTS.

Ladies often find it a difficult matter to obtain directions for making knit shirts of very small size, and will therefore be glad to have the accompanying simple directions.

The materials required for one pair of shirts are one skein of white Saxony yarn and two knitting-needles (rubber) of medium size.

Cast forty-nine stitches, knit four stitches at the beginning of the needle, put the yarn forward and

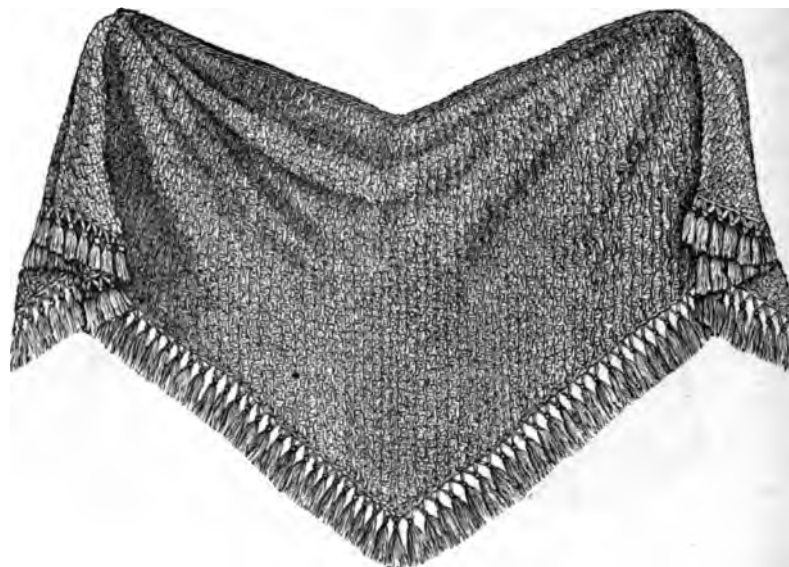


FIG. 33.—KNIT SHAWL.

knit one, put forward again and knit seven. Repeat till the end of the needle is reached, when there should be sixty-one stitches. Seam one needle. Knit one needle. Knit one stitch, slip one, and

bind it over the next two—which are knit plain—and knit two at the beginning of needle. Put the yarn forward and knit one, put the yarn forward

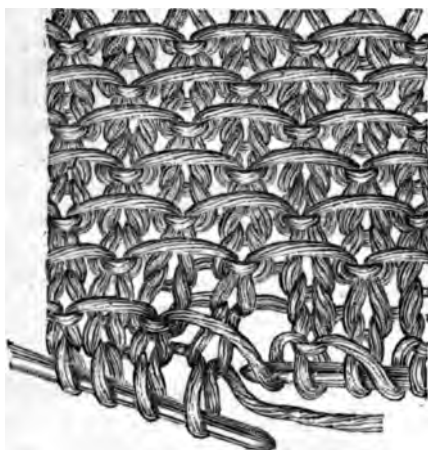


FIG. 34.—DESIGN FOR FIG. 33.

and knit two, narrow twice and knit three. Repeat to the end of the needle. Seam one needle. Knit one needle. Knit one stitch, slip one and bind it over the next two, which are knit plain, etc. Repeat the first three needles until there are eleven or twelve shells.

Next knit two stitches, and seam two alternately to the end of the needle. Repeat till you have knit forty needles. Knit one needle plain. Seam one needle. Knit one needle plain. Seam one needle. Knit one needle plain. Seam one needle.

Make holes. This is done by knitting one



FIG. 35.—CROCHET, INFANT'S SACK.

stitch, slipping one, knitting two plain, and binding the slipped stitch over the two knit ones. Repeat to the end of the needle. Knit one needle plain. Bind off.

Sleeve.—Cast thirty-seven stitches. Knit one

needle. Seam one needle. Knit one needle. Knit eight stitches, put the yarn forward and knit one, put the yarn forward and knit two, narrow twice, knit three stitches, put the yarn forward and knit one, put the yarn forward and knit two,

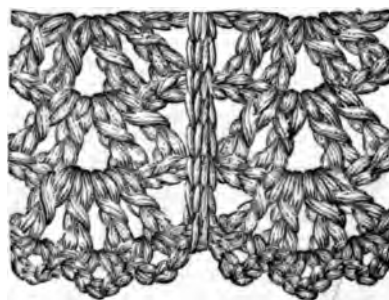


FIG. 36.—LACE FOR CROCHET SACK.

narrow twice, knit three stitches, put the yarn forward and knit one, put the yarn forward and knit eight, which completes the needle.

Seam one needle. Knit one needle. Knit nine stitches, put the yarn forward and knit one, proceeding as in the needle with eight stitches. Seam one needle. Knit one needle. Knit ten stitches, put the yarn forward and knit one, proceed as in the needle with eight stitches. Seam one needle. Knit one needle. Knit eleven stitches, put the yarn forward and knit one, proceed as in the needle with eight stitches. Seam one needle. Knit one needle. Seam one needle, knit one needle, seam one needle, knit one needle, seam one needle.

Make holes. Seam one needle, knit one needle,



FIG. 37.—FOUNDATION OF CROCHET SACK.

seam one needle. Bind off. If a larger size is desired, cast fifty-seven stitches instead of forty-nine, and proceed according to directions already given. For the sleeve, commence with forty-seven stitches and proceed as before.

SOCKS FOR BABY DOLLS.

A novelty in knitting which will be sure to please little girls is socks for baby dolls. Best



FIG. 38.—PURSE.

of all, the directions are so plain that even very "little women" can easily learn to make them. They have cunning white socks and colored shoes exactly like those of the real babies. Half an

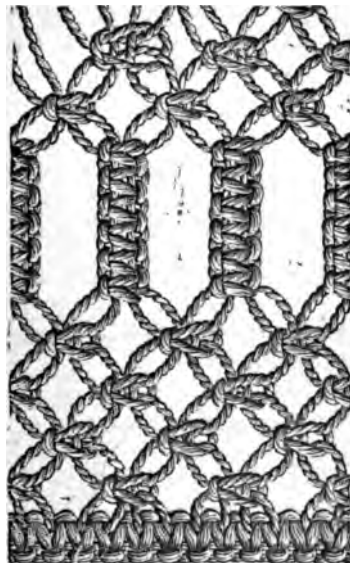


FIG. 40.—MACRAME LACE FOR BAG.

ounce of white and half an ounce of blue single zephyr wool. Steel knitting-needles of medium size.

Cast twenty-eight stitches with white wool, knit two needles plain. Make holes. This is done by knitting one stitch, slipping one stitch, knitting the next two stitches and binding the slipped stitch over the two knitted ones. Repeat this to the end of the needle. Knit two needles plain. Knit two needles with blue wool. Knit two needles with white. Make holes. Seam one needle. Knit one needle. Make holes. Knit one needle. Seam nineteen stitches, leaving the rest on a needle. Slip the first stitch, make four



FIG. 39.—BAG FOR CLOTHES.

holes, knit one stitch, leave nine on a needle. Seam back ten stitches. Knit ten stitches. Make holes. Knit one needle. Seam one needle. Make holes. Seam one needle. Knit one needle. * Take off the ten stitches on a needle. With the needle on the right-hand side of the sock, take up five stitches along the side of the instep, knitting them as they are taken up, and cast seven more stitches on the needle. This whole needle is knit with blue wool, commencing with the first of the nine stitches already on the needle. Knit back plain.

Knit all but three stitches and narrow. Knit one needle plain. Knit all but three stitches and narrow. Knit one needle plain. Knit all but three stitches and narrow. Now narrow every needle till there are only twelve stitches left on the needle, then bind them off.

Still using the blue wool, take up the seven stitches cast out, knitting each one as it is taken up, and commencing at the end farthest from the instep. Knit back plain. Knit all but one, slip it, knit a white one, put the slipped stitch over the knit one. Knit back plain. Continue in this way till the ten white stitches are used. Then take up the five stitches along the instep, knitting each as it is taken up, and knit the nine white stitches formerly taken off on a needle. Knit two needles plain. Knit all but three stitches, narrow, knit one. Knit two needles plain. Knit all but three stitches, narrow, knit one. Knit two needles plain. Narrow at the end of every needle until there are only twelve stitches remaining, then bind off. Sew the little sock together, and crochet one row of shell-stitches with blue wool around the top. Draw very narrow blue ribbon in and out through the holes around the ankle and tie in a neat bow in front.

Ladies are often solicited for contributions to fairs. They will find that these little novelties are made without much expenditure of either effort or money, and are at the same time very salable.

BAG FOR CLOTHES.

Another new article, which would find ready sale at fairs, is a bag for soiled clothes, illustrated in Fig. 39. The materials are Macrame lace, lined with silk, satin, or wool goods. The lace extends only two-thirds of the length of the bag, and is finished with a ruche of satin ribbon. The bottom is completed by a handsome bow of ribbon and tassel made of the thread used for the Macrame lace. Draw up the bag at the top with silk cord and tassels the shade of the lining. Fig. 40 shows the pattern of the Macrame lace.

Very pretty bags are also made of blue and white ticking, the blue stripes covered with black braid feather-stitched with colored wool, and the white stripes embroidered with bright-hued wools in as great a variety of fancy stitches as the maker's skill can compass.

A plainer style, much liked by many persons who wish to have such articles frequently washed, is made of stout brown linen, trimmed with rows of scarlet braid, three-quarters of an inch wide feather stitched with black wool. These rows are placed an inch apart and may be arranged in regular order, covering the bag to half or three-fourths of its depth, or in three groups of four rows each, one at the bottom, one in the centre, and one at the top of the bag, just below the drawing-string, which should be of scarlet braid in place of cord and tassels.

BETTER.

BY ANNA M. BENEDICT.

'Twas the time when the May was waking
The flowerets on hillside and plain,
That he died one morn at day-breaking
After long months of pain.

And that morning his bright little daughter,
Whom Summer had seven times blest,
Came to her mamma, who caught her
And fondled her close to her breast.

And the tears from her mother's eyes welling,
And the kiss that set fire to her cheek,
Her first grief to her young heart were telling
With a pathos that no words could speak.

But she thought of the words he had spoken
Before he had passed away,
And she said, in a voice that was broken,
"Dear mamma, if some one to-day

"Shall ask how papa is now feeling,
I shall say, in the words that he said,
He is better—yes, better, revealing
Alone by my tears he is dead.

"But, if it is better, this dying,
Why, then, should the blinding tears start
And this sorrowful sobbing and sighing
Still burst from the heart?"

CURRENT TOPICS.

Bribery at Election.—We hear a good deal nowadays about the corrupt practices of politicians, about packed primaries and bought nominations, about false counts and debauched voters. Probably no kind of political corruption is more serious in its moral effect than the use of money in the direct purchase of votes. That a good deal of this takes place at every election of importance there can be little doubt. For all the stringent laws in many of the States upon the subject of bribery, the evil goes on, and rarely is it found out and punished, and still more rarely does a conscience-stricken candidate refuse to perjure himself by taking the oath of office. Indeed, the public conscience seems to be so blunted with reference to all sorts of political corruptions that crimes of this sort are considered venial, and convicted criminals, if they are men who have occupied high places, are promptly pardoned.

But our country is not the only one in which corrupt use of money in elections is made. If we may place any reliance upon an article in a recent number of "Blackwood's Magazine," Great Britain, the country whose institutions are most like our own, suffers from this evil much more seriously than we. The well-known conservatism of the "Blackwood" and its strong partisan bias must be taken into account in considering any article in its columns. But while this may guard us against accepting the conclusions which the writer draws from his facts, it will in no wise discredit the facts themselves. The article referred to is entitled "Before and After the Ballot," and its purpose is to show that since the widening of the right of suffrage and the introduction of the secret ballot in place of the open poll, corruption and bribery have not decreased, as the advocates of those measures claimed would be the result, but have rather increased. A return to the old system is urged. Of a canvass and an election under the old system, when candidates freely paid "£5 for a single vote and £10 for a plumper," and "did not feel demoralized by the transaction," the writer gives an exceedingly lively and interesting account. The candidates and their agents entered into the canvass with the greatest enthusiasm. There was visiting of houses by day, and processions and music and flying banners in great profusion, and then at night speech-making from hotel balconies, and unlimited beer and cakes at the bar. Voters were personally visited, and inducements of a tangible sort were offered to make them true to the principles they had always professed. Money was spent freely, openly; the whole period of the canvass and the election was one of general excitement and festivity.

But since the ballot all this is sadly changed. The excitement is gone, the brass bands are silent, the cheering is less frequent and less enthusiastic. There are agents still, and all that, but the whole business of election is in different hands and carried on in an entirely different way from of old. To quote: "We have done with nomination days,

when the candidates had to be pilloried before the mob, fortunate if they were not overwhelmed with rotten eggs and various products of the market-place where the hustings were generally erected, and happy frequently to escape without broken bones. No rival processions now take possession of the High street and keep the town alive by smashing windows and breaking heads. Timid voters are permitted to vote without, on leaving the polling-booth, finding themselves hustled and jostled into a jelly by one of the rival parties. A dull, gloomy, melancholy event is an election under the ballot." Of course, in causing these changes the author admits that the ballot has been a source of good; though still there is in his tone a manifest sympathy with "the good old times" when smashed windows and broken heads and the like pleasing episodes served to relieve the dullness, the gloom, the melancholy of election time.

In all other respects the ballot, he maintains, has been the source of unmixed evil. Bribery—and here we come upon the real object of this article—has ceased to be so open and frank as in the old days, but instead of having grown less, as was supposed would result when the voting became secret, has grown to be a monster of enormous proportions. It is no unusual thing now for voters to accept bribes from both sides. The expense of "standing" for Parliament has become so great in many places that only men of the greatest wealth can aspire to the honor. In April, 1880, at Sandwich, Lord Brabourne says the election was not contested because no Conservative could be found willing to pay £5000 on such an uncertainty; yet the constituency his lordship describes as "absolutely pure," the people as a "most honest race of men"; and in this region of Arcadian purity and honesty it seems that Mr. Brassey had spent £25,000 in two elections. Other figures of the same startling character are given. The Englishman must pay a good round sum for the honor of serving his country without salary in Parliament. The voters have principles; oh! of course, but—

So common and flagrant and notorious has the bribery become in many boroughs, that the Attorney-General has recently introduced into the House of Commons a bill by which it is hoped that the growing evil may be checked. Bribery is to be made a criminal offense; persons convicted of it to be punished with imprisonment; while the legitimate expenses of an election are clearly specified, and many practices common enough now are to be forbidden. Whether this will become a law remains to be seen. It is certainly a matter of the greatest urgency and the greatest importance.

In our country we doubt if the corrupt use of money has been so extensive and heinous as it has been in England. Yet we speak under correction. But it is well-known that in close districts and doubtful precincts, in case of an important election, money is freely distributed and votes shamelessly bought.

It is not a pleasant thing to think about. It seems hard

to believe that men will barter their principles for money. But facts are stubborn things. Many a "pure" and "honest"—these terms taken as above—voter could adopt literally the words of one of Lowell's keenest satires:

"I *don't* believe in principle,
But O, I *do* in interest."

Upon the real purity and honesty of the ballot-box depend the future safety and success of representative government. The public tone should be raised, the public conscience made more sensitive upon this point. Men of character cannot afford in any party exigency to lay aside their moral principles and to wink at corruption. The success or the failure of a party is of small importance as compared with the maintenance of high moral tone and of perfect political probity.

The Assassination of the Czar.—The newspapers have given the full and horrible details of the fearful "taking off" of the Autocrat of all the Russias. It cannot be said that the news of his death came as a surprise to the world. At any time within the last two or three years the intelligence would have been received without causing hardly a ripple of wonder, so many desperate attempts have been made upon his life and so undaunted and determined have been the secret conspirators. And yet for all that his death was anticipated, the announcement of it caused a thrill of dismay and terror in the court circles of royal Europe;—

"—with a recognizing start
Nation wildly looks at nation standing with mute lips apart."

Successful crime of every sort, and especially political crime, is contagious. And it is no wonder that Emperor William, of Germany, who has himself so narrowly escaped the assassin's hand on more than one occasion, should have been deeply affected by his brother monarch's frightful death.

The killing of the Czar shows clearly enough, that, with the resources which modern science has placed at man's disposal, no ruler can long be safe, no matter what precautions he may take or how excellent his secret police may be or how dreadful his punishments of suspected conspirators, provided a few men and women are resolutely determined upon his death. But in the case of Russia it seems probable that the party to which the Emperor owes his death is neither small nor weak. No one knows how widely spread the Nihilist organization is. But it is perfectly well known that it has been able to attract to itself not only weak and vicious socialists and visionaries, spendthrifts, desperadoes, and unsuccessful malcontents, such as Cicero describes the Catilinarian conspirators to have been, but people high in rank and authority, members even of the Czar's household, and, most wonderful of all, students at the universities and young women of culture and refinement. The distress and discontent of Irish peasants and agitators, the desperation of French communists, the wild theories and the growing influence of German socialists, the murmurs of the republicans of Italy and Spain, the presence of heretical and subversive social doctrines even in our own favored land, are evidences clear enough that throughout our Western civilization there is dangerous friction of labor with capital,

of government and law with the governed and the law-restrained. But in no country has the friction been so great as in Russia. In no country have the fires of social revolt and revolution, hidden though they have been, burned with such intense persistency. The efforts to smother them have only added to their wild energy.

In other countries it is highly probable that the social problems will be solved peaceably, that the causes of the friction between classes and of the widespread discontent will be intelligently sought after, and so far as possible removed, without serious outbreak or disturbance, though wild fanatics may now and then lose their heads altogether, and some riotous outburst like that at Pittsburg may occur or some absurd attempt like the recent one to blow up the Lord Mayor's palace may be made. But the condition of things in Russia is such that agitation has no legitimate channels through which to work. The people have had no voice in the counsels of the State, nor have they been allowed to make known their distresses and explain their wants in the press. So it has long been clear to the political observer that the desperate enthusiasm, the fanatical zeal, the martyr spirit of self-abandonment and self-abnegation which have characterized the Nihilists would result in the spilling of royal blood, if not in a reign of terror and absolute social anarchy. It was no feeling of ill-will or hatred toward Alexander II. personally, we may well believe, that actuated the assassins. In aiming a blow at him they struck at the system of which he was the most prominent representative.

Now, we have no sympathy with the aims or the methods of the Nihilists so far as we understand them. Their one doctrine is an absorbing hatred of the present constitution of society and government, coupled with an eager and unreasoning passion for destruction. All that civilization and religion and culture and education have accomplished for the amelioration of society and the betterment of man—government and church, law and institutions—everything they would sweep spurningly and scornfully away. Havoc and red ruin their watchword. And what would they give their suffering country after they had wrought the destruction of all that it now has of fair and beautiful? Ah! they have not thought so far as that. Their work is destruction. After they have caused a social chaos, others, whose work shall be construction, they vaguely dream, shall arise, and a new and more beautiful social cosmos shall be their work. But first the terrible cataclysm must come.

Of course we do not believe this. To us it seems worse than folly. The world cannot be made better by dooming to destruction all that has already been accomplished in government and religion, in law and morality, with the expectation of establishing upon the ruins so created a new society,—this term used, of course, in the broadest sense. Society is not a creation, it is an evolution. It reaches back for its sources into the dim distance of early times. Everything which has gone before has contributed to it. In a truer sense than it can be said of an individual, it is "the heir of all the ages."

And so it seems to us that the Nihilists are upon wrong grounds, and are using false methods, though it may be very possible, whatever the immediate effect may be, that their

red-handed agitation will hasten the coming of a better condition of affairs in Russia. It may be safely asserted that the day for despotic, autocratic government in Europe is gone by. People will no longer patiently submit to it. The Russian rulers might as well recognize this at once, for recognize it sooner or later they must. The mad passion of the Nihilists for destruction might very likely be effectually checked if a liberal and progressive policy were instituted, and fearlessly, unflinchingly, and consistently pursued.

But the assassination of Alexander II. seems peculiarly atrocious. No one, since Peter the Great, has done so much for Russia as he. Through his efforts Russia has been drawn into the current of nineteenth-century life and civilization. Raised to the throne when Russia was humiliated by the failure of the Crimean war, the army demoralized, the country without roads or schools or universities, the peasants slaves, he left Russia with the serf free and the land question settled, with universities and schools and railways, with the army in magnificent condition, with the shame of the Crimean war wiped away by the splendid achievements of the late war with Turkey, with the Asiatic boundaries widely extended, and with unheard-of improvements and reforms in the civil administration.

That he grew conservative with age, that he had not the courage to follow out his changes and reforms to their logical conclusion, is no doubt true. He felt, perhaps, that the work could not be hastened, while the impatient spirits, excited by the strange new impulses which his innovations had made possible, have been unwilling to await development along the direction in which he started it, and have madly desired the crushing-out of everything, that an absolutely new beginning, the nature of which they do not characterize, might be made.

The vast majority of Russians, it would seem, regarded Alexander II. with affection and enthusiasm. His memory will be cherished by them as the great emancipator and reformer. Whatever else he may have done, to have set free nearly twenty-five million bondsmen entitles him to a prominent and abiding place among the benefactors of mankind.

Women's Rights in France.—It is interesting to notice that the Women's Rights question is beginning to assume some importance in France. "That disagreeable type, the

female orator," as a French correspondent of the *Nation*, with hardly the proverbial gallantry of his race, puts it, "is likely to become a frightful evil." That may be the Frenchman's way of stating the case, but we feel very sure that multitudes of Americans would severely condemn the use of the epithet "disagreeable," and deny the justice of pronouncing the "female orator," under any probable contingency, "a frightful evil." The women have certainly a right to make themselves heard in public, and the experience of the last few years in our country has shown that the prevailing type of female orator with us at least will compare favorably with the male counterpart.

Many of the Frenchwomen are claiming equality not only of civil rights, where no one will gainsay the justice of their claims, but also of political rights, even that of sitting in political assemblies. Of course, the stock objection was made to them that there was one function of the State, namely, military service, which they could not perform. But they reply with great propriety, that the peril and the suffering they incur for the benefit of the State in bringing children into the world more than offset the work and the danger borne in the public defense. What are the sufferings of the camp and the hazard of battle compared with the throes of parturition?

The Miss Smiths, of Connecticut, are paralleled by a young and pretty Frenchwoman. She not only claimed political rights, but she refused to pay taxes so long as they were withheld; she even allowed her furniture to be seized. This, of course, produced a sensation, and Mlle. Aubertine Auclerc is regarded as a heroine. The younger Dumas adds strength to the movement by his championship of the cause in a widely-read pamphlet, with the taking title, "Women who Kill and Women who Vote." Many of the women now loudly clamoring for more rights, and denouncing tyrants whom they do not specify, are no doubt fanatics and demagogues, who lend neither dignity nor respectability to the agitation. But they may be simply the forerunners who will prepare the way for those who shall take up the discussion in all candor and sobriety. The question what share women in the future are to take in the State has ceased to be one which can be lightly passed over or cavalierly brushed aside. It demands candid and courteous discussion and a reasonable solution.

TABLE-TALK.

The Blossom of the Desert.—In the spring the fancies of many in the more crowded portions of our country lightly turn to thoughts of Western possibilities and prairie homes, where they think the struggle for existence will be holiday sport. They start forth with eager hope to pluck the blossom of the desert. They think it will be a rose. They feel sure of it, for are they not to make the great plains "blossom as a rose"? A full granary in the fall, a herd or a flock for future marketing, as the result of their summer's toil, will

still be "as the rose"; and there are no thorns toward the setting sun. In the dreams of the hopeful and expectant emigrant nothing but of a rose-blush tint shall ever occur upon his prospective quarter-section in the wild, free West. For the building of a castle in the air he is an architect of vast resources; like the witty Sheridan's opponent in Parliament, he "is indebted to his imagination for his facts"; but he seems not to know that many of these "facts" are like Milton's

"—flowers
That never will in other climate grow."

He already feels the dignity of his prospective labor on virgin prairie soil. And from the poetic shelf in his library he brings to hand a forgotten volume and reads:

"How blest the farmer's simple life!
How pure the joy it yields!
Far from the world's tempestuous strife,
Free 'mid the scented fields!"

Mrs. Osgood prettily confirms his pastoral conviction that

"Labor is life!—'Tis the still water faileth;
Keep the watch wound, or the dark rust assaileth."

And Morris quickens his hopeful zeal with this bit of rural enthusiasm:

"Here, brothers, secure from all turmoil and danger,
We reap what we sow, for the soil is our own;
We spread hospitality's board for the stranger,
And care not a fig for the king on his throne;
We never know want, for we live by our labor,
And in it contentment and happiness find."

Yes, as I have seen the discontented townsman, or young countryman, getting into harness to go West and corral fortune within a furrow, he is an enthusiast, a poet. His becomes the language of hope; he lives among the metaphors of the field and the farm-yard. His good wife, too, is earnest to venture absence from friends and trust to luck and hard labor for the promise of a fine estate in a few years. She is a fair scholar, with a taste for books and good clothes. At father's house she even thrummed the piano as interlude to Josiah's bashful words. Why shouldn't she and he gather the roses of great fortune in the garden which old goblin geographers misnamed the "Desert of the West"?

Certainly; the old goblin is gone, the new one is come. Doubting the guess-work on Olney's old atlas, they fall in love with the *ignis fatuus* of the Land map and the florid circular of the Wormwood and Gall Railway. It threads the most fertile valleys in the new States of Cornucopia and Lavish Nature. The soil is as deep as corporate avarice. There is an annual rainfall of thirty inches, and a contract has been made with the Future for a gradual increase.

The W. and G. does not ask you to accept its own prejudiced statements as to the marvelous fertility of the tracts the Government has generously made over to it, and which it offers to actual settlers for a mere nothing, and on long time at that. No, the circular is full of such testimonials as the following:

"MAIZEVILLE, L. N., Dec. 1, 1880.

"HENRY SMOOTHFACE, Esq.,

"Land Agent for the W. and G. R'y.

"DEAR SIR: In March, '79, I settled on a quarter-section of your lands here. I had nothing but a team, wagon, plow, some household traps, a wife, and four babies. I housed the family in a dug-out, and the salubrity of the climate is such that my horses needed no stabling that spring and summer. I turned over in April fifty acres of sod, planted it to corn and potatoes, getting a yield of fifty-four bushels to the acre. That paid for all my land, a fair barn, two

cows, an extra team, a flock of sheep, and fed the family a year. I thought that was doing tolerably well.

"But in the summer I broke another hundred acres, put it all into crops last spring, and now I feel rich, out of debt, good house up, orchard growing, fine stock, money to lend, and five stacks of wheat still unthreshed. Wheat yielded me 40 bushels to the acre; oats, 90; corn, 110; potatoes, 300. Every acre of your land-grant will do as well. Plenty of fuel along the streams near by, while the winters are very mild. I shall at once take a half-section more. I think sometimes I ought to pay you twice what you ask for the land.

Yours obediently,

"MAXIMUS YIELDWELL."

Jane and Josiah read this unvarnished tale of another's experience, and hasten to pack their trunks and tag them "Westward Ho!" They find the sweetest bliss in ignorance. Yet it were not folly to be wiser. Great expectations, as well as meadows, have their aftermath of disappointing yield.

The above "testimonial" is not an unfair excerpt from the reams of printed bait tossed to people of small means by public and private land companies in the West. Nor are the railway corporations worse than that little corporation, one man. Both are human, and make *caveat emptor* the motto for their sales. Each holds a candle to the good points, and lets the snuff of silence drop on the blemishes.

Migration to the woodless plateaus of the West is well, if you are well prepared for it. But the one way speedily to pluck "the blossom of the desert" is to carry with you a plethoric purse. Yet all the summer in Chicago one sees the emigrant trains go forth with many men, women, and children, already hungry, scantily clothed, without a hundred dollars besides their railway tickets, into Western Kansas, Nebraska, or Dakota, and one wonders why they take such pains to be miserable. Often have I watched the "prairie schooner" trailing westward from the Missouri, even late in the frosty autumn, all the household goods beneath its canvas, and a sorry cow haltered in the rear. I have knocked at the slab-doors of such settlers' shanties, sod houses, and dug outs. Nothing within their reach "blossomed as the rose." Life there seemed an endless desert, unrelieved by a single oasis.

Had Morris ever seen such a settler's cabin, he would have struck from his farm ballad the quoted lines:

"We never know want, for we live by our labor,
And in it contentment and happiness find."

He would, however, have retained very properly the words, "We reap what we sow," for the pioneer who has little or nothing to "sow," "reaps" the same. To this class of rash and improvident prairie settlers belong the thousands who suffered dire distress last winter from lack of food and clothing and fuel, who, in many cases, in their efforts to seek relief, were frozen to death, and were entombed by the drifting snow. It was for such that pastors made appeals, and the benevolent-minded formed relief societies.

No man with a taste for toiling on his own glebe to support life needs stroll one thousand or two thousand miles to meet his good opportunity. The acres untilled, or half-tilled, line many highways in Middle and Eastern States;

but it is the greed for much land that is the agricultural curse of our country. Twenty years ago much of Illinois was parceled into great farms; but they have bankrupted their lords, and their men-servants are growing rich on the fragments. The farmer of limited money should limit his land. Thus will he sooner double his money. A garden on the Atlantic outyields a farm at the foot of the Rockies. And the farm forty miles from a locomotive in this age is the barrenness of desolation and delusion! You may dream that it is all your own, but surely you are "working it on shares" with drought and transportation.

J. C. A.

A Rare Talent.—The faculty of drawing out of persons with whom one is conversing the best there is in them—brighter things even than they suppose themselves capable of—is the rare gift with which Nature has endowed some women. George Eliot was a most charming person in conversation, though she was a woman of few words, because of her intuitive insight into the thoughts of others. A few words would put her into possession, not of what they said, but of what they would fain have said, and she would so improve upon it that ordinary people went away charmed with her who had made them for once at least feel themselves to be wise. Long afterward, perhaps, she would recall to their remembrance the wise or witty things which they could hardly believe themselves to have said, and which they assuredly never would have said but for her quickening influence.

This trait recalls two women of an earlier generation, widely known in the society of their time, but whose names now live only through the fame of others—Mrs. Basil Montagu and Mrs. Bryan Waller Procter (Barry Cornwall). Both mother and daughter were brilliant talkers, which George Eliot, it is said, was not, but like her they had the gift of bringing out all that was brightest and wittiest in those with whom they conversed. Like George Eliot, too, they were fond of recalling, at a later day, the bright things which had been said under their stimulating influence, and it is said that they were even addicted to the princely generosity of giving away, to right and left, the pearls and diamonds which had fallen from their own lips. Those whose self-control and generosity have ever been put to the test of hearing some of their own best sayings attributed to another, will best know how to admire these exceptional women.

It was Mrs. Montagu, it will be remembered, whose conversation was so pungent that Thackeray and Kinglake used to call her "Our Lady of Bitterness," and under that title she is alluded to in "Eothen."

L. S. H.

The Future of the English Language.—It is interesting to notice how small portions of the earth's surface have been the home—the central hive—of those civilizations and civilizing forces which have been most potent, most extensive, and most wide-reaching in the history of the world. One thinks at once of the Egyptians in the narrow Nile Valley; of the Jews whose land was only from Dan to Beersheba; of the Greeks with their ragged bit of mainland and tiny isles of the sea,

"Where grew the arts of war and peace,
Where Delos rose and Phœbus sprung";

of the Romans on their seven hills by famous Tiber stream, and of the mighty influences which emanated from these narrow territories. In modern times, the Anglo-Saxon race, with little England for its home-land, is repeating the story of the older civilizing races. No candid observer will hesitate in the opinion that the Anglo-Saxon race is at the present time doing more for the civilization, the advancement, the development of the world, than any or all other races combined. Anglo-Saxon enterprise is opening Africa, is governing India, is enlightening China and Japan, is settling the islands of the sea. In North America the Anglo-Saxons are already predominant, and their influence is constantly increasing in other parts of the Western world.

Wherever English and Americans go they take their language with them. Every Anglo-Saxon community becomes an English-speaking centre. There is not a clime in the world where English hymns are not sung and English prayers offered. Hand in hand with the opening of new countries and the establishment of new commercial posts goes the language in which Shakspeare wrote and Shelley sung. And when one considers this steady progress in the most distant and diverse parts of the earth and the wonderful rapidity with which the millions of our people are increasing, it does not seem a very foolish or absurd idea to dream of the time when English shall be the language of the world—the universal tongue, or, at any rate, as near that as the world will ever see. Such being the "manifest destiny" of our mother-tongue, it would seem the part of wisdom and common sense to make it more simple and rational in its ways of spelling. The efforts of scholars in this direction should receive the favor and encouragement of all. Everything which facilitates the acquisition of the language will accelerate the rapidity of its conquests.

A recent London paper, the *Non-conformist*, in commenting upon the American census, speaks as follows of the advancement of the English language:

"The first thing that strikes us is the enormous ratio in which the increase of English-speaking people exceeds that of any other race in the world. It is true that a large proportion of American immigrants are not English, nor even Irish or Welsh. But whether they be German or Italian or Norse, emigrants from Europe find themselves absorbed in a vast federation of communities of which not merely the language, but the traditions, the racial antecedents, the common law, literary inheritance, and, even in a very true sense, the historic memories, are all English. Germans may maintain their newspapers and their 'vereins' of all sorts; they may be aggregated here and there in communities of which German remains for generations the speech of social life. But, after all, the necessities of general commerce and politics and law, of local and State elections, are, in the long run, too strong for them, and they must needs take Hans Breitmann's advice to 'ondoochify themselves,' at least so far as concerns language and political ideas. No one dreams that anything, not even the dreaded deluge of Chinese, can now imperil the undisputed sway of Shakspeare's and Milton's language over the vast range of the North American Continent. New Zealand and Australia are equally secured. If one language ever prevails over the Indian Peninsula, it must be English: and everywhere else

—in Africa, in South America, in China, in Japan—influences are at work and centres are already established which make it certain that the language to be extended on the ruins of local dialects will sooner or later be English. Even now the statistics of the British Empire and the United States show that our language is spoken by at least 100,000,000 as their native tongue; while to more than double that number it is rapidly becoming essential not only for their conven-

ience, but for their welfare. No language ever spoken by man has opened a field for literature such as this. The Chinese undoubtedly far exceed these numbers, but the people of various provinces are mutually unintelligible. Our great poets and historians and prophets have had a mission vaster than they knew. They wrote in what may one day be the mother-tongue of the whole world."

LITERATURE AND ART.

It is always a great pleasure to have occasion to speak of those whose very names awake a thousand delightful associations. Longfellow and Whittier have secured so sure a position in our hearts, that every new thing from their pens or every new form into which their thoughts are put is received with heartfelt thankfulness. We gladly accept what they proffer us, and should feel very shabby indeed did we think of criticising the gift.

In "The King's Missive and Other Poems" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston) we have Whittier's last poems collected. Most of them have already appeared in some other place, but we are thankful to have them together in permanent shape. The same qualities that have so long endeared Whittier to our American hearts are manifest in these last utterances. His delight in Quaker themes is seen in "The King's Missive," in which is described the bringing by Shattuck, the Quaker, to stern old Governor Endicott, the King's letter directing the release of the Quakers at that time suffering in prison. The haughty governor was humbled, and obeyed the mandate. The prison-doors were thrown open, the captives went forth with praise and thanksgiving.

"So passed the Quakers through Boston Town,
Whose painful ministers sighed to see
The walls of their sheep-fold falling down,
And wolves of heresy prowling free.
But the years went on and brought no wrong;
With milder counsels the State grew strong,
As outward Letter and inward Light
Kept the balance of truth aright."

"Abram Morrison" is another Quaker theme, but of a homelier nature; and in many of the other poems the gentle, kindly, loving Quaker spirit is bodied forth most winningly.

"We cannot hold the hands of choice
That touch or shun life's fateful keys;
The whisper of the inward voice
Is more than homilies."

Pure, simple, placid is his trust.

"I suffer with no vain pretense
Of triumph over flesh and sense,
Yet trust the grievous providence,
How dark soe'er it seems, may tend,
By ways I cannot comprehend,
To some unguessed, benignant end;

That every loss and lapse may gain
The clear-aired heights by step of pain,
And never cross is borne in vain."

None of the poems pleased us more than "The Minister's Daughter." The saintly Puritan preacher, enmeshed in the logical toils of that savage old Calvinism in which our fathers, strangely enough, took a sort of grim delight, is freed from the tangle of his "faith's unreason" by the prattle of his little daughter as they pass home together, admiring the song of birds and the bloom of orchards, after he had preached

"—of the primal fall,
And how, thenceforth, the wrath of God
Rested on each and all;

And how, of His will and pleasure
All souls, save the chosen few,
Were doomed to the quenchless burning
And kept in the way thereto."

When she startles him by announcing her belief that the "pretty blossoms are very wicked," for

"Had there been no Garden of Eden
There never had been a fall;
And if never a tree had blossomed,
God would have loved us all."

he reproves her, trying to make her see that God's "ways are past finding out," and that whatever comes to us it is our duty to "fear and love Him still." Whereupon:

"'Oh I fear Him!' said the daughter,
'And I try to love Him too;
But I wish He was good and gentle,
Kind and loving as you.'"

It is not to be wondered at that at this "the minister groaned in spirit"; but he pondered the words, he began to see things in a new light.

"And lo! from the bloom and greenness,
From the tender skies above,
And the face of his little daughter,
He read a lesson of love.

No more as the cloudy terror
Of Sinai's mount of Law,
But as Christ in the Syrian lilies
The vision of God he saw.

* * * * *

Thereafter his hearers noted
In his prayers a tenderer strain,
And never the gospel of hatred
Burned on his lips again."

The sonnets are strong and helpful. We should like to quote "Requirement" in full, but space forbids. May the gracious bard live long to sing his gospel of peace and love, feeling assured that, however his

"—measures move,
The silent sympathy of love"

which he craves will never be lacking for him in American hearts.

The same publishers pay Longfellow a graceful compliment by the beautiful "Longfellow Birthday Book" which they have just published. It has an excellent new portrait of the poet, and a dainty engraving for each month. Each page contains two dates. Under each date on the left-hand page stands always one passage from Longfellow's prose works, and one or more from his poems. On the right-hand page the dates of the opposite page are repeated; and under each we have usually one or more names of great men or women born upon that day. The rest of the space is left blank that one may record there the names of his friends. At the beginning and the end of each month some appropriate and well-loved poem is given. The selection of the passages and their arrangement were made by Charlotte Fisk Bates, and so far as we have observed, with admirable taste. One will find scattered through these pages many of the author's best sayings in prose as well as verse, and nothing could be pleasanter than to associate the names of our friends with some of the poet's brave words.

From Lee & Shepard (Boston) we have received a poem entitled "Motherhood," published anonymously, and evidently with some misgivings—not altogether unfounded—on the part of the author; for in her prefatory note she "appeals to her readers and critics to respect the incognito of a poem which was written as an expression not of individual, but of universal experience, and from a desire to portray in its purity and holiness the most beautiful instinct of humanity." It is seen, further, from this quotation, that the desire and the aim of the poet are noble and praiseworthy; we sincerely wish that we might without qualification praise the accomplishment of her design. Surely no theme is more suggestive of holy feelings and tender loves and gracious sympathies and all sweet ministries and joys. One is blind and unsympathetic, indeed, who cannot see or feel the pathos and the poetry in a woman's experiences from the time when the maternal instinct is first awakened, with vague longings and indefinite mysteries of hope, through the season of waiting and anticipatory preparation, through the nameless sufferings and the agonies of travail, through the watchings and prayer beside the cradle, and all the thousand mother-cares, till childhood is over. One who has observed a mother unconsciously fondling her babe, has seen in her eyes a light which is not of sun nor stars, and heard in her voice a music which wind nor waters cannot make. Raphael and the painters of his day were the poets of motherhood. They saw the unutterable poetry of mater-

nal affection and joy and reverence, and reproduced it for us in their matchless Madonnas.

" Ah! the depth and tender sweetness
Of the wonderful Madonnas!
Love in its supreme completeness,
Child and mother crowned with honors!"

In the poem before us one feels that the author is distinctly conscious of the poetry in her theme, but that too often its elusive mystery escapes her. So while we cannot accord the unknown author of the little volume the highest praise, or praise for the highest work, we have yet no reluctance in commending her modest effort. The series of short poems, eighteen in all, which make up the poem, will waken responsive echoes in many a mother's heart. The tone is pure and elevated throughout, but at times the thought seems to make undue concessions to the necessities of rhyme, and in places the sense is obscure. In No. 5, entitled "Inheritance," the thought of the expectant mother, as she walks through her orchid-house

" To note the flowers' airy grace,
And in each blossom see a face,"

and wonderingly beholds their perfections, and thinks

" No clay nor mould for them was set,
No crude, base earths did them beget;
God smiled, and lo! their beauties met,"

becomes an aspiration that, like the lovely flowers before her, her life might

" Bloom in its rich maternal joy
To bear a perfect girl or boy."

The whole idea of the poem is thus a comparison of a child to a beautiful blossom or plant

" To grow through nature's wonted term,
Then grace a universe of love
Untarnished, waving far above
The soil and mists in which I rove."

But this idea is marred by the introduction into the very last line of the last stanza of a totally different and absolutely incongruous image:

" I'd yield my life an offering
That such a soul from mine should spring
Its glorious flight to plume and wing."

Here the plant that in the preceding stanza was to wave "far above the soil and mists," takes unto itself plumage and wings more suddenly than such transformations occur in Ovid, and prepares for a "glorious flight."

In "The Travail," No. 9, the following is found:

" With pang on pang we wrestle
As though heart and flesh should cavil
And strain with blow on blow;
As the mortar with the pestle
We shrink in nature's throe,"

which, of course, is neither poetry nor sense. One has some notion of the idea the poet is trying to express, but the passage itself is hopelessly obscure. Moreover, as a matter of fact, no well-conducted mortar, either with or without the pestle, is in the habit of shrinking. It would be easy to point out many more passages in which the author falls

short of excellence, but our space forbids. Rather we will subjoin in conclusion a specimen of her better work, "The Lullaby," adding only before, that the publishers have done all in their power, in the way of good paper, good print, and tasteful binding, to give the poem appropriate bodily shape.

"In her pretty willow cradle softly swaying,
Lulled to slumber by my tender rhythmic praying,
Lies my baby, while my mother-heart is saying,
 'God keep her there!'

Keep, oh, keep her sunny head upon the pillow,
Shining out between the twining withes of willow,
Rocking lightly as a bark on fairy billow,
 'God keep her there!'

Breathing sweetly with a baby's soft pulsation,
To the measure of the cradle's light vibration,
In the cadence of my panting aspiration,
 'God keep her there!'

"Gleanings from the Fields of Art," by Ednah D. Cheney, is the title of a book recently published by Lee and Shepard (Boston). It is made up of a series of essays, arranged in chronological order, in which, with little attempt at originality, and, so far as we can discover, with no very clear purpose, the author has brought together a good many facts and opinions about art and concerning artists and their works. The book has no unity, and the essays are very unequal in value. The style, which is never winning and easy, is at times exceedingly faulty. It is at its worst in the opening pages of the essay on the "Restoration of Art in Italy." The very first sentence of this gives us an instance of loo-eness of thought and statement such as occurs with exasperating frequency. "The Roman and Eastern Empires," it reads, "passed away; the Goth, the Lombard, and the Frank succeeded them and departed also; Europe learned the lesson of defeat in its struggle for the Holy City; and out of all these ruins arose fair Italy," etc. What "ruins"? The author has mentioned none. When was it, too, that Goths and Lombards and Franks, any or all of them, "succeeded the Eastern Empire"? The author discovers a perilous affectation for sweeping statements and wide generalizations. It is a hazardous thing for even the profoundest scholars and most comprehensive and philosophical students of history to sum up an age or a century in a sentence. They utter their generalizations with modest reluctance. But your superficial student, your gleaner in the fields where others have gathered the sheaves, is cocksure of everything, and without the slightest hesitancy will give you in a single brief sentence the meaning and the influence not only of an age or a century, but of an epoch or a cycle. We have often wondered at this, but we remember that

"Men rush in where angels fear to tread."

Our author seems to hold the grammatical principle, which requires the predicate to be in the plural when there are two or more subjects conjoined, in abeyance. At any rate, she disregards it quite as often as she observes it. The proof-reading was done with far too little care. We have noticed many slips. In the quotation from Dante, to give a single example, p. 86, we have *nella* for *nella*, *colui* for *colui*;

while a better orthography, if we mistake not, would have given us *pintura* instead of *pittura* and *si che* instead of *sicché*. It would have been better taste, by the way, we humbly think, to have given Longfellow's translation of this quotation instead of Carey's.

But there are other blunders, only a few of which can be specified, which the most charitably-minded cannot lay to the proof-reader. In proper names, Cary for Carey, de Medici for de' Medici, Buonaroti several times for Buonarroti, which we have noticed only once. And is it asking too much of the author to inform us just when and where Emerson said—

"Better half a year of Europe,
Than a cycle of Cathay!"

To just what class of readers the author thought the book would prove valuable we cannot imagine. It is not concise nor comprehensive enough for a hand-book. Persons unacquainted with art history would find it hard reading and often unintelligible, because it assumes so much to be already understood. Persons already familiar with art history, and who resort to this for entertainment and fresh views, will be disappointed. We hope we are not too severe in describing the book, as George Eliot described the Rev. Amos Barton, as "superlatively middling."

We are in receipt of a neat little volume entitled, "Stories and Ballads for Young People," from the American Book Exchange, New York. It is a selection of some appropriate prose and poetical effusions from many of our best known writers, in which the compiler has shown much good taste and judgment.

"Lenox Dare," from the pen of Virginia F. Townsend, and published by Lee & Shepard, although a very fair story, does not possess any remarkable characteristics that should recommend it to the favorable consideration of the general reader. The style and diction of the author are excellent, however, and we observe an improvement in certain respects. Many of our readers may probably remember reading the story when published by one of our leading magazines.

"Lost in a Great City," by Amanda M. Douglas, published by the last-mentioned firm, we are pleased to say possesses some very strong features, and is in all respects a very interesting and well-written story. The incidents are of an exciting character, and claim the undivided interest of the reader closely from beginning to end. One's sympathy is strongly enlisted in the fate of the "lost waif," and its life-history is earnestly followed step by step until the last chapter is closed.

"Madame Bovary," by the French writer, Gustave Flaubert, a translation of which by John Stirling, Esq., has just been published by Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, is a pen-sketch of a French female character, whose identity may readily be discerned without traveling very far through French society. We confess our inability to see wherein modern society is to be benefited by the prominence given such examples.

Notes.—Apropos of the recent article in Table-Talk, by Dudley Digges, Esq., on the change of pronunciation of family names, a correspondent calls our attention to two names in his neighborhood which are just now trying to get themselves accented upon the last syllable. One is Pickel,—honest and homely enough, but how charming when converted into *Pickel!* The other is—spirit of philology!—Backus! What person in his senses should think of giving that too suggestive second syllable the attention-drawing accent?—Our readers' attention should have been called last month to the issue of the *Literary World* (Boston) of February 26. Advantage is taken of Mr. Longfellow's seventy-fourth birthday to make it a Longfellow number. Many critics and lovers of our gracious American laureate contribute, and much is said to account for the poet's wide popularity at home and abroad, and in explanation and praise of his many writings. There are upward of fifteen articles, a half-dozen or more original poems, and a complete bibliography of Longfellow, one most important feature of which is the list of the translations of his writings, now published for the first time, and extending to upward of seventy titles. There is also a new and capital portrait of Mr. Longfellow, and a variety of illustrative extracts from his poems, happily introduced as texts to the several articles. The pure and catholic spirit of Longfellow's work, the tender grace with which he sings the poetry of the common feelings and longings of the human heart, his belief, and practice in accordance therewith, that "every human heart is human," are the qualities which more than any others have awakened responsive chords in his thousands of loving readers.—It is really painful to see the *Nation*, ordinarily so scrupulously fastidious in its use of language, and so quick to discern the mote of error, however small, in its neighbor's eye, making vulgar grammatical blunders, and errors in statement. The *Nation* has always contended—we think rightly—that *United States* should always be treated as a grammatical plural. Yet some time ago, in an article entitled "What the United States *do* for Europe," and in which *United States* is prevailingly treated as a plural, we are grieved to say, it nods long enough to be guilty of saying, "This service the United States *is* now rendering." And more recently we were horrified to learn in the columns of the *Nation* of the pass to which Mr. Parnell's "tactics *have* brought the country." Next we know it will be asking, "What *are* the news?" and be talking about "those molasses"! The *Nation* has no patience with the author of any book it happens to be reviewing who makes a serious slip in a statement of fact with which he ought to be familiar or claims familiarity. Yet this critical omniscience makes two blunders of just this sort in its criticism of Jean Ingelow's last story, "Don John." In a single sentence we are told that "the boys are placed with Mr. Johnstone's sister in Paris, and the parents travel for five years." There are in both of these clauses just the kind of errors which most exasperate the *Nation's* righteous soul. They are clothed with a circumstantiality which begets confidence, but let us see. Perhaps we are unjust; may be the *Nation* had sources of information other than the novel itself. This assures us that the boys were taken not to Paris but to Avranches; tells us nothing about the parents' traveling, but says they returned

to their English home and business life, and they did not stay away five years, but barely half that time. It is an exhilarating exercise of the imagination to think what a rating the *Nation* would give a person who managed to crowd so many errors into one brief sentence.—We wish somebody, we are perfectly indifferent who, under some happy inspiration, might, could, or would, whichever is the appropriate word to use in the premises, invent some new sentence about the great English nation that might fittingly serve to cap a climax in place of that famous sunrise-drum-beat-succession affair which has grown a weariness to the flesh and an exasperation to the spirit. No one could confer a greater benefit upon the race than by making the invention indicated. Everybody who refers laudingly to the English in conversation or public speech, in sermon or lecture, in newspaper article or essay, makes a climax, and you at once begin to scent (if we may be allowed an Irish bull) the drum-beat and that tiresome sunrise. It is estimated, on trustworthy statistics, that no less than twenty-three thousand seven hundred and sixty-nine commencement orations, seminary essays, and high-school pieces will contain this worn-out—no, played-out—drum-beat sample of Webster's eloquence this coming June. One regrets that Webster ever went to Quebec, or ever forged that glorious sentence. Even Richard Grant White, in a recent number of the "Atlantic," lugs it in, but with such child-like candor, such charming naïveté, such apparent unconsciousness of its origin and its trite triteness, that it gains a brief new interest for us. In loading the English people with praises, he reaches an inconsequential climax by saying of them, "and of whom it has been truly said,"—what large observation and investigation this implies on Mr. White's part! "been truly said," indeed!—"that the sound of their drums follows the sun around the earth." We are glad to have it from so eminent an authority, that Webster didn't really make a mistake of fact in that fine bit of rhetoric. "It has been truly said"; yes, yes, Mr. White, far too many times. *You* might have spared us.—The Seventh Annual Report of the managers of the Pennsylvania Working Home for Blind Men has been received. The object of this benevolent enterprise is to furnish work and to teach trades to blind men. Its success so far has been great, and it seems every way deserving of encouragement and assistance.—From Bicknell & Comstock (New York) we have received Part 6 of their Modern Architectural Designs and Details. Fine lithographic plates, giving new and original designs of dwellings of moderate cost in the styles most popular at present, are presented. Plans, elevation, and details, both of outside and inside of buildings, are clearly and beautifully illustrated. The work may be unhesitatingly recommended to builders and architects. They will find the plates extremely useful and suggestive.—Houghton, Mifflin & Co. (Boston) will publish, the coming season, "American Men and Women of Letters," a series of biographies under the editorial charge of James T. Fields; also a series, edited by John T. Morse, Jr., "Lives of American Statesmen." Both series promise to be of great interest. The same house will deserve the thanks of the American public by publishing a translation of the works of Björnstjerne Björnson, the most distinguished of Norwegian writers.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

A Cup of Good Coffee.—We have been accustomed to think that coffee owed its introduction to use to such picturesque Orientals as the Arabians and the Turks. Tradition tells of an Arab who halted on his weary journey across the desert, built a fire, and set about preparing his frugal meal. Soon he detected a strange and agreeable odor coming from a bunch of twigs he had used as fuel. Upon investigation he found the source of the fragrance in a few small charred beans—the fruit of the then unfamiliar *coffea Arabica*. Tradition further tells how, as he was examining the beans, some of them fell unperceived into his solitary water-jar, which stood hard by. And so, when the Arab came to drink, he found, instead of the precious water, a muddy-brown infusion of coffee. But in the desert one must not be fastidious, and our Moslem, with slight misgivings and prayers to Allah, swallowed the dubious contents of his jar. With surprise he found the murky liquid very palatable, and far from feeling any evil effects, was so much refreshed that he could resume his journey without delay. And through him coffee became known to his countrymen.

This pleasant story, like many others concerning the origin of other things, we should like to believe. But alas! history, with no feeling for the romantic and the appropriate, bluntly refutes it. Far back in the ninth century the swarthy Ethiopians made use of the coffee growing wild among the rocks of Abyssinia. The Mohammedan conquest familiarized the Arabs of the fifteenth century with the properties of the plant, and in the city of Aden its stimulating effects were at once taken advantage of by lawyers, students, and those who wished to "stay awake nights." The exquisite flavor of the beverage won friends among all classes, and coffee passed into general use.

In the middle of the seventeenth century a merchant prince from Turkey established himself in London, and in his splendid *ménage* coffee was commonly served. It is said that the poor man was so overrun by visitors, who were curious to pass judgment on what was then considered an Oriental luxury, that he was obliged, in self-defense, to open a public coffee-house.

The use of coffee naturally became popular at once with the seventeenth-century Englishmen, and from England it crept over, at a later date, to the American colonies. In this country it has become so general among all classes, that to-day the United States consume more coffee than any other nation, the most of it, however, being of the inferior grades from Brazil and St. Domingo.

It is an odd plant—is this same coffee whose fruit we have so perverted. I have seen it growing on the sunny slopes of a tropical country, its shoots set out, perhaps, in the classic quincunx, and, when grown to maturity, so pruned and topped that a plantation might readily be mistaken for a vineyard. The beauty of the plant in full bloom is something wonderful to behold, and is the more impressive because so unexpectedly revealed. The thick foliage screens

from view the little white buds rolled up tightly in their green calyxes; there is no suggestion of the development of a flower, until some morning, having left the fields on the previous night clad in their perennial green, you wake to find them resplendent in a rich profusion of blossoms, producing the singular effect of a light snow fall, which even the scorching rays of a meridian sun are powerless to dissipate.

The coffee-plant has a complicated organism. It is one of those botanical eccentrics which, "like Mrs. Malaprop and the orange-tree, are in fruit and blossom at the same time." While the buds are bursting suddenly into beauty in a single night, close by is the burden of unripe fruit, covered with its fleshy pericarp of a brilliant red color, sweet and palatable to the taste, resembling in appearance the cherry, but turning to a purple hue as it matures, and shriveling at last to a leathery-brown. Each flower produces two grains, which grow upright, with their flat sides adjacent.

In the Orient the coffee is left ungathered until fully matured, when the berries are shaken off the plant into cloths spread to receive them, and the beans are subsequently extracted by a process which need not be here described. In Brazil and the West Indies, however, the berries are picked by hand at intervals during the harvest before they are ripe, and are spread out on the ground in fair weather to dry in the sun. This premature picking and drying in the sun are done to preserve the coffee from the deleterious effects which the rain has upon it after a certain stage in its development. This is unnecessary in Oriental countries; the coffee ripens upon the plant, is gathered, and dried in the shade. In this difference of treatment of the ripening coffee is supposed to lie the principal cause of the well-known difference between Rio and Santos coffee, and such brands as Mocha and Java. The crops of the latter varieties mature naturally, and acquire the same superiority of flavor over those that are sun-dried, which all fruit that has leisurely ripened on its native stem has over that which has been forced into mellowness. It is impossible, however, to circumvent the climatic causes which render the early gathering of Brazilian and other crops exposed to heavy rains a matter of necessity; nor is it always possible to obtain for the cultivation of coffee a soil so unretentive of moisture as that which assists the growth of the plant on Arabian plantations. The districts of the West cannot therefore reasonably hope to produce the incomparable flavor which is the result only of a drier climate and a less bibulous soil.

It has been ascertained experimentally that were such plants as the Rio surrounded by all such conditions as favor the development of the divine Mocha on the arid slopes of Arabia, the hereditary weaknesses of the Western variety would be but slowly overcome, and that whereas the native Arabian coffee reaches the limit of its bearing capacity and the finest gradations of flavor in three years from the time of planting, the Rio requires ten to fourteen years.

Notwithstanding the inferiority of the Western varieties of coffee, one who knows how, can, by careful and scientific treatment, so prepare it for the table that the result is a fair approximation to the coffee of the Orient. The very best cup of coffee I ever drank was made from the condemned Rio, such as sells here for from twenty to twenty-five cents a pound.

I have a certain theory about coffee-making which, it seems to me, is based upon sound principles. It is a familiar fact in the manufacture of many fine wines that no single vintage can be relied upon to furnish all of the necessary qualities of body, flavor, bouquet, etc. In such, a variety of grapes enters into the composition, and only the combined qualities of all can produce the highest degree of excellence. It is much the same with coffee. Each kind has its peculiar merit, and a judicious commingling may secure a better result than any one alone.

For simple, unadulterated *café noir*, pure Mocha seems to have been especially designed; but *café noir* is not an American weakness, although it must be acknowledged that a preference for it indicates the highest refinement of taste. Foreign epicureans are apt to look upon our predilection for creamed and sugared cups with lofty scorn. The ideal coffee for American tables also is to be made from Mocha, but Mocha to which Rio, in the proportion of one-fourth the whole quantity of coffee used, has been added. Other combinations have been found not unacceptable to the fastidious palate, but this happy union produces the most delicious coffee. To many the presence of a little Java also seems not ill-advised; but by this addition a grosser element is introduced into the otherwise ethereal taste. It may be objected that nothing could be grosser than Rio coffee. I would say that Rio has really no flavor of its own; it is all "body," and if a little of that "body" is added to the superb flavor of Mocha, the effect is admirable. On the other hand, Java—"Old Government"—has a flavor peculiarly its own, pungent and self-asserting, which encroaches upon the delicacy of the Mocha used, and adds a grosser taste. The combination of a very little Mocha and a great deal of Java, which you will find popular among misguided but well-meaning grocers' clerks, is a waste of good material. Insatiable atoms of Java absorb the Mocha, completely obliterating its flavor and destroying its effect. In all cases where Mocha is used with other kinds, it should be in much the largest proportion, else its delightful aroma, and what is often considered its too delicate flavor, will lose their identity.

In making coffee, it is of course important that the variety used should be what it is represented. Familiarity with the various sorts will enable one easily to distinguish them. The small, symmetrical, plump, gray-green beans of Mocha are readily recognized, as are also the large and yellow Java beans. The Rio beans are smaller, imperfectly formed, and mottled; in general, the beans of the Western varieties are dwarfed.

It is a common but certainly a barbarous practice among housekeepers to buy coffee already browned. Against this I cannot speak too strongly, and the grounds of my opposition—coffee-grounds, I suppose they might be called—are readily explained. The delightful fragrance, one of the

most indispensable attributes of good coffee, is due to the presence of a volatile oil, called caffeine, contained in the surface-cells of the berry. If the coffee is exposed while roasting to the action of the air, this valuable constituent is largely dissipated, and continued exposure to the air will eliminate all trace of it from the roasted bean. The roasted coffee of commerce, besides being prepared in the manner least calculated to preserve its evanescent qualities, is furnished in such large quantities that it must needs stand a long time exposed before it is all finally used; and, by the time it finds its way into your coffee-pot, only a comparatively bitter residue is left to speak for the rare ambrosia that has been so lightly absorbed by the atmosphere.

The lovers of a cup of good coffee will find it essential to roast their coffee at home. They will remember, too, that the sooner coffee is used after roasting the more perfect the beverage, and that no matter how short a time may intervene between the roasting and the use, the coffee should be kept meantime in a close-sealed vessel, not only from the importance of protecting the beans against exposure to the air, but because the qualities taken up so readily by the atmosphere will be reabsorbed if the coffee is kept in a close vessel.

In Brazil, where the people are rendered very exact in the science of coffee-making by the necessity of making the most of an inferior coffee, I found that they were so strongly impressed with the truth I have just stated, that they commonly browned their coffee for daily use fresh once every twenty-four hours; and it is mainly to the rigid observance of this rule that I attribute the many delicious cups of coffee I drank in that country prepared from common Rio.

There is an art, too, in the method of browning coffee. The proper way is to heat the coffee slightly in a pan, and, when it is warmed through, to transfer it to a closed vessel in which it can be constantly agitated while roasting. The best apparatus for this purpose is a common peanut roaster. The object of roasting the coffee in a closed vessel is already understood. It should be kept in the vessel until it is thoroughly cooled, when it should at once be put carefully away where it will not suffer from contact with the air.

Coffee should not be ground until immediately before it is used, when the finer it is ground the better. All of the desirable qualities which coffee possesses are superficial, and the greater the surface which is exposed to the action of the water and heat, the more of them will be disintegrated.

It will be readily apparent, therefore, that coffee should never be boiled, for underlying the agreeable properties in the surface of the bean is a gross and bitter principle which is slowly taken up by the water in boiling. The coffee should not even be allowed to stand over the "grounds" after it is made. Having drawn your coffee, it should be poured off the grounds at once, into whatever vessel you have prepared for it, after which it may be easily restored to the fire and kept on the cool side of 212°.

A French coffee-pot is an important factor in making a cup of good coffee. This simple apparatus separates the coffee and the grounds mechanically, and "clears" the coffee at the same time. If this accessory is not at hand, a funnel-shaped flannel bag will answer the purpose. The finely-ground coffee is placed within it, and boiling water is

poured over it and allowed to trickle into a vessel kept warm over the fire to receive it.

To make a pot of good coffee, one tablespoonful of "grounds" should be allowed for each person, and "one for the pot." As it pours from the pot, coffee should be of the color of good cognac, and quite as clear, though the color will always deepen with the quantity.

Of the service of this domestic beverage little need be said to Americans, who deem it right and proper to serve coffee on any and every occasion. I remember having caused a severe shock to the tender sensibilities of a French waiter by ordering coffee, and—could he believe it?—with milk, to be served with my dinner. "*Ces Américains! Comme ils sont bien drôles!*" I heard him mutter.

The times and occasions for coffee-drinking vary in different countries; but the appreciation of the custom is almost everywhere the same. A Frenchman once described to me, with his eyes "in a fine frenzy rolling," the cup of coffee he had served to him every morning in bed. It was small and dainty. It was invariably accompanied by several lumps of sugar, which he was accustomed to place on a teaspoon and cover with brandy. He then touched the contents of the spoon with a light. *Pouf!* the brandy ignited, and the sugar, reduced to a delicious caramel, was promptly deposited in his cup. Ah!

The Eastern decoction of coffee and hasheesh is not so readily appreciated as the brandy caramel. Our simple taste cannot accommodate itself to the peculiar flavor of "the Sultan's coffee," or any of the modified and qualified cups which are a feature of the grave ceremonials of the Orient. We are not out of sympathy, however, with the most extravagant use of coffee pure and simple. We smile at the ten cups, which it is the custom in Ardennes to serve after dinner, each one having its particular name, and being provided with more brandy than its predecessor, and the last of which loses its identity as coffee, and merges into a sort of stirrup-cup. But to defend the people of Ardennes against an imputation of a capacity such as was boasted by the noble Romans in the day of the first emperors, who thought nothing of disposing of six quarts (!) of wine at a modest banquet, let it be observed that the coffee so liberally drunk on the Belgian frontier is served in tiny cups, such as we Americans would prefer to see in a collection of bric-à-brac rather than in common service on the table.

There is certainly a keen pleasure in drinking coffee out of a beautiful cup. We are pleased to see something of the æsthetic creep in to excuse what would otherwise seem a purely sensuous indulgence. But the first requirement which a lover of coffee makes is that his sacred breakfast-cup shall be of no puny proportions. If of fair size, of graceful shape, and delicate workmanship, then is the cup worthy of its contents.

A cup of good coffee is better than a good cup of coffee any day; but a good cup of good coffee—what mythical nectar of the gods can compare with it?

ELEANOR M. HESTAND.

Governing Children.—I remember being deeply impressed by what a white-haired old clergyman once said to me. He had served the Lord faithfully for a half century

in the back regions of the Carolinas. He had not been blessed with great worldly possessions, but, as is often the case with poor ministers, with a numerous family. His children had been his dearest care. For them he had made innumerable sacrifices; over them he had watched with tender long-suffering and earnest solicitude. The peculiar character of each had been his study, and with untiring zeal he had striven to bring them up in the fear and admonition of the Lord. As the result of his long and varied experience he said, as we were conversing upon children: "It is a harder thing to bring up a family of children than to be President of the United States."

I had had no experience in such matters at that time, and I thought the old gentleman's words were a wild exaggeration. But since children have come into my home, and I have begun to feel how awful the responsibilities resting upon a parent are with reference to the proper developments of the children's character, I have often thought of his words as no magnifying of the parents' office. Who can exaggerate the importance of parental teaching and oversight in the management of children? In many respects it is not too much to say that they are given as clay into our hands, and upon our manipulation it depends whether they shall become vessels of honor or dishonor. Every word, every tone, every act, either with reference to them or even in their presence, has a shaping, moulding effect upon the plastic substance of their character and their soul. Little by little unconscious changes are working in them under an influence which will soon be hardened into enduring habits or characteristics. If we do not understand our children, and are constantly crossing them in matters of little or no importance, we may be unconsciously working incalculable mischief. Roughnesses of character, which proper treatment on our part might obliterate, or at least greatly smooth, become only the more pronounced; angularities, instead of being rounded into beautiful curves, become sharper and more obtrusive. Injustice and unreason, undue severity and show of temper in dealing with children, are the commonest evils into which parents are liable to fall. Impatient, cross tones work constant havoc in children's lives. If mother and father cannot govern themselves, what right have they to correct their children? How can they do it properly? The very essence of correction and punishment is justice. Against that no reasonable child can long revolt. But harsh injustice works bitterness in the young soul, as indeed it should.

Children are too often treated as though they were devoid of reason. Their reasoning powers, to be sure, do not work with the readiness and precision of those of older persons. That is, of course, to be expected, and every allowance is to be made for their weakness and immaturity. But by appealing to their reason, by accounting for our action in relation to them upon reasonable grounds, their rational powers will be constantly quickened and strengthened, and they will learn to act less impulsively. Moreover, they should be encouraged to exercise their judgment and their free-will. Upon this latter point, Mrs. Muloch-Craik, in a recent article, has these sensible words: "It may be heresy,—many old-fashioned people will think it so,—but I believe we ought to encourage in all children, from the first dawn of

reason, a reasonable free-will which should be exercised, whenever possible, in all unimportant things, gradually becoming more and more important as reason and common sense increase. Under due supervision I would allow a child to choose its own clothes, pursuits, companions, subject to advice, suggestion, or a veto, if necessary, but still made to understand that to guide and control itself, to act and decide for itself, is not a crime to be punished, but a duty of life to be fulfilled every year more perfectly and more wisely. And, above all, I would teach children never to lean when they can stand upright, never to ask another person to decide for themselves, or to do for them what they are able to do for themselves. At all ages, and in all crises, if we must act, let us act without troubling other people; if we must suffer,—alas! it is hard to teach a child this, and yet we ought,—let us, as much as possible, learn to suffer alone, without inflicting needless pain on other people."

These are clear, sensible, practical views, and yet extremely difficult, as every worried father and weary mother knows, to put into execution. It is so hard to be patient with the foibles of childhood; so much easier to settle a matter out of hand than to wait to hear the child's reasons and to correct its judgments. But our own ease and convenience are not to be considered of primary importance. The supreme question is, What is best for the child? In the management of children, one cannot too much insist upon the constant exercise of perfect kindness and perfect justice. If this be done, there will be no danger of alienating either the love or the respect of our children.

ANNA M. B.

Luminous Paint.—Those were wise words of the preacher when he summed up the results of the wide observations of a life-time in the sententious judgment, "and there is no new thing under the sun." Oftentimes we are startled from our complacent belief in the strange new developments of the age when it is shown that some latest wonder of invention or discovery is but an old idea in modern dress. From Egypt, the wonderland of civilization, or China, that "dead sea of man," as Montgomery perhaps unjustly termed it, come most often proofs of the antiquity of the new things at which we are just beginning to be filled with wonder.

Lately patents have been issued in England and on the Continent for a luminous matter resulting from the calcining and manipulation of oyster-shells and sulphur, and for producing a luminous paint of more or less durability and intensity. The London *Building News* informs us that this luminous paint is coming into extensive use in England. Offices are coated with it to the great satisfaction of the occupants. It has the effect of a subdued light. The objects in a room treated with it are rendered visible so that one can enter to find an article without a light. The paint is excited by ordinary daylight, and its effect is said to continue for thirteen hours. So bedroom ceilings, passages dark at night, and other places where light is necessary and lamps objectionable, may be made luminous by this means. A simple band would be enough for staircases and passages. It may be used as an oil paint,—so necessarily for outside work,—and, as has been recently discovered, can be applied like ordinary whitewash, being mixed with water and a

special size. The field of its usefulness seems almost unlimited. It has already been applied to clock-faces, signs, door-plates, and the like with excellent results. In some of the vessels of the British navy and in other places plates of glass coated with it are in use. And on some of the railways where lamps have been necessary all day because of occasional tunnels, coaches treated with this paint, and dispensing with lamps, are now running.

Surely one might suppose that here was some new thing under the sun. But we are informed by a Chinese encyclopedist, under the article *Ye* (painting), that a certain Sir Ngoh possessed a *painted* ox which left its frame every morning to go grazing, and returned to its frame at night to sleep there. The Emperor Tai Tsung (976—988 A.D.), having the picture brought to him, demanded an explanation from his court, which no one could give. Finally a Buddhist priest was found, who stated that the Japanese had the art of extracting a luminous substance from a species of oyster which they collected and mixed with paint, rendering anything painted with the mixture invisible by day but visible by night, and that doubtless the picture was painted in that way.

Notes.—Mr. Wm. E. Hidden, a mineralogist of North Carolina, has discovered a new mineral which after his name has been called hiddenite. "The mineral," says a contemporary, "constitutes a new gem, of the emerald class, and is known in the trade as lithia-emerald, owing to the presence of lithia as one of its chemical constituents. We have seen some specimens of this gem, and they are indeed most beautiful objects to the eye. The stone has a pure delightful green tint with a liquid brilliancy that is quite distinctive and remarkable. It sells for about the same price as the diamond. Mr. Hidden tells us that the mineral is found in a narrow chimney in the rocks, not more than two feet long by two and a half inches wide, and having an inclination of almost seven degrees." If we mistake not, this is the first distinctively American gem.—The editor of the *Art Interchange* gives the following minute directions for coloring a pine floor which is to be partially covered with rugs. Some of our readers will no doubt thank us for repeating it. "Buy at any house-painter's store turpentine and linseed oil (not boiled). Ask them to put a little Japanese dryer in the turpentine. Buy either burnt sienna or Vandyke brown, or both, according to the color of the rugs and the tint on the walls. These colors come put up in tin cans, smaller but otherwise similar to tomato or fruit cans. After your floor has been washed thoroughly clean, is free from dust, and dry, begin by opening your can and mixing, in another receptacle, the oil, turpentine, and paint. Remember, the oil is to thin your paint, the turpentine to dry it. The mixture should be so thin that it will run with liquid readiness. Lay it on with a brush as thick as your hand, stroking the brush the way of the grain of the wood. Protect your hands with old gloves, and go over the floor with a rag. In fact, you will need two rags, one pretty well charged with paint, to rub in every crevice, and another rag to rub off any superfluous paint. Mind your stops, or, rather, put some mind in the way you stop. Do not stop in a straight line across the grain of the wood, but carry your

brush irregularly down, taking a hint from nature's lines in the wood you are preserving with paint. By mixing the burnt sienna and Vandyke brown, you will secure a rich color without needing to use the paint in a thick form. Your mixture should be so thin that the grain of the wood will show through. If you have too much turpentine, the paint will rub off. If you have too little, your room will need more days to dry. Twice as much oil as turpentine, certainly. Do not economize the oil, and be as prodigal in rubbing as your strength will permit."—The heels of boots and shoes are now made of coir—that is, the inside fibre of the cocoanut. The fibre is incorporated with some glutinous cement under heavy pressure, and is afterward stamped into

form. The resulting substance is said to be a fair substitute for leather and to be highly resistant to moisture and other causes of wear and tear. The utilization of such a cheap and easily obtained material is, if reports of its efficiency be true, a most useful and promising discovery.—From South Africa comes a simple remedy for that distressing and often fatal malady, diphtheria. It is said to be effectual in the most obstinate cases if applied in time. A spoonful of flowers of sulphur is well-stirred in a wine-glass of water; the mixture is used as a gargle and then swallowed. Brimstone is known to be abhorred by every kind of fungoid growth, and this remedy, which has long been known to medical men, may have something in it.

POT-POURRI.

A PERSIAN APOLOGUE.

Melek the Sultán, tired and wan,
Nodded at noon on his divan.

Beside the fountain lingered near
Jamíl the bard, and the vizier—

Old Yúsuf, cross and hard to please;
Then Jamíl sang, in words like these:

*Slim is Butheina—slim is she
As boughs of the Ardka-tree!*

"Nay," quoth the other, teeth between,
"Lean, if you will—I call her lean."

*Sweet is Butheina—sweet as wine,
With smiles that like red bubbles shine!*

"True,—by the Prophet!" Yúsuf said.
"She makes men wander in the head!"

*Dear is Butheina—ah! more dear
Than all the maidens of Kashmeer!*

"Dear," came the answer, quick as thought,
"Dear . . . and yet always to be bought."

So Jamíl ceased. But still Life's page
Shows diverse unto Youth and Age:

And, be the song of Ghouls or Gods,
Time, like the Sultán, sits . . . and nods.

AUSTIN DORSON.

THE ROUÉ JOVE.

At lovers' oaths Jove laughs, so it is said;
Nor should one be at this astonished, you know,
For oft did he, as in old books I've read,
Play false to Juno.

I've read of Danæ, Leda, fair Callisto,
Europa, sweet Alcmena, gentle Io,

Of all the others whom he loved and kissed too,
Upon the sly, oh!

He did not care a fig for what he swore
To that dear spouse of his so hoity-toity;
He played the deuce—in vain her hair she tore—
He was almighty.

And so 'tis plain the way he loved to go;
Men (seeing this) should do their best to follow;
And some of them—by Jove himself 'tis so—
Now beat him hollow!

They vow to that one and they swear to this,
And all the while within their sleeves they're laughing;
And when they tire their only pleading is
They just were chaffing!

A prettier face bewitches them, and they
Leave her to whom they breathed in breathless ardor
Their empty oaths, and ere another day
They swear yet harder

To that new one to whom they make it seem
That all their nature's deepest, truest currents
Pour out to her as bravely as in dream
The true-love torrents.

And Jove the while laughs in unseemly wise
As o'er Olympus' golden rim he's peeping,
And slyly winks at some nymph as he spies
That Juno's sleeping.

Ah! Jove, are thou not touched deep in thy heart
With pang of sorrow and with melancholy,
That in thy better self men take small part,
But love thy folly?

NOTE.—The Editor would be pleased if the friends and readers of the Magazine would co-operate with him in making this department interesting. Every one is constantly meeting with amusing incidents in his own experience or in his reading. "When found, make a note," and give the MONTHLY the benefit of your notes.

Thou must have known what silly men would do;
After the gods they shape and trim their fashions;
Go to, thou god, thou naughty god go to!
Control thy passions!

Ah! men will not love right for that 'tis right,
Nor wrong eschew for that 'tis wrong they're feeling:
To what those do in whom the world delight
They are appealing.

And if a god yield, what should simple man
Who to the god looks up for help and guiding?
What the god does—sure there's no better plan,
None more abiding.

And so with fervor through the good, the true,
And likewise through the false and wicked, you know,
Men quote great Jove, and swear their false oaths too,
As he to Juno.

Ah! Jove, great Jove, the world cries out on thee;
As one is great, ah! so the sin is greater;
For all the world not him alone 'twill be
New sins' creator!

DUDLEY DIGGES, ESQ.

Words Again.—It is only a short time since Pot-Pourri furnished its readers with food for laughter in the word-monstrosities of our chemical friends. But physicists and philosophers are not far behind the chemists in absurdities of diction. One is often reminded of Doctor Addison Alexander's famous disquisition upon the ego and the non-ego when one reads the grandiloquent polysyllables with which the modern philosophers obscure simple facts and commonplace truths till you do not recognize them, and think that some brand new truth, too wide, alas! for your comprehension, has been discovered. Nay, sometimes the sententious pomp of words seems only a cloak for the writer's ignorance. In a recently published paper by Sir William Thompson, the distinguished Glasgow physicist, occurs the following passage, highly ludicrous for its absurd mixture of homely simile and abstract terminology. It is a good example of the "grand style" of modern natural philosophy: "The stream lines are as represented in the diagram, in which the region of translational velocity greater than wave propagational velocity is separated from the region of translational velocity less than wave propagational velocity by a cat's-eye border pattern of elliptical whirls."

The obscurity of this is only surpassed by Mr. Herbert Spencer's famous "Formula of Evolution," which runs: "Evolution is a change from an indefinite, incoherent homogeneity to a definite, coherent heterogeneity, through continuous differentiations and integrations," which Mr. Kirkham, the mathematician, translates into plain Saxon English as follows: "Evolution is a change from a nohowish, untalkaboutable all-likeness to a somehowish, and in general-talkaboutable not-all-likeness, by continuous somethingelsefications and sticktogetherations."

As a clever travesty on the above cacophonous mystifications of Mr. Herbert Spencer, which, like the language of diplomacy, conceals the meaning it ought to express, we have Mr. Kirkham's "Formula of Universal Change,"

which is: "Change is a perichoretical synechy of pamparalagmatic and porroteroporeumatical differentiations and integrations." After such pedantry as this, the clown in Shakspeare's "Twelfth Night," who "did impetico thy gratillity," is absolutely nowhere.

Mixed Metaphors.—There is nothing with which the writer has to deal which requires such delicacy and care in handling as the metaphor. If one is not constantly on the lookout, the first he knows he has been jumbling together in hopeless fashion the most incongruous ideas. The negro, and above all the negro preacher, wallows in metaphor invariably more or less mixed. It was one of these who, confessing his faults before his congregation, cried aloud, "Brethren, the muddy pool of politics was the rock on which I split." Another fervently exclaimed, "We thank thee for this spark of grace; water it, good Lord." Another prayed for "grace that we may gird up the loins of our minds, so that we shall receive the latter rain." Another, after listening to the sermon of a young theologian, offered, in reverent and beseeching tones, the following remarkable petition: "O Lawd, bress de young brudder effluently. Feed his soul wid unction from on high. Quench his thirst wid de balm of Gilead and de lily of de valley. Anoint his head, O Lawd, till it runs down like de beard of Aaron—anoint him wid de Isle of Patmos and fill him wid all manner of concupiscence."

No people have had more laid to their charge in the way of mixed metaphors than the Irish. Many of them are no doubt made to order. Probably to this class belongs the peroration attributed to an Irish barrister: "Gentlemen of the jury, it will be for you to say whether this defendant should be allowed to come into court with unblushing footstep, with the cloak of hypocrisy in his mouth, and draw three bullocks out of my client's pocket." A writer in "Belgravia" vouches for the authenticity of the following one: Before the last general election, Mr. Shaw, member of Parliament for the County Cork, and a leader of the Home Rule party, addressed a meeting one Sunday at Cork. The malign spirit of metaphor came over the usually sober-minded and plain-spoken orator, and behold the result. "They tell us," said he, "that we violate the Sablath by being here to-day. Yet, if the ox or the ass fall into the pit, we can take him out on the Sabbath. Our brother is in the pit to-day,—the farmer and the landlord are both in it,—and we are come to try if we can lift them out." "This similitude," adds the writer referred to, "of the Irish landlord to an animal predestined to slaughter was bold but timely. The other half of the analogy seemed calculated to get Mr. Shaw into trouble with his constituency."

Other mixed metaphors nearly as good as the last one have been given us during the Land-League agitation. Mr. Mitchell Henry in debate spoke of the sabres of the military "reaping" Captain Boycott's crop of turnips, and Mr. Michael Davitt, in one of his last speeches, referred to "the constitutional rights of the people trampled upon by the mailed hand of authority."

But when in its most metaphorical mood the German consciousness achieves almost as great successes as the Irish. We quote from "Belgravia" again: "Every one has heard

of the speech of Justice-Minister Hye, who, addressing the Vienna students in the troublous times of 1848, declared, 'The chariot of the revolution is rolling along, and gnashing its teeth as it rolls.' On the other side, a democrat came very near to this success by announcing that 'we will burn all our ships, and, with every sail unfurled, steer boldly out into the ocean of freedom.' Less known is the address by the mayor of a Rhineland corporation, spoken to the Emperor William shortly after he was crowned at Versailles. 'No Austria, no Prussia!' said the inspired mayor; 'one only Germany! Such were the words the mouth of your Imperial Majesty has always had in its eye.' Essentially German is a sentence from a learned criticism on a book of lyrics which carries the signature of Professor Johannes Sheer. 'Out of the dark regions of philosophical problems,' says the Professor, 'the poet suddenly lets swarms of songs dive up, carrying far-flashing pearls of thought in their beaks.' A song with a pearl in its beak would be a great attraction in the programme of a popular concert."

In the House of Commons mixed metaphors are not infrequently heard. This, by Mr. O'Connor Power, is in the best Hibernian style. "Mr. Speaker, since the Government has let the cat out of the bag, there is nothing to be done but to take the bull by the horns." In a debate on Lord Beaconsfield's foreign policy, Mr. Cotton declared that "at one stage of the negotiations a great European struggle was so imminent that it required only a spark to let slip the dogs of war." Another member once spoke of the Chambers of Commerce as "the intelligent pioneers who feel the pulse of the commercial community."

A candidate for Parliament, in a public speech, advised his hearers "when they had laid an egg to put it by for a rainy day." What a chicken-hearted constituency he must have thought he was addressing!

To one of the daily papers a friend of George Eliot wrote a letter on the private character of the great novelist. "She possessed," he said, "to a marvelous degree the divine gift of charity and of attracting moral outcasts to herself, whose devils she cast out by shutting her eyes to their existence." Surely any one might possess miraculous powers at that rate!

"Long" John Wentworth.—Some people have never heard of him, although he was one of the early Congressmen from Illinois. He has been a standing celebrity in Chicago from its infancy, and his size entitles him to a national reputation. He never minds a story at his own expense; and the following he is fond of recalling as an illustration of old times.

In his Congressional days postage was twenty-five cents a letter. Soon after his election a young man who had helped him at the polls called on him and remarked that postage was high.

"Yes," said the Congressman, "but I shall do my best to reduce it."

"But you'll have the franking privilege," said Henry.

"I shall labor to abolish it, though."

Still the point of interest to the swain didn't seem reached, and Wentworth was puzzled.

At last Henry broke through his embarrassment, and said:

"Mr. Wentworth, I'm engaged to a girl down East, and I thought, may be, you'd frank our letters."

"Pretty good!" replied Wentworth. "There's a bit of law, however, against that practice; but there's one way to get around it. You write your letters to me, and I'll write a letter to her, inclosing yours; and she can answer the same way."

Henry assented to this, and the cheap mail route between Chicago and New England ran through Washington.

At the close of the session, the member from *her* district says to the member from Chicago: "You're going home by the way of my district, I suppose."

Mr. Wentworth took on the look of a gigantic interrogation point.

"Why," resumes New England, "I'm well acquainted in the family of the lady with whom you correspond, and if you're going to be married before the next session, it will be pleasant for us to board at the same house!"

This was a sample of "franking privilege" the young member was not prepared for. He wrote at once to his constituent: "Close up your courtship, Henry, or pay postage." And Henry closed.

After many years, the ex-member of Congress confesses thus:

"I franked four from him, and three from her; and to this day I stand indebted to the Conscience Fund of the Post-Office Department in the sum of \$1.75. But this was little enough for securing a good Yankee girl to the West in those days. Every time, though, any one speaks to me about the corruptions of public men at the present day, I see 'Mene, mene, tekell, upharsin' writted on the wall! I think of that \$1.75, and say nothing."

But, in spite of his self-accusation, "Long" John Wentworth is among the staunchest reformers of the "Garden City."

In Sheridan the dramatist's later life, after unchecked conviviality had done its work, coming one night very late out of a tavern, he was so overcome by his deep potations as to attract attention. "The watchman," Byron writes to Moore, "who found Sherry in the street fuddled and bewildered and almost insensible, asked: 'Who are *you*, sir?' No answer. 'What's your name?'—a hiccup. 'What's your name?' Answer, in a slow, deliberate, impressive tone: 'Wilberforce!'"

Davy Crockett's description to his constituents of the customs of fashionable society in Washington is worth recalling.

"Even the common people dine thar at two o'clock," he asserted. "The House o' Representatives have dinner at four. The Senate has theirs at six."

"And the President?" gasped an auditor.

"Old Hickory!" Here his imagination staggered under the desire to set a becoming space between his chief and the rest of mankind. "Oh! *he* don't dine until next day!"

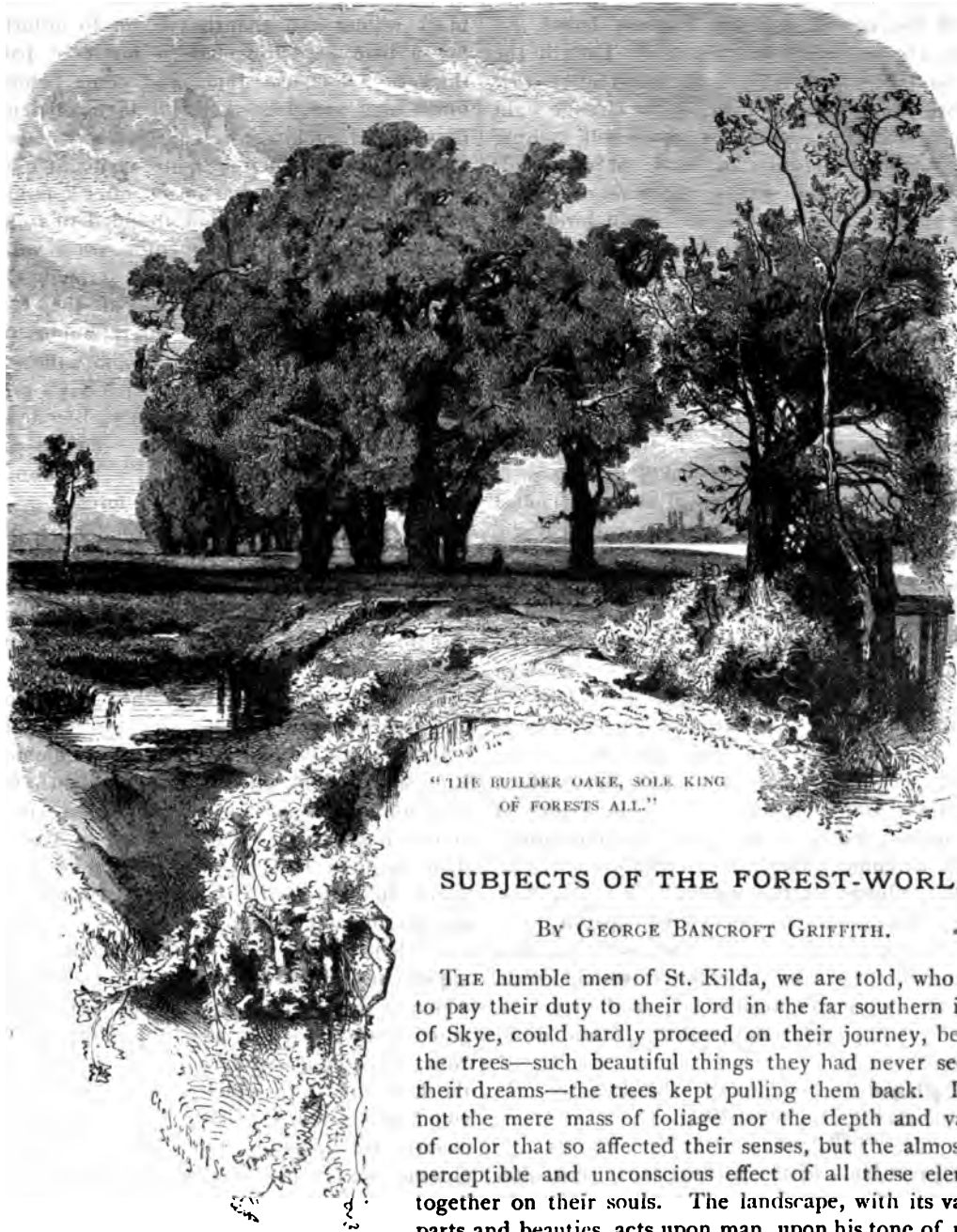
Full many a maid has toyed with kerosene,
And passed to glory in a golden glare.
Full many a man has dipped in glycerine,
And flown spontaneous through the desert air.

POTTER'S AMERICAN MONTHLY.

VOL. XVI.

JUNE, 1881.

No. 114.



"THE BUILDER OAK, SOLE KING
OF FORESTS ALL."

SUBJECTS OF THE FOREST-WORLD.

BY GEORGE BANCROFT GRIFFITH.

THE humble men of St. Kilda, we are told, who went to pay their duty to their lord in the far southern island of Skye, could hardly proceed on their journey, because the trees—such beautiful things they had never seen in their dreams—the trees kept pulling them back. It was not the mere mass of foliage nor the depth and variety of color that so affected their senses, but the almost imperceptible and unconscious effect of all these elements together on their souls. The landscape, with its various parts and beauties, acts upon man, upon his tone of mind,

and thus imperceptibly upon his entire inward development. How different must needs be the idea of the world to him who obtained his first impressions from the solemn evergreen pine woods of the north, overshadowing deep blue lakes and vast granite-strewn plains, and to the happier man whose early days passed under the bright leaf of the myrtle and the fragrant laurel, reflecting the serene sky of the south! Even in the same land how differently is the mind affected by the dark shade of a beech-wood, the strange sight of a few scattered pines on a lonely hill, sighing sadly in the fitful gusts of wind, or of broad, green pasture-lands, where the breeze rustles gently through the trembling foliage of birches!

The leafy month of June may well turn our thoughts with admiration, delight, and gratitude to the beauty and usefulness of trees. Who, then, can look up to a stately tree, reared in its colossal grandeur, its head in the clouds, its roots in the firm earth, so full of life and vigor, without feeling himself lifted up with its gigantic branches to higher thoughts and purer feelings? And in winter how rest the feathery flakes in smoothly-moulded tufts upon the twigs of the woodlands! Some one has said that next to a tree in leaf the most beautiful thing in the world is a tree without leaves. With trees for a subject, winter is a magnificent engraver in line. Then the gracefulness, variety, and system of their forms can be seen and studied. But how fascinating is it in spring-time to watch the process of foliation! In mid-May every one of them—our native forest-trees—is feathering out in leaf. First we see the pioneer leaflets on the willows, then the poplars, the maples, and trim tulip-trees begin to unfold their leaves, and next the horse-chestnut slowly lifts its drooping palms. Then follow our native chestnut, abreast of the lindens, elms, beeches, birches, and sycamores. The slowly opening oaks next join the procession, and along with the later varieties of these come the ashes, which are in England the last tree to show leaf, or the laureate, whose botany is invariably faultless, would never have written:

"Why lingereth she to clothe her heart with love,
Delaying, as the tender ash delays,
To clothe herself when all the woods are green."

The great buds of the hickory burst soon after the white oak uncovers its pale salmon and pink-tinted claws, and with them appear the glossy leaves

of the pepperidge, while the sassafras breathes forth faint, aromatic odors as its leaves and golden bloom unfold together. Then the tardy little locust-buds, which have been carefully stored away during the winter under the very bark, warm into life, and the catalpas become conscious of the spring; the long, compound leaves of the black walnut and alianthus begin to unfurl, and not a bare branch is left in forest or park or thicket. Of course, June must come before our forest-trees are dressed in all their opulence of beauty, and each tree has its own way of putting on its foliage, which is quite as distinct as the foliage itself. Each leaf opens, after a fashion of its kind, as it is folded or doubled or rolled or plaited in the bud. Their colors are as varied as their forms and habits, ranging through all the shades, from the rich bronze of the Norway maples to the pale-green of the tremulous poplar and the light-yellow of some of the willows, and these tints fade or deepen with each day's growth. All of these elements of beauty, blended and contrasted, ever changing their relations as one tree clothes itself more rapidly than another, make an infinite variety in every forest.

Years ago a painter sent to England a picture of an American forest scene in autumn, and it was generally denounced as fantastic, an invention of the artist, and untrue to nature. Since the steamship lines have made Europe and the United States almost adjacent territory, and multitudes of Englishmen have witnessed with their own eyes the gorgeous beauties of our forests in the autumn months, it has become a thing not uncommon for English ladies to send across the Atlantic for the brilliant-colored autumn leaves for dress ornaments at evening parties. The Princess of Wales had them brought for her own toilet, and it is not wonderful that people who have never witnessed the magnificent transformation scene which takes place here at the end of every summer should appreciate it more thoroughly than they should to whom it is familiar. It is a common failing to underestimate what is near and every day seen. Now, a people is largely moulded by the sky and the landscape into which they are born and by which they are surrounded. "Let no one underestimate the first impressions of childhood," says Goethe, the German poet, and he goes on to show how the child reared amid beautiful surroundings imbibes their spirit and has an advantage over



"THE MAPLE SELDOM INWARD SOUND."

one born and reared amid sordid and unlovely objects. We all can feel with the exiled Syrian who went to the Jardin des Plantes and there "clasped his country's tree and wept." And as the scalding tears trickled down the rugged cheek, he was once more a wanderer in the desert, and once more he breathed, across the dreary sand, the perfume from the thicket bordering on his



"THE WARLIKE BEECH; THE ASH FOR NOTHING ILL."

promised land; again he saw, afar off, the palm-tree, cresting over the lonely, still waters, and heard the pleasant tinkle of the distant camel's bell, until his tears were dried, hope again revived, and fresh and glad emotions rose within his swelling breast. Taine, the French critic, attributes the melancholy and the grim humor of the English to the fogs and mists and clouded skies of the British Islands. We are of the same stock, the American being a descendant of the Englishman, with a mixture of German, Irish, and French, the prevailing type being English. Yet we are not Englishmen. The bright, clear skies, the larger horizon, the brilliant foliage, educate us from the first days when our eyes open to a different world from that into which our ancestors of ten generations ago were born, and the influences of sky,

air, and landscape have as much influence in educating us to a different type of manhood as do our changed political and social conditions. The autumn leaves, glowing in the forest in gold and scarlet and purple, penetrate deeper than the retina into the brain and the soul, and the American is tinged with the glory of their hues and reformed into a new type of man.

When Miss Sedgwick was abroad, some lady in England said to her, "Have you any fine old trees in your country?" then, catching herself up, added, "Oh! I forgot that your country is too young for that!" A visit to some of the groves of colossal trees in California would have been a revelation to this lady, especially if she had seen the tree in King's River Valley, that is estimated to be one hundred and sixty feet in height, and, as high as a man can reach to measure its trunk with a tape-line, is about one hundred and fifty feet in circumference. At the present day, no English lady, even if she have not crossed the ocean, need be as ignorant as Miss Sedgwick's friend, for the bark of one of the trees growing on the slopes of Sierra Nevada has been taken to England. It was shaped into a room and then held forty persons, besides a piano, and, when exhibited in London, one hundred and fifty children were admitted into the tree-room. The age of this tree was estimated to be three thousand years.

Many foreigners come to this country filled with the inherited prejudices of the old countries, and our skies and fields and woods transform their children, and they are no longer Europeans, but Americans. Not alone, nor chiefly even the political and social surroundings effect this work. An isolated community which should come from a single district of the Old World would feel the transforming power the moment they trod the soil, looked upon the sky, or saw the maple wearing its "gorgeous crimson robe like an Oriental monarch." The autumn leaves have other than an aesthetic interest; they are leaves of that great book from which man learns all that he knows, from which he draws every inspiration, and they teach while the learner is unconscious of the lesson which he is drawing in at every glance and with every breath. We have been surprised that florists

did not collect and sell the beautifully-colored leaves for funeral decorations for aged persons. There is nothing more inappropriate than rose-buds and green leaves when hoary heads fall, but autumn leaves would be fine and fitting. They, like man, also change—some only as the ermine whitening in the cold season, or as birds who change their plumage in winter; such are the evergreens; others change to live no more; as man does, before he also returns, dust to dust.

Not all leaves fall at the same time. The pine-tree keeps its leaves two or four years; the fir and spruce change only every ten years; some trees drop annually certain branches. The dead foliage of some oaks clings to them long after all others have been swept away, and the young elm waits all winter and drops not a leaf until its successor pushes it out of its resting-place. Some fall to form a soft litter beneath; others remain to afford shelter in bleak winter. But no art of man can arrest the falling leaf when its day has come.

Every tree has a history and a genealogy, which runs collateral with our own, and it is our duty to make them monuments of the past; they are better than marble, for they are living ones, fresh from the hand of God. Yes, every tree has its his-

tory; yet, like the picture-language of the artists, the history of many a noble one is lost. If memory and records cannot write it, imagination must. There are the trees of our younger days, beneath which we played in childhood. And then again we have sat beneath the noble branches of those trees in some of the best hours of older life, and



"THE BIRCH FOR SHAFTES; THE SALLOW FOR THE MILL."

thought some of our best thoughts beneath them, as the moon's silvery light has sketched their forms upon the green at our feet. There is nothing monotonous in any single tree. Even the coniferous evergreens lose their dull tone and take on a warmer green, while every deciduous tree

while these essential and invariable characteristics remain forever, the masses of foliage break into deeper shadows and more distinct outlines as May warms into June, so that every ridge and fluted column or smooth gray pole in forest and field seems to uphold a new tree every day.

A modern writer thus eloquently expresses himself on the subject:

"Do not trees talk with their leafy lungs? Do they not at sunrise, when the wind is low and the birds are caroling their songs, play sweet music? Who has ever heard the soft whisper of young leaves in spring, on a sunny morning, that did not feel as if rainbow beams of gladness were running through his heart? And then, when the morning-glory, like a nun before God's holy altar, discloses her beauteous face, and the moss-roses open their crimson lips, sparkling with nectar that fell from heaven, who does not bless his Maker?"

And what eloquent mourners are not trees! The dense cone of the cypress over-shadows mournfully the Moslem's tomb, with its sculptured turban, and the terebinth keeps watch by the Armenian's grave. Some nations love to weep with the weeping birch, the most beautiful of forest-trees, the lady of the woods, with "boughs so pendulous and fair," or with the willow of Babylon, on whose branches



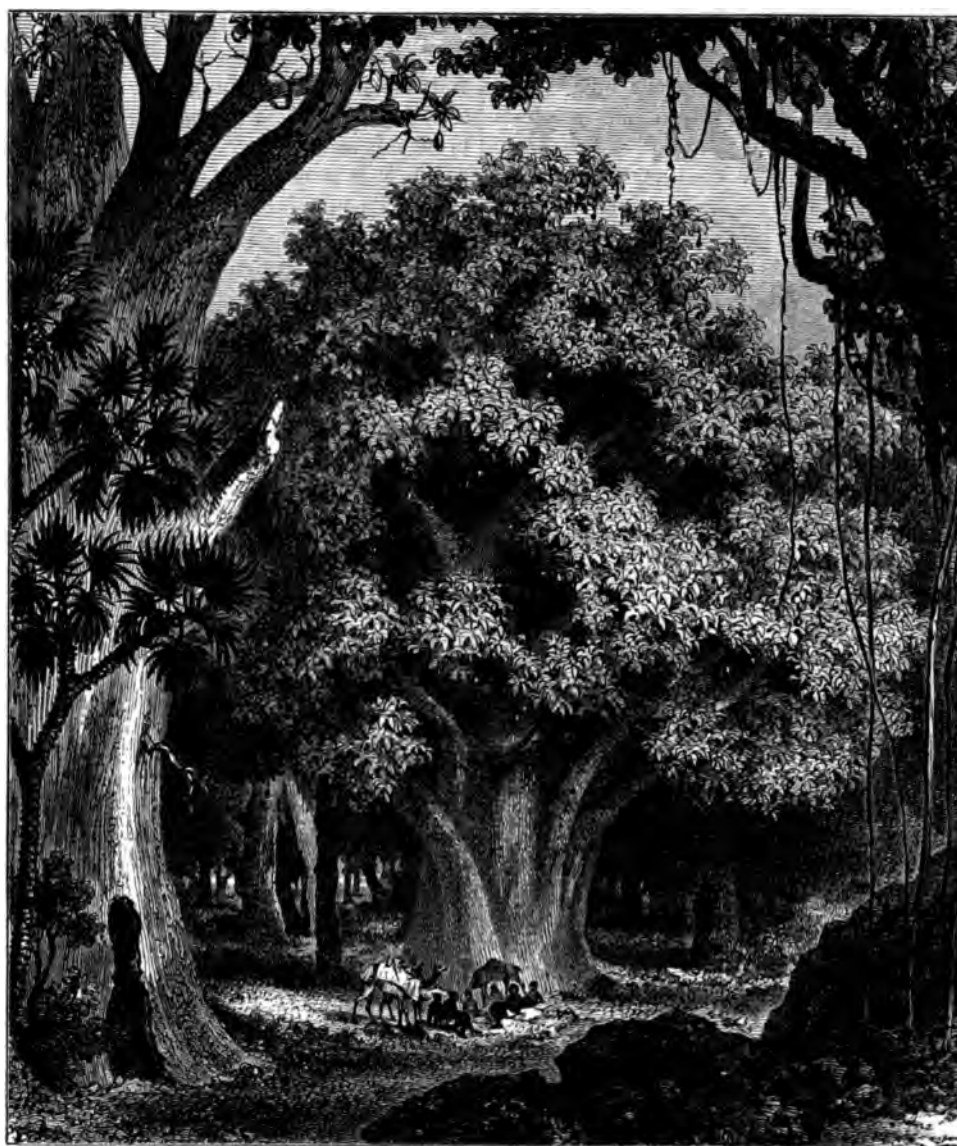
THE STATELY WALNUT.

changes from glory as it develops with the season to its full-foliaged perfection. The birch never loses its delicate feminine charm, nor the beech its stateliness; the maple its cheerful sunny look, the hickory its nobility of expression, the elm its combined majesty and grace, nor the unwedgeable and gnarled oak its massive steadfastness. But

the captive Israelites hung up their harps. They love to look upon their long, thin leaves and branches, as they hang languidly down to the ground, or trail listlessly on the dark waters, waving full of sadness in the sighing breeze, and now floating in abandoned despair on the silent waves.

The poplar-tree was of considerable note in the olden times. The white poplar was dedicated to Time, because its leaves were continually in motion, and because the dark side was supposed to

from the many poplars growing there, as a token of his victory. Conquerors, in imitation of him, often wore branches of it upon their foreheads during their triumphal marches back to their native



THE BAOBAB.

represent night, and the light, day. Persons sacrificing to Hercules were crowned with wreaths of poplar leaves, as it was supposed to be a favorite of his. It was said that after a severe trial of his courage and strength in a cave of Mount Aventine, this god bound his brow with a chaplet of leaves

cities. Having been worn into the infernal regions by Hercules, the outer side of the leaves was said to have been scorched and colored by the smoke, while the inner, being protected, retained its natural silvery whiteness.

The ash-tree, according to ancient Scandinavian

mythology, was the most favored of trees, because beneath a huge ash was held the solemn council of the gods. The summit of this remarkable tree reached the heavens, its branches spread over the entire earth, and its roots penetrated to the infernal regions. An eagle rested upon its summit and kept careful watch of whatever happened below. Huge serpents were coiled about its trunk. Two fountains sprung from its roots, in one of which was concealed Wisdom, and in the other Prophecy. The leaves of the tree were continually sprinkled with water from these fountains, and the tree itself was most carefully nurtured and guarded by the gods. From its wood the first man was formed, and breath was imparted to him as a special gift from them.

From the same source we learn that one of the wicked ancients shut up a real and beautiful goddess in a tree, where she talked and moaned and sang for many centuries, until one day a hero came along and split her out—a very commendable thing for him to do. Poetry tells us that in the dim lighted past every tree had a spirit lurking in its recesses; in the winter, down below the iron grasp of the frost king, it manipulated the spongy roots; in the summer it whispered in every leaf, blushed in every blossom, and in the autumn rounded its delicious blood into plump or perfect fruit. This belief at least gave an individuality and meaning to the beauty and grandeur of trees, and a reality to the mystery of growth, which commonplace folk, having cast it away as heathenish, and not having accepted a belief in the universal presence of God in nature in its place, cannot understand. The majestic forests represent to them but so many cords of wood, undeveloped boards or oven stuff, which man is to bring into shape and sell, and the broad-branched elm, in all its lovely beauty, shades their land, and is a nuisance.

The mountain ash was regarded by the Druids as a powerful preservative agent against witchcraft. This superstition still prevails in some parts of England, the people often carrying sprigs of it about their persons to keep away the evil spirits. Some keep a bundle of ash twigs over the door of their cottages as a safeguard against harm, and the herdsmen used always to drive their cattle to and fro with ash rods, preserving the same one for many successive seasons if it brought no misfortune to their animals, and so proved itself to be a

“good-luck rod.” In India, too, the same superstition exists to a great extent. There it is believed that the serpent has a great aversion for the ash, and that a decoction of ash leaves will kill the poison of a serpent's bite.

The Druids, of all religious people, yielded themselves most to the sacred influences of trees and forests. Their holy-tree was the branching oak (*Quercus robur*), and in the depths of the primeval forests they set up those giant altars, which still stand, as at Stonehenge, a wonder to men. Lucan gives a sad-colored account of their ritual; but much allowance must be made, as he did not belong to their church.

“Not far away, for ages past has stood
An old, unviolated, sacred wood,
Whose gloomy boughs, that, interwoven, made
A chilly, cheerless, everlasting shade;
There, not the rustic gods nor satyrs sport,
Nor fawns and sylvans with the nymphs resort,
But barb'rous priests some dreadful power adore.”

These barbarous priests also taught that a mystic virtue lurked in green, bunchy mistletoe, which in the winter perfects its snow-white berries; and on the tenth day of March they kept “high festival and went in procession—priests, people, and two white bulls—to gather the tufted boughs; in white robes the priests cut them with the golden knife, and then they returned to sacrifices and feasting.”

The laurel-tree, among the ancient nations, was the token of victory. Generals and conquerors were crowned with laurel wreaths; soldiers, during the triumphal marches, carried sprigs of it; and the design of a laurel leaf, or the leaf itself, was considered as an emblem of some great conquest. To be crowned with the laurel wreath was considered to be so great an honor that it finally became the custom to confer this badge of distinction upon any who had distinguished themselves by their bravery and skill. Poets were included among those who were thus favored, and hence was derived the term of “Poet Laureate.”

The yew-tree, the emblem of sadness and grief, which is mentioned by some of the earliest writers, has, in spite of its antiquity, but few legends connected with it. It is found principally in churchyards, from which fact it is but natural that the thought of gloom and sorrow should be associated with it:

“Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,—
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.”



"THE SAPLING PINE; THE CEDAR PROUD AND TALL."

Why it should have been chosen for such spots has never been fully explained. Some have supposed that the custom originated with the Druids, who cultivated these trees near their places of worship, and that our Christian forefathers, it being ever green, followed their example and set groves of it about their churches also. Others that it was emblematical of silence and death, and consequently best fitted for the church-yards; while still others say that it was planted there simply for convenience, as it furnished branches for Palm Sunday and other religious festivals. Be this as it may, but one idea attaches itself to the tree, and that is one of dreariness. It is seldom mentioned

save in connection with death and its sad associations. England boasts of many a yew or an oak-tree which has survived the massive church by the side of which it was planted, and which yet, spring after spring, shelters the ruins of its once so proud companion with its dark, refreshing verdure. The tender leaf even resists, in its fragile texture, the winds and rains, the burning sun, and the nipping cold of a whole season.

"Some in the loftiest places burst their buds,
And get the sun's gold kiss while they uncurl;
They front the stars and the proud moon that floods
Pale domes of limpid heaven with airy pearl;
They see the damask of cool dawns; they gaze
On smiles that light the lips of dying days!"

Greek and Roman sepulchres, stately palaces and lofty monuments over the graves of the great and the renowned, have disappeared; nothing is left to mark the place where they once stood but the dark cypresses that saw them rise and since have overshadowed them for ages.

In glancing hastily at but a few out of the many legends of by-gone days, it is easy to understand how firm a hold they must have had upon the imagination of a superstitious people whose love and veneration were readily controlled by an implicit confidence and sincere belief in each and every one. Trees to them were something more than objects of mere beauty or usefulness. Each had some weird myth connected with it which, in some way, gave it a peculiar significance. So, as the whistling blast swept through the tall tree-tops of some dark forest, or the cool south wind played among the bright green leaves of some wayside grove, it sang strange, low songs and whispered sweet, mysterious secrets to the dwellers beneath their branches. The reality of these superstitions is now a thing of the past; and although they are considered as harmless yet pretty fables, still there is a pleasure and fascination about them which even a more enlightened people cannot wholly forget or fail to appreciate. Mr. Bryant has said, "The groves were God's first temples." Those who hesitate to indorse the words of the venerated poet should certainly go out, from time to time, and spend a day in the solemn solitude of the great forests around the Moosehead Lake, or in the mountains of the Adirondack, or on the banks of the Monongahela or Altamaha; the stately trunks, crowned with perennial glory, with silent voices, will tell him

that repose in harmony, with unceasing motion, is a character of God, as it should be of man.

On the rocky heights of Mount Lebanon still stand a few of those cedars, while the temple which Solomon built with them is gone to dust. These cedars have often been described by modern travelers aside from the honor accorded to them in the Scriptures. It is known to all that the cedars of Palestine were remarkable for their prodigious size. The branches shoot out from the trunk at a distance of about twelve feet from the ground, and are wide-spreading and nearly horizontal. The leaves are an inch long, slender and straight, and grow in tufts. Like the pine, the cedar bears a small cone. It is not peculiar to Mount Lebanon alone, but is found also on Mounts Amanus and Taurus, in Asia Minor, and in other portions of the Levant, though it does not elsewhere attain the great size of its brethren of Lebanon. The cedar has been transported to Europe to grace its gardens, and venerable specimens have long flourished at Chiswick, in England; a very beautiful one has also graced the *Jardin des Plantes* at Paris. The rare beauty of the cedar lies in the proportion and symmetry of its wide-spreading branches and cone-like top. The gum which exudes from the trunk, and also from the cones or fruit, is soft like balsam, and possesses a flavor similar to that of the balsam of Mecca. Every part of the tree has a strong balsamic odor, and to walk in a cedar grove is like inhaling new life and strength, so fragrant and agreeable is the perfume-laden air. The wood of the cedar-tree is especially well adapted for building purposes, since it is not subject to decay, and is never in danger of becoming worm-eaten. Its color was a fine red, and it was smooth, solid, and without any knots or imperfections. The palace of Persopolis, the temple of Jerusalem, and Solomon's palace were built of cedar, and the "house of the forest of Lebanon" doubtless won its name from the quantity of cedar wood used in its construction. The oldest and largest cedars, generally believed to be the only ones left of those that grew in the time of Christ, are found in a grove which may be seen a little way from the road which leads across Mount Lebanon from Baalbek to Tripoli, at a little distance below the summit of the mountain on the western side—at the foot, in fact, of the highest point or ridge of Lebanon. This venerable group includes a few very ancient

trees, which may date their existence back to the time of Jesus, and which are intermingled with four or five hundred smaller and younger cedars.

in regard to the size of chestnut-trees in our own country, and one's heart is gladdened to hear of some old chestnut giant which is the pride of the



"THE WILLOW, WORNE OF FORLORNE PARAMOURS."

Almost coeval with the mountain is the great chestnut at Etna, whose stem, made up of five shoots, is two hundred and four feet in circumference.

Many paragraphs have been in the papers lately

man who owns the land where it stands. A grand, large chestnut-tree is, to other trees, in my estimation, like a mountain among hills. All trees may be beautiful or useful, but the chestnut-tree is both ornamental and useful in every way. It is

a shapely tree, the trunk and branches are symmetrical, its parts are in due proportion; its leaves are long and slender and of the richest green, and the hue they assume, when about to fade and die in the autumn, is a delicate yellow or creamy light-brown, as distinct from the crimson of the maple as the dress of the bride from the groom! When the chestnut blooms, then it is seen in all its glory. The pink and white of the apple, pear, peach, and cherry have delighted our eyes and faded; but the silver-tasseled chestnut beauties hold their sway for weeks afterward. Those tassels, so delicate and white, hang and wave in wonderful profusion. Nature, in this, her highest achievement, has been very bountiful. I wonder more has not been said and written about the chestnut-tree. No other of our trees can surpass it for beauty and use combined. It requires neither dressing nor hoeing, but is the spontaneous gift of nature, and is the crowning glory of New Hampshire hills. They will, in very old age, lose some of their height by decay at the top, for it seems as if the sap could no longer ascend the whole lengthy road, from the deeply-buried roots to the lofty crown, but they continue still to increase in girth, and patiently wait for the stroke of the axe or the fierce rage of the tempest. The whole vitality of the inner wood may, in fact, be destroyed; if only some layers of the bark survive, the tree will vegetate with undiminished vigor, and continue its life for an almost unlimited period.

The roots of the colossal chestnut-tree on Mount Etna, under whose deep shade a hundred horsemen have easily found shelter, penetrate through rock and lava to the springs at the very foot of the mountain. Massive blocks are lifted up by the roots as if with irresistible force.

The beautiful trees that flourish amid the ruined temples of Central America upheave huge fragments of those enormous structures high into the air, and hold them there as if in derision. An old millstone, five and a half feet in diameter and seven inches thick, with a central hole eleven inches in diameter, was left in an English orchard many years ago. In 1812 a gilbert-tree sprouted from the earth at the bottom of the hole, and gradually increased in size from year to year, until, in 1868, it was found that the tree had completely filled the hole and actually lifted the stone from the ground, wearing it as a girdle about its trunk.

Who has not heard of the oaks of Mamre and the pilgrimages made to them from the time of Abraham to that of Constantine; or of the far-famed cedars to which we have referred, and which have always been distinguished as objects of regard and veneration, so that no threat of Sennacherib was more dreaded than that he would level them to the ground. Herodotus dwells with delighted sympathy on the marks of respect with which Xerxes loaded the famous plane-tree of Lydia, while he decked it with gold ornaments and intrusted it to the care of one of his ten thousand "Immortals." As forest-trees increase by coatings from without, the growth of each year forming a ring round the centre of the stem, the number of years is usually ascertained—since the well-known author, Michael Montaigne, first started this theory—by counting the concentric rings. Care must, however, be had not to forget that some trees begin to form these only after several years' growth, and that, while northern trees shed their leaves but once a year, and therefore add but one ring during that time, those of the tropics change their foliage twice or thrice a year, and form as many rings. This renders the age of such trees, as were heretofore considered the oldest, somewhat doubtful; still there are, as before stated, some remarkable cases of longevity well authenticated. Humboldt measured a gigantic dragon-tree near the peak of Teneriffe, and found it possessed of the same colossal size, forty-eight feet round, which had amazed the French adventurers who discovered that beautiful island more than three centuries ago—and yet it still flourished in perpetual youth, bearing blossoms and fruit with undiminished vigor. Some yew-trees of England, and one or two oaks, claim an age of from one thousand four hundred to three thousand years, and would, if their claims were substantiated, be the oldest trees in Europe; but a famous baobab, on the banks of the Senegal, is believed to be more than six thousand years old, in which case its seed might have vegetated before the foot of man trod the earth! Its only rival is a cypress-tree in the garden of Chapultepec, which Humboldt considers still older; it had already reached a great age in the days of Montezuma.

A curious old age is that of a rose-bush which grows in the crypt of the cathedral of Hildesheim, in Germany; it was there planted by the first founder of the church, and is expressly mentioned

in the MSS. in which his donation and the building itself are described ; it also flourishes still, and bears as fragrant roses in these years of change and revolution as eight hundred years ago.

Mighty oaks, like those of England, are rare among us. There are some of stately growth ; a

giants of England, whose boughs spread an hundred feet, and which are known, by history or tradition, to have waved over the head of King Rufus, to be, perhaps, the same whence

"The wood-wele sang, and would not cease,
Sitting upon the spray ;



THE DRUIDS' HOLY-TREE.

magnificent group, situated in Watertown, Massachusetts, near the Waverly station of the Fitchburg Railroad. These hardy giants are supposed to be over six hundred years old, or, in other words, they were venerable trees long before Columbus discovered America. On the Genesee flats, and rich plains of the West, may be found our largest specimens. Yet these are no match for the sylvan

So loud, he wakened Robin Hood
In the greenwood where he lay."

But our trees are yet majestic and beautiful. In America the forests are more superb than the single trees ; for they are made up of single trees, which, standing alone in an English park, would be prized before gold.

There is a magnificent maple near the highway

in the town of Unity, New Hampshire, which is said to be a perfect sugar-loaf in form. It attracts the eye of every traveler, and is the finest specimen of grace and beauty, probably, on this continent. The town authorities of Newport, that State, have made a liberal offer to any party who will successfully transplant it on their Common.

Bayard Taylor used to proudly exhibit a chestnut-tree as one of the antiquities of America, for it was growing when Charlemagne reigned in Aix-la-Chapelle and Haroun-al-Raschid in Bagdad.



THE CHESTNUT.

We prize the noble elms, which have been planted in many quarters, at New Haven, at Windsor, at Cambridge, at Boston. The Williams elm in Deerfield, Mass., measures in circumference, at one foot from the ground, twenty-six feet, and in spread one hundred and fifty feet. At Weathersfield, Conn., there is an elm which measures, at three feet and three inches from the ground, twenty feet five inches. The girth of this tree where the roots enter the ground is fifty-five feet six inches. Its main limbs are great trees in themselves. The circumference of the spread is four hundred and twenty-nine feet! We doubt if there is any single tree elsewhere in New England

that can rival this. One of the finest avenues of elms in America may be found near Dummer Academy, Byfield, Mass., an institution founded by Governor Dummer.

The pines cut on our hills have a medium height of one hundred and thirty, an extreme height of upward of one hundred and ninety feet, rising above the maples and beeches so high that the forest seems a two-story one—the lower half of deciduous trees, the upper half of pines; and the same tree, when grown to full size in an open situation, has a breadth and richness of foliage unsurpassed.

The most noteworthy trees of America would make an interesting catalogue, and short, careful descriptions of them would do much toward their preservation. The drooping elms of our valleys are famous; the huge trunks of our old button-woods, conspicuous by their white bark, and picturesque in their hollow tops and dry summit boughs, have as marked a character as any tree of Europe. Our maples far surpass those of England in size, while their autumnal tints, as before shown, are world celebrated; our ashes, beeches, and birches are as stately and beautiful as any. Our basswood, our linden, equals the lime in the profusion and sweetness of its blossoms, and, as to size, there are some which stand more than an hundred feet high on our own ground. Our hickories (an exclusively American group) are of nearly equal stature; our whitewood is considerably larger, and our locust is a favorite on the older continent, both as an ornamental and timber tree. In our larches and silver firs we are less fortunate; the former are less in size—in beauty; the latter smaller and less enduring than similar trees of Europe. Our spruces, too, are not equal to the splendid Norway species; and we are entirely without the yew, elsewhere referred to,—that tree of such widely different associations,—linked with our memories of English church-yards and with the gay ballads of olden archery. Our hemlock is its nearest representative; a noble tree in stature and expression, and, like the yew, applicable to the purposes of archery—at least we remember very good cross-bows made of hemlock boughs, which we used before we attained the possession of fire-arms.

Among the most beautiful of our forests are those of Kentucky, where the underbrush was

browsed away by the buffaloes a hundred years ago, and where now the blue-grass grows into good pastures for the herds of spotted Durhams, which we eat, in turn. But we cannot yet make of forests classic ground; while in Europe a wealth of tradition, history, and poetry hangs around them.

The Caledonian forest was the retreat of the Picts and Scots; the Hyrcynian forest extended along Germany, Poland, and Hungary in Cæsar's day. The Black Forest, in Würtemberg, is full of beeches, mines, and story. In England there were four principal forests, where open glades and dark shadows alternated with cultivated fields and rangers' cottages—these were New, Sherwood, Dean, and Windsor. New Forest was made by William the Norman; thirty miles in extent being laid waste, and the inhabitants moved; their houses and some thirty churches destroyed, so that the deer might have a good place to be hunted in, and the king a good place to hunt them. The old Britons lived mostly by the chase, and these forests were intended to secure to the king and the courtiers the pleasures of the hunt.

In Nubia and the Soudan groves a species of acacia are described as existing, whose scientific appellation, as well as their popular name, is derived from a peculiar sound emitted by the branches when swayed by the wind. The Arabic name is the "soffar," or pipe, and the specific name of *fistula* has been given to it for the same reason which prompted the native to give it its local designation. The tree is infected with

insects, whose eggs were deposited in the young shoots and extremities of the branches. A sort of gall-like excrescence about an inch in diameter is



THE YACCA.

produced at the base of these shoots, and when the larva has emerged from this nidus it leaves a small circular hole, the action of the wind in which causes it to produce a whistling sound like that

produced by a flute or by blowing into any hollow pipe. When the wind is violent, the noise caused by thousands of these natural flutes in a grove of acacias is most remarkable. And these "whistles" of the whistling-tree would form a valuable article of commerce if they could be easily and regularly collected and exported.

In Japan is the venerable camphor-tree of Sorogi, that will hold fifteen persons in its hollow trunk. The natives say that it grew from the walking-stick of one of their famous philosophers, Kobodarsi, who lived near the close of the eighth century; and it has been thought that its age might really be as great as that. The traveler's-tree, which is a native of Madagascar, is a



"THE YEW, OBEDIENT TO THE BENDER'S WILL."

remarkable one. The stalks of its leaves are six or eight feet long, and are used for partitions and also for the walls of houses. But the quality of the tree that gives it its attractive name is that, even in the driest time, pure, pleasant water is always found in the leaf-stalks, more than a quart being at once obtained by piercing the thick part of the base of a leaf. Another valuable and curious tree is the so-called raining-tree, the blessing of the island of Fierro, one of the largest of the Canaries. This island has no river nor stream, and its wells are few and not very good. But in the centre of the island grows a tree whose long, narrow leaves are always green; and a cloud always rests on the branches, which causes moisture, that falls off from the leaves as clear water, and keeps the cisterns that have been placed beneath always supplied with water.

The rosewood-trees of South America and the

East Indies derive their name from the fact that when cut the fresh wood has a strong rose-like fragrance. A railroad into the interior of the Brazilian forests is now bringing these giants to the sea-coast. Says the Rev. Mr. Fletcher: "I have been surprised, again and again, in looking at these beautiful trees, which are of the 'sensitive plant' character. When the sun goes down, they fold their leaves and go to slumber, and are not aroused until by the morning sun and singing birds. I observed, in some portions of the interior, that rosewood was used for very common purposes; ox-cart spokes and other parts of vehicles were made of it, also the teeth of cog-wheels. A gentleman showed me in his sugar-house a beam nearly forty feet in length and three or four in diameter, which he told me was a violet-colored rosewood. He took me then to his pig-pen, and—would you believe it, ladies?—his pig-pen was made out of rosewood! I would not have you understand that it looked like the legs of a piano-forte. Nothing of the kind; for when left rough and exposed to the weather, it becomes as plebian in its appearance as our own aristocrat, the black walnut of the Mississippi." Mr. Fletcher, on his return to the United States, brought with him a box of mosaic, made up of a hundred pieces of Brazilian wood, from the purest white to ebony-black.

By accident the wood of a mahogany-tree, which was first introduced into England in 1597, was used in repairing one of Sir Walter Raleigh's ships at Trinidad. The wood has grown into such commercial importance since, that single logs have been sold for as much as five thousand dollars. One of the curiosities exhibited at the Paris Maritime exhibition, held a while since, was a canoe, twenty feet long, made out of a single mahogany-tree.

The following remarkable instance of vitality in an orange-tree is related in a foreign journal:

"Two persons, to whom an orange-tree had been bequeathed, not being able to agree as to their respective shares in it, resolved at last to divide it into two equal parts by sawing it through from the top to the bottom. This was accordingly done; when each removed his part, covered the wounds made by the saw with a mixture of clay and cow-manure, and planted it. The result was that, by degrees, the bark covered the exposed surface, and each of the halves became perfect and healthy trees."

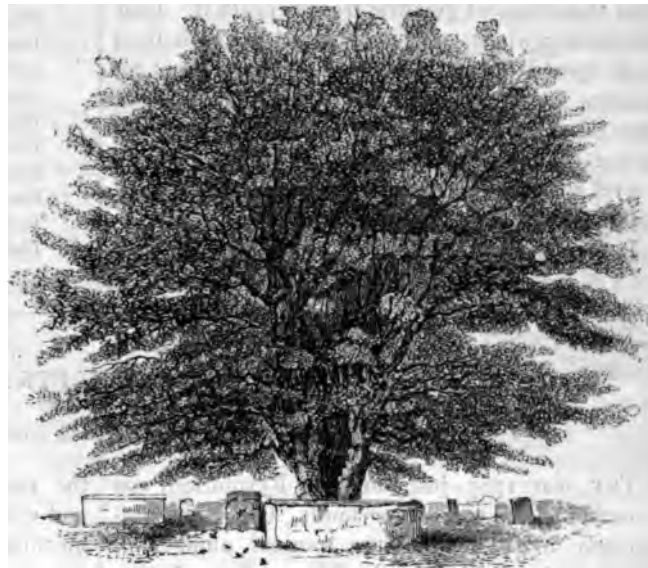
Several trees have been rendered historical as the refuge of greatness in distress, or as silent witnesses of momentous events. Wallace's oak and King Charles's famous tree will long be remembered. Evelyn tells us of the huge trunk of an oak in Oxfordshire which served long as a prison for felons; and he who lived in the shades of old Selborne, "so lovely and sweet," mentions an elm on Blechington Green, which gave for months reception and shelter to a poor woman whom the inhospitable people would not receive into their houses. When she reappeared among them, he says, she held a lusty boy in her arms. Men are, however, more frequently buried than born in trees. The natives of the eastern coast of Africa hollow out soft, worm-eaten baobabs, and bury in them those who are suspected of holding communion with evil spirits. Their bodies, thus suspended in the dry chambers of the trunk, soon became perfect mummies. The Indians of Maine had a more touching custom of the kind. They used to turn up a young maple-tree, place the body of a dead chief underneath, and then let the roots spring back, thus erecting a sylvan monument to his memory.

No tree surpasses in interest the marvelous Banyan, which throws out roots from all its branches, and these roots become trees themselves, until the tree, as a whole, covers two or three acres. Calcutta is supposed to have the largest Banyan-tree in the world, though in Guzerat is one which claims the premier place. A whole regiment of soldiers could bivouac comfortably under its branches. When seen by a London correspondent, the space under the tree was filled with pillars of wood, the feelers from the branches, between which lovers were seated; other people were picnicing under the shade of this tree, which is green all the year round, and others were perched on the branches.

So much has been written about the cow-trees, the monkey bread-tree, and the cannon-ball-tree, that we need not allude to them here.

It is not generally known that Jamaica contains a very great and beautiful variety of wood for the manufacture of rare furniture, and for the construction and completion of buildings. Besides its choice mahogany, now scarce, there are cedar,

yacca, mahoe, ebony, wild-orange, yellow sanders, holly-tree, lignum-vitæ, brazaletta, maiden plum, mountain guana, and many others. Its cotton-tree excels every other in size and grandeur, rising and spreading in its enormous trunk and majestic branches like the lord of the forest. It flourishes in both the lowlands and the hills. Its soft wood is scooped out for canoes. Its exquisitely fine cotton is not manufactured. At a certain elevation fern begins to abound, and in the higher mountains it becomes a tree. The varieties are very great, and many of the ferns are delicately fine. The ugly trumpet-tree is spared



THE ENGLISH YEW.

to shade the coffee. The sand-box-tree is large, very handsome, with fine foliage, and takes its name from the boxes in which the seeds are inclosed, and which make pretty sand-boxes. The beautiful cabbage-tree, or cabbage-palm, growing in the mountains to the height of one hundred and fifty feet and upward, forms at its summit and just beneath its elegant crown of foliage a leafy heart, which our own cauliflower cannot equal; but to obtain the precious morsel the tree must be felled. The avocado pear grows on a large tree, and is usually eaten with pepper and salt, in conjunction with animal food; but its richness and fineness, like the sweetness of honey, must be experienced to be understood.

It is an awe-inspiring fact that ancient forests every now and then rise in majesty from their

grave. The whole city of Hamburg, its harbor, and broad tracts of land around it, rest upon a sunken forest, which is now buried at an immense depth below the surface. It contains mostly limes and oaks, but must also have abounded with hazel-woods, for thousands of hazel-nuts are brought to light by every excavation for building purposes. It was the boast of Venice that her marble palaces rested in the waters of the Adriatic on piles of costly wood, which now serve to pay the debts of her degenerate sons. The city of New Orleans is built upon the most magnificent foundation in which city ever rose, having no less than three tiers of gigantic trees beneath it. They all stand upright, one upon another, with their roots spread out as they grew, and the great Sir Charles Lyell expressed his belief that it must have taken at least eighteen hundred years to fill up the chasm, since one tier had to rot away to a level with the bottom of the swamp before the upper tier could grow upon it.

Let every person who reads this article plant at

least one tree, remembering that trees are grateful children, and will grow if they are decently treated. Most people do not know with what safety large trees may be replanted. Elms, oaks, even hickories, from six to fourteen inches in diameter, have been removed and planted with perfect success, and without extravagant expenditure.

Spenser has embodied in the following lines the chief characteristics of the best known varieties:

"The sapling pine; the cedar proud and tall;
The vine-prop elms; the poplar never dry;
The builder oake, sole king of forests all;
The aspen good for staves, the cypress funereal;
The laurel, meed of mightie conquerors
And poets sage; the fir that weepeth still;
The willow, worn of forlorn paramours;
The yew, obedient to the bender's will;
The birch for shaftes; the saw for the mill;
The mirrhe sweet bleeding in the bitter wound;
The warlike beech; the ash for nothing ill;
The fruitful olive, and the platine round;
The carver holme; the maple seldom inward sound."

THE SPECTRE FIRE-SHIP.¹

By WILLIAM L. STONE.

THE year 1785, just after the Revolution, was remarkable on several accounts, but more particularly by reason of the unusual number of atmospheric and meteoric phenomena of that season. It was during this eventful year that the circumstances detailed in the following narrative occurred, within the knowledge of the worthy seaman whom we introduce to the reader.

His name was Samuel Hoyt, of whom a few persons yet living at Guildford Neck, in Connecticut, retain a cherished remembrance.

He was, at the time referred to, a sailor on board the brig *Dove*, bound to St. Bartholomew's. The *Dove* began her voyage with prosperous gales, but the weather soon became tempestuous. The night of the eighth day from port was dark as Erebus, and at about one o'clock in the morning

the vessel was suddenly capsized. The captain and crew succeeded in clinging to the vessel until morning, when the wreck was cleared of the masts and rigging, but, to use nautical parlance, she did not "right."

All the boats, save one, had meanwhile been carried away, and it was soon found impossible to remain upon the wreck. The only course left, therefore, was to launch the remaining boat, and trust themselves to the mercy of the deep.

The crew of the *Dove* was originally small, but it was now reduced to three persons, of whom Hoyt was one. For three days the storm continued with unabated violence. On the sixth, the clouds broke away, but as yet not a glimpse of a sail had been descried. Indeed, every hope of deliverance seemed to be extinguished. Suddenly, however, the helmsman, who was just sinking in exhaustion and despair, was aroused by the cry of "A boat! a boat!" He had just strength enough to rise and behold a ship near by, bearing down toward them.

¹ The facts of this sketch were communicated to the father of the writer by the late Dr. Noah Stone, of Oxford, Conn. (who was a native of East Guildford), to whom in turn they were narrated by an eye-witness of the whole affair.

"Keep up courage, my hearties!" exclaimed a true sailor-like voice, as the ship ran past the boat, throwing out a rope, which the poor exhausted sailors had not strength to retain. "We will soon have you on board."

The day of their rescue was Monday. Young Hoyt was not in a situation to note particularly the circumstance on first coming on board the ship, but he thought there was something peculiar in the looks of the captain, whose name was Warner.

"What would have become of you," he inquired rather sternly, "if it had not been for me?"

Whereupon the captain turned away, and, descending into the cabin, was not seen again until the following Sabbath.

He was a stout, square-built man, of a compact frame; his hair was black, slightly silvered, his eyes like jet, though their natural brilliancy was somewhat abated by the deep melancholy which hung upon his heavy brow. His compressed lips indicated firmness and resolution sufficient for the prosecution of the most perilous enterprise. He was a man of whom, as was afterward reported, many wild stories had been told, and his whole appearance and manner would have led an observer to suppose that he might have been engaged with Morgan, Lollonois, and the other roving buccaneers of the Spanish Main. His form, his step, and his commanding presence would have done credit to Pierre le Grand, the great Norman pirate. His temperament was moody and melancholy, and became daily more so. Such, as Mr. Hoyt afterward learned, was the character of Captain Warner, as it had been disclosed up to the time the survivors of the crew of the Dove had been received on board of his ship.

On the Sunday morning already referred to, the captain came upon deck with a disturbed look. He frequently took observations, but his manner was strange and his actions precipitant. The crew soon became afraid of him, and at times his deportment was such that they almost shuddered as he passed them. No one could catch a full gaze of his quick, glancing, and tremulous eye, beaming wildly at times like a tiger's from his heavy frowning eyebrows. He was often discovered to be engaged in deep and earnest soliloquy, now giving strange orders, and now still stranger counter-orders.

In the course of the afternoon, while the mate was below, Captain Warner, after gazing intently through his spy-glass, and looking cautiously around as if to ascertain whether he was observed, stepped to the side of the ship, and suddenly taking a handkerchief from his pocket, proceeded to tie it on his face.

The man at the helm, however, had been watching all his movements, and now gave the alarm:

"The captain is going overboard!"

With a panther's agility the captain leaped to the taffrail of the ship; but in an instant the mate had seized him by the legs. He was drawn on board, and after a short struggle thrown upon deck. A consultation was held; the mate and crew knew not what to think of their captain, nor did they dare to put him in close confinement. It was finally determined to place him aft and keep a close eye upon his movements.

Matters went on thus for some time; the gloom and the mystery which hung over the captain increasing from day to day. He became more quiet for a short period, but was still at times exceedingly agitated, and was often engaged in earnest and audible prayer, at the close of his supplications exclaiming, "But, oh! if I am to be buffeted, I must be."

As his agony increased, he would pray with greater earnestness and frequency, ending with the same dubious words.

At length, during one dreary and forbidding night, when the crew supposed that they had almost arrived at their destination, while the thunder was rumbling heavily, and the crinkling lightning played vividly upon the pillowy cloud rising in the distance, the captain called the mate aside, and communicated to him the awful disclosure that he had once, in an undertaking of such a terrible description that supernatural aid was necessary to its accomplishment, entered into a solemn league with the devil, by whose assistance all his enterprises, for the time being, had been successful. But the time of the agreement was now about to expire, and the devil was coming for his bond. It was this certainty of his coming, and the consequent horror of his situation, which had preyed upon his feelings so much of late, increasing his anxiety with every hour's nearer approach to the dreadful moment, until he already felt the agonies of fire burning within him.

"The contract," said the unfortunate captain, "will expire precisely at twelve o'clock on Friday night next. I shall then be sent for, and I must go, though floated upon a river of flame."

The tale was uttered with the emphasis of fearful sincerity; and the captain was listened to by the crew, who had silently gathered near, with mute amazement and terror. Sailors are always superstitious, and under the circumstances of the present case, the wildness of the night, the angry billows rolling beneath them, and the agitation of the captain, upon whose face large drops of sweat stood trembling, induced them to yield a ready belief to the dreadful tale.

During the two succeeding days the same strange conduct marked the behavior of the unhappy captain. The weather, meanwhile, became lowering and gloomy. It was November; the clouds hung heavily above, and the wind blew in fitful gusts. As the evening of Thursday drew duskily on, the captain was observed, in deeper agitation than ever, to be looking toward the north with his glass. He looked again and again, and was sometimes heard in half-suppressed mutters between his clenched teeth: "'Tis she! She nears! O God! There! do you not see her, Seward?" exclaimed he to the mate, handing him the glass.

The mate looked, and, strangely enough, he did see, or thought he saw, a trim ship, with all her rigging set, yet without sails, just on the edge of the horizon. The captain said it was a fire-ship, and directed the man at the wheel to change his course, as though he would escape from it. The mate, however, had a stout heart, and endeavored to pacify the captain. But Captain Warner still insisted that he saw a fire-ship, and seizing the helm himself, bore away to avoid so unwelcome a companion.

The mate now endeavored to rally the captain by gratifying his whim, and, if possible, by diverting his mind.

"On deck, there!" he suddenly exclaimed. "Come, boys, and get up the guns. True enough, it is the devil that Captain Warner sees; but he's a lubberly seaman, and can't stand silver. We'll put a few of these doubloons into the guns, and give him a peppering which will throw him on his beam ends."

But this rally had not the desired effect. The unfortunate officer was not to be amused, and some of the sailors now almost thought they saw

the fire-ship too. Anon their knees began to shake, and their stout hearts to sink within them, as, without a rag of canvas on her bare poles, the fire-ship came nearer and nearer.

The morning of the fatal day at last dawned. The sun rose clear and red. Again was the captain gazing through his glass, apparently at some distant object, paying, meanwhile, no attention to the affairs of his ship, the government of which, indeed, had for several days been left with the mate. His eyes began to glare more wildly than ever, gleaming at times as though a spark of hell lay burning in them. He took no refreshment, but paced the deck when not gazing through his glass, his bosom heaving with unutterable anguish. During the day the phantom-ship did not approach rapidly, but was still dimly seen in the horizon, tacking on and off as before. Toward its close the sky was overcast, and the weather grew tempestuous; and with the approaching twilight the dreaded ship seemed to shoot along and approach nearer and nearer with astonishing rapidity. As it became darker, moreover, the capper-light, called by the Italian sailors the *corpi-zanti*, and in the estimation of seamen the rare precursor of disaster, played around the masts of the brig to the increased consternation of the hands, and even the stout heart of the mate began to fail him. The fear and the agony of the captain increased every instant. Before ten o'clock, the mysterious ship was seen to glide around the El Dorado (the name of Warner's ship), and the captain seized his trumpet and hailed her. "Ahoy, the fire-ship!" applying it to his ear and carefully listening to catch the reply. Then, placing the trumpet to his mouth, he entreated, "Oh, spare me a little longer!" Dropping the trumpet, he now attempted to spring on the side of the ship, but was prevented. By and by the El Dorado was hailed from the strange vessel which continued to hover around like a spectre, and the captain returned through the trumpet: "Ay, ay, directly," attempting at the same time to disengage himself and leap into the deep.

Meanwhile, the agony of the captain increased, and he wrung his hands convulsively. He then made a short prayer, and, taking an elegant gold watch from his pocket, called for the mate.

"Here, Mr. Seward," said he, "take this watch and remember the fate of its owner."

"I don't want your watch," exclaimed the honest seaman, "I have one of my own."

"I have but one moment to stay," continued Captain Warner, "and may as well leave it here," at the same time laying it upon the binnacle.

The mate and crew, meanwhile, kept a sharp watch upon the captain, whose movements caused them to fear another attempt to spring overboard. But at this moment, it being past eleven at night, their attention was startled by a loud thunder-crash, and, to their inexpressible horror, the shadowy vessel that had been chasing them suddenly blazed forth a ship of entire flame, and the cry of "Ahoy! Come on board!" was distinctly heard proceeding from the fire-ship. The poor captain, now writhing with the most horrible contortions, replied as before, and a fiendish laugh was heard in the distance. It was now impossible to hold Captain Warner longer upon deck, and he was accordingly confined in the cabin and the doors barred; one of the crew, a vigilant and trustworthy fellow, being stationed below to watch his movements.

The fire-ship now drew fearfully near. The sea, lighted up by the reflection, rolled and heaved like an ocean of liquid fire. Noises of a frightful description also proceeded from the ship, the flame now assuming a bluish hue. At length, as the chronometer was on the point of twelve, the same grating hideous voice called:

"The hour has come. Come on board!"

In an instant was heard from the cabin, "I come, I come!"

Then followed, in a twinkling, the crash of windows and a splash into the water.

Immediately the fire-ship disappeared, leaving the *El Dorado* in a gloom of undistinguishable darkness.

A shrill, piercing cry of distress followed the plunge into the water, which was succeeded by a burst of harsh, discordant, diabolical laughter, mingling in the wind as it swept over the surges, and all was still. The cabin doors were unbarred tremblingly, but the captain was not there.

The man who had been stationed below reported that the captain continued to walk the cabin in great agony for a few minutes, when he made the exclamation just repeated, and, turning suddenly around, sprang from a surprising distance through the cabin window, carrying away the casement and all. Lights were procured and the boats let down, and every effort made to discover the captain, but in vain. Though repeatedly called, no sound was returned. The spectre fire-ship was seen no more. The black clouds broke away soon after she disappeared. The sea was hushed, the moon arose, and its silver beams began playing upon the tossing billows, sparkling like a lake of liquid light.

The command of the brig now devolved upon the mate, and after a long passage, without further incident, he brought her safely into the port of destination at Antigua. The story, however, of the captain's fate and of the spectre fire-ship was soon bruited about, and never would seamen navigate the *El Dorado* more.

THE LITTLE DEMON.

By B. P. SHILLABER.

THE following story, told me by a friend who occupies rooms in town, he being a single man without family, has a little witchery in it that may please the young reader under whose eyes it may fall. Anything that bears a mystery about it has a particular charm, and a fairy story of a pleasant sort always commends itself. The incident which the story describes had so pleasant an effect on my friend that I thought the narration of it might be equally satisfactory to others, and so I have told it as nearly in his own words as

possible; but of course it lacks the pleasant manner, the merry voice, the beaming eye, and the cheerful laugh of the story-teller, who was brimming over with his subject.

"One evening during the fall," said he, "when the 'days were growing short,' as we say, I had got home, quite weary, and seated myself by my chamber table, on which was a brightly burning lamp and several books. I had put on my soft shoes, and felt very warm and comfortable before a fire in my open grate. There are times when

one feels better alone, and this was one of them. I sat in a half-dreamy mood, leaning back in my arm-chair, thinking upon what had happened during the day. The rumble of carriages in the street came faintly to my ear, and murmured sounds of life within-doors were occasionally heard, when suddenly these sounds all ceased and perfect silence reigned, except the faint ticking of a clock upon my mantel shelf, which seemed to add to the impressive stillness. By and by the clock struck nine, when, as if in continuation of the alarm, the air seemed all alive with the sweetest melody, as from many little bells, which rose and fell in waves of sound, now near now remote, coming near me and then retreating into distance, until almost lost to hearing. It wove itself among my dreamy fancies as a complimentary surprise concert, and I listened with pleasure and wonder.

"'Puzzled, aren't you?' something said very near me, with the least bit of a very sweet voice.

"The bells ceased their ringing. The shade over my lamp cast a gloom about the room, and I removed it, turning my eyes to every corner to see, if possible, what or whom it was that had spoken. Nothing unusual was there, and the voice and the bells were silent.

"'Speak again,' said I.

"I waited for an answer to this, but none came, and thinking I had been deceived by some sound in the chimney, or had fallen asleep for a moment and dreamed it, I settled back in my chair again and dismissed the matter from my mind. I had recovered that day a cent, which bore the initials of my name, that I had set in circulation more than twenty years before. It was a new coin when it started, but had come back to me battered and worn, bearing marks of having seen very hard service. As I settled back in my chair, I thrust my hand into my pocket, and, feeling this coin, took it out to examine it. I thought of the many hands and scenes through which this penny had passed, and then recalled changes in my own career during our years of separation. My mind seemed unusually active, and many things came before me long since forgotten.

"'A penny for your thought!' said the little voice again, just by my side.

"It was very distinctly spoken, and came directly from my table. I looked in that direc-

tion, and there, sitting upon a book, was the queerest little figure that could be imagined. It was of human form, but only two or three inches high, dressed in a very strange costume, with a round, shining face, brimful of fun. There it sat upon the book, swinging its little legs and arms, its body swaying backward and forward, as if it were moved by a spring. As I looked at it, it nodded its head and gave me a broad grin.

"'Do you know me?' it asked.

"'I can't say that I do,' I replied; 'but your face is very much like this cent which I hold in my hand. Your features are very marked.'

"'That's so. Now look closer.'

"I did so, and, sure enough, the face of the little object was an exact copy of the coin which had come back to me after its long absence. The eyes and mouth were formed after the stamped letters, and the living look of the eyes, the queer twist of the mouth, and an almost invisible nose, made it very funny.

"'What are you?' I asked.

"'Can't you guess?'

"'No.'

"'Well, then, I am the genius of the cent you hold there.'

"'Are you?'

"'Of course I am, if I say so. Do you doubt my word?'

"'It would not be civil to say that,' said I; 'but really you are so very small that there is hardly enough of you to form an opinion about.'

"'And yet,' said the goblin, 'you just now found enough in me to think about when I brought back to you the memories of twenty years. 'Twas I that did it.'

"'You?'

"'Yes, the cent you held was but the form. I was its spirit, and gave it the power to awaken thought.'

"This was said very seriously, and the little face looked quite centennial.

"'But,' continued the genius, 'I did not come here to worry you. I thought you might like to know the story of the cent and some of its adventures, and so I slid myself into your hand to-day as the apple-woman at the corner gave you your change, deciding to make you a friendly call this evening. Am I welcome?'

"'Of course you are,' I replied, 'and I wish I had a better seat to offer you. Perhaps if you

should open the book, and lean against the cover, it would serve the purpose. Your legs, however, permit me to say, are too short for that; but if I put this paper-weight at your back, it may do quite well. There, how is that?

"Excellent, thank you. And now, how would you like to hear something of the twenty years' experience of a penny tramp?"

"Very much," said I, assuming a listening attitude; "now, fire away."

"I don't like your expression," said the little visitor; "it is disrespectful to me, and is slang, besides unfit to be employed by one gentleman in addressing another. I shall not fire away. I am not a gun."

"Well, I ask pardon. Please proceed."

"After a few moments' silence, the visitor began:

"Of course, I cannot remember every circumstance that has happened during twenty years; even what I could tell would fill an immense volume. When you stamped those letters upon me, I felt that I was a slave, and resolved to escape the first chance that offered. As you dropped me into your pocket, I discovered a hole in it, and determined that, when once in the street, I would slip through. This I did, and rolled off gleefully, happy to be free. My freedom was short, however, for I was picked up by an old lady, who got into a car, and gave me, with four others, to the conductor. I soon found myself among a pile of very common cents, from which I was taken to serve as a pocket-piece, because I was new and bore your initials. Don't go to sleep! You were nodding."

"I was merely nodding," said I, "in response to what you said," blushing as I spoke.

"Don't tell me!" replied the little imp; "I can see through a millstone, especially if it has a hole in it as large as your mouth was then. You were gaping, sir."

"Well, well, go on. I'll be all attention."

"I have been in the pockets of millionaires and beggars, and it was hard to tell which held on to me the tightest; I have formed part of the capital stock of a child's savings' bank, and been shaken out to buy hairpins of a peddler; I have been the last penny that finished a monument and picked up by an organ-man's monkey; I have helped pay the public debt, and served in a scant collection for the poor; I have been hoarded by misers, squandered by profligates, invested by

children, traded by hucksters; I have— What! off to sleep again? Is this the way to treat one cent to you, so to speak?"

"But, really, my dear—"

"Demon," said the sprite, seeing my hesitation.

"Well," I said, "dear demon, if that pleases you, I heard every word. If I gaped, it was from a greater wish to take in all you said."

"Did you hear," said the demon, "anything I might have said about the National debt and Mr. Vanderbilt and the Washington monument?"

"Of course," I replied.

"Well, that is cool enough," said he, looking at me a little scornfully; "I didn't allude to them."

"Then I heard all you *did* say, didn't I, if you didn't say anything?"

"That's a logical escape," said the demon; "but I thought you were napping."

"Not a bit of it."

"Well, I haven't much more to say. Did you ever hear of Peter Smith's sentiment?"

"Never did."

"Well, he got a lot round him, and called upon them to respond to a sentiment he had, he said, to offer. Taking a cent from his pocket, he laid it down upon the table. 'That's the cent I meant,'" said he. Capital, wasn't it?"

"Yes."

"Well, I was that very cent. Ha, ha, ha!" And the little imp laughed till he was red in the face.

"Pardon me," said he, stopping suddenly and resuming his narrative, "I have taken part in our important financial matters, went around the world in the pocket of General Grant, helped buy oil for torchlights, been the last cent of several ruined fortunes, but of all the things I've done about which I'm least disposed to boast, is where I was exchanged for a cent's worth of yeast by a man who weighed two hundred pounds. I am battered and defaced by age, but am still as good as new, and yesterday—'sterday—'sterday——"

Then I heard the ringing again of the little bells, wave upon wave, all around, coming near and then retiring, and a little voice cried "Good-night!" in my ear, as a mosquito might have uttered it, when I brought up my hand holding the cent with a hard slap, which hurt me, and I became conscious that I was alone. The seat was vacant upon the table, the bells held their tongues, and I held the coin in my hand, bearing date 1859.

Was it a dream?



IN JUNE.

THE brightness of June weather!—and the skies
Are dreamy in their limpid depths of blue,
On which light clouds like flecks of foam arise
And drift away beyond the world of view.

The gladness of June weather!—and the birds
With new joy filled are thrilling the wide earth
With music which was never set to words—
The madness and the merriment of mirth.

With what wild glee they revel through the wood,
While the blithe June breathes through them quickening
life;

And all the world their joy-songs say is good,
And all the world with rapturous joy is rife!

The glory of June weather!—and the flowers
Deck the bright earth as for her marriage forth,—
Fresh breathes their fragrance down the languorous hours,—
The warm wild South has wooed and won the North!

Flowers everywhere!—beneath us on the lawn
They sparkle like dim stars amid the grass,
Agleam with glittering dew-beams when the dawn
Doth up the East in rosy radiance pass.

Flowers over us in blossom-burdened trees
That rise like fleecy clouds with tints of rose,
And drop in petal-flakes whene'er the breeze
With sudden gust and tremble through them blows.

Round us rose-bushes laden, vines with flowers
Of myriad shapes, of myriad sweet perfumes,
Festoon the fences, clamber wild o'er bowers,
And strew the pathways with their scattered blooms.

The fullness of June weather!—gracious skies,
Glad birds, flowers blooming,—all the wide, round earth
O'erfilled with gladness;—wonder not my eyes
Fill with glad tears—my heart so aches with mirth!

O June! sweet June! my life with thy grace fill!
Not at this season only let me feel
These rapturous pulses; through the whole year still
Thy glow and gladness in my heart reveal!

CHARLES R. WILLIAMS.

KITH AND KIN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FIRST VIOLIN."

CHAPTER XI.—A THORNY PATH.

JUDITH closed the door after her, and passed through the large houseplace, full of a ruddy dancing light and a cheering warmth, out at the open door, into the drear October twilight. The lake was rougher now, and its livid surface was covered with flashing specks of foam. The weird whisper from Raydaleside had grown into a long shrill shriek—a prolonged storm-cry. All else was deathly still. Mechanically, as she passed the windows of the old house, she glanced toward them, and saw that ruddy light, that cheering warmth within. Her heart was nigh to bursting. She felt bewildered, battered down by what had taken place. It was all so incredible, so inexplicable—that she had been thrust out, desired never to darken those doors again, called by opprobrious names, there—within those beloved walls, beneath that happy roof! It was like a mortal blow. Still stunned by this stroke, she passed almost automatically out of the garden, under the old archway, through the farm-yard, without returning, or even hearing the greeting of the herd, who said:

"Good-naat, Miss Judath. There's a storm on the road."

She was tongue-tied, dumb, powerless to speak. Out in the shady road again, with the dusk fast falling, with that long, "dree," desolate way before her, and with such a result to report to Delphine! She walked mechanically onward, perhaps half a mile, while confusion reigned in her mind. Then the whole affair seemed suddenly to start before her eyes in an almost lurid light. She had descended so low as to ask for money, and she had been spurned and cast out—and that by one whom she had truly loved and honored all her life, despite his rugged nature, which ruggedness she had weakly fancied to be but the outward mask of a great tenderness common to rugged natures. She had always thought there was sympathy between his nature and hers, for her innate reserve was as great as his own; the effort to overcome it had always been like a physical pang, and in the bitterer and more desponding moments through which she had often passed, she, too, had felt repeatedly as if she could be rough,

could use harsh words, and could gird savagely at those who worried her with their stupidity. She had made a great mistake. The ruggedness concealed no deep wells of tenderness, but a harsh, hard, yes, a brutal nature. It was nothing short of brutatity to which he had treated her this afternoon. What trembling hopes she and Delphine had built upon this poor little chance; the possible result of so tremendous an effort! How they had planned a course of work, of economy and saving, and patient waiting! They had come to the solemn conclusion that their present life was wrong and degrading, or at least, that it was wrong and degrading to make no effort to escape from it. They did not believe it was what they had been born for. Delphine had been much moved by Judith's account of how, while she was at Irkford, a girl had been pointed out to her, at a picture exhibition, as a young artist of promise, who painted portraits and got forty guineas apiece for them.

"That would be the height of happiness to me," Delphine had said, tears in her eyes. "I could paint portraits to earn money to do greater things. Ah, what a happy girl! I wonder if she knows how happy she is."

Their plan had been for Judith to secure their uncle's assistance, and go to Irkford, and, failing other things, adopt the nursing of which she had spoken to her mother; to look out all the time with a view to finding some employment for Delphine, which, they were both convinced, was to be had, however humble. This was their scheme, and had it succeeded, they would have rejoiced more than if they had suddenly inherited fortunes twice as large as their uncle could leave them, and which their mother was always craving for them.

If it had succeeded! How quickly would that road have been traversed, and how high would Judith's heart have beaten!

But it had not succeeded. Her thoughts suddenly flew off to what was left—to the prospect before them of a whole life-time of this pinching and scraping and starving, and saving sixpences, till they grew old, and friends had disappeared,

and joys were past, and death longed for. The effort to change these grinding circumstances had failed; that which remained was almost too fearful to think of. It takes a great deal to chill the blood and dismay the heart of two-and-twenty, healthy, resolute, and untroubled by morbid fancies; but Judith Conisbrough felt her blood cold, and her heart as wax at the prospect before her. Nothing gained, and *all* the few privileges they had ever had, irretrievably lost.

An indescribable weariness palsied her limbs, a despondency which amounted to despair laid its cold hand upon her heart. The storm-wind came whistling over the desolate fells, the lake beneath her looked like a sheet of lead. Where was it shining? Where the glory and the dream which had sustained her on her way to Scar Foot an hour ago?

Straight before her the bleak, cold mass of Addlebrough rose, and looked like a monstrous barrier which she could not pass—looked like the embodiment of her poverty, her circumstances, her doom. In the dusk her foot struck against a large, loose stone. She stumbled, but recovered herself, sat down on a rough log by the roadside, and covered her eyes with her hands, as if trying to shut out all which confronted her—all which had once been so dear and warm, and was now so cold and cruel.

No tears would come. Her eyes burnt; her brain was filled with the remembrance of that irate old man, towering over her, pouring upon her angry rebukes for some crime of whose nature she had not the least idea, uttering words of abuse and condemnation. Thrills, hot thrills of passionate indignation, and cold ones of chill dismay shook her one after the other. Now she felt as if she must go back and beard the old man in his anger, and tell him how wicked he was; that he maligned her, and that she defied him; and again, she felt as if she must remain there where she was for the rest of the night, too out of heart to rise, or move another step.

The last consideration had grown uppermost, and had at last forced from her a deep, tearless sob, which gave her no relief, and only seemed to set her heart in wilder agitation. No outside sound roused her, or would have roused her, less than that which she now heard—her own name.

"Miss—Miss C—Conisbrough!" came in accents of surprise.

Judith started violently, crimsoning with shame; the instincts of pride, reticence, reserve, impelling her instantly to subdue and conceal every sign of emotion. But they came too late. Randolph Danesdale had seen her. It was he who reined up his horse close beside her; his face, wondering and shocked, which looked from his elevation down upon her, as she gave a startled glance upward.

He was alone, apparently, save for his dog. Air and exercise had a little flushed his usually pale face; surprise gave it animation, and lent expression to his eyes. He looked, as she could not help seeing, very handsome, very manly, very well. Horse and rider were on the best of terms, and they formed a good-looking pair.

He had spoken her name half-inquiringly, as if he doubted the evidence of his own eyes. But when she suddenly uncovered her face, and looked up at him, and he saw that it was indeed she, he backed his horse a step and bowed. She had risen in an instant, but she could not entirely recover her presence of mind in the same space of time.

"I—Mr. Danesdale!"

"Good-evening; I fear I startled you," he replied, and his presence of mind had not for a moment deserted him. He had waited for her to speak, that he might know what line to take, and he followed it up at once.

"I must have been sitting there without calculating the time, for I don't possess a watch," she said, with a faltering attempt at a laugh. He smiled in answer, and dismounted.

"That is quite evident," he said, holding out his hand. "Are you thinking of walking back to Yoresett?"

"Certainly I am; having no other mode of conveyance, I must either do so or remain where I am."

Judith had recovered her outward self-possession, but her answers were curt, and there was bitterness in her tone, and the mental agony which she was obliged to suppress forced from her certain tones and expressions which were unlike her usual ones.

"Then," said he, "since I have been fortunate enough to overtake you" (with as much gravity as if he had overtaken her walking at the rate of three miles an hour), "allow me to have the honor of escorting you home. I of course have to pass through Yoresett on my way to Danesdale Castle."

"I cannot think of detaining you. "Pray ride on," said Judith, who, however, had begun to move onward, while he, slipping the bridle over his arm, paced beside her, and his horse, his friend, followed him.

"I shall enjoy the walk. I rode as far as Hawes, indeed beyond, this morning, to have lunch with the Sparthwaites. Do you know the Sparthwaites?"

"By name, of course. Not personally—at least, I only just know them to speak to."

"But your uncle, Mr. Aglionby——"

"Oh, Mr. Aglionby is on terms of friendship with many people whom we don't know at all. When my father was living, he was the vicar of Yoresett, and he and my mother of course visited with all these people. Since his death, my mother has been unable to visit anywhere. She cannot afford it."

"I beg your pardon——" began Randulf.

"Not at all," she answered, in the same quick, spasmodic way, as if she spoke in the intervals of some physical anguish. "I only think it foolish to pretend that there are reasons for not visiting people which are not the real reasons, and concealing the real one, which covers all the others, and is simply—poverty," said Judith distinctly. It was not her wont to speak in this way, to flaunt her poverty, as it were, in the face of one better off than herself. But she was not her usual self at this moment. What she had just gone through seemed to have branded the consciousness of her misfortunes so deeply into her heart, with so burning and indelible a stamp that it would be long before she would be able to give her undivided attention to anything else. A week ago she would have recoiled with horror from the idea of thus hardly and nakedly stating the truth of their position to young Danesdale; she would have felt it an act of disloyalty to the hardships of her mother, an unwomanly self-assertion on her part. Now she scarcely gave a thought to what she said on the subject, or if she did, it took the shape of a kind of contempt for her own condition, a sort of "what does it matter? He knows perfectly well that we are half-starved wretches—why should he not hear it, and learn that he had better go away and leave us to our natural obscurity?"

But for one slight circumstance Judith would almost have supposed that Randulf had really forgotten, or not noticed, the strange position in

which he had found her, "crying in a hedge," as she scornfully said to herself. That circumstance was, that he neither drawled nor stammered in his speech, but spoke with a quick alertness unlike anything she had imagined him capable of assuming. This convinced her that he was turning the case over in his mind, and wondering very much what to think of it. She knew nothing of his character. Of course he was a gentleman by birth and breeding. Was he a gentleman, nay, more, a man, in mind and behavior? Would he be likely to receive a confidence from her as a sacred thing? or would he be capable of treating it lightly and perhaps laughing over it with his friends? She knew nothing about him which could enable her to give even a conjecture on the subject. But the confidence must be made, the favor asked.

"Mr. Danesdale," she said abruptly, after they had walked on for some little time, and saw the village of Bainbeck below them, and the lights of Yoresett gleaming in the distance, and when she felt that the time for speaking was not long.

"Yes, Miss Conisbrough."

"You must have felt surprised when you saw me this afternoon?"

"Must I?"

"Were you not? Pray do not deny it. I am am sure you were."

"Since you speak in that way of it, I was more than surprised. I was shocked and pained."

"Poor relations are very troublesome sometimes. I had been troublesome to my uncle this afternoon and had got well snubbed—more than snubbed—insulted, for my pains."

"The old r—rascal!" observed Randulf, and Judith almost smiled at the naïve way in which he revealed how readily he had associated the cause of her trouble with Mr. Aglionby.

"I left his house in indignation. I cannot of course tell you what had happened, nor can you have any concern to know it. I was thinking about it. I shall never be able to tell it to any one but my sister Delphine, for it concerns us alone, so, as you have accidentally seen that something was wrong, would you mind, please—not mentioning—you can understand that I do not wish any one to hear of it."

"It is natural on your part to ask it," said he, "but I assure you it was unnecessary, so far as I am concerned. But I give you my word, as a

gentleman, that whoever may hear of the circumstance, will not hear of it from me. Pray regard it, so far as I am concerned, as if it had not happened."

He spoke with a grave earnestness which pleased Judith extremely and sent a glow of comfort to her chill heart. The earnestness sat well on the handsome young face. Looking up, she thanked him for his promise, she thought how young he did look, and happy. She herself felt so old—so incalculably old this afternoon.

"I thank you sincerely," was all she said.

"The s—storm's close at hand," observed he the next moment, displaying once more the full beauty of his drawl and his hesitation; "I shall be in for a drenching, in more ways than one."

"As how?" she asked, in a tone almost like her usual one.

"From the rain before I get to Danesdale Castle, and from my sister's looks when I walk in late for dinner, and take my place beside the lady whom I ought to have been in time to hand in."

"Oh, and it will be my fault?"

"It will. That is a fact beyond dispute. But they never wait for me, and I shall have the pleasure of mystifying them and seeing their curiosity run riot. That is what I enjoy. D—don't distress yourself."

They were passing the market-cross in Yoresett. Judith was opposite her mother's door. She shook hands with Randulf, thanked him for his escort, and wished him well home before the storm broke.

"Thank you, and if I may presume to offer you a little advice, Miss Conisbrough, don't bother yourself about your wicked uncle."

She smiled faintly, bowed her head; he waved his hand, sprang upon his horse, and they parted.

* * * * *

With her heart low again, she knocked at the door. Insensibly to her perceptions—for she had been so absorbed, first in her own emotion, and afterward in her conversation with Mr. Danesdale, that she had noticed nothing else—the storm had increased. The wind was alternately wailing a dirge, and booming threats across the fells to the town. There would be floods of rain to-night, and to-morrow Swale and Yore would be thundering in flood through their valleys, fed by a hundred swollen becks from the hill-sides. As the door was opened to her, the first cold splash of rain fell upon her face. The storm was from the northwest.

It was well that all who had homes to go to should seek them while the tempest lasted.

It was Rhoda who had opened the door.

"Judith!" she exclaimed. "Mamma and I both said you would be kept all night at Scar Foot. It was only that bird of ill omen—that croaker, Delphine, who said you would not. Are you wet?"

"A little, I believe," replied Judith, anxious for an excuse not to go into the parlor immediately. "Oh, there's my candle, I see; I'll go straight up-stairs. I wish you'd tell Del to come and help me a minute."

Mrs. Conisbrough always resented the tendency to "talk secrets." Rhoda had rather a respect for it—besides, when her elders were engaged in that pastime, their eyes were not so open to her defects. She alertly answered, "Yes, to be sure," and ran back into the parlor, while Judith toiled slowly up the stairs, and along the bare, hollow-sounding passage. She entered her own bedroom, placed the candle upon the dressing-table, and paused. She pulled off her gloves, threw them down, and then stood still, looking lonely and desolate, till a light, flying foot sounded along the passage; even at that gentle rush her face did not lighten. Then Delphine's lovely face and willowy form came floating in, graceful, even in her haste.

"Judith?" There was inquiry, suspense in her tone.

"Oh, Delphine!" Bursting into a fit of passionate weeping, she fell upon her sister's neck and cried as if her heart would break.

"Was it of no use?" asked the younger girl at last, softly caressing her as she spoke.

"Worse than no use! He not only refused, he insulted me; he spoke abusively, talked about 'plots' and 'schemes' and things I could not understand. And at last he got into a fury, and he—oh, Delphine, Delphine—he bade me begone. He turned me out—from Scar Foot—from my dear old place that I loved so! Oh, I think my heart will break!"

"He must be *mad*—the horrid old monster!" cried Delphine distinctly, her figure springing erect, even under the burden of her sister's form, and her tones ringing through the room. "He has not the right to treat you, or any of us, in that way. Let him do without us! Let him try how he likes living alone in his den, and getting more and more ill-tempered every day, till he frightens

the whole country-side away from him. I will never go near him again, of my own free will, but if ever I meet him, I will tell him what I think of him; oh, I will! Cheer up, Judith! Keep a good heart. We will not be beaten by a tyrant like him. Depend upon it, it was the idea of our wanting to be free, and wanting him to set us free, of all people, that made him so wild. Don't cry more, now. We must go down to tea. Mother seems a little out of sorts just now too. We will take it over to-night. Come, my poor dear! Let us take off your things. How tired she must be!" she added caressingly. "After walking alone, all a'long that dreadful road, and in such weather. It wasn't fit to turn out a dog. Why, it must have been dark before you got to Counterside, Ju! You would wish for old Abel and his fog horn. How did you grope your way along the road?"

"That reminds me," said Judith suddenly, while a deep blush spread over her face and neck. "I wasn't alone, except for about half a mile from Scar Foot."

"Not alone? Did Toby from the farm bring you with his lantern?"

"I never saw Toby. It was Mr. Danesdale——"

"Mr. Danesdale!"

"Yes. And the worst is, he found me sitting in a hedge, like a tramp who can walk no farther, groaning, with my face in my hands."

"Oh, Judith! How terrible!"

"He got off his horse and walked with me to Yoresett. He is probably now riding for dear life, to be as nearly in time for dinner as he can."

"Well, we must go down now," said Delphine, very quietly. "You must tell me about that afterward. There's Rhoda calling out that tea is ready."

Arm in arm they went down-stairs into the warm, lighted parlor, which, despite its shabby furniture, looked very comfortable and home-like, with the tea-table spread, and the urn singing, and the old-fashioned crystal glass full of gracefully arranged yellow-berried holly and glossy ivy leaves.

Mrs. Conisbrough did not inquire anything respecting the reception her eldest daughter had met with from her uncle. She cast a wavering suspicious glance toward Judith, as the girls came in, which glance presently grew more reassured, but neither cheerful nor inquiring. In her own

mind she was thinking, "What has he said to her? How far has he gone?" Judith met her mother's look in her usual manner, and spoke to her with her usual cordiality. Mrs. Conisbrough heaved a sigh of relief, but dared not proceed to questions of any kind.

When the meal was over they all sat still in the same room, some of them working, some of them reading. Their store of books was small, but they were occasionally able to borrow a few from a certain Mrs. Malleson, their one and only intimate friend, whose husband was rector of the great parish of Stanniforth, which comprised Yoresett and many other places. The doctor of the district, who also lived some distance away, and who was a kindly-natured man, would occasionally remember "those poor Miss Conisbroughs," and would put a volume or two in his great-coat pocket for their benefit. Judith was making a pretense of reading one of these volumes now. Delphine sat at the old piano, and touched a chord now and then, and sang a phrase once and again. Rhoda was embroidering. Mrs. Conisbrough held a book in her hands, which she was not reading any more than Judith was reading hers.

Meantime, without, the storm had increased. Judith had heard the first threatings of the wind, which was now one continuous roar. The rain, in spasms, lashed the panes furiously. Yoresett House could stand a good deal of that kind of thing. No tempest even shook it, though it might, as it did to-night, make wild work with the nerves of some of those who dwelt there.

Suddenly Rhoda raised her dusky head; her glowing brunette face was all listening; she held up a warning finger to Delphine to pause in her playing.

"Don't you hear wheels?" she said in a low voice; such as befitted the solemnity of the occasion.

They all listened; yes, wheels were distinctly audible, quickly moving, and a horse's hoofs, as it came down the street. Quick as thought Rhoda had bounded to the window, lifted the white linen blind, and pulled it over her head, in a frenzy of aroused curiosity.

Just opposite the house stood the only public illumination possessed by Yoresett—a lantern, which threw out melancholy rays, and cast a flickering light upon the objects around. It burned

in a wavering, uncanny manner, in the furious gusts to-night, but Rhoda's eyes were keen; emerging presently from her retirement, she found three pairs of eyes gazing inquiringly at her.

"Would you ever believe it," she cried. "It's old Mr. Whaley's dog-cart, with the white mare, and *he is in it.*"

"Old Mr. Whaley" was the family lawyer of the Aglionby clan; and had been so for forty years.

"Nonsense, my dear child!" protested her sisters. "It is some belated traveler, and the flickering light has deceived you."

"I tell you, it was old Mr. Whaley. Don't I know his mare, Lucy, as well as I know my own name? He was sitting muffled up, and crouching together, and his man was driving. Will you tell me I don't know Peter Metcalfe and his red beard? and they were driving toward the road to Bainbeck."

"It is strange!" said Delphine.

Rhoda going back toward her place, looked at her mother.

"Mamma's ill!" she cried, springing to her side.

"No, no! It's nothing. I have not felt very well all day. Leave me alone, children, it will pass off. Old Mr. Whaley, on the road to Bainbeck, did you say, Rhoda? Then he must be going to see your uncle."

CHAPTER XII.—DANESDALE CASTLE

RANDULF DANESDALE, after taking leave of Miss Conisbrough, sprang upon his horse again, pulled his collar up about his ears, rammed his cap well on to his head, called to his dog, and rode on in the teeth of the wind toward his home. Soon the storm burst over him in full fury, and he was properly drenched before arriving at Danesdale Castle. During his ride thither, he constantly gave vent to the exclamation, "Inc—credible!" which might have reference to the weather, he being as yet somewhat inexperienced in the matter of storms as they rage in Yorkshire dales. More probably it was caused by some train of thought. Be that as it may, the exclamation was oft reiterated. At last, after a long, rough ride along country roads uncheered by lamps, he ascended the hill going to Danesdale Castle, and rode into the court-yard where the stables and kennels were,

delivered his horse over to his groom, and sauntered toward the house.

"Are they dining, Thompson?" he inquired of a solemn-looking butler whom he met as he passed through the hall.

"They are dining, sir," was the respectful reply, and Randulf's visage wore an expression of woe and gravity impossible to describe; yet an impartial observer must have come to the conclusion that Thompson and his young master were enjoying an excellent joke together.

"If Sir Gabriel should ask, say I am in, and will join them in five minutes," said Randulf, going up-stairs. During his dressing he again gave vent to the exclamation, "Inc—credible," and this time it may reasonably be supposed to have referred to the extreme celerity with which he made his toilet.

When he had ridden into the court-yard ten minutes ago, he had looked animated, interested, and interesting, as he perfectly sat his perfect horse. There had been vigor and alertness in his movements, and a look of purpose and life in his eyes. That look had been upon his face from the moment in which he had reined up his horse by the roadside, and seen Judith Conisbrough's eyes looking up at him. When he came into the dining-room, and the assembled company turned their eyes upon him with a full stare of surprise, or inspection, or both, and his father pretended to look displeased, and his sister looked so stern reality, he looked tired, languid, indifferent—more than indifferent, bored to death.

Sir Gabriel looked as if he would have spoken to him, but Randulf's place was at the other end of the table, nearer his sister, Miss Philippa Danesdale. He dropped into the vacant chair left for him by the side of a lady who looked out of temper; a lady with considerable claims to good looks, in the confident, unabashed style of beauty; a lady, finally, whose toilet bore evidence of having cost a great deal of money. She was Miss Anna Dunlop, Miss Danesdale's dearest friend, and Randulf had had to take her in to dinner every day since his return home.

Glancing around, he uttered a kind of general apology, including Miss Dunlop in it with a slight bow, and then he looked wistfully round the table.

"You appear to be looking for something, Mr. Danesdale," observed Miss Dunlop, her corrugated brow becoming more placid.

"Only for the s—soup. I am absolutely starving," was the reply, in a tone of weariness which hardly rose above a whisper.

"If you will be so late, Randulf," said his sister in the low voice she always used, "you must expect to have to wait, a minute or two at any rate, for your dinner. The servants are not omnipotent."

"I hope not, indeed!" he said. "If they were, where would you be? Where should I be? Where should we all be?"

"You snap up people's remarks in the most unkind manner," expostulated Miss Dunlop on Philippa's behalf. "Your sister only meant to calm your impatience, and your misconstrue her remark, and call up a number of the most dreadful images to one's mind."

"Dreadful images. Isn't there a song? Oh, no, engines; that's it—not images. 'See the dreadful engines of eternal war.' Do you know it?"

"I never heard it. I believe you are making it up," said Miss Dunlop reproachfully.

"Ah; it's old. It used to be sung long before your time—when I was a boy, in fact," he returned, with a gravity so profound as to be almost oppressive.

Miss Dunlop paused a moment, and then decided to laugh, which she did in a somewhat falsetto tone, eliciting no responsive smile from him. A dismal idea that Randulf was a sarcastic young man began to distill its baneful poison through her mind. What did he mean by so pointedly saying, "It used to be sung when I was a boy?"

"Did the Sparthwaites keep you so late, Randulf?" asked his sister; but he did not hear her, or appeared not to do so. Miss Danesdale was a plump, red-haired woman, no longer young. It was said by some of those friends of her youth whom she, like others, found somewhat inconvenient when that youth had fled, that she was forty. This, however, was supposed by those who knew her to be a slight exaggeration. She sat very upright, always held her shoulders back, and her head elevated, nor did she stoop it, even in the act of eating and drinking. She always spoke in an exceedingly low voice, which only a great emergency or extreme irritation ever caused her to raise; indeed, it is useless to deny the fact, Miss Danesdale, from what cause soever, muttered, with what results, on the tempers of herself and of

those who had to interpret her mutters or be asking for a repetition of them, may be more easily imagined than described. Her brother, who had seen little of her until this last final home-coming, considered the habit to be one of the most trying and exasperating weapons in the armory of a trying and exasperating woman. Miss Danesdale had every intention of behaving very well to her brother, and of making him welcome, and being very kind to him; but the manner in which she displayed her good-will took a didactic, even a dictatorial form, which failed to recommend itself to the young man. If it were not sure to be taken for feminine ill-will toward the nobler and larger-minded sex, the present writer would feel obliged to hint that Randulf Danesdale felt spiteful toward his esteemed sister, and that occasionally he acted as he felt. In any case, he appeared on the present occasion not to hear her, and in exactly the same voice and words, she repeated her question, looking at him as he gazed wearily at the pattern of his now empty soup-plate.

"Did the Sparthwaites keep you so late, Randulf?"

He looked up with a vague, dreaming expression.

"A—! Did some one speak to me?"

Extreme irritation now came into play. Miss Danesdale raised her voice, and in a far from pleasant tone, cried:

"Did the Sparthwaites keep you so late?"

"I have come straight here from the Sparthwaites," he replied, mournfully accepting the fish which was offered to him.

"Whom did you meet there?" she asked.

Any one who could have performed the feat of looking under Randulf's wearily-drooped eyelids into his eyes, would have been rewarded with the vision of a most uncanny-looking sprite, which suddenly came floating and whirling up from some dark well of wickedness deep down in a perverted masculine nature. When he raised his eyelids, the sprite had discreetly drawn a veil between itself and the audience. None the less did it prompt the reply:

"Oh, a l—lot of people. I sat next an awfully good-looking woman, whom I admired. One of those big, black women, like a rocking-horse. C—champed the bit just like a rocking-horse too, and pranced like one. She said——"

There were accents in Randulf's voice which called a smile to the faces of some of the company,

who had begun to listen to his tale. Miss Danesdale exclaimed almost vivaciously:

"Why, you must mean Mrs. Pr——"

"Don't tell me before I've finished. I don't know her name. Her husband had been ill it seemed, and she had been nursing him, and they pitied her because of it; and she said, 'Oh, I have nursed him before now. I held him in my arms when he was a b—baby.'"

"Randulf!"

"I was h—horror-struck; and I suppose I showed it, for she suddenly gave a wild prance, and champed the bit more than ever, and then she said: 'Of course I don't remember it, but they tell me I did. My dear husband is a year or two younger than I am, but *so* good.'"

Mr. Danesdale sank again into a reflective silence. Sir Gabriel and the elder portion of the company went off into a storm of laughter, which did not in the least mitigate the deep gloom of the heir. Miss Dunlop's high color had increased to an alarmingly feverish hue. Miss Danesdale looked unutterable things. Sir Gabriel, who loved a joke, presently wiped the tears from his eyes and said, trying to look rebuking:

"My dear boy, if you let that sarcastic tongue of yours run on in that way, you'll be getting into mischief."

"I sarcastic!" he ejaculated, with a look of the deepest injury. "My dear sir!"

"Will you have roast mutton, Randulf?" asked Miss Danesdale, behind her mittened hand, as if she were putting some very disgraceful question, and dreaded lest the servants should hear it. "Because if——"

"Roast mutton? oh, joy!" he exclaimed, with a look of sudden hungry animation, which greatly puzzled some of the company, who saw him that night for the first time, and who said afterward that really that young Danesdale was very odd. He came in so late to dinner, and sat looking as if he were going to faint, and told a very ill-natured story about Mrs. Prancington (though Mrs. Prancington is a ridiculous woman, you know), and then he suddenly fell upon the roast mutton with an ogreish fury, and could hardly be got to speak another word throughout the meal. They were sure he had astonished poor Anna Dunlop beyond bounds, for she did not speak to him again.

Perhaps Mr. Danesdale had desired this con-

summation, perhaps not. At least, he did not murmur at it, but attacked the viands before him in such a manner as soon to make up for lost time.

Presently the ladies went to the drawing-room, and the men were left to their wine. All the rooms at Danesdale Castle were agreeable, because they could not help being so. They were quaint and beautiful in themselves, and formed parts of a quaint and beautiful old house; and of course Miss Danesdale did not wish to have vulgar rooms, and had not, unless a certain frigid stiffness be vulgarity, which, in a "withdrawing-room," meant to be a centre of sociability and ease, I am inclined to think it is.

Miss Dunlop was staying in the house. The other ladies were neighbors from houses not too far away. All belonged to "the dale." They were not of a very lively type, being nearly all advanced in middle life, stout, and inclined to discuss the vexed topics of domestics, children, the state of their greenhouses, their schools, and their clergy, all of which subjects they seemed to sweep together into one category, or, as Randulf had been known irreverently to say, "These women lump together infant schools, bedding out plants, parsons, and housemaids in a way that makes it impossible for any ignorant fellow like me to follow the conversation."

These dowagers, with Miss Dunlop looking bored and cross (as indeed she felt), and Miss Danesdale looking prim, as she stepped from one to the other of her guests, to mutter a remark and receive an answer—these ladies disposed themselves variously about the well-warmed, comfortable drawing-room, while the one who was the youngest of them, the most simply dressed, the handsomest, and by far the most intelligent-looking, the wife of the vicar of Stanniforth, sat a little apart, and felt amused at the proceedings.

As soon as politeness would allow her, Philippa seated herself beside Miss Dunlop, and, with a frosty little smile of friendship, said, in a mutter intended to be good-natured:

"When the men come in, Anna, and if Randulf comes to you, just ask him something, will you?"

"Ask him what? If he enjoyed the wine and walnuts as much as the roast mutton? or if he thinks me like Mrs. Prancington?"

"Oh no, dear. And if he did, Mrs. Prancington is a very handsome woman. But ask him if

he has seen anything of the Miss Conisbroughs to-day."

"The Miss Conisbroughs? Are they friends of yours?"

"No, but they are of his—dear friends. Just ask him how long he stopped at their house on his way home. I must go, dear. There's old Mrs. Marton looking fit to eat me, for not having been civil to her."

She rose, and walked with neat, prim little steps across the room.

Miss Dunlop sat still for a few minutes; her big black eyes fixed upon her big, black-mittened hands, upon her yellow satin and black-lace lap, and upon the black and yellow fan which her fingers held. After frowning at her hands for some time, she arose and went to the piano, near which sat Mrs. Malleson, the vicar's wife. Miss Dunlop placed herself upon the music-stool, and began to play a drawing-room melody of questionable value as a composition, in a *prononcé, bravura* style.

By and by the men did come in—Sir Gabriel and the vicar first. A fine old gentleman was Sir Gabriel Danesdale. Abundant curly hair, which had long been snow-white; large, yet delicately chiseled features of great strength and power, and somewhat of the old Roman type, and a complexion of a clear, healthy brown, not turned crimson, either with his outdoor sports or his modest potations. He looked as if he could be stern upon occasion. His face and bearing showed that mingling of patrician pride and kindly bonhomie which made him what he was, and which had secured him the love and good-will of friends and dependents years ago.

Behind him followed Randulf, as tall as his father, and with shoulders as broad, looking at the moment as if he could hardly summon up energy to move one foot before the other. He was listening with the air of a martyr to a stout country squire with a red face, and other country squires—the husbands of those squires who sat in an amply spreading ring about the room—followed after him, talking—what do country gentlemen talk about, whose souls are in the county hunt and the agricultural interest?

Randulf, "promenading" his eyes around the room, beheld Miss Dunlop at the piano, and the vicar's wife sitting close beside her. To the left, he saw the ring of dowagers, "looking like a

peacock's tail magnified," he said to himself, and fled toward the priestess for refuge.

"I suppose you got here before the storm came on, Mrs. Malleson?"

"Yes, we did. We shall have to drive home in it, though."

"I'm afraid you will. What roads they are here too! I know I thought so this afternoon, riding from Hawes. . . . Don't let us interrupt your music on any account, Miss Dunlop," he continued blandly, as she stopped.

"Oh, I've finished," answered she, somewhat unceremoniously cutting into the conversation.

"Did you ride from Hawes this afternoon?"

"Yes," said he, instantly becoming exhausted again.

"And that is a rough road?"

"Very."

"It comes through Yoresett, doesn't it?"

"It does."

"Philippa has been telling me about your friends, the Miss Conisbroughs."

"Has she?"

"The Miss Conisbroughs," said Mrs. Malleson.

"Do you know them, Miss Dunlop?"

"Not at all, but I hear Mr. Danesdale does."

"Do you, Mrs. Malleson?" he asked.

"Very well indeed. They are great friends of mine . . . and of yours too, it seems."

"Of mine? Well, I've known them just as long as I've known you. May I say that Mrs. Malleson and the Misses Conisbrough are great friends of mine!"

"Yes, if you like. If they allow you to become their friend, I congratulate you."

"They are nieces to that aged r—reprobate, Aglionby, of Scar Foot, ain't they?"

"They are."

"Won't you tell Miss Dunlop about them?—she wants to know, dreadfully."

"I do, immensely. Are they pretty, Mrs. Malleson?" she asked.

"A great deal more than pretty, I should say," said Mrs. Malleson, in her hearty, outspoken tones—tones which had not yet quite lost their girlish ring. "I call the eldest one splendid, so handsome, and so calmly dignified!"

"Yes," said Randulf, whose eyes were almost closed, and his face expressionless, as he recalled the pale woe-stricken countenance which that "calmly-dignified" Miss Conisbrough had raised

to him that afternoon. He felt a tightening at his heart-strings. Mrs. Malleson went on:

"As for Delphine, I think she is exquisite. I never saw any lovelier girl, I don't care where. You know, if that girl were rich, and came out in London—I used to visit a great deal in London before I was married—and I am sure, if she were introduced there, she would make a furore—dressed in a style that suited her, you know. Don't you think she would?"

"I should not be surprised," he returned, apparently on the verge of utter extinction; "one never can tell what there will be a furore about in London,—Chinamen, actresses, living skeletons, bilious greens—yes, I daresay she would."

Miss Dunlop laughed a little ill-naturedly, while Randolph, displaying suddenly more animation, added:

"But the youngest, Mrs. Malleson. That little black-browed one. She is just as handsome as she can be. What a life she would lead any man who was in love with her!"

"She will be a strikingly beautiful woman some day, without doubt; but she is a child, as yet."

"Now, Miss Dunlop, you have heard an indisputable verdict on the good looks of the Miss Conisbroughs. All I can say is, that to me Mrs. Malleson's remarks appear full of wisdom and penetration. As for anything else—Father!"

Sir Gabriel was passing. Despite his overpowering languor, Randolph rose as he called him, and stood beside him, saying:

"Miss Dunlop is inspired with a devouring curiosity about the Miss Conisbroughs. What can you tell us about them and their antecedents?"

"Miss Conisbroughs," said Sir Gabriel, knitting his brows. "Oh, of course. Marion Arkendale's daughters. Parson Conisbrough's girls. Ah! she was a bonny woman, and a nice woman, was Marion Arkendale, when we were all young. I know them a little—yes."

"They are Squire Aglionby's grandnieces, aren't they?"

"Yes, what of that?"

"Will they be his heiresses? You see, I don't know the local gossip yet."

"His heiresses—I expect so. Old John never confided the secrets of his last will and testament to me, but it is the universal expectation that they will, when any one ever thinks anything about it.

He disinherited his son, you know, in a fit of passion one day."

"Lucky for me that you can't," said Randolph mournfully.

"I'm more likely to disinherit you for inordinate yawning than anything else," said Sir Gabriel.

"His son married; did he leave any children?"

"One boy."

"Surely he won't ignore him utterly."

"But he will. I remember him telling me that the mother and her relations had the boy, and were going to look after it, and that he was sure they hoped by that means to get a pull over him and his money. He added with a great oath that the brat might make the best of them, and they of it, for never a stiver of his should it handle. He is the man to keep his word, especially in such a case as that."

"Will these girls be much of heiresses?" asked Randolph, apparently stifling a yawn.

"Very pretty heiresses, if he divides equally. Some fifteen hundred a year apiece, I should say. But why do you want to know?" added Sir Gabriel. "Has something happened?"

"Nothing, to my knowledge," replied his son; "it was only the extreme interest felt in the young ladies by Miss Dunlop that made me ask."

"Well, that's all I can tell you about it, except a few anecdotes of old John's prowess in the hunting-field, and of his queer temper and off-hand ways."

Sir Gabriel left them. Randolph implored Miss Dunlop to sing, which she did, thereby reducing him to the last stage of woe and dejection.

* * * * *

That night the tempest howled out its roughest paroxysms. The following day was wet, and hopelessly so, with gusts of wind, melancholy, if not violent. The inmates of Danesdale Castle were weather-bound, or the ladies at any rate considered themselves so. Sir Gabriel was out all the morning. Randolph was invisible during the greater part of the day, and was reported by his man as having a headache and not wishing for any lunch.

"*Headache!*" cried Sir Gabriel to the ladies, with a mighty laugh, "at his age I had never even dreamed of a headache. I'd bet something he's on his back on a couch, with a pipe and a French novel."

The ladies said nothing. In the afternoon Sir Gabriel was out again, and Miss Danesdale and Miss Dunlop yawned in company until dinner-time, when they and their mankind all met together for the first time that day. They were scarcely seated when Sir Gabriel said:

"It's odd, Randulf, that you should have been asking so many questions last night about old John Aglionby and those girls. There does seem to be a fatality about these things sometimes."

"As how?" inquired his son.

"Old John is dead. He had an apoplectic fit last night, and died at noon to-day. I met the doctor while I was out this afternoon, and he told me. It gave me a great shock, I must confess. Aglionby, of Scar Foot, was a name so inseparably connected with this dale, and with every remembrance of my life that has anything to do with the dale, that it is difficult to realize that now he must be a remembrance himself, and nothing more."

"Yes, indeed, it is very strange. And he leaves no one to take his name."

"He is sure to have made a proviso that those girls shall take the name of Aglionby. I cannot grasp it somehow; that there will be Conisbroughs at Scar Foot—and women!"

"Do you visit them, Philippa?" asked Randulf, turning to his sister.

"We exchange calls occasionally, and we always ask them to our parties in winter, but they have never been to one of them. Of course I must go and call upon Mrs. Conisbrough at the proper time."

"I'm not sorry the poor girls will have better times at last," observed Sir Gabriel, on whom the occurrence seemed to have fallen almost as a blow. "And, after all, he was seventy-two and over. When I get to that age, boy, you will be thinking it about time for me to clear out."

Randulf smiled, and drawled out, "Perhaps I may, sir," but his eyes met those of his father. The old man and the young man understood each other well already. Sir Gabriel Danesdale slept that night with the secure consciousness that if he lived to be a hundred his son would never wish him away.

"Ah, there's a deal in family affection," he reflected. "If Aglionby had only been a little more lenient to that poor lad of his, the winter of his life might have had more sun in it and less

frost. . . . How he used to ride! Like a devil sometimes. What runs we have had together; and what fish we have killed! 'Poor old John!'"

CHAPTER XIII.—"THE FIRST CONCERT OF THE SEASON."

"THE first concert of the season, Bernard, and you mustn't miss it. Really, for the life of me, I can't tell what you hear in those awfully classical concerts. Isn't it 'classical' that they call them? I've been to some of them. I like watching the swells come in, and I daresay it's very amusing for them, who go regularly to the same places, to meet all their friends, and that sort of thing; but there I'm done. Those concerts send me to sleep, or else they make my head ache. It's nothing but a bang-banging and a squeak-squeaking, without any tune to go by in it. I *can't* tell what you hear in them."

It was Miss Vane who thus addressed her swain on the Wednesday evening after he had told her about his meeting with his grandfather. He held his hat in his hand and listened to her smilingly, but without any signs of relinquishing his purpose.

"Perhaps you don't, my love. I hear a great deal in them. To-night I shall hear Madame Trebelli sing 'Che farò senza Eurydice?' which is enough to last any fellow for a week, and make him thrill whenever he thinks of it. Likewise, I shall hear Beethoven's symphony, No. 5, which——"

"Oh, those horrid long symphonies. I know them. I can no more make head or tail of them than I can of your books about ethics or agnostics, or something sticks. But go, go; and I hope you may enjoy it. I like a play or a comic opera, for my part. Promise you'll take me to 'Madame Angot' the next time it comes, and I'll be good."

"To 'Madame Angot' you shall go if I am here and able to take you," he rejoined, his eyes smiling darkly beneath the brim of his hat.

"You won't be gone to bed when I get back," he said. "It won't be late; and we can have half an hour's chat; just half an hour."

"Well, if you're not too late," said Miss Vane graciously.

Bernard promised and vowed to return very early, and then went off to enjoy his one piece of genuine, unadulterated luxury and extravagance—

his shilling's-worth of uncomfortable standing-room in the "body of the hall," which shilling's-worth, while the great singers sang, and the great orchestral masterpieces were performed in a style almost peculiar to Irkford, of all English towns—represented to him a whole realm of riches and glory, royal in its splendor.

He secured a good place, just behind the last of the reserved seats, which were filled with a brilliant-looking audience. From the moment in which the well-known leader came on and received his rounds of welcome and applause, to the last strain of the last composition, he was all ear and all delight.

It was certainly a feast that night for those who care for such feasts. There was a delicious "Anacreon" overture, full of Cherubini's quaintest thoughts; and there was the great cantatrice singing in her most superb style. "Che farò," though, came in the second part of the performance. Before it was the Fifth Symphony. Bernard, drinking in the sounds, remembered the old tale of how some one asked the composer what he meant by those four portentous and thrilling chords which open the symphony, and how he replied, "Thus fate knocks at the door."

"Se non è vero è ben trovato," thought our hero, smiling to himself. "A fate that knocked in that way would be a fate worth opening to, whether good or bad. But one usually hears a more commonplace kind of tap at the door than that."

He listened with heart and soul to the grand scena from "Orpheus." The cadence rang in his ears.

"Eurydice! Eurydice!
Che farò senza Eurydice?"

When it was over, he slipped out, not caring to spoil the effect of it by listening to anything more. As he marched home, his pulses were beating fast. The strains of "Eurydice" rang in his ears. But the opening chords of the symphony struggled with them and overcame them. "Thus fate knocks at the door," he repeated to himself many times, and in a low voice hummed the notes. "Thus fate knocks at the door," he muttered, laughing a little to himself, as he inserted his latch-key, and opened the door of No. 13 Crane street.

He found Lizzie in the parlor, seated on a stool in the very middle of the hearth-rug, and gazing

upward at a brown envelope which she had stuck on the mantelpiece, in front of the clock.

"Bernard," she said, "there's a telegram for you." She scarcely turned her delicate fair face toward him as she spoke. "It came almost the minute you'd gone, and I'm fairly dying to know what it can be about."

He was very much surprised to see it himself, but did not say so, taking it as if nothing could have been more natural than for it to come.

"Why, it's addressed to the warehouse," he remarked. "How did it get here?"

"That boy, Robert Stansfield, from the warehouse, brought it. He said it came just as he was leaving, and he thought you might like to have it. I believe that boy would die, or do anything for you, Bernard," she added, watching him as he opened and read the message without a muscle of his face changing.

"James Whaley, solicitor, Yoresett, to Bernard Aglionby, 15 Fence street, Irkford.—Your grandfather died suddenly this morning, and your presence here is indispensable. Come to-morrow by the train leaving Irkford at 2.15, and I will meet you at Hawes, and explain."

"What a long one, Bernard! What is it all about?"

"A stupid thing which will oblige me to set off on a business journey to-morrow," he said, frowning a little, speaking quite calmly, but feeling his heart leaping wildly. Was it fate that knocked at the door? or was it "but a bootless bene"?

Why did he not tell her, or read her the telegram? It was chiefly because of their conversation on Monday night last. It was because he knew what she would say if she heard the news, and because, rough and abrupt though he was, he simply could not endure to hear her comments upon that news, nor to listen to the wild and extravagant hopes which she would build upon it, and which she would not hesitate to express. He would have laughed loud and long, if any one had told him that his sense of delicacy, and of the fitness of things, was finer and more discriminating than that of Miss Vane, but it was a fact that it was so.

Meantime, wild and rapid speculations and wonders crowded into his own mind. He tried hard to see things in what he called a "sensible" light. He told himself that it was utterly impossible that his grandfather could have done any-

thing to his will, which in any way affected him. There had not been time for it. He would have to go to Hawes, and hear what they wanted him for—possibly to attend the funeral—a ceremony with which he would rather have dispensed. Then, when he knew how much he, with his slender salary, was to be out of pocket by the whole affair, he would come back and reveal the news to Lizzie, thus forever putting out of her head all hopes or aspirations connected with old Mr. Aglionby and his money. She was quite satisfied with his explanation; though she girded at him and teased him and disagreed with him, he had the power of making her do exactly as he chose *when* he chose, and of making her see things as he desired to see them. But he could only do it by means of fear—intimidation, and he knew it, and rarely indeed chose to exert that power.

He thrust the telegram into his pocket, and, consulting a little railway guide, found that the train mentioned by Mr. Whaley was the only one during the day by which his journey could be accomplished in reasonable time. The earlier ones were slow, and necessitated so many waitings and changings that he would arrive no sooner. In the morning he took his leave of Lizzie, saying he could not give her his address now, as he did not know where he should be that night, but he would write as soon as possible. Lizzie was very sweet and amiable; she hung about him affection-

ately, and held up her face to be kissed, and he thought what an angel she was, what a guileless, trusting angel, to confide herself to the keeping of a rough-hewn, cross-grained carle like him. Again his heart fluttered as he gave a flying glance toward the possibility that Mr. Whaley of Yoressett might have some solid reason for summoning him thus suddenly to his grandfather's house. If there were any such reason—he kissed Lizzie's sweet face with a strange passion of regretful love and tenderness.

"Good-bye, my own sweetheart!" he said again.

"Good-bye, Bernard dear; and be sure you let me know when you're coming home."

On his way to town he stopped at a post-office, to send off a telegram to Mr. Whaley, promising to be at Hawes at the time mentioned. And then he went on to the warehouse and asked for leave of absence with a cool hardihood which sorely tried the temper and dignity of Mr. Jenkinson, and at 2.15 set off on his journey with an unknown object—his journey which might be the beginning of a new life—or merely the seal affixed to the relentless obduracy of one train of circumstances for which he was in no way responsible.

It was in the bitter, sarcastic nature of the man to contemplate the latter possibility as being the more probable one.

(*To be continued.*)

THACKERAY AS A POET.

It has come to be believed that there is one language for poetry and another for prose, and indeed it is seldom that one and the same man attains to excellence as a poet and a prose writer. The diction of a certain modern school of poetry has, to use their own favorite though singular metaphor, "a coloring" which is both unnatural and monotonous, and which would not for a single moment be tolerated in prose. Against this tendency, however, a healthy reaction has set in. The writers of *vers de société* choose no subjects which are out of the reach of ordinary men, and no language but what is readily understood, and for this very reason their intrinsic excellence is frequently overlooked.

As in society we endeavor to hide our feelings

and emotions under a calm exterior, which cannot, however, entirely prevent our moods from being seen, so these unconsidered trifles have some real feeling just visible beneath the surface. Their great charm, in fact, is that, while they are written in ordinary language, they convey a *souçon* of extraordinary thought and pathos. Such productions reveal themselves in their full force only to the sympathetic reader, whilst to many they remain merely superficial. But for their rhythm, such compositions appear at first sight to be little more than prose, and yet they possess a vein of the truest poetry. Præd's sparkling wit and finished satire are already highly valued, and he has been rightly termed the father of the school of poetry. Father Prout's humorous songs, Cal-

verly's inimitable odes, and Locker's elegant lyrics are good examples of the merits of *vers de société*.

It has been said that poetry is above and beyond all rules and reason. If this be true and sublimity be taken as the test of poetical excellence, Thackeray, we fear, cannot be considered a poet. There is in his poetry nothing but what is within the comprehension of all who are susceptible to the touch of humor and the tear of pathos. He deals only with familiar feelings and affections. But if poetry is "a criticism of life and the greatness of a poet lies in his powerful and beautiful application of ideas to life, to the question how to live," to Thackeray must be assigned a high place among the poets of the century. His theme is life as it is. His verses teach no new philosophy, they only depict in pure coloring and true outline the objects and feelings which are around and within us as we live our daily lives. They may seem to be the spontaneous overflow of unstudied fancy, but most of them are in reality the result of deep thought.

The exact position of these writers has to be determined. They combine in their poetry the essential features of the lyric and the ballad. Their verses are an expression in ordinary language of the ordinary feelings of humanity. They perhaps go farther than this, and present to us human nature *as it is*, and that side of human nature with which we are most familiar. There is a peculiar charm in light lyrical and ballad verse. "Ballad," says a critic, "is a word frequently used as synonymous with song, but it properly denotes an historical song, or a song containing a narrative of adventures or exploits, either serious or comic." The numerous old English and Scotch ballads extant vividly represent the habits and thought which existed in remote times. The modern ballad in like manner preserves a record of our own; but the artificial needs of our advanced refinement are not supplied "by a short chronicle in verse of a well-defined transaction," as the ballad has been aptly called. Among the writers of the present century are many whose lyrics and ballads will ever be remembered, and with the foremost of these we may place Thackeray himself. Vivid description and smooth rhythm are the characteristics of his poetry; depth and simplicity of thought are united with ease and elegance of style. Like his prose, it is both grave and gay, tender and humorous.

Imagination is not its predominant feature; but satire, playfulness, and tenderness are abundant. "The Ballad of Bouillabaisse" might serve as a model of these qualities. Its writer shows here the wonderful attachment he felt for old things, old places, and old faces. It is also a good example of Thackeray's inimitable versatility, and we can read it now with the light of his life's story upon the page.

"But who could doubt the 'Bouillabaisse'?" says Mr. Trollope (whose recent life of Thackeray in 'English Men of Letters' is a valuable contribution to contemporary literature).

"Who else could have written that? Who at the same moment could have gone so deep into the regrets of life, with words so appropriate to its jollities? I do not know how far my readers will agree with me that to read it always must be a fresh pleasure. . . . If there be one whom it does not please, he will like nothing that Thackeray ever wrote in verse."

Take for example:

"There's Jack has made a wondrous marriage;
There's laughing Tom is laughing yet;
There's brave Augustus drives his carriage;
There's poor old Fred in the *Gazette*;
On James's head the grass is growing:
Good Lord! the world has wagged apace
Since here we set the claret flowing,
And drank, and ate the Bouillabaisse.

Ah me! how quick the days are flitting!
I mind me of a time that's gone,
When here I'd sit, as now I'm sitting,
In this same place—but not alone.
A fair young form was nestled near me,
A dear, dear face looked fondly up,
And sweetly spoke and smiled to cheer me—
There's no one now to share my cup."

Thackeray's humor is infectious because of his own thorough sympathy with human nature. It is not cynical, but smiles through tears. Of this quality, and of his rare dexterity of language, "The White Squall" is a good instance. This ballad was written in 1844, after his visit to Turkey and Egypt, and it appeared in his "Journey from Cornhill to Grand Cairo":

"On deck, beneath the awning,
I dozing lay and yawning;
It was the gray of dawning,
Ere yet the sun arose;
And above the funnel's roaring,
And the fitful wind's deploring,

I heard the cabin snoring
 With universal nose.
 I could hear the passengers snorting,
 I envied their disporting—
 Vainly I was courting
 The pleasure of a doze!"

Again, there is a touch true to nature in the closing lines:

"And when, its force expended,
 The harmless storm was ended,
 And as the sunrise splendid
 Came blushing o'er the sea,
 I thought, as day was breaking,
 My little girls were waking,
 And smiling, and making
 A prayer at home for me."

We may read Thackeray's poetry again and again, and wish there was more of it, and though it is not, of course, to be understood that it is all of equal merit, yet most of it is very good. No better example of his style can be given than "The Cane Bottom'd Chair." It is natural and flowing, and affords glimpses of greater power and breadth of thought than appear on the surface:

"In tattered old slippers that toast at the bars,
 And a ragged old jacket perfumed with cigars,
 Away from the world and its toils and its cares,
 I've a snug little kingdom up four pair of stairs.
 * * * * *
 This snug little chamber is cramm'd in all nooks
 With worthless old knicknacks and silly old books,
 And foolish old odds and foolish old ends,
 Crack'd bargains from brokers, cheap keepsakes from friends.
 * * * * *
 But of all the cheap treasures that garnish my nest,
 There's one that I love and I cherish the best:
 For the finest of couches that's padded with hair
 I never would change thee, my cane bottom'd chair."

'Tis a bandy-legg'd, high-shouldered, worm-eaten seat,
 With a creaking old back and silly old feet;
 But since the fair morning when Fanny sat there,
 I bless and I love thee, old cane bottom'd chair.
 * * * * *
 And so I have valued my chair ever since,
 Like the shrine of a saint, or the throne of a prince;
 Saint Fanny, my patroness sweet I declare,
 The queen of my heart and my cane bottom'd chair.
 * * * * *
 She comes from the past and revisits my room;
 She looks as she then did, all beauty and bloom;
 So smiling and tender, so fresh and so fair,
 And yonder she sits in my cane bottom'd chair."

"At the Church Gate," a poem familiar to all who have read "Pendennis," is exquisite in many ways, and its tenderness, unsullied by mawkish sentimentality, must touch all hearts. Thackeray's poetry is not seldom distinguished by the true feeling which peeps out in simple pieces like this. "The Chronicle of the Drum," too, is a thoroughly natural and unstrained ballad. It is a

"—story of two hundred years
 Writ on the parchment of a drum."

It was composed at Paris, at the time of the second funeral of Napoleon. The picture here given of the French nation is very true to life: the drummer tells the story of the wars of France through which he and his ancestors have drummed. Through the whole there runs a deep undercurrent of love of his country, whether it be under a monarchy, a republic, or an empire. Seldom, perhaps, has anything been depicted in a more realistic manner than the graphic portrait of "Mère Guillotine" contained in this ballad:

"Young virgins with fair golden tresses,
 Old silver-hair'd prelates and priests,
 Dukes, marquises, barons, princesses,
 Were splendidly served at her feasts."

Ventrebleu! but we pamper'd our ogress
 With the best that our nation could bring,
 And dainty she grew in her progress,
 And called for the head of a king!

She called for the blood of our king,
 And straight from his prison we drew him;
 And to her with shouting we led him,
 And took him, and bound him, and slew him,
 'The monarchs of Europe against me
 Have plotted a godless alliance;
 I'll fling them the head of King Louis,'
 She said, 'as my gage of defiance.'"

Thackeray gives his pen a tongue in "The Pen and the Album," and it speaks to us eloquently of its master's life:

"Since he my faithful service did engage
 To follow him through this queer pilgrimage,
 I've drawn and written many a line and page.
 * * * * *
 I've writ the foolish fancy of his brain;
 The aimless jest that, striking, hath caused pain;
 The idle word that he'd wish back again."

I've help'd him to pen many a line for bread;
 To joke, with sorrow aching in his head;
 And make your laughter while his own heart bled."

Who does not remember the light music of "Peg of Limavaddy" in "The Irish Sketch Book"?

"Riding from Coleraine
(Famed for lovely Kitty)
Came a Cockney bound
Unto Derry city;
Weary was his soul,
Shivering and sad, he
Bumped along the road
Leads to Limavaddy."

In striking contrast with this may be placed the lines, "Abd-el-Kader at Toulon"; they seem to give us a glimpse of what Thackeray might have done in heroic poetry.

"No more, thou lithe and long-winged hawk, of desert life
for thee;
No more across the sultry sands shalt thou go swooping free;
Blunt idle talons, idle beak, with spurning of thy chain,
Shatter against thy cage the wing thou ne'er may'st spread
again."

Again, "The May Day Ode" on the Great Exhibition of 1851, contains some fine passages. The following verses may have been premature at the time, but they have some title to be considered prophetic:

"Look yonder where the engines toil;
These England's arms of conquest arc,
The trophies of her bloodless war:
 Brave weapons these.
Victorious over wave and soil,
With these she sails, she weaves, she tills,
Pierces the everlasting hills
 And spans the seas."

The teaching of Thackeray's poetry is well summed up in that grand ode "Vanitas Vanitatum," which is said to have been written in a lady's album, containing the autographs of kings, princes, poets, diplomatists, musicians, statesmen, artists, and men of letters of all nations, between a page by Jules Janin and a poem by the Turkish Ambassador. It is not a dirge, withering up energy, and paralyzing effort; it is written in a healthy, if regretful tone, and there is nothing in it which leads one to despond, although it has been objected to upon that ground. It is doubtful if "truer words were ever spoke by ancient or by modern sage."

"O vanity of vanities!
How wayward the decrees of Fate are;
How very weak the very wise,
How very small the very great are!
* * * * *

Methinks the text is never stale,
And life is every day renewing
Fresh comments on the old, old tale
Of Folly, Fortune, Glory, Ruin."

"The Ballads of Policeman X." have long been famous. They appeared in the pages of *Lunch*, with which journal Thackeray was associated during the earlier part of his literary career. They are truly humorous, and though somewhat unequal, yet show throughout that vigor of thought, and facility of expression, for which their author became afterward remarkable. "The Wofle New Ballad of Jane Roney and Mary Brown" is inimitable; but perhaps the most popular is "Jacob Omnium's Hoss." Thackeray's humor often enough disguises indignation as well as pathos, and, "though he rarely uttered a word, either with his pen or with his mouth, in which there was not an intention to reach our sense of humor, he never was only funny."

Thackeray's place among the writers of *vers de société*, nay, perhaps among the poets of his time, will be decided in years to come. His present reputation as the greatest novelist of his time is still an almost insuperable bar to any recognition being given to the poetical value of his scattered verses. Who could support both reputations? In all examples which occur to us we find that the one gives place to the other; but Thackeray may be the exception which proves the rule.

Mr. Frederick Locker, in his "London Lyrics," says: "Light lyrical verse should be short, elegant, refined, and fanciful, not seldom distinguished by chastened sentiment, and often playful, and it should have one uniform and simple design. The tone should not be pitched high, and the language should be idiomatic, the rhythm crisp and sparkling, the rhyme frequent and never forced, while the entire poem should be marked by tasteful moderation, high finish, and completeness, for however trivial the subject matter may be, indeed rather in proportion to its triviality, subordination to the rules of composition, and perfection of execution, should be strictly enforced. Each piece cannot be expected to exhibit all these characteristics, but the qualities of brevity and buoyancy are essential."

We may accept these conditions as the true test of excellence, and applying this text to the poetry of Thackeray, we can arrive at some definite conclusion as to its intrinsic worth.

FURNITURE AND FURNISHING.

BY ELEANOR MOORE HIESTAND.

WE Americans, who, until within the past few years, have been cursed by conventionalism in our architecture, are at a greater disadvantage than any other people in the world, when we seek to unravel the Eleusinian mysteries of interior decoration. The unfortunate people of feudal times, whose barren households comprised only such furniture as was easily movable and could be taken on long journeys, were scarcely more restricted than we, when once we set our face resolutely against all *parvenu* principles in art, and accept the fundamental æsthetic proposition, which is *harmony*. It is not that we are devoid of all adequate appreciation of fine architectural effects—of all ear for “frozen music,” as Madame de Stael quaintly calls it; but it is because this faculty has been so lately developed that only a fortunate few reap the practical advantage of it.

I do not think that any one who has thought seriously on the subject, and has watched with kindling eyes the descent of the divine afflatus of art into this country, will venture to date the birth of the late revolution in our architectural and decorative effects—which we may call the “American Renaissance”—anterior to the opening of our Centennial Exposition. It was then that the capable but crude American was first fired with the ambition to attain excellence in art, and to surround himself with those manifold artistic creations in which he found a new and subtle delight. It was the

awaking of the Sleeping Beauty by the kiss of Prince Progress after a century of enchantment; and that will-o'-the-wisp we call taste, once aroused, speedily claimed its prerogatives.

Hundreds of beautiful houses are planned and constructed from year to year,—houses which happily are not unfortunate exponents, like their predecessors, of a dozen false ideas of art, nor the amalgamation of a score of effete styles. Yet it is barely a decade since, among the most highly esteemed plans of our best domestic architects, there was to be found many a nondescript structure whose body perhaps illustrated the angular beauty of the Queen Anne style, but whose wings were capped with Gothic gables looming up under the shadow of a Tudor tower and overhanging a cinquecento window. Ten chances to one there was a Greek portico somewhere, whose Doric pillars were adorned with capitals after the Moresque! Lately a decorous order has stepped out of this chaos of ideas, and our architectural progeny give promise of attaining to that correct beauty which is only to be found where harmony and symmetry prevail.

Interiors have, of course, undergone a like metamorphosis. The happy mistress of a house built in this new era of American art is not distracted by the impossibility of reconciling the marring elements of color and form. She has a certain amount of effectively-disposed space, and so many



I.—CLOCK IN ROCAILLE STYLE.

graceful outlines which please the eye without being modified or qualified by genius or ingenuity, and can be made to appear at the best advantage by the simple exercise of good taste. Unfortunately, however, we are not all mistresses of houses of this new régime. Many of us are occupants of just such incongruous structures as I



2.—CARVED CHAIR, SEVENTEENTH CENTURY (FRONT).

have described above, and still more of us are condemned to residence in a brick and mortar monstrosity of eminent gentility, but with absolutely no style. This, then, is the palpable occasion for my remark that we Americans are at a disadvantage when we turn our attention to decorative effects.

It has often occurred to me that if there is one

portion of an American house more than another in which it is difficult to preserve a pleasing *ensemble*, that part is the much neglected and abused hall. There appears to have been an unauthorized opinion prevalent among our architects that vestibules and corridors were necessary conveniences, but not entitled to any special consideration. In many of our houses the halls appear to have been pieced out of the odds and ends of space left over after the general plan had been completed. Accordingly, they twist and turn from right to left, like the blocks in an ingenious bit of patch-work, utterly destroying their potentialities. I wonder if many people remember the New Jersey State Building at the Centennial Exhibition? There was a hall, my countrywomen!—of homely finish and simple ornature, but in proportions most imposing. It was a hall with an open fire-place and a hard-wood wainscot, the like of which would be an honor to any American house.

The pigmy forms of our domestic furniture have annihilated all possibilities of deep-vaulted ceilings and lofty corridors. It is only by a lucky chance that an American gathers unto himself a suit of armor, a lance, and a battle-axe or so, to grace his hall-way, and such furniture as alone could support the fabulous frame of the barbarous Goth, or could withstand the usage of men like Prince Dago-bert, is too rare to be found straying in transatlantic countries. The furniture at our command is no larger than need be. It is emphatically too small to submit with impunity to the belittling contrast of a room with lofty ceiling. So we put aside with a sigh the possibilities of splendor couched in groined arches and lacunars, while we content ourselves with

the two advantages of space to be found in a broad latitude and a long perspective.

It is an artistic impossibility to render a narrow hall attractive; and what could be more coveted by a hospitable spirit than an entrance whose beauty should be a snare to the feet of the too infrequent visitor? My finest conception of a hall premises a great square room with paneled walls,

a polished floor, and a high wainscot. I would have a terminal window, too, tall and wide, with a roomy seat, and a sliding curtain of warm, rich coloring. But such halls are rarely met with in America, and that house is indeed fortunate which can boast of a corridor with fifteen feet of latitude. If you possess such a one, consecrate to it your highest energies; it is worthy of the noblest conceptions of art. Let every bit of furniture that seeks to gain entrance to it be made to pronounce the shibboleth of art—*harmony*.

The hall, like every other room in the house, should be sacred to some particular "style." The autocrats of household art insist that though the inviolable decrees of harmony may not require us to furnish our whole house in the Elizabethan, the Gothic, the Queen Anne, or the Renaissance, they are inflexible in their requirements that no two of these styles be placed in immediate juxtaposition. If you are a victim of Renaissance madness, as so many of us are, and determine to adopt its pseudo classic principles in furnishing your hall, place a rigid embargo on every decoration that smacks of another spirit. Let us have none of the Pre-Raphaelite, no Byzantine, no "Eastlake," an' you love me! For my part, if I were furnishing a hall to my fancy, I should choose some less elaborate style than that whose pristine splendor immortalized the Renaissance. But whatever may be the type you prefer, see to it the casings of the doors and windows, the wainscot and the wall form a harmonious background. The walls are naturally the least troublesome feature, for in these days of artistic paper-hangings and free-hand frescos there is hardly any effect that is not at our command.

I have often wondered what could be at the bottom of the idea which many people entertain that pictures, or any mural ornament, are out of place in a corridor. Should not a hall be something more than a domestic highway? Could it not be a comfortable, habitable place where one could sit down and wait for a friend without experiencing any of the depressing effects of solitary attendance in the drawing-room or parlor? And why should it not be beautified? Custom at the present day confines its furniture to a hat-rack, a mirror, and two chairs. Such a thing as

a table or a *tête-à-tête* is tabooed. This regulation is alike arbitrary and unreasonable. We will not submit to it. We will bring in by the back way an old clock and a cabinet, a tripod and a half-moon table.

The Rocaille and its ally, the Rococo style of ornament, are alike popular for hall furniture. The former, which took its name from the French



3.—CARVED CHAIR, SEVENTEENTH CENTURY (BACK).

and signifies rock-work, followed close upon the heels of Raphael and the Renaissance. The glamour of this classic style had begun to fade. The first infringement of its popularity was brought about by the cabinet-makers, who sought to display their skill by executing the difficult *bombé* or rolled surfaces, in which, perhaps, they discovered some likeness to the smooth curvatures of a boulder, whence they applied the name

Rocaille. We furnish a striking example of this style of furniture in Figure 1 of the accompanying engravings. It is a kind of cabinet-work that is by no means rare. Good specimens of it are not infrequently found in the shops of professional collectors—oftener, perhaps, than the multiplied forms of the vaunted Renaissance; and there are consequently fewer difficulties in the way of the conscientious devotee who seeks to maintain unity by grouping together only kindred masterpieces of the wood-carver's art. A seventeenth-century clock, like that in the accompanying engraving, with its highly-polished bas-relief and allegorical figure-pieces, would be a joy forever. Its presence in a hall would confer a patent of nobility on the apartment, and a patent whose rights you are bound not to infringe.

Of course a hall must have chairs. There is a delicate hint to the thoughtless in the circumstance that these chairs are never cushioned. The hall is not intended for lengthy conference or indiscriminate lounging. It is a place of dignity and decorum. The conventional hall chairs are devoid of arms, and have almost, or quite, perpendicular backs. They are more elaborately carved, perhaps, without violating the principle of harmony before than the chairs of most other apartments, as wit-



4.—ROCOCO STOVE IN MAJOLICA.

ness the representations in Figs. 2 and 3 of a highly ornamental chair of the seventeenth century. This chair is, however, somewhat peculiar. The portrait in bas-relief on its back is a rare feature in the decoration of chairs, as is also the introduction of the colored stones with which the frames of our model and the supports of its escutcheon are studded. The latter produce the effect of great splendor, though perhaps a trifle too barbaric for the refinement of modern taste.

At the end of every unexceptionable hall there must be an ante-room—square, octagonal, or round, as fancy may dictate, but an ante-room beyond a doubt. I can conceive of a taste to which it would not be unacceptable to utilize in this ante-room, during a "cold spell," such a stove as we have represented in Fig. 4. But commend me to an open fire-place for beauty. Stoves, however, have been metamorphosed and ornamented until they occupy no mean place in decorative art, as our representation of a Rococo stove in brilliantly-colored Majolica gives evidence. One might almost venture to introduce into the ante-room a complete furniture of this time,

without violating the principle of harmony before enunciated, even though one's hall were adorned

with the quaint forms of the Rocaille, for it is to the latter that the now famous Rococo owes its birth, and with which it has ever been upon the most intimate terms. The name Rococo is derived from a conjunction of the two words *rocaille-coquille*, suggesting the close alliance between the new and the old type, of which certain characteristics were retained and united with a



5.—HUNTING CABINET IN MODERN RENAISSANCE STYLE.



6.—EASEL IN RENAISSANCE STYLE.

fresh form of decoration embodying fluted, shell-like ornaments.

The Rococo has, however, fallen into disrepute. It was the natural outgrowth of the famous Louis Quatorze ornature, when the public taste was satiated with the Renaissance style, and sought to obliterate all vestige of it by an elaborate and bizarre decoration. The first examples of this style were not unpleasing, but toward the close of the eighteenth and early in the present century the wood-carvers ran wild, and its grotesque creations became so notorious that finally all ornament whose hideousness, by a strange paradox, constituted its beauty, was called "Rococo." The name has so come to be applied, at times, even to the oddities of Chinese and Japanese creation. To avoid the excesses of fancy to which this fantastic style is apt to lead one, it is therefore best for amateurs not to cultivate it. We had better place in our ante-room the furniture of the Renaissance, and in contemplating the charming perspective of our hall we shall likewise be looking backward into history.

There are great diversities in Renaissance decoration, but two general types: the early or genuine, and the modern; of the latter the beautiful hunting cabinet represented in Fig. 5 is an excellent example. The early Renaissance is exemplified by the easel in Fig. 7.

The cabinet, which I have selected to typify one of the most celebrated styles of ornamentation the world has known, is a masterpiece of artistic conception. Its bewildering beauty is a notable instance of how frequently our modern artists have succeeded in interpreting the spirit of this complicated style better than its originators themselves. The designer has introduced all the various subjects of the chase, and out of a perfect wilderness of details has built up a matchless symmetry. He has produced a cabinet that would honor the hunting implements it might enclose. It will compare quite favorably with the elaborate easel represented in Fig. 6, while it completely eclipses the austere ornament and severe outline of the easel in Fig. 7, which belongs to the early Renaissance, and serves to portray graphically the spirit that was rife at that period when certain chance excavations served to overthrow the established principles of decorative art, and cause the long-forgotten forms of antiquity to be born again. These circumspect lines, however, only pleased through their novelty. Gradually they began to twist and turn themselves into the most complicated forms, according to the caprices of individual taste. The Renaissance, before it ceded supremacy to the Rococo, made use of such unclassical ornament as is to be seen in the music-stand in Fig. 8. The skill and ingenuity of modern artists, who are fancy-free and bold in conception, have elaborated the principles of this art classicism until they are hardly to be recognized. They have really invented a new style, from which it is nevertheless impossible to separate the old name of the Renaissance.

A most delightful effect can be produced, if one's library should happen to be at the extremity of the hall, by drawing back the curtains of the doorway and giving any one entering the house the benefit of the perspective of the room. And here, perhaps, it may not be out of place to determine a few of the principles of library furniture. This is a department of household art,

however, in which it would be absurd to be arbitrary. A library is a room whose possibilities are at once far-reaching and diverse. It is a room



7.—EASEL IN RENAISSANCE STYLE.

to which almost any style of furniture may be adapted, but into which the question of perfect adaptation brings a train of difficulties. This is the householder's *adytum*, which she gives over to artistic confusion; yet how to attain this delightful

négligé effect, without creating the unpleasant impression of disorder, involves a delicate taste and discrimination which cannot be represented by any fixed law.

There are some very fine engravings of a beautiful painting called "Dans la Bibliothèque" (In the Library) now on exhibition in the various art rooms. It is a painting of which I am sure almost every one has seen some kind of reproduction. It represents three lovely women in graceful attire, who have ensconced themselves in one corner of a spacious library. The women are certainly very charming and picturesque, but they do not appear to me to be the only centre of attraction. That tantalizing corner is a picture in itself. Yet in it everything would doubtless appear topsyturvy to the small-souled housewife, whose highest idea of art is founded upon uncompromising order. The rich crimson drapery of the window is switched carelessly, but faultlessly, to one side, the great easy-chairs are disposed by a happy chance, the floor is strewn with books, portfolios, and the various appurtenances of a student, while, if I mistake not, two of the young women are seated on a table wheeled conveniently near. The effect is entrancing; but how many of us could produce one like it?

A library is of necessity a cosmopolitan place. It is inhabited by polyglot spirits; it is the scene of a world's symposium. You may furnish it in the style of Henri Deux or of the Renaissance, of the Crimean Tartar or Louis Quatorze. You can

hardly go astray in the bestowal of your favor, provided you venture upon no foolhardy attempts to make it heterogeneous. The room is invested

with a Protean character. It will assimilate itself to almost any form of decoration. It may serve as a souvenir of ancient Greece, or it may remind one of sunny-skied Italy. The style of its furniture can be readily agreed upon; but in the disposal of the same there lies a terrible stumbling-block to artistic excellence. For my part, I prefer the endless and beautiful variety of the Italian Renaissance, because it gives one the advantage of the matchless Florentine carvings, of the gold-broidered tapestry, of the masterpieces of the school of Benvenuto Cellini, and of the pure Italian marbles, not to speak of the rare treasures of Majolica ware, and such beautifully ornamented pottery as inspired Bernard Palissy with his inextinguishable purpose. The easels and music-stand of our illustrations might find a fitting place in the library as receptacles for choice engravings or rare old pamphlets.

A library must be a room that will accommodate itself to all moods. It must be a room whose adornment will allow one to career over "the flowery

fields of literature," unchecked by the curb of discord in his surroundings. It should be full of mellow sunshine, yet capable of a cloister-like seclusion, and the tenderest half-lights and shadows. Its rich, warm coloring must melt into mezzotints with a drop of the curtain.

I believe that there are at present not a few



8.—MUSIC-STAND IN RENAISSANCE STYLE.

current complaints about the intractability of dining-rooms. The fertile imagination and refined taste which were elsewhere untrammelled in their exercise are embarrassed by the requirements of these important apartments. The chief difficulty arises from the fact that most dining-rooms are small, while the furniture to be adapted to them, from the very nature of its use, is large and massive. The query naturally arises: How shall we harmonize these two conditions? The answer is plain, if you should happen to have your walls capped with a lofty ceiling; and, if you do not, make it appear that you do. I am for wood-paneling always. Then let the panels of your walls be long and narrow, and your curtains be hung as high as possible. If you succeed in dispelling the impression that the ceiling is low, you have done as much as though you secured an addition of fifteen square feet of space.

The dining-room is undoubtedly the sacred precinct of the wood-carver's art, and no style of furniture which denies it free exercise may justly be admitted there. For myself, I have a predilection for oak furniture in the dining-room. It admits of the most splendid carving. It shows to the best advantage bas-reliefs of the subjects of the chase, fruit and flowers intertwined, with the

finest decorative effects. That room whose oaken walls, sideboard, and mantel are all of a piece will command a rare beauty, and the contrast of their mellow ornature with a Turkey carpet and rich Oriental drapery is a pure æsthetic delight.

A dining-room admits of a great deal of color. The presence of vivid beauty enlivens one's fancy, and has an inspiriting effect upon one's wit. It gives zest to the dinner-party, and indirectly assists digestion, through the deliberate and hearty enjoyment of the diner. One does not want to be wearied by the monotony of his surroundings, while he waits for the roast to be carved, or for the arrival of dessert. There is an ineffable consolation for a tardy dinner in a splendid frieze, and it is soothing to a man's temper to sit opposite a sideboard whose wondrous carving distracts his mind from the unfortunate *contretemps* of the meal. There is diplomacy in the provision of a wide-chimneyed dining-room fire-place, with its polished brass appointments and interesting tiles. You will often find the master of the house standing before it waiting for his breakfast with singular complacency. A dining-room with such an adjunct is a fit apartment to adjoin your famous ante-room with its polished wood floor and beautiful stained-glass window.

VICTOR HUGO.

BY EMILY F. WHEELER.

WHILE in Paris I lived for some months in a family whose members were life-long friends of Victor Hugo. Pen-and-ink drawings from his hand adorned my room, a beautiful photograph of the white-haired grandfather, with little Georges and Queen Jeanne on his knees, hung above my table, and opposite was another, showing the poet in the sea solitude of his home at Nauteville House. As for the table itself, it was usually heaped with author's copies of his various works, all adorned with his autograph,—a huge scrawl, not unlike, to one's fancy, the "mark" of a lion, if the king of beasts should ever leave that to admiring friends. I heard so much of the poet, and in so familiar a fashion, that I grew into a feeling of neighborly acquaintance, and read his books, not so much for their artistic worth, as for the glimpses

they gave one of his large heart and mighty will. The picture of "the Master," as his followers call him, the leader and representative of the Romantic School in literature, gave place to another and more friendly one of the genial old man, the grandfather of two spoiled but very charming children. "Master" he is to his generation, however the realists, with Zola at their head, may take the field from him after his death. "One can say nothing before him." Zola himself has lately written: "He lives yet, and surrounded by such an aureole of glory, after so long and brilliant a life as literary king, that the truth"—as seen by Zola—"would seem almost an insult to him, the autocrat. Always one must make a special place for him."

To write the story of his life, it is almost neces-

sary to give the history, literary and political, of this century in France. Born almost with it, he has gone through the immense cycle of changes it has brought forth. He led a wandering life in childhood, following the military fortunes of his father. At five he crossed the Alps and spent a year at Naples, where Colonel Hugo was attached to the court of Joseph Bonaparte. At eight he set out with his mother and elder brother for Madrid, where his father, now general and count of the kingdom established by force of Napoleon's arms, was governor of three provinces. If the monarchy of Joseph Bonaparte had endured, he would have been a grandee of Spain. But just as his education was commenced in the College of Nobles, the kingdom fell and he was taken back to Paris. There he passed through the restoration of 1815, the revolutions of 1830 and '48. He saw the house of Orleans follow the Bourbons into exile; he voted, as senator, for Louis Napoleon's return to France; fled for his life after the *coup d'état*; passed twenty years in exile, and returned after Napoleon's fall, in time to go through the siege of Paris and the civil war which followed it. Meantime, private griefs have been his in full measure. He has followed the wife of his youth, his daughter, and his two sons to the grave. Now, nearly eighty, alone in the world save for his two grandchildren, he lives at peace in his beloved Paris, and, king of his world, receives visits but never makes them, even when royalty invites. To tell, even fragmentarily, his story is no light task. For facts, I am indebted to his own works, to his charming biography, written by his wife, and to a little book, "*Victor Hugo chez Lui*," which, though pronounced "stenographic" by my French friends, gives many suggestive anecdotes of the man and poet.

For all his liberal ideas, he is a born aristocrat, and has the pride of ancestry. Witness the chair always placed at the head of his table at "Hauteville House," representing the invisible, presiding head of his race. Yet the line only goes back two centuries, all anterior records being lost in the pillage of Nancy, in 1670. His father entered royal service in 1788, at the age of fourteen. The Revolution came, promotions were rapid, and in three years he was private secretary of Alexander Beauharnais. He went through the wild war of the *Vendée*,—whose story is told in "'93,"—and in a conflict where no prisoners were taken, and women

and children shot, he more than once had the fortune to save life. Brave to the point of rashness, kind-hearted and generous, Colonel Hugo was the idol of his men. But despite the fury of the hand-to-hand fight, he found time to fall in love with a certain Sophie Trébuchet, of Nantes, and was married to her two years later at Paris. The wedding was a purely civil one, as was then the fashion. "The bride cared little for the benediction of the priest, and the husband did not care at all." She was a devoted royalist and a lover of Voltaire. He was of the Revolution and adored Bonaparte. Strange union! which, as the years went on and political events drifted them farther and farther apart, was not to be without influence on the children born of it.

Victor was the third child. He was so frail, so tiny at his birth, and resembled so little a human being, that his brother, eighteen months older than he, who could just talk, cried at sight of him, "Oh, the little beast!" It was at Besançon, in 1802, that he entered the world, and despite his delicacy he thrived, and was soon his mother's delight. At six he was sent to school, but when they gave him his primer, they found he had learned to read by himself, and spelling and writing came as if by magic. They were at Paris, having returned from Italy, and Madame Hugo's apartment was a part of an old monastery, secularized under the Revolution. Its beautiful garden, and the happy hours spent there, have been immortalized in one of the poet's most charming pieces.

Meantime, Colonel Hugo had followed Joseph Bonaparte from Naples to Madrid, and by the end of 1810 the new king felt himself secure on the throne of Spain. All the foreign powers had ambassadors at his court, and the English, after the capitulation of Alméida, had abandoned Cadiz. Joseph had only now to conquer his subjects, but that was quite enough. It was guerilla warfare, in which religion and patriotism joined hands against a foreign king. Colonel Hugo, now governor of three provinces, thought matters sufficiently promising to send for his family, and one morning the signal of change of country was given in the Paris home. A Spanish grammar was put on the children's desk by the mother, with the command, "In three months you must know Spanish." In six weeks they spoke it fluently.

In the spring of 1811 the second pilgrimage

began. They had to form part of a large company and to have an escort of 1500 soldiers, the roads were so infested by guerillas. The temper of the Spanish people may be judged by this little incident: It was their duty to furnish food and lodging to the governor's wife and her suite. At each stopping-place Madame Hugo found a house prepared for her; that is, certain rooms from which all luxury of furnishings had been removed. A silent servant, after a half-hour's knocking, opened these rooms to them and then left them to themselves. No glimpse of the family was vouchsafed them, and the silence and desolation were dreadful. "It was the suicide of a house" before a hated master. But one night Madame Hugo had a different reception. At the first knock the door flew open and the master of the house welcomed her in. Everything, after the proverbial fashion of Spanish hospitality, was hers while she remained; and for three days this perfection of courtesy never failed. So amiable was her host that, as they were leaving, Madame Hugo ventured to ask for a silver vase which had been in her room. It was brought at once; but when she would have paid for it, the Spaniard answered, with a bitter smile, that "though with his people, he was slave of a foreign power, he was not a peddler of vases; and that, moreover, he could not see why the French should have scruples at taking a vase when they had so little at pillaging towns and overrunning a kingdom." At Madrid a palace awaited the governor's wife; but even in the capital, almost in the king's presence, the watchword of hostility was the same. The suite of rooms prepared for her was charming, but all the rest of the house was bolted and barred. "The frontiers of impregnable Spain were formed again in every house; and after having defended herself from town to town, she kept out the enemy from room to room."

For the two children the long journey had been full of charm. The gypsy life, the glimpses of quaint old towns and quainter people, the touch of excitement and danger in it all, enchanted them. Strange picturesque bits caught by the child's imagination clung to his memory and were afterward reproduced by the artist hand of the man. But to the mother it was all a weariness of the flesh, and fleas and bugs divided her anxious soul from one day's end to another. Nor was she happier in Madrid, still separated from her hus-

band, who could only make brief visits to his family in the pauses of his guerilla warfare. But after a brief year she went back to Paris with her children. The house of Napoleon was falling, and Joseph had been chased from his kingdom.

The restoration of the Bourbons was very welcome to Madame Hugo. Her hatred of Napoleon, up to this time suppressed through fear of compromising her husband, now broke out. By mutual consent the father and mother now separated, the boys remaining with Madame Hugo. They knew little of their father. It was the royalist mother who had brought them up, and the Bonapartist father had little influence over them. Sure that with time their opinions would change, and that it was quite impossible for him to force that change, he left them alone. "The child is of the mother's mind," he said one day of Victor; "the man will be of mine." How much farther he would go the father could not foresee.

One chapter of Madame Hugo's charming book is entitled "The follies committed by M. Victor Hugo before he was born," and contains extracts from his childish attempts at poetry. He taught himself rhyme and rhythm as he had taught himself to read, and before the age of fourteen he had fifteen books of verses. One piece of 500 lines, "The Deluge," was annotated by its author in this style: "Twenty bad lines, 32 good, 15 very good, 5 passable." The remaining 400 have apparently no character. But in 1817 he ventured to compete for the prize offered by the French Academy. His poem took no prize, but the judges did him the honor to doubt the age he gave himself in it; he sent his certificate of baptism to the secretary, and at fifteen M. Victor found himself a small celebrity.

Madame Hugo lived a very quiet life at Paris. The sons studied and worked in the garden under her orders. She went out little, and only to old friends. Of these the Fouchers were the first. It grew into a custom each evening for Madame Hugo and her two sons to visit them. M. Foucher was an invalid and distracted by noise, so there was no conversation. The women sewed or knit; M. Foucher read his journal; the two young men stared at the fire. Nevertheless, M. Victor enjoyed the melancholy diversion, and the parents soon found out why. He had fallen in love with the daughter of the house. Adèle Foucher had been

his childhood's playfellow, and in her infancy had been jestingly promised to one of Colonel Hugo's sons by his friend, her father. But the age of these two innocents put together hardly made thirty years, and neither had a cent. Marriage was therefore not to be thought of, and the two families quietly separated. But suddenly, in 1821, Madame Hugo died. The solitary house, the entire breaking-up of his home and plans of life, reacted sadly on Victor's sensitive nature. Madame Foucher had pity on him, and taking counsel of her heart rather than her worldly prudence, consented to an engagement. Henceforward he worked with a definite aim. He set himself at his chosen profession, literature, with new energy.

His father had offered him a small allowance, but only on condition of his taking a profession less uncertain. He refused—rich, just then, in the modest capital of a hundred and thirty dollars. For he had published already certain odes,—all very Bourbon in spirit,—and the papers had spoken of him. Chateaubriand had made his acquaintance and called him a "wonderful youth," and a provincial court of literature had given him prizes for poems he had sent. He had founded, with his two brothers and some friends, a review, "*Le Conservateur Littéraire*," and had written for it his first romance, "*Rug Jargal*." It was composed in fourteen days, and as the work of a boy of nineteen is worthy of attention. In brief, he might consider himself fairly entered on a literary life, with the hope now before him that if he could make his chosen profession a paying one, he might win his wife and his new home. For two years he toiled hard. Newspapers, odes, romances, theatre, he tried all in turn. What he was then, grave, conscientious, hardworking, is sketched in "*Marius Pontmercy*" of "*Les Misérables*." Lamennais was his confessor, and his life was singularly pure and sober. He kept house with a young cousin from Nantes, a law student, in a couple of garret rooms, Rue du Dragon. He had just seven hundred francs (a hundred and forty dollars), and on this sum lived a year, after the manner described for Marius Pontmercy. "Without borrowing a cent, even able sometimes to lend a dollar to a friend, he succeeded out of this sum in buying himself a splendid coat, blue, with brass buttons, and in revenging himself by a forty-franc dinner on Henri Delatouche, who had invited him to his

elegant rooms and fed him on tea and boiled potatoes."

Marriage still remained a long way off, but his garret began to be visited by men of letters, and, after some difficulty in finding a publisher for them, he collected his early poems into a volume. Having printed it, he could find no bookseller willing to put it on sale. They complained that poetry took the place of other books on their shelves—and kept it. At last, however, one was found, and the edition of fifteen hundred copies was sold in four months. The poet gained a hundred and fifty dollars, and the king, pleased with an ode to himself, granted him a pension of two hundred dollars a year. On that sum it was decided that the young people could marry. Some little time after, the pension was doubled, and on four hundred dollars a year the young couple set up housekeeping. Thenceforward his life was a busy one.

Victor Hugo has always been an exceedingly rapid writer. His drama, "*Ruy Blas*," took, proportionately to its length, the longest time—five weeks. One act of "*Marian Delorme*" was written in a night. His romance "*Notre Dame de Paris*" was written, by agreement, in seven months. He shut himself up to his book as in a prison. He only left his writing-table to eat and sleep, and his only distraction was an hour's talk after dinner with friends who happened in. He went out but once in this long imprisonment—in December, to the trial of the ministers of Charles X. He had bought a great bottle of ink for the romance, and the last drop was used to write the last line. For a moment the author thought of changing the title to "*What there is in a Bottle of Ink*." Not unlike this is the incident told of his "*Napoleon the Little*." Having finished at once the bottle and the book, Victor Hugo wrote on the former:

"De cette bouteille est sorti
Napoleon le Petit."

"Out of this bottle came Napoleon the Little." The historic bottle, after many changes, is said finally to have come into the possession of Prince Jerome Bonaparte.

The most interesting chapter of Victor Hugo's literary life is that telling the story of his dramatic trials and triumphs. His supremacy in lyric poetry no one ever disputed. It was as dramatist that he

cast away precedents, broke the "unities," and shocked the public by making his historical characters talk as they might be supposed to in real life. What a shiver went through the cultured audience of the Théâtre Français, when, in "Hernani," Charles V. asked, like any common mortal, "What time is it?" and was answered simply, "Midnight"! In the old style it would have been:

"From the dim height of yonder lofty tower
Sounds now, my honored lord, the midnight hour."

Very absurd to the critics were Victor Hugo's ideas of substituting truth for conventionalities, and of making a drama by turns heroic, satiric, epic, and buffoon—in brief, to copy Shakspeare. "It is the first time," writes one critic, indignant that Victor Hugo had dared to call Shakspeare "the god of the theatre," "that any one has dreamed of putting the author of certain witty and immoral dramas on a level with our Molière and Corneille." Into the details of the long battle it is not needful to enter. It was renewed over every drama of Victor Hugo, and fought with a bitterness and persistence worthy of the cause. The press was nearly unanimous against him. The Bourbon government had refused to allow "Marian Delorme" to be played, on the pretense that Charles X. was satirized in its Louis XIII. In compensation they had offered Victor Hugo an increased pension. But he had outgrown the boyish glamour of royalism, and he declined. The Bourbon journals were furious at his desertion, and the Liberal ones made up for their freedom in politics by entire subserviency in literature. Victor Hugo's followers were the young—a tribe of Bohemians, as the conservatives called them. Perhaps the story of "Hernani" will best illustrate the temper of the fray, since they were all alike.

"Hernani" was written in 1829 for the Comédie Française. It was received with acclamation by the actors, and the chief rôle, that of Doña Sol, was undertaken by Mademoiselle Mars, so long queen of the stage. But thirty-five years of success had given her a certain authority over authors which was not always courteously exercised, and having made her reputation in the classic plays, she had no love for the new departure. One line in "Hernani" greatly troubled her æsthetic soul, the same one which now Sarah Bernhardt gives with such effect:

"Vous êtes mon lion, superb et généreux."

In the midst of the rehearsal, one day, she stopped, motioned the others to silence, and, advancing to the front, looked anxiously around for the author, though she knew perfectly where he always sat.

"M. Hugo," she asked. "Is M. Hugo here?"

"Here, madame," answered the author, rising in his place.

"Ah! thank you. Tell me, M. Hugo, I have to say this line:

"You are my lion proud and generous."

Do you like that, M. Hugo?"

"What, madame?"

"'You are my lion.'"

"I wrote it so, Madame, because I liked it. But find something better, and I will put it in its place."

"Oh! it's not my place to do that. I'm not the author."

"Very well, madame, if that be so, let us simply leave the matter as it is."

"But it seems to me so funny to call M. Firmin 'my lion.'"

"Because, in playing Doña Sol, you want to be still, Mademoiselle Mars. If you were really the ward of Don Ruy de Sylva, that is, a noble Castilian of the sixteenth century, you would not see in your Hernani M. Fermin, but one of those terrible bandit chiefs who made Charles V. tremble even in his capital. Then you would understand that such a woman would call such a man a lion, and it would not be so funny to you."

"Oh! well. Let us drop the matter. I am here to say what is written, and shall say it. It's all the same to me, of course."

But the next day, having reached the same place, she stopped again and went once more through the little farce of seeking out the author.

"M. Hugo—is he here?"

"Here I am, madame. I had the honor to present my respects to you before the rehearsal began."

"Ah! yes. Well, have you reflected on what I said yesterday?"

"You did me the honor to say a number of things, madame."

"But I mean that famous line,—you know very well which,—'the lion.'"

"Ah! Yes, I remember now. 'You are my lion.'"

"Well, have you found another line in its place?"

"I have not tried to, madame."

"But that line is dangerous. It may be hissed."

"I never had the pretension not to be hissed, madame."

"But one ought to be hissed as little as possible. That will surely be hissed."

"Then, madame, it will be because you do not say it with your usual talent."

"I shall say it as well as I can. But I would rather say something else."

"What?"

"Well, something else."

"What?"

"Say"—Mademoiselle put on the air of searching the word that had been trembling on her tongue for three days—"say, 'You are my lord.' That will make the rhythm as well as 'lion,' will it not?"

"Yes, madame, only 'lion' makes the verse better and 'lord' poorer. I would rather be hissed for a good verse than clapped for a poor one."

"Oh! well, we will say your *good verse* as it is, then."

Meantime, the government censor had cut the piece to suit his political tastes, and the author had had a battle to keep certain lines. Parodies of the new play had appeared; garbled extracts, dishonestly obtained, were published and ridiculed in the papers. All the old authors and critics were against this youth of twenty-seven who dared go contrary to the old classic rules. When at last the piece was ready, the question of a paid "claque" came up and the author refused it.

But no piece could hope for success without paid applause for the first nights. Failure was certain in the eyes of all his theatrical friends, and they were not a little impatient at his prudery. But if he refused that, he could not refuse the offer of a troop of young admirers to serve him, and seats were given them for the first representation, minus the difficulty that they must be in their places at 3 P.M.—five hours before the play began. The young Bohemians, among whom were Théophile Gautier, Edouard Thierry, and others since celebrated, accepted this condition, but the lunches of bread, cheese, and sausages wherewith they regaled themselves in the long

waiting diffused an odor far from classic about the shrine of Molière. Moreover, they prolonged this, their only amusement, so that early arrivals had the benefit of the strange sight. "Your drama is killed, and by your friends," the director said, when Victor Hugo arrived; and in fact actors, as well as spectators, were raging at the desecration.

Nevertheless, the power of the piece conquered the public that first night, and the applause drowned the hisses. At the end of the fourth act Victor Hugo was called out. A publisher wished to purchase the drama.

"We will give 6000 francs," said the stranger, having introduced himself and his business.

"Very well. After the representation we will talk it over."

But the publisher would not wait, and gave his reasons with entire frankness.

"At the second act I thought of offering you 2000 francs, at the third 4000. Now I offer 6000. If I wait till it is over, I may have to bid 10,000."

"Very well. Come to me to-morrow morning and we will arrange it."

"I would rather finish the business now. I have 6000 francs with me."

And in a tobacco shop near, the contract was signed, to the content of the publisher, since the last act was an even greater success than the others.

But next morning the journals tore the drama to pieces, and from the second night the war began. Except for the one hundred places of which the author had the disposal, the theatre was filled by the enemies of the new school. One hundred against fifteen hundred was not much, but the young men fought bravely. The battle fatigued the actors; but as, despite the hissings, the theatre was crowded every night and the receipts were enormous, the director had no mind to give up the drama. Madame Hugo's first question on her husband's return was always, "Did they go through it all?" always expecting to be answered "No." The hisses were distributed with entire impartiality. At the thirtieth representation Mademoiselle Mars and the author amused themselves by hunting out the very few lines which had not been hissed. One of the actresses, who had just a line and a quarter to say, declared that not a word of her part had ever been hissed.

"How!" cried the author. "Well, if it has not been, it will be."

And it was the same night.

It was dropped at the forty-fifth representation. Eight years later, at its reproduction, "Hernani" met only applause. And now when it is played, with Sarah Bernhardt as Doña Sol, the enthusiasm is something overwhelming.

"He has changed the drama," some one said, "and cut out the extravagances."

"It is the public, rather, that has changed. Not a line has been altered," he was answered.

The same struggle, with variations according to time and place, came over "Marian Delorme," "Le Roi s'amuse," "Mary Tudor," and "Lucretia Borgia." His later dramas, "Angelo" and "Ruy Blas," had better success, for in these ten years the public had changed, and the new school was fairly recognized. Meantime, his lyric poems had placed him at the head of his time as poet, and various novels, all with a more or less distinct moral purpose, had become immensely popular.

As to the effect produced by his dramas, let M. Émile Zola speak again. He is no friend of the Romantic School, yet even on him the fascination has worked. "We were a few boys, in the heart of Provence, in love with nature and poesy. Victor Hugo's dramas seemed to us like visions. After school, I remember, ice-cold from the classic tirades we were obliged to learn by heart, we warmed ourselves by committing whole scenes from 'Hernani' and 'Ruy Blas.' With what wonderful light shone the verses of Victor Hugo at this time, their first appearance. It was like a new blossoming of our national literature. . . .

It seems impossible that any new tree should grow on our literary soil within the shadow of the huge oak planted by Victor Hugo. It spreads its branches to all the ends of the earth, covers all the land, fills all the sky, and there is not a single poet who would not come to muse beneath it and carry away in his ears the song of its birds. But they are fated to repeat the music of this all-pervading voice. There is no room for other songs in the air. For the last forty years there is but one poetic language—that of Victor Hugo."

It would almost need a separate article to give Victor Hugo's political history. From royalist and Bourbon he has become republican and socialist, inasmuch as he places the settlement of social questions above merely political ones. He

may be said to have quitted the theatre for the tribune, since his entrance on public life was simultaneous with the representation of his last drama, "Les Burgraves." He had conquered his public at the theatre when he took the political field. He was in the prime of life (just forty), when, in 1841, he was chosen a member of the French Academy. It was the putting of his foot on the first round of the ladder of public life. Eight years later, senator of the Republic of '48, he voted for the return of Louis Bonaparte into France. A little time more and the *coup d'état* had come, and he was forced to fly—a price set on his head by the man for whom he had voted. He went first to Belgium, but he was too near Paris there, and again he had to remove, this time to the Isle of Jersey and the protection of England. There, at Hauteville House, he remained nearly twenty years. There, in the bitterness of his solitude and exile, he dipped his pen in vitriol, and wrote "Les Châtiments," the "History of a Crime," and "Napoleon the Little." It is said that once in the palmy days of the Empire Eugénie threw down "Les Châtiments," exclaiming, "But what have we done to M. Hugo, that he writes so of us?" "Tell her," said the poet, when the words were repeated to him, "that it is not to me they have done anything. It is something I love better than myself that they have degraded—my country!" Once, having had great annoyance from the persistent opening of his letters by the French authorities, he wrote disdainfully on an envelope: "Purely personal matters. No need to open it. Victor Hugo."

At Hauteville House he wrote "Les Misérables," "Toilers of the Sea," and "The Man who Laughs." His home was a rallying place for all exiles, and to the young a kind of shrine of genius and misfortune. He was not unmindful of the poor around him, and one of his charities was a weekly dinner given a certain number of poor children on the island.

He only returned from exile when Napoleon III. was prisoner at Wilhelmshöhe. His people were waiting for him, and his arrival at Paris was an ovation. Repeatedly on the way from the station to his house the crowd forced the carriage to stop, and demanded to hear him speak. Words of cheer and faith were needed, for it was the darkest hour in the night of their defeat. Their armies taken, Paris threatened, their Republic

born in tumult and trouble, and having yet to prove if it could rule; worst of all, in the eyes of the poet, a strong Bonapartist party in the National Assembly threatening a bargain with the Prince Imperial and a return of the Empire. How France saved herself, how Paris defended herself, every one knows. With his countrymen Victor Hugo went through the varied diet of the siege, but his unfailing wit made that diet on his table a feast to the fortunate guests. One gorgeous festival my friend described to me, where the *pièce de résistance*, furnished by himself, was a very old and tough goose. He had paid thirty francs for it; "but it was Victor Hugo's birthday," he added in apology for such rioting. As the first he had spent in Paris for twenty years, its celebration by his admirers was a matter of necessity.

Now, safe settled in his beloved Paris, Victor Hugo leads a quiet but busy life. He is fond of solitary walks in the streets, of riding from one end of Paris to the other on the top of an omnibus. The working people know and greet him often as "our poet." An amusing story is told of an omnibus driver, who, one stormy day, when the poet proposed mounting outside as usual, pleaded: "But, please, to-day, M. Hugo; it is so cold; do go inside." And the poet obeyed. His correspondence is immense, yet he finds time always for literary works, and, despite his seventy-seven years, proposes always new books. Apropos of the enthusiastic reception given the recent reproduction of "Hernani" and "Ruy Blas," they talk of two new dramas promised for an early day. His last poems show no diminution of power. "La Pitié Suprême" is full of ideas such as Victor Hugo only would dare express. It is an appeal for pity for kings—not for the good, but the bad ones. And the climax of it all is the cry for education, for moral culture.

"Let us hate and hunt darkness without rest or pity;

But, brothers, not those blinded by it.

Stricken and crushed by them, let us weep over them."

Winter before last, at the great "Cirque Américain" at Paris, a meeting for the benefit of workmen—a library fund, I think—was given by Louis Blanc. It was presided over by Victor Hugo, and it was largely that which drew the throng. When, after the lecture, the two grandchildren, Jeanne and Georges, advanced to take the collection, the interest reached its height. They were a beautiful pair, and as the white-haired poet bent his lips to Jeanne's forehead as he gave his contribution, the action seemed more the impulse of the proud grandfather than a studied effect, though effective it certainly was. It was for this Georges that the following telegram was sent his mother at his birth by the poet: "Georges, born for duty, grow up for liberty, live in progress, and die in light. Have in thy veins the sweet spirit of thy mother and the generous mind of thy father. Be good, be strong, be gentle, be just, and receive in the kiss of thy grandmother the benediction of thy grandfather."

Victor Hugo's charity is boundless, and is especially graceful and delicate when it is exercised toward struggling writers. His days are given to work. At evening he descends to the floor beneath his own and receives his friends. Guests are always at dinner, the only care being that there shall never be thirteen at table, for that is his one superstition. He is a charming host, and not as absolute and dictatorial in conversation as might be expected. He cannot be with us much longer, and the throne may wait long for his successor. If, in the end, the Realists conquer, the distance will still be immense between their leader, Zola, and the large-brained, large-hearted Victor Hugo. And French literature will be the worse for the lack of his high, poetic imagination, his ruling conscience, and belief in God.

PARALLAX.

As hand in hand on the highway
We walked through the moving throng,
A high church tower in the distance
With us twain stalked along.

Past the houses of the village,
Out into the country wide,

That town kept pace with our footsteps,
While all else past us hied.

So in the march of existence
With him who hath errand high
The far-off and the great walk ever,
While the near and the small flit by.

C. H. FOSTER.

FOR HER SAKE.

BY HART AYRAULT.

HANS BEHRENS' picturesque home was high up among the lowlands of the Hartz Mountains. Loving his profession of forester for its own sake, his contentment and happiness in the position fate had assigned him were complete; nor had he the shadow of an anxiety, save for his one motherless child, Kathleen. He had educated her in a city school, and during her absence her place had been filled by Fritz Linden, the orphan son of Hans's foster-sister, who, apprenticed to his uncle, was also studying the profession of forester.

Since Kathleen's return a strong attachment had grown up between the cousins, and Hans was glad to think that a young man he liked so much might become his son-in-law, and relieve him of all further care for his daughter. He therefore brought the young people together as much as he could, and now that a professional opening offered itself in a station some twenty miles distant, he hastened to secure it for Fritz, thus putting him in the way for further promotion.

As for the young man, though it separated him from his love, it made him glad, for would it not the sooner bring them together? It was not an advancement to marry on, but it was a step in that direction, and he was pleased and hopeful to have got so far.

So he had gathered together his slender possessions, and in a few days he was to depart for his new home, bidding farewell to the old, so dear in all its associations.

It was then that he resolved not to leave Kathleen without speaking his mind, and learning his happiness from her own lips. He had been working steadily all the summer's afternoon in the forest, when he saw her coming toward him with a bunch of white violets in her hand.

"See, Fritz," she said, "what a lot of these dear violets I have found. Of all the flowers, they are my favorites; they are so lowly, so unambitious. All unlike yourself in that," she added, with a radiant smile.

"Do you dislike my ambition, Kathleen?" he asked.

"No," she answered, a little sadly, "though it is taking you away from us."

"And for whose sake do you think I am going? for whom do you think I work so hard?" he asked eagerly.

"How can I tell!" she said saucily, but meeting the gaze of his deep blue eyes, she dropped her head and blushed.

"Do you care to know?" he resumed, advancing a step nearer to her, and seizing the hand hanging listlessly at her side, while she buried her flushing face in the other, that held the flowers, neither speaking nor stirring. She knew what was coming; she longed for it, yet she dreaded it; but she seemed rooted to the spot by some magic spell.

"Kathleen, I love you—I want to make you my wife. I seek some position where I could offer you as comfortable a home as the one you would leave, for I would not think it honorable to ask you to share a less comfortable one; but once I have attained such a position, and a home and a range of my own, can you not give me a hope, Kathleen, that you will so supremely bless my life? Ah! answer me, dearest."

But she did not answer him a word, only buried her face deeper in the fragrant flowers; but neither did she resist him when, putting both his arms around her, he drew her closer to him, holding her in his strong embrace and pressing passionate kisses on her bowed head.

"Speak to me, love," he whispered; "only one tiny word, Kathleen."

With a passionate impulse she threw both arms around his neck, scattering a fragrant shower of white violets over him.

"I love you, Fritz," she murmured, and breaking away from him she ran to the house.

The next day the young man left for his new station. It was a full month before he found an opportunity to revisit his old home. All was as he left it, except Kathleen, and she seemed changed—how he scarcely knew.

There was a shyness, a reserve about her manner; less of the girlish simplicity which had always charmed him, and much more of the lady; a certain constraint which he had never noticed before. When he spoke to Hans about it, the latter pooh-

pooched it, saying it was the way with girls, and that approaching matrimony always sobered them.

And although Fritz left his old home with a certain anxious foreboding, youth is so hopeful and love so trustful that his fears were soon soothed, if not entirely forgotten, by the friendly letters which he received every week from old Hans, full of accounts of their welfare and tender messages from Kathleen.

But one autumn day he received two letters. The one in the cramped handwriting of his old master he laid aside, to tear the second, bearing a huge governmental seal, eagerly open. Here at last was his dream realized, for his promotion had come. He was offered the *Försteri* of Langenfeld, with a good income, and certain privileges on account of its lonely position.

For it was lonely, high up on the flat moorlands, where the air is always impregnated with snow, the vegetation stunted and overgrown with lichen and hardy mosses, which are swept nine months in the year by wintry blasts. Far above the line of flowery meads or thriving corn-fields this dreary home of cold weather harbored only stunted trees, starved sedges, or hardy lichen. His nearest neighbors would be five hours distant, in a small mining town, and the weather is seldom propitious for much intercourse.

"Will Kathleen be happy there?" was his only thought; as for himself, he thrilled with life and delight at the prospect of so lonely a position with her.

He stretched himself up to his full sturdy height and kissed the letter which brought him prospect of so great happiness. With his bronzed cheeks, his deep, piercing blue eyes, shadowed by over-hanging brows which gave to his face a grave expression, Fritz Linden was a fine-looking man, and one not to be easily swerved from his steady purpose.

Full of eager joy for himself and hesitating consideration for Kathleen, he opened the other letter, and as his eyes flew over its pages his mouth set and his face grew hard and ashy pale. When he had come to the end, he crushed the letter savagely in his hand, and, lifting his sugar-loaf-shaped green huntsman's hat from off a brow whose fairness contrasted strangely with the bronzed cheek beneath, he muttered to himself some solemn vow, and throwing the letter far from him he groveled on the earth in a passionate outburst of tears.

The letter that changed the whole current of Fritz's being ran thus:

"MY BELOVED SON: Where shall I find words to break so grievous news to you, for the grief is yours, poor boy, as well as mine? Our Kathleen is ours no longer. Yesterday she disappeared with the young Herr von Dona. All I can learn is that he has been seen much with her lately in the woods, and they were recognized at the I—station together. So it all ends. To have deceived not only her doting old father, but also her affianced husband, shows a lack of feeling and honor which I can never forgive, no more than you can, my poor Fritz, so we must neither attempt to follow nor to bring her back to us. She is dead to us, and henceforth I have only you, my dearly-loved son, to lean upon. Come to me when you can leave, for the blow is mortal, and I feel I have not long to totter under its crushing weight. We can but grieve together now, so come to your affectionate uncle,

"HANS BEHRENS."

So there was a quiet meeting of the two men struck by the same blow: the one brought so much nearer his grave by it, the other having formed through it a grave for his pride and hopes and youth. Fritz accepted the governmental position, for what place could be too isolated, too lonely for him now? He craved some savage spot wherein to hide his grief, where he could pass the rest of his days far from a world he had already found so treacherous.

"Fritz," old Hans had said, in parting with his nephew, "if she ever crosses your path in the future when I am dead and gone, deal kindly with her for my sake, if you cannot for your own. And now farewell, and may we know resignation if happiness is denied us, my son."

"Amen!" Fritz answered solemnly, as he gave his uncle the desired promise.

From that day forth Fritz Linden had lived in the lonely forester's lodge, and since that day there had passed nine long, uneventful years. Old Hans Behrens had died before the first one was out, and Fritz was left without a friend in the world. He did his duty scrupulously and conscientiously, and was respected and feared by his dependents; but no one came nearer the lonely man during all those long years. His charities were inexhaustible, and he was kind and even sympa-

thetic if any one was sick or in trouble; but he was none the less unapproachable and cold, never relaxing in his stern demeanor, nor had his grief grown less by his brooding over it as the weary years passed slowly away. One day sped with him like another. A frugal breakfast at daylight and an equally frugal repast at night, after which he read and studied until ten, then went to bed. There were almost never any visitors to the isolated *Forsthaus*, and his visits to the nearest town were too rare and too brief to encourage sociability with his neighbors there.

The beginning of the winter of 18— saw the snow set in earlier and more stormily than usual, and after a steady fall for ten days it lay so high upon the ground that the only way out of the house was by its roof. This was not unusual, and after it had hardened over, the inmates turned out to their several avocations as though they challenged so slight a thing to incommode them.

One night it began to snow again, and the wind howled and beat against the house as though it would wrench it from its firm-set clamps and chains and level it at one gust. Fritz had been belated at work with some of his men that night, and as they were fighting their way slowly and painfully through the storm and darkness, he had suddenly stumbled against a crouching object half buried in the snow, which, when extricated, proved to be a woman clutching a child in her arms, and to all appearances dead.

The men hastily improvised a litter out of one of their wraps, and shortly afterward they were standing in the dark passage of the *Forsthaus*, and Fritz was giving directions to his female servants, commanding that a warm room and bed be made ready and all restoratives applied to the unfortunate travelers, if haply they might still be brought back to life.

"The child," he said, "is already showing signs of reviving, and let me know whether its mother be alive or dead. As for you, my brave fellows, come in here and get something hot to drink with your supper."

And so he turned the woman over to his female servants. Had the unfortunate been a man, Fritz would have been the first at his bedside; but he avoided women, and such a case as this had not occurred before.

Presently a woman servant came in and reported that the woman was alive, but very ill and delir-

ious, and Fritz ordered, if it were possible, that some one should make his way over to the nearest station next day and fetch a doctor.

For weeks this woman lay in his house hovering between life and death. Daily he inquired for her and allowed his two women servants to give up their whole time to nursing her and the child, but otherwise she did not interfere with his life. Once the child had run in his way, holding out its arms in astonishment and delight at the forest-er's gay trappings, but Fritz had passed her by gloomily, and sternly ordered "that every care and attention should be bestowed on her, but that she should be kept out of his way." And it never happened again.

After months of illness and convalescence, the sick woman was completely restored to health, and with her restoration spring also had set in, and she was anxious to proceed on her way.

Before going she craved to see the master and thank him in person, and though warned and dissuaded by all the inmates of the *Forsthaus*, she could not be induced to leave without doing so.

So one evening at twilight, just after his return, as he was disencumbering himself of his gun, a timid tap was heard at the door of his room, and the interloper being bid to enter, a woman softly opened the door and crossed the threshold.

"Who is it?" Fritz asked, standing with his back to the window, intent on examining his gun.

"The woman whom you have sheltered so long, sir. May I not be privileged to speak to you or to thank you, sir?"

"I have done no more than common humanity demanded, and I do not love thanks," answered the master, turning to look at her. But when he did so he gasped, and stood spell-bound.

The last rays of failing light fell full on her slender figure partially turned aside from him. His eyes caught the superb outline of shoulders, bust, and waist, revealed by the close-fitting black dress, and the glorious great knot of bright hair drawn back from the pale cheek and coiled behind. With a wild bound he was at her side and she turned her face toward him.

"Kathleen! My God! is it *you*?"

"Fritz!" she stammered, growing deadly pale; "not Fritz Linden?"

"It is," he said, turning from her, his face hardening. "Now you are here, it is well, and I can deliver the message your dead father left for you."

"My father dead!" she gasped. "O God, this also!" And she fell fainting at his feet.

Fritz turned and looked at her, and then, as if afraid of himself, strode to the bell-rope, and, summoning a servant, with apparent unconcern bade him remove the fainting woman to her apartment, ordering that should she ask for a message from him she should be given a note he would presently write and then sped on her way with every comfort and dispatch.

Poor Kathleen! her father dead, her one refuge gone, to whom, like the prodigal, she was returning to crave forgiveness, and to pray him to grant a home and his blessing, if not to her, at least her unoffending child. Where should she now turn? Led away by childish vanity, she had listened to the promises of the young Count Dona that he would make her a lady and elevate her to his own rank. Firmly believing the mock ceremony that had taken place to have been a true marriage, on his subsequent desertion and her consequent cruel disillusion, she had bravely struggled to gain her own and her child's living, and for years had sought by steady work and exemplary conduct to deaden the shame that preyed upon her heart, till her story becoming known in the little community where she had sought refuge, she was forced in her despair to go away, and led her to seek once more the love and protection of her father's roof.

Without taking into account the rigorous season of the year, the impassable state of the roads, or her own slender resources, she had hastily put together her few belongings and with her child in her arms had set forth in a condition of half dream, with only sense enough to cover her little one from the cold, and to ask her way till, wandering she knew not how long, the snow clogged her footsteps, the chill air benumbed her, and she knew nothing till she found herself in the forester's house. "Fritz's house," she moaned, as she lay prostrate on her bed in an agony of grief and despair.

As she lay thus, Barbara the servant came into the room, carrying the child in her arms.

"Madame," she said, "the little one is surely very sick; her face burns with fever, and she is moaning, as if in pain. See, she does not even ask to go to you."

Kathleen was at her side instantly. She seized the child, and, pressing it convulsively to her heart, "Oh, my darling," she cried, "do not

you, too, leave me! Barbara," she said, addressing the woman, "I cannot have her sick. I must leave this house this very night. I must go."

"Then, madame, you will imperil the little one's life, for she is sickening of some child's illness, and will require careful nursing and rest. The Herr Förster would never allow you to go, madam. You do not know how good he is. If he knows the child is sick, he will insist on your remaining." And before Kathleen could prevent her the woman had gone.

Kathleen knelt down by the bed, encircling her child in her arms. Presently a firm step passed along the floor. She did not need to look. She knew who stood there.

"Kathleen," he said, and his voice sounded softer and huskier than it had the short hour before—"Kathleen, you must stay. You must not imperil your child's life by going. We shall not meet any more than we did before, for had you not sought me, we had neither of us known that the same roof sheltered us two."

There was silence in the room, save for the little one's moans; then: "If you have any—any one—whom your long absence will render anxious, I will send a messenger, if you will tell me to whom."

The great beads stood out on Fritz's forehead. It had cost him much to say this.

"I have no one but my child."

A thrill of joy transfixed him at this answer. He steadied his voice.

"You are, then, a widow?"

She raised her head slowly, with her eyes on his, which watched her with a nameless fascination.

"I was never a wife," she said, "though I believed I was," and dropped her head again.

He stood in silence over her. His firm-set mouth worked ominously; he clenched his hands; some storm was brewing within him, but he beat it down. Finally he said gravely:

"The doctor will be here to-morrow. Your child shall lack for nothing. May she be spared to you. Farewell!" He turned to leave the room.

"Fritz," she cried, holding out her clasped hands imploringly toward him—"Fritz, do not leave me!" for she felt this to be a farewell forever, and yet she knew that he loved her still, and she clung to him and could not bear that he should leave her thus.

He paused, with his hand on the lock of the door. Then coming toward her and resting it gently on her head, "Hush," he said, "you will disturb your child," and opening the door he quietly left the room.

After this Fritz went steadily and sternly about his daily work. He never saw Kathleen, but he understood that a fearful time was ensuing, and that she was battling with death for the possession of her child, whose disease had been pronounced scarlet fever of the most virulent type. He still loved her blindly, madly; the sight of her had brought him back from death to life; he knew her free, and yet he hesitated. How could he forget all that was past with the child always before him? A fierce jealousy consumed him. The child might die! This thought he brooded over till it became his one wild hope and desire.

One day he met Kathleen in the passage. He was startled by the change in her. Her face was wan and pinched with care; her eyes, unnaturally large, were dim and sunken with sleeplessness and weeping. Her whole aspect was piteous. She clung for support against the walls as she slowly stumbled along.

When Fritz saw her grief, he felt ashamed of his wicked hope. All his generous nature sprang up in love and protection toward her and her little one.

"Kathleen," he said, taking her hand: "Kathleen, let me nurse your child with you. I have had much experience with the sick; I may be able to help you."

She opened the door and drew him into the room. The nurse who watched the child motioned them to be quiet, and as the mother took her place

beside the couch, whispered, "She sleeps—this is the crisis," and left the room.

Kathleen knelt down by the bedside, leaning her wan cheek on the child's little hand. A lovely, tender expression rested on her face. She was praying. Fritz stood behind her and looked on. The child's little face, which he had seen last so radiant and sunny, was wan and death-like. The silken flaxen hair hung over the pillow, matted and damp, while the breath came so softly that she hardly seemed to breathe at all.

His breast heaved, and the scalding tears chased one another down his cheeks, the first he had shed since he had learned Kathleen's untruth toward him.

And so the hours passed in silence, while a blessed hope and joy crept into Fritz's heart; for was he not there alone with his beloved, and the little one, whose life he now craved as much as he had hitherto wished for its death?

At the first gray streak of dawn the child opened her eyes.

"Mother," she said softly.

Kathleen arose.

"Saved!" she cried. "Oh, merciful God, I thank thee!"

"Amen!" answered a deep voice behind her.

"Fritz! you here?"

"I have been here all night, love. My prayers have gone up to heaven with yours for the recovery of your—our child. May it not be so, Kathleen?"

She disengaged one hand from the child's neck and passed it around his, while she laid the other clasping the tiny hand into his open palm.

"Yes, ours," she murmured, "our white violet."

A CHAPTER IN REAL LIFE.

A SUMMER seldom passes that the cry of "Mad dog!" is not heard in some direction or another; and many and stringent are the police regulations put in force to guard against the perils of hydrophobia. More than one unhappy dog, innocent of anything except fright or thirst, panic at being hunted, or having lost his way or his master, has fallen a victim to mistaken zeal. One day during last summer a peddler woman walking along the road observed a dog belonging to the neighborhood trotting calmly before her. She knew who

was his owner and also that the animal was not far from home. A grassy bank was beside the footpath, and in this bank was a wasps' nest. The dog, in passing it, must have disturbed the insects, which flew out upon him, clustering round his head, and stinging him about the ears, eyes, and nostrils. The poor animal, frightened and in pain, sprang forward, rushing on with wild contortions of agony. A policeman coming up at the moment, saw him fly past, his tongue hanging out, his eyes protruded. "Mad dog!" he cried, and the poor

beast was shot dead before the screaming woman, running breathlessly to the rescue, could explain what she had seen.

"And a sore pity it was," she said. "As honest and faithful and as handsome a dog as ever stepped before its own tail. Not so mad, indeed, as the man that was in such a hurry to shoot him."

Of all the changes which modern and more enlightened times have brought about, there is none happier than that affecting the treatment of sufferers attacked with hydrophobia. The writer of this is old enough to remember by-gone tragedies connected with those victims, that make one shudder. There was no hope for the unfortunates. Death was the doom; and at the first symptoms the hapless human victims were ruthlessly destroyed; suffocation between feather-beds the usual mode! An occurrence in humble Irish life, remembered still in the parish where it took place, and for the truth of which many can vouch, will illustrate painfully the above. The narrative will be best given in the words of one of the family present at the time.

Myself was in the house when it all happened, being first-cousin to Mrs. Ryan, the mistress. A comfortable farm it was, and she well-to do; with cows and other stock in plenty, and good land. Ryan had been dead some years, and she managed it all; a clever, brisk, stirring woman. She'd be up and out in her dairy at three o'clock in the summer mornings, to get the butter off the churn in the cool of the day; and then away with her across the fields to visit the cattle and oversee the laborers at their work. Many a smart young fellow would have been proud to help her, and right glad to step into Ryan's shoes if he was let. For she was pleasant to look at; as comely as she was industrious; tidy and trim, and wonderful at making and laying by money. But though she had a gay word for them all, and was blithe and cheery as the day, they soon found that coming courting to the winsome young widow was only wasting their time. She wouldn't listen to man or mortal. Her whole heart and life were bound up in her one child—a lovely boy. It was easy to see by the look that would come into her face, and the light and the love in her eyes as they followed him wherever he went, that she hadn't a thought to give to any besides. He was the

entire world to her. Every penny she could make or save was for him; and late and early she worked to keep all things about the farm in the best order against he was old enough to take it up.

A fine, handsome child he was; merry as a bird, full of spirits and fun. He doted on his mother, and maybe she wasn't proud of him! Every one loved him, even the dumb animals, he was so good-natured and kindly—joyous and bright like sunshine in the house. There's something in the young and their ways that the heart warms to, natural.

As time wore on, young Ryan grew to be handy and helpful about the place, and knowledgeable concerning farm business. He was rising sixteen years old, a good scholar, and a fine well-grown active lad, when there came a wonderful hot summer, and rumors were rife about mad dogs seen going through the country, and of the terrible mischief they did. Cows were bitten, and pigs; Christians were attacked, and a neighboring farmer lost two valuable horses, that went mad after being bitten and had to be destroyed. People were everywhere in dread and on the watch.

One morning just after the hay was gathered in and safe, herself and the boy were together in the yard, working away as busy as bees. They were seldom asunder now; for he had done with schooling, and they always kept one another company just like a pair of comrades. There was only nineteen years' difference between the ages of the two. Talking merrily they were over their work, and laughing—he was full of his jokes—when a man came tearing into the yard, crying out that a mad dog was in the place, and was making straight for the field the cows were in. Quick as lightning the boy caught up a pitchfork and away with him like a shot to the field. His mother flew after him, shrieking out to him to stop, and shouting to the men to follow. But he was as light of foot and nimble as the deer; and before ever a one could overtake him, he had come up with the dog. The great animal faced savagely round upon the lad when he made at him with the pitchfork, and bit and tore with fury. But the brave boy grappled with him, and had him pinned to the ground by the time the men came up and gave the finishing stroke.

"Now, mother dear," he cried in glee, "the cows are safe! Another minute and the brute would have been into them!"

But the poor mother wasn't heeding the cows, when her darling son, for whom she'd have given all she was worth in the wide world, was there before her eyes all bloody and covered with foam from the beast's mouth. She washed and bathed the bites, the boy laughing at her the while, and saying they were nothing. And nothing there was for a time. But what all dreaded and were looking out for in trembling, came at last. He knew it himself, the poor fellow! It was pitiful to see how he strove and fought manful against it, and forced himself to drink, when even the sight of water or any liquid was unbearable. He'd try and try to swallow, though it strangled him. No use! he couldn't get down a drop; and the convulsions were dreadful. At length he grew violent, and went raving mad altogether; and hand and foot they had to tie him, to prevent his doing himself or others a mischief.

The doctor came; but what could *he* do? He was a good-natured man, and gave many a sixpence and shilling to those he knew needed nourishment more than drugs; but no one thought much of his physicking. People said he had but the one medicine, and that he gave it to all alike, no matter what ailed them. Not that there was any harm in that, for it stands to reason that what would do good to one Christian couldn't be bad for another. When any of the quality were sick, they sent right away off to the city for the grand doctor there; but our parish man was good enough for the poor.

Anyhow, not all the doctors in creation could be of any use to the dear young master. There was but the one thing for him—his doom was sealed. And now the question was, how it was to be done. Three ways were spoken of. To smother him between two feather-beds, or else carry him down to the river and drown him, or to open a vein and let him bleed away to death. The mother wouldn't hear of the smothering. When it was proposed to her, you'd think she'd go out of her senses. Indeed, for the matter of that, it was much the same whatever plan was talked of; they couldn't drag consent out of her to any of them. God help her! 'twas a cruel strait to be in. At long last and after much debate, it was settled that a vein should be opened, and when it was done, the poor fellow—laid upon a bed of straw in an outhouse in the yard—was left to die!

Oh, but that was the day of woe! The misery of it and the despair of the distracted mother, if I was talking till doomsday I couldn't describe. Her neighbors and cousins and the lad's uncles flocked in, and were all gathered round her in the best parlor, striving to comfort her. They made strong tea, in hopes to get her to swallow some. They tried to raise her heart, telling her of the grand funeral he'd have,—hundreds and hundreds coming to it from far and near,—the handsomest coffin money could buy, real oak, with brass ornaments, and such a wake as was never seen in the county before; no expense spared! But you might as well talk to the dead in the clay. She didn't hear a word, but sat there without tear or moan,—only her mouth working with the agony within,—just a froze-up, stony image of Despair! And you'd hardly know her, she was so changed. The bright smooth comely face all drawn and wrinkled like an old crone's, and ghastly pale. Sure it was no wonder, when all she loved upon earth was dripping out his young life within a stone's-throw of her.

When they saw it was of no use, they let the poor woman alone. A gloomy silence fell upon the sorrowful company as they sat there waiting—waiting for the end. The minutes seemed like hours. There was no stir, except when now and then some one would whisper under his breath about the dying boy; how pleasant he was, and gay, how generous and open-handed he'd been.

But no matter how sorrowful the house, or what woe and misery are within the walls, the business of life outside must go on. So when milking-time came, Kitty McCabe, the dairy-woman—though the heart in her body was breaking—slipped out to call the milk-girls and see to the cows. Coming back through the yard when the milking was done, she had to pass by the outhouse where they had laid the boy, and for the life of her she couldn't help stopping to try and listen how it was with him, and whether he was in heaven yet. There was no sound. Strict orders had been given that no one was to go in; but the door was not locked, and she thought she'd just give it a small shove and take one look. It was an old crazy door, contrary and ill-fitting, and at the first push it gave a great squeak and made so sharp a noise that she was frightened, and tried to pull it back again. The sight, too, of the blood trickling upon the floor made her giddy and sick.

"Is that you, Kitty McCabe?" came in a weak, faint whisper from the far end.

Her heart leaped up at the voice she never thought to hear again.

"Aye, is it, my life! my darlin'! jewel o' the world!" and she pushed in, never heeding the orders against it, or the trouble and disgrace she was bringing on herself.

"Oh, Kitty, I'm lost with the thirst! Have you any milk?"

"To be sure I have, darlint—lashins!" and she ran and filled a jugful. He drained it every drop, and then he called for more.

"I'm better now, but weak as water. Untie me, Kitty, and I'll try to sit up. Don't be afraid. Some more milk now; it is doing me good."

He struggled up, and leaned the poor white face against her shoulder while she put the jug to his lips. They were pale as a corpse's, as if every drop of his blood had run out. The milk seemed to revive him. She thought he'd never stop drinking. After a while he said: "Go now, Kitty, and tell my mother I'm well—quite well. Something has cured me. Or stop! I'll try and go myself, if I'm able. She won't be frightened, will she, and think it's my ghost?"

"Heart's darlin'!—'tis clean wild with the joy she'll be! But stay jewel, till I've bound me handkerchief tight over against the cruel cut. There now, mather dear."

"Reach me over that big stick in the corner,

and I'll lean down upon you, Kitty, and make shift somehow to creep along;" and supported by the woman, he began with feeble footsteps to totter across the yard.

Roused by a cry from one of the company, his mother looked up, and caught sight of the boy helped past the window. Staggering blindly in, he fell into her outstretched arms; and as they closed convulsively round his half-fainting form, and she held him folded to her breast,—fast locked and strained to her,—all who were present and looked on knew that she would never part him more.

And she never did. From that day out, sign or symptom of the madness never appeared; though he was long in recovering his strength, and had to be nursed and tended like an infant. He had, you see, bled such a power, that it was the world's work to bring him to. When the doctor fixed up the cut, he was a'most gone. A minute more, and 'twould have been too late. The doctor said that all the poison of the dog's bite had flowed away out of him with the blood; but what did he know? Anyhow, there wasn't a healthier or a handsomer or a finer man than himself in the whole barony when he came to his his full age; over six feet in his stocking vamps, and broad-shouldered in proportion. But it was remarked by every one that his mother was never the same after that terrible day when he was laid in the outhouse to die.

TO BEAUTY.

By HELEN HERBERT.

I FOLLOW thee, O goddess fair!
O'er land and sea I follow thee!
The nooks that know thy kindly care
Are blessed homes to me.

I seek them out, I mark the grace,
The loveliness that speaks thy power;
I taste thy breath, I see thy face
In every opening flower.

Thy laugh sounds through the purling stream,
Thy sigh floats on the summer air;
From starry thrones thy glances gleam,
And draw my spirit there.

I hear thy voice when seas are stirred
To meet the crashing clouds above;

I hear it in the tender word
That murmurs low of love.

Thy kisses fall on lawn and lea
In blissful showers of blossoming,
And through the haunts of bird and bee
Speed'st thou on gentle wing.

Then, when the crested mountains gleam
Against the sky, I see thy form,
Reigning in majesty supreme,
Serene in calm or storm.

Spirit of Beauty! Goddess fair!
Through light and shade I strive to thee!
Thou art my hope, my dream, my prayer,
In life and life to be.

CYN.

By KEZIAH SHELTON.

GLIMPSE XXVI.—DASHING BURTON MARRIES.

THREE years have glided away since the "administrator" placed the coveted fourteen thousand dollars in Cyn's outstretched "itching palm." To her, Willis's death had seemed a special providence. She had enjoyed her luxurious indolence for the past three years to its utmost, and her beautiful face had soon resumed its care-free charm that once she appeared about to lose.

The Newells shrewdly calculated that at the rate she lived she would become destitute in seven years, unless she married again, which was not improbable, considering her beauty and inclination. If their prophecies were correct, then she had four years more of grace and beauty, and she would make the most of them.

By her mother's encouragement Amy had used her income so lavishly that want or great retrenchment stared her out of countenance. But Amy caught her breath bravely, and announced that what others could do she could; she would earn her living! Imagine, if you can, the high-toned astonishment of her mother and Burton. Indeed, they would not permit such a thing. Whatever happened, the daughter, the sister of a Meredith, should not labor.

Yet Amy soon taught them she had a will of her own, and she bravely labored until she secured a class of scholars to whom she could teach music, and retained them despite all discouragements.

"Don't fret so at this, mother," she had cheerfully said one day; "I may have to go into a shop yet; if left wholly dependent upon my labor, my music scholars would not support me."

She dared not tell her mother that Fred Bell, who was now a well-to-do business man, had professed her his heart and hand; if she had done so, Cyn would have insisted upon her acceptance of the offer as far preferable to earning her living.

Amy was resolved that she would marry for naught but love, and she was positive that she only liked Fred in a friendly way. So Fred's wealth of love was cast aside, not sneeringly, but unappreciated.

Amy had long known that Fred Bell had a regard for her, but she could not convince herself

that the quiet esteem she felt for him was sufficient to insure their mutual happiness.

Burton was settled at last, and for a young lawyer was meeting with brilliant success; indeed, one of the foremost judges of the State asserted that Burton Meredith would stand at the head of his profession in less than ten years.

His brilliant talents blinded his friendly admirers to his drinking habits; wine for the present was an aid to him, and with his noble physique was doing for him double work. Yet when the break came, so much the more disastrous would it prove; how could they fail to see it?

He had fallen in love with Judge Pearson's young sister Anna, and had wooed and won her with an irresistible dash and impetuosity peculiar to himself.

Anna Pearson was a pure, loving, generous, Christian girl, and her unsuspecting affections were soon completely won by Burton's good-hearted, dashing brilliancy. It never occurred to her that the bright eye, the flushing, changeful countenance, the flashing witticisms from his ready tongue, were stimulated into burning activity by the liberal potations of wine, taken not only daily, but many times a day. Upon his system, inherited from generations of strong drinkers, alcoholic beverages produced fewer of the usual symptoms of intoxication than in the case of ordinary men.

Judge Pearson did know that Burton had been beastly intoxicated, but he allowed his admiration for his ability to blind him to a full sense of his faults, and he had faith in that terrible belief that a good wife will change the man.

Yes, so she may; but by the time that is accomplished, what agony has not the good wife suffered? It is a dangerous experiment, especially so for the wife.

Amy felt the truth of this deeply, as she listened to the daily talk of Burton's approaching marriage. She loved Burton, and would willingly have sacrificed much if it would have weaned her brother from his vices; if he only would reform, she should be so happy, so proud of him. She had learned to love Anna Pearson since Burton's engagement

to her with a true, sisterly love, and for that reason she would gladly have broken the engagement had it lain in her power, for her woman's intuition told her that it would be far easier to break Anna's heart with the full knowledge of Burton's habits than to reform Burton through his affection for his wife.

The wedding-day was now here, and Amy's heart was sad for Anna, who within a few hours must learn at what fount Burton drew his grandest inspirations—the fount of Death!

Cyn, too, was unhappy; Amy's obstinacy had almost broken her mother's heart. To think that her only daughter should so wilfully and without cause (so she insisted) refuse to obey either advice or commands from her mother! That Amy should dare persist that she could not afford a new dress (when her mother, equally positive, assured her that she could afford it), but would wear that "everlasting pink silk"!

GLIMPSE XXVII.—ANNIVERSARY OF BURTON'S WEDDING.

MANY are the changes that are swiftly brought about even in twelve short months. It was with a sense of fear, deepening into horror as the months passed on, that Anna learned that at the table, early in the morning and late at night, at all times, Burton must have his stimulants. She never dreamed that these habits had for years been Burton's master, though by some means she had learned during their courtship of the horrible deaths of his father and grandfather, and she had fervently prayed that Burton might ever be restrained from imbibing even society's friendly glass, lest the slumbering appetite should be aroused to the demon's strength.

Everybody had pitied Anna from the first, but knew the danger of meddling with other people's affairs. No one except her brother could have told her the truth without being credited with pure maliciousness. Thirty years of life will teach the most obtuse that to warn a man or woman in love of even the publicly-understood faults of the adored one will but precipitate affairs to a crisis.

Had Amy even told Anna the truth, it would have been like trying to extinguish a fire with a pair of bellows. Anna would have at once decided that Amy was opposed to the match, and did not desire her for a sister, while other equally

reasonable accusations would have been brought against her. Amy, wiser than some, knew this, and was silent, tenderly resolving that when the hour of suffering came she would prove a true sister to both.

Within the past year that resolve had been oft-times fully tested, and she never failed them. Anna tried long and well to win her husband from the seductive influence of the bottle.

It was useless. Unsteadily he went to slumber each night; if the day's work had been unusually hard, so was the day's drinking; one measured the other. Those who saw him in the early morning knew best how surely this life was telling upon his naturally fine constitution. A sharp cough, a hectic flush, indicated that though fair still on the surface, yet the victory of the battle would soon be to the strong, and the conflict was to be comparatively short, sharp, and decisive.

So indeed it was; but there was another and a fairer victim must fall first. Anna could not long endure this one-handed struggle against relentless Fate. It lessened her faith in her husband's love for her when she found her entreaties that he should forsake his habits were of no avail. Had she been capable of looking at the matter in a scientific light, and could she have seen that his chains had been forged by his paternal ancestors, she would have pitied him more, even though she might still have bitterly censured him for willfully riveting them on with his own hands.

Tender and true she tried to remain to him, but her heart was breaking all the while. All comfort in his society was gone, when she knew that it was not Burton, but Wine that was so witty; she felt a mortal terror of this fiend; she never felt at ease for a moment in its presence, for her heart told her that the imprisoned demon was there, and might manifest itself at the happiest, wittiest moment. Safety was but the chance which might by some sudden freak be instantly changed to imminent danger.

This state of mind was not healthful, and her step grew languid. Daily her breaking heart grew weaker; the pallor around her sweet mouth grew steadily whiter, the glow upon her cheek was daily painted a brighter hue.

A peculiar cough explained the nature of her disease, and people began to say that Burton Meredith and his wife were both ill with consumption. Strange, wasn't it? His was caused

by alcoholic excesses. Hers was caused by a chilled and frightened heart!

Months passed on until a twelvemonth and a day had gone, and with it Anna Pearson Meredith went to that home where fear and disappointment are unknown.

And Burton? He drowned his benumbed sense of sorrow as well as he could in the best of wine, then dressed himself in the most immaculate of linen, with the blackest of jet bosom-studs and cuff-buttons; a new spring suit of lavender broadcloth, a light silk hat with a broad weed, completed his outward display of mourning, and when he had drawn on his faultlessly-fitting black kid gloves, he was ready at the proper time to mourn in his graceful manner as deeply as he was capable of doing.

Amy felt that God at last was merciful to her loved sister, Anna, and though she wept not for the dead, her tears fell fast and free for the living.

A faint hope thrilled her that Anna's death might accomplish that which her life had so signally failed to do.

GLIMPSE XXVIII.—DWINDLING FORTUNES.

Six years have passed away, and Cyn must face the ugly fact that her money has dwindled away, from her repeated drafts upon it, until at her usual rate of living it will soon be completely exhausted.

Cyn has dressed finely and traveled much, but somehow fortunes have not been laid at her feet, and now the question stares her in the face, What shall she do to be saved from work and poverty? Amy bravely tells her that she does not know what can now save her from work, but she does know that work will save her or any one else from poverty.

Despite her mother's protestations, Amy persisted in her plan to enter a shop in the village, and then, with the income from her class, she could allow her mother a fair sum for her board; then Burton might leave the hotel and board with them; Cyn could dismiss her servant, and do the work with her own hands. Cyn was aghast at this proposition. What! she, Cyn, work?

Amy firmly said: "Yes; I do not see any reason why you should not; the work for three grown persons will not be so very depressing. Surely there is no other way, unless you, too, take a

place in the shop, and I suppose you would be too proud to do that."

"Amy Meredith! I should think you would be ashamed to insult your own mother in that way; you've the least feeling of all the persons that I ever knew. You never sympathize with me in any of my troubles, as Burton does. He would not talk to his mother about going into a shop. If I must stoop to work, I had best do my own housework, as you propose; nobody need know much about it. I shall not answer the door-bell until the work is done and I am dressed for company."

"I think, upon the whole, that will be as well as you can do," continued Amy; "then Burton can stay here until he marries again, which will doubtless be a long time, as Gertie has yet quite a while to attend school before she graduates. It does seem too bad for a pure young school-girl like Gertie to love and marry a man with Burton's habits, and a widower also."

"Amy Meredith! Never let me hear you speak of your brother again like that; you speak of Burton's habits as if they were low. Let me tell you that the best and cleverest men in the country indulge in some form of stimulant. Burton is never more charming in conversation than when he has been heavily drinking. I am ashamed of you, Amy."

"I don't doubt it, mother; I believe that has been your chronic condition for a long time. I forgot to say to you that I am going to the city to-night to hear Booth. Frank Mayo is to be my escort, and Jennie Mayo and her lover will accompany us." And Amy coolly started to walk out of the room, as if unconscious that she had added the last straw to her mother's grievances.

"Amy, you shall not; the foreman of that shop, indeed! I do wish that you had never set foot in it."

"Better work than starve, mother, even if it is not quite so genteel; my education is not thorough enough to be of any practical benefit to me, and I cannot live by my wits, for want of capital."

"But you might do as I want you to, and marry Dr. Deming; you know it is talked that he has great expectations, and he has taken a great deal of notice of you; he is young and handsome too. What more do you care for?"

"He is welcome to his expectations, and I'm sure that I wish they may be realized; whether

they are or not is a matter of indifference to me personally. I do not like him, and would not marry him if he were a millionaire. Perhaps he thinks we have great expectations; you know that our nice furniture and extensive wardrobes, secured by past extravagance, might easily lead persons to believe us better off than we are. One thing I forgot to say, mother, Jennie Mayo has made me a generous offer for my watch and chain. I need the money, and it is not in very good taste for a shop-girl to wear a watch. Future acquaintances might greatly misjudge me, not knowing that once I thought I had a right to such luxuries."

"Amy Meredith, are you crazy? You shall not; neither shall you receive any further attention from Frank Mayo. People will surely think that we are poor if you sell that watch. You must try to win Dr. Deming; we need him in the family. You are an ungrateful girl if you refuse to do this; I feel positive that he is rich."

Amy Meredith fairly glowed with indignation, and, with an emphatic stamp of her foot, she replied with much spirit:

"Mother, henceforth I shall act as I think best. I shall receive attention from Frank Mayo. I shall sell my watch; it is decidedly unbecoming to me in our present financial condition, and the money is very much needed. I will not accept Dr. Deming's attentions; I hate him; he is a fortune-hunter." Amy grew more and more excited as she spoke, and at last said bitterly: "Never mind the doctor's youth, mother mine; marry him yourself. It is more in your line than mine."

"Why not?" thought Cyn. "I am not so very old, nor much faded; a brighter thought than you know, Amy," she smilingly whispered to herself.

GLIMPSE XXIX.—GERTIE NORRIS.

GERTIE NORRIS was just in the blush of womanhood, with unfinished education, when Fate threw her in Burton Meredith's path. The romantic ideas of school-girls are well understood, and so it was small wonder that, meeting Burton as she did, henceforth his handsome form and face were to her the beau-ideal of manly grace.

Burton Meredith possessed a full, shapely figure, a fair, smooth skin of medium darkness, and, strange to say, the liquor that he had drunk failed to manifest itself in the changed color of neck and

face. His complexion grew clearer and whiter, with the exception of the flushed cheeks: those grew yet more rosy. One unobservant of the sharp, quick cough and rapid irregular pulse would have been surprised to hear that he was a hard drinker.

It was a sultry, stifling day, and Gertie Norris was languidly sauntering home from school, tired at the very thought of the two-mile-walk before her. Of frail constitution, and strong consumptive tendency, the physician had earnestly desired that, unless the weather were stormy, she should, for the sake of her health, walk to and from school.

To-night she is paler than usual, and she has scarcely passed over half a mile of the homeward walk, when a sudden thunder-peal causes her to glance hastily northward, and she discovers a blackness that frightens her into quickening her steps. Hurriedly now she presses on, her breath coming short and quick, and just as the big drops begin to pelt her maliciously the rapid tread of a horse on the road behind her is heard approaching.

Amid a cloud of dust the steed and carriage whirl past her; instinctively she had turned a pleading face toward it, hoping that it might be some acquaintance, or at least some one kind-hearted enough to take her home in safety.

The driver of the spirited horse had caught a glimpse of that sweet face, now growing terror-stricken at the thought of the coming tempest.

He stopped his horse as soon as possible, and as she came up alongside the carriage, he lifted his hat as if the dusty girl were a queen instead of a school-girl, as her strap full of books told him.

"Are you going far, miss? Will you allow me to take you to your home, wherever that may be?" asked the bright-faced, frankly-spoken gentleman of Gertie.

She felt that Fate was propitious; here was she not only rescued from the storm, but by a hero. Would not her romance exceed those which the other girls had tauntingly tantalized her with heretofore? How they had laughed at her simplicity, until she had positively begun to feel that she must be lacking, or else she would not always have to report nothing yet.

All the girls had had one or two experiences, if not more, and it had made her feel quite insignifi-

cant that she never met with any adventure worth repeating to her friends.

"But now," she thought, as she glanced shyly at her handsome companion, "this was really worth waiting for."

Gertie reciprocated his compliment and introduced herself to Burton Meredith.

"What a pretty name," thought Gertie. "I declare! the whole affair is just perfect."

Nought cared she for rain or thunder now; what if the horse did plunge and rear, when her noble-looking companion seemed so perfectly calm and able to soothe the frightened steed?

"A lovely girl," thought Burton. "I think this will prove to be a fine road to exercise Rex upon, about five P.M."

Burton was assiduous in his effort to entertain his companion, and he rarely failed where he cared to please.

Mr. Norris was well-known to Burton as a wealthy gentleman, and altogether he thought it was not an unpleasant adventure. Gertie's father came out to the carriage and was introduced, and insisted upon Burton's remaining until the tempest was over. So Gertie was to have her romance at last, and it was far sweeter than she had dreamed.

GLIMPSE XXX.—BURTON AN INVALID.

BURTON MEREDITH was too ill to practice, and so he lounged around home through the day, alternately tormenting and petting his beautiful mother. The days now passed drearily enough to one of his active temperament, with the exception of his morning and afternoon drives, which were now the one solace and pleasure of his life.

The physician had recommended him to keep in the open air as much as possible, and to combine pleasure with medicine he drove out to Mr. Norris's each morning, and after taking a brisk drive with Gertie around the pleasant country highways and by-ways, he would leave her at the school-building, bidding her good-bye until five P.M., when he and Rex and the buggy were punctually in attendance waiting for Miss Gertie, and again they sought, amid the soothing summer breezes, for the restoration of failing health.

Burton was won from a melancholy contemplation of his own sufferings by the purity of Gertie's love for him and her perfect faith and confidence in his supposed integrity.

Well might she thus have trusted him, had it not been for his one fatal vice. Gertie never suspected those dark depths and never would have believed a hint of them; until the last she would worship him, and when he left her forever she would mourn for him as for a god.

Burton had been plainly told that his vice was like a vulture consuming his vitality, yet he had not strength to resist; not even as far as his physician dared suggest, to try the experiment of gradually reducing his stimulants, and finally, if possible, dropping them altogether.

The physician knew he would lose the case were he to insist upon his stopping at once and altogether. Burton felt that he could not live without liquor even if he died with it. So he wandered about the house daily like a ghost; yes, a ghost of his former self; of his friends' early hopes; of what he might have been, but for the curse that follows "even unto the third and fourth generation."

Cyn, of course, felt aggrieved when Burton's health failed him and he had no money to pay his board with; how did people think that she could get along if Burton was sick? Surely some one of the family ought to assist her; Cyn had now sunk so low (as she esteemed it) that she was forced to do the family washing herself.

Upon the first Monday morning Amy had asked out of the shop that she might assist a couple of hours, in pity for her mother's unprecedented position. Cyn was busily rubbing clothes in a tub which was placed upon a bench in front of the back window in the kitchen, and now and then a tear of disgust at the thought of her misfortunes dropped brinily into the suds; not many, however, for tears are not beautifiers, as Cyn well knew.

The door-bell rang; Amy was washing dishes, and so asked Burton to go to the door; he slowly gathered himself up from the lounge and in a moment Amy heard him saying, "Mother is out this morning."

Certain events had caused Amy to vow that she would thwart the next lie that should be told to screen their poverty; hastily drying her hands she lightly ran to the door, saying, "Did you inquire for mother? Burton was mistaken, mother is in, though very busy; just step into the kitchen, please; we are washing," and ushered the caller into her mother's presence before the wash-tub. Of all Cyn's life-troubles, this was the worst.

It was soon all over town that Cyn Newell had spent nearly all her money and had to do her own washing. Many were spitefully glad of it.

Dr. Deming did not call quite so frequently thereafter for a time; but as he saw no diminution in their outward appearance of style, he decided that it was all a mistake; they must have an income, and he would have the mother when sure that he could not marry the daughter. Probably the mother held the most property!

GLIMPSE XXXI —AFTER BURTON'S DEATH.

THE sun has risen and set for two months upon the premature grave of Burton Meredith. In what might have been the flower of his manhood, the emaciated form of the wine-bibber was laid in a consumptive's grave.

Cyn thought that it was very hard upon her to lose her son and his support that she had depended upon; Amy felt that it was well for them all, and Gertie in particular, for if Burton would not do better, then he must surely sink lower daily; Gertie felt that the "heavens had fallen," and for her there could be no more earthly sunshine; daily, in sunshine or storm, could have been seen her tall, willowy form and her pale face seeking the greenest, freshest spot in all that cemetery, underneath the sod of which rested her idol. The tears she there wept might well have kept the grass green when other graves were dry and brown.

Her health, too, failed daily; her parents thought that it was her mourning so constantly; but her school-mates, though younger than they, more shrewdly said that she was "dying more in consequence of wet feet and bedraggled skirts, obtained in the dewy grave-yard, than of a broken heart."

Her parents thought it would be wise to take her away from the school so closely associated with all her remembrances of Burton, and they removed her to a private school for young ladies, where her sad face and sweet, grave manners soon completely won the heart of the widowed professor, and ere the graduation day her promise was won to return to the school after the long vacation, as his wife.

Gertie told herself philosophically and sadly that she should never love any one again, and she might as well marry the elderly professor whom she thoroughly respected, and perhaps in a home of her own and with its attendant duties she

would the sooner forget her useless regrets and mourning for the utterly lost.

The wedding was brilliant and long talked-of. The bride was described as being as white as a marble statue, with large, luminous black eyes, that seemed forever startled, forever watching for something that they should never see, alas! never more.

Mrs. Gertie grew each month fairer and more frail, until the professor felt his heart faint within him at the thought of again mourning for a lost wife.

"Consumption," the doctors called it. "Hereditary, I believe," the professor sadly said to the friends who came to condole with him. "Broken-hearted," firmly believed Gertie and her family.

But her school friends clung to their earlier theory of careless exposure.

GLIMPSE XXXII.—AMY DEFIES HER MOTHER.

AMY defied her mother completely at last, and married Frank Mayo.

Her mother had finally ceased tormenting her about winning Dr. Deming, whom Amy persisted in considering an adventurer. Amy knew that their style of living was very deceptive, and she firmly believed that he thought them possessed of ample means.

She and Frank loved each other truly, and were willing to go West and grow up with the country. The little that was left of her inheritance would furnish a neat home for them, and Frank had enough to establish himself comfortably in business.

This was a terrible blow to Cyn's pride, for she had hoped until the last that Amy might be prevailed upon to marry well and then support her; she felt no pride about depending upon that unknown son-in-law, not the slightest. But Amy had disappointed her at the last. Cyn was more than half tempted to take Amy at her word, and marry Dr. Deming herself.

It would not be so very bad a match (so she argued) even as regarded age, for so well had Cyn cared for her beauty that she did not look much, if any, older than she represented herself to be, and she frankly "owned up" to thirty-eight, and it was so many years now since she had first told this as her age, that she had almost made herself (if no one else) believe that it was really so, and

those that heard her repeat the story did not doubt but that she was at least as old as that despite her youthful looks. Dr. Deming was possibly thirty-five, so the difference after all the talk was not so very great. And why shouldn't she marry him?

A few days later Dr. Deming called upon the widow to condole with her upon her daughter's marriage, and ere he left he and the widow had decided to forget all disparities, and to console each other for life. The doctor urged an early marriage upon account of the widow's extreme loneliness; and she accepted because her funds were so extremely lonely that she was afraid each time that she was forced to call upon that much-depleted bank account she should find it exhausted. When two persons are agreed upon anything, why delay? So thought the shrewd doctor and the equally astute widow; there was a well-matched pair this time—congenial spirits indeed.

Amy received the letter from her mother heralding her contemplated marriage and the paper announcing the consummation of her plans upon the same day.

The unpleasant and disgraceful news made her nearly ill; she was thankful that she should hardly be expected to meet them, that at least was some comfort; she would not visit her mother now, and it was scarcely probable that her rejected lover would care to visit her and bring her mother as his wife with him.

Surely there is "no fool like an old fool."

GLIMPSE XXXIII.—IN THE WEST.

AMY lived very happily in her Western home; business prospered with her husband, and they gained not only the comforts of life, but many of the luxuries also. Two children were born, as charming and winsome as one would care to see. But the drop of bitter was even there; Frank's health was surely failing, and it was but a question of months at most as to the time when they must part. Her little ones—ah! there, too, was an ever-present sorrow; the children were never well, seemed ever dying of some hidden disease, and Amy questioned if it were not the fatal alcoholic taint that had run such riot in Burton's life. Were it so, she felt that perhaps it were better to see them fade thus in their childhood than to live until the horror developed its worst forms.

Yet Amy was sometimes sad and tearful as she thought of her possibly lonely future. She tried to look upon it all with cheerful resignation, and not darken her husband's few remaining months by making conspicuous her sorrow. There would be time enough to mourn when it was all over. When "it was all over"!—who does not know the bitterness of those terrible words?

Amy heard unpleasant reports of her mother's third marriage. It proved as was prophesied—an even match, and for once both were cheated.

A few months proved to Cyn's satisfaction that she was married to a poor man, and of course she always knew that he did not care for her; indeed, how could he? He found that his wife was as poor as himself. What a happy couple they must have been! Yet, for a few months, shame for what they had done caused them cautiously to conceal from the world their mutual disgust, and they kept up for a time the amusing farce of a pair of devoted lovers, incongruous as it appeared to observers.

This was too foreign from the reality to be lasting, and soon there were rumors of bickerings, of uncongeniality, of jealousy upon her part, and "wars and rumors of wars."

Amy was much distressed as these rumors from the distant East reached her, and when she heard there was a mutual understanding between them, that he should go away and remain awhile, and thus give her the chance to apply for a divorce upon the plea of "neglect and non-support," and then he should trade upon his handsome whiskers and fine figure and try to win a rich wife, and thereafter allow Cyn a handsome annuity in consideration of her consenting to make him a free man again, Amy thought that the family disgrace was complete.

The death of her husband and one child, the mortal illness of the second, the sacrificing of household treasures and the business to raise the necessary money for a trip to Europe, now the only hope for her one remaining treasure; the struggle there for her baby's life and her own subsistence by giving music lessons, filled her mind and life to the exclusion of Cyn and her disgraceful affairs.

Her struggle was all in vain; her babe sank away from her clinging arms, and with the pittance of money left her she embarked for America, bringing with her the precious casket containing

all that was left of her bonny boy, that she might place it beside her husband and other babe. Poor and ill she landed in this country, her husband dead, her mother worse than dead to her; she had no home to go to, no spot in this wide world to which she was welcome.

Her mother had imposed herself upon a cousin. Even had Cyn possessed a home, Amy felt that it would have been impossible for her to live with her mother again.

So, ill in health as she was, without seeing her mother, she sought for pupils, and once again resumed, as well as she could, her old habits of labor. The old story was repeated: the innocent must suffer for the sins of the guilty.

GLIMPSE XXXIV.—FRED BELL'S WEDDING.

FRED BELL and his now quite elderly sister (though still to him Baby Bell) were awaiting in the common waiting-room of a small country station for the next train, as a familiar figure in black garments quietly passed them; there was but one such in the world, thought Fred, so he quickly followed it, and his heart "stood still" as he heard the hollow hack, hack, with her every movement. As she turned to sit down, Fred clasped both hands in his with such warmth that the sad eyes filled with tears at the unexpected kindness.

Baby also recognized Amy, and gave her a warm greeting; the "Where are you going?" brought out the whole story.

She was forced at last to put her pride aside, and seek a home with an uncle; it was of no use, she told them, with a sob, for her to struggle any longer, she was now too weak to work. She betrayed the bitterness to her of asking this of her uncle, and Fred impulsively said:

"Amy, do not be angry with me for speaking thus before Baby; she has long known my secret. Will you marry me, if for no other reason than to give me the right to take you to my home; I do not ask you to love me, that question was asked and answered long ago; but will you let me love you and care for you? Baby will gladly give you a sister's love and a sister's care if you will come with us; tell her so, Baby, please."

Baby told her so in such a tender, motherly way that Amy accepted their offer with sobbing joy.

Was there ever such a wooing, such a betrothal as this—in a wayside railroad station?

To Amy it was the sweetest of all wooings, though she did not profess even to herself that she was suddenly in love; yet she felt that a life-time could not repay Fred's kindness, and if her life were spared he should not regret this day.

GLIMPSE XXXV.—DEATH OF MRS. BELL.

BUT life was not spared. Ere the sun had sunk behind the western hills on that memorable night Amy was the tenderly, truly loved wife of Fred Bell. "Mrs. Bell!"—she could scarcely believe it; but it was very welcome to her, this pleasant home feeling, instead of the cold charity she had anticipated from her uncle's family.

For a few days she appeared to improve, and from that time sank very rapidly. The fell destroyer, Consumption, had held an iron though partially concealed sway over her system for a long time, and now, as if delighted to show his power, the hectic fever pulsed rapidly, as it ran its madly riotous course through her delicate veins.

All that love could suggest, or money procure, was now at hand for her comfort; but the decree was passed, and it could not be averted.

Devotedly Fred Bell hovered about the bedside of his dying wife, and, whenever conscious, sweetly did she reward his solicitude by the tenderest of thanks.

How changed were her feelings. If she could live, how gladly would she now do so, for the sake of proving her gratitude to him; yet a few weeks ago and she had not cared for her health, even as she might have done, thinking that she would willingly anticipate the time of her going home.

Yet, when unconscious, her heart spake as if the events of the past few days had not been; she murmured only of Frank and her children. Baby tried to coax Fred away then, thinking that it was needlessly paining him to listen to her incoherent wanderings.

Fred refused to leave, saying that this created for him no additional pain, for he had known it all before. If she had lived, she might some day have learned to say Fred, instead of Frank; but if she had not, he should never have blamed her.

He took all the chances when he married her in that off-hand manner.

His chief thought then and now was to make her comfortable, so he stayed by her until the very last. Four weeks later she died, wholly

unconscious, her hand lying in his, her eyes looking up fondly at him, her precious lips calling him "dear Frank."

Cyn was invited to the funeral of the daughter she had not seen since her first wedding-day.

Amy was dead; regrets were useless now.

Fred and Baby live quietly as of old.

GLIMPSE XXXVI.—CYN SOLILOQUIZES.

WHETHER it was because the deserving are always rewarded, or that the brave deserve the fair, we know not, but after much praiseworthy attention and assiduity, and bravery of public opinion, Dr. Deming was married again, and this time to an heiress indeed. He trusted to no hearsay evidence this time, but satisfied himself that the cash was there before committing himself, and then hastened to throw himself at her feet.

Cyn now lives in aristocratic idleness and well-dressed comfort in a distant State; any one that cares to inquire whence comes the income that thus supports her may, but most people are fully satisfied whose gold she is using.

Stately, beautiful as ever, she walks the street, clothed in the most becoming of mourning suits; the bands of heavy English crape about her bonnet bring into beautiful relief her rich masses of wavy,

silvery hair that surround her yet fair forehead with a beauty not less becoming than its earlier darkness was to her girlish face. A woman like Cyn grows old gracefully.

She still bears herself complacently, and fancies she wears with grace her gift from the Legislature—Mrs. Cyn H. Meredith. The country people stared wildly when upon reading their weekly paper they discovered among the "Acts" one granting "Cyn Hathaway, Meredith, Newell, Deming" permission to write her name henceforth Cyn Hathaway Meredith. With superb coolness she asserted that Burton Meredith was the only man she had ever loved, and consequently his name was the only name she was willing to wear.

Doubtless she is saying to herself this day: "I've managed pretty well in this world. I've made my beauty pay; to be sure, there was a time once when things looked very dark, and I had to work, but now that seems only like some bad dream; it is past, and I'll forget it as soon as possible."

And with this heartless speech we gain the last glimpse of the beautiful and selfish Cyn, whose character and life have been portrayed with loathing, not loving.

LORA.

BY PAUL PASTNOR.

SIXTH MOVEMENT.—THE MARGIN OF THE SHADOW.

THRICE to the hill-top had Oliver Bascom ascended,
Thrice round the low-nestling tavern his circuit completed;
Now it was noon, and the step of the gelding was weary;
Therefore the young man drove under the shade of some
maples,
Hitched his tired horse to the fence, where a spout from the
hill-side
Coiled in a trough deep and mossy a thread of sweet water.
Then, full of fancies, he walked through the opposite wood-
land,
This way and that, till he came to a low, marshy clearing,
Where was a pond, and pond-lilies asleep in the sunshine.
There on a bank cool and mossy he lay down to listen
Unto his thoughts, and the thousand soft sounds of the
forest.
Thus as the lover reclined in the slumberous noontide,
Gave his wild fancies the wing, and pursued them with
wishes,

Stealthily stole on his senses the murmur incessant,
Wooping his thoughts till they faded away into dream-
land.

Lora had gathered some daisies and red and white clover,
Also a handful of violets drooping and thirsty.
But in her heart she conceived of more excellent setting,—
Even a pond-lily garland to gird the brown woodcock.
Now, as she stood on a knoll in the heat-quivering meadow,
Faint from the south came the perfume of sun-beaten
lilies,
Borne on the breeze; and deep into the woodland she
traced it,
Parting the leaves, till she came to a pool black and
stagnant,
Full of the fragrant white flowers, like spirits unsullied!
Lora sat down on the bank, and removed shoes and
stockings;
Then between twigs she crept daintily down to the water,

Dipped one fair foot, and drew back with a start and a shiver,
Then with the other plunged in, and pushed out toward the
lilies.

Oliver Bascom awoke from his dream in confusion.
Visions of Lora were melting away in the branches;
Even the sound of her voice seemed to thrill through the
forest!

Quickly he rose, and his dream in an instant fell from him.
There stood the beautiful maiden, the queen of his fancies,
Girt with the pale, fragrant lilies, but sinking among them,
Trembling and faint with her terrible struggles for freedom.
One helpless hand unto him o'er the water was reaching,
But in the other she carried a few dripping lilies!

Then, like a storm-bringing wind in the aisles of the forest,
Oliver Bascom rushed down to the rim of the water.
Bowed were the bushes—their leaves made a shouting
before him!

Madly he dashed through the ooze, through the pads of the
lilies,
Stretching his arms toward the maiden, and longing to save
her.

Meanwhile the water rose up to the shoulders of Lora.
"Help me!" she moaned, and her face became ashen with
weakness.

But in the terrible slime her deliverer faltered.
Fast were his feet, and he struggled in vain to remove them.
Round him the water was white with his furious beatings.
See! with the fierce, final might of his matchless devotion,
Bending far forward, he's wrenched his right foot from the
quagmire;

Now, too, his left, finding hold on a root of the flag-grass,
And he is free to return to the shore, unto sweet life!
Wildly he looked at the pale, lovely face of the maiden,
Saw the black index of death cross the curve of her mute lips,
Measuring life by the space of the tide from her nostrils.
Laughed the fierce water as oft as her quick breathings
stirred it!

Straightway he knelt, and, extending his strong arms around
her,

Sank in the slime, as he mightily raised her above him,
Sank till his shoulders beneath the black water were hidden,
Sank till his neck and his face by the foulness were circled.
But the fair maiden arose like a nymph from the ocean!
Murmured the lips of the drowning man, half under water;
But the faint words gave no sign, save an up-gurgling
bubble!

So he sank down, the grand lover, too noble for woman;
Deep in the slime he found rest, and his soul burst the
darkness.

(To be continued).

NOVELTIES IN FANCY-WORK.

By MARIAN FORD.

SHAWL-BAG WITH STRAPS.

During the month of June, when almost every
one is forming plans for summer travel, readers



FIG. 1.—SHAWL-BAG WITH STRAPS.

will doubtless find the design for the handsome
shawl-bag with straps, illustrated in this number
of the MONTHLY, specially opportune, and many

will provide themselves with so convenient an
article.

Fig. 1 shows the bag closed, and Fig. 2 open.
When open, it is sixty-two inches long and twenty-
six inches wide. Fig. 3 gives the design for the
embroidery, and Fig. 4 shows a portion of this
embroidery in the exact size. The work is exe-
cuted with crewel wool, in different colors and
shades. The material may be linen, flannel,
woolen reps, etc. For those who do not care to
execute the elaborate embroidery, a very neat and
sufficiently pretty bag can be made of coarse gray
or écru linen, or white duck, trimmed with two
rows of black, red, or blue braid, stitched on the
fabric, and one row of feather-stitching worked
with single zephyr wool, the color of the braid,
between. Add one or more initials in ordinary
cross-stitch embroidery in the centre of the bag.

FELT CARPET WITH COLORED EMBROIDERY.

The rage for embroidery has long since included
rugs of every size, and the design for ornamenting
a felt carpet, illustrated in Fig. 5, will afford many

useful suggestions. This carpet is sixty-four inches long and forty-seven inches wide, the ground a light gray, and the border composed of black and

accumulate in every household. Cut the pieces of wool into strips half an inch wide; then, with a coarse needle, darn them in and out lengthwise through the material of the coffee-bag, not drawing them flat to the foundation, but leaving loops nearly an inch in height between each stitch. Taste in the arrangement of the colors is of course required. After the darning is finished, the whole is clipped. A very pretty rug of this kind recently shown the writer had a border of black, while the centre was gray, dotted at intervals with circles of scarlet.

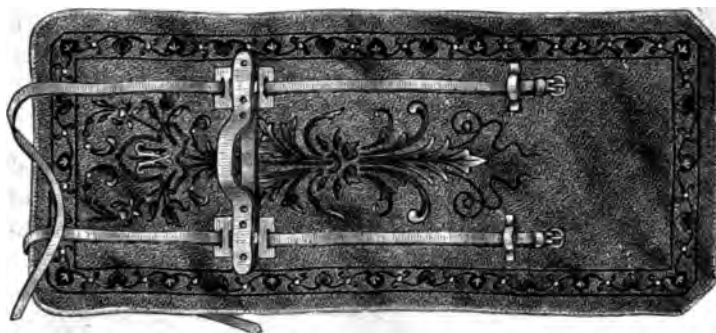


FIG. 3.—SHAWL-BAG WITH EMBROIDERY.

red figures. The pattern of the border is given in Fig. 6. Crewel wool is used for the embroidery which follows the design of the woven pattern. The colors are blue, over-stitched with yellow for the straight lines, while the middle figures are worked alternately in blue, red, yellow, lilac, olive, and brown; chain, satin, and tent stitches being employed.

COFFEE-BAG RUGS.

Very pretty rugs can be made of common coffee-bags ornamented with various designs in cross-stitch embroidery, worked with double zephyr wool. Figures of animals, men, flowers, geometrical patterns, and mottoes are put on hap hazard, wherever room can be found, the whole being surrounded by a border in key pattern, or any other design that suits the maker's taste.

The result is quaint, bright, and pretty. After the embroidery is finished, the rug should be lined with some stout material, and completed with woolen fringe.

Another style of manufacturing these rugs also furnishes an excellent method of utilizing the woolen scraps that

EMBROIDERED RUG.

An excellent design for an embroidered rug is given in Fig. 7, which illustrates a rug sixty-five inches long and forty-two inches wide. The material is coarse, olive-shaded frieze, and the embroidery is executed in satin and tent stitch. Subdued tints should be chosen for the colors used in the work.

KNITTED RUG.

Another variety of rug is made from bits of Brussels carpeting, which are cut in strips two and a half or three inches wide and then raveled. With coarse knitting-needles and twine knit two or three strands of the raveled wool into each stitch. Make these strips of any width and length that may be desired, then sew together as many of them as may be necessary to make a rug of the size wanted. Clip the surface till the ends of the wool are even, and finish with wool fringe. These rugs do not need lining, will not

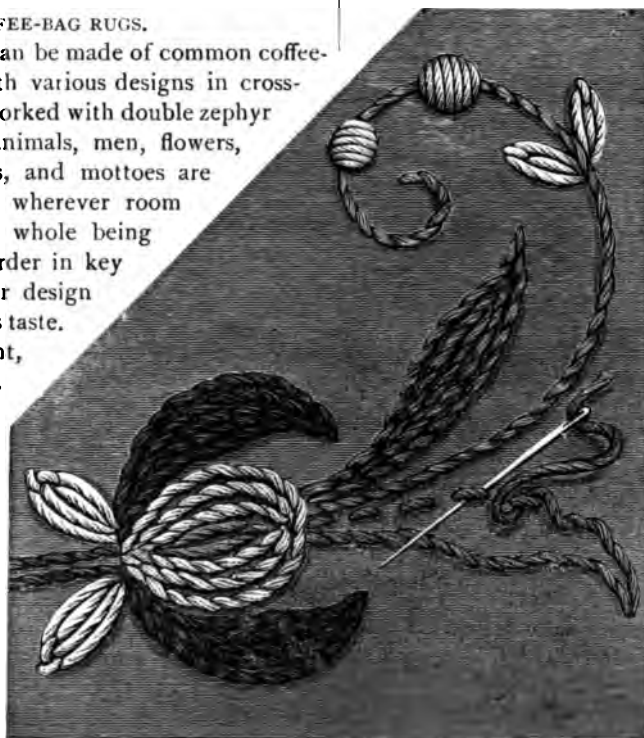


FIG. 4.—EMBROIDERY DESIGN FOR FIG. 3 (EXACT SIZE).

curl at the edges, and are somewhat Oriental in effect.



FIG. 2.—SHAWL-BAG OPEN.

SILK PATCHWORK COVERLET.

In the universal mania for old-fashioned articles, the patchwork of our grandmothers' days has again come into favor, and people are eagerly hoarding and begging all the bits of velvet, silk, and satin to be obtained. Those unable to procure a sufficient stock by either begging or hoarding, rush to the shops to buy remnants, which can often be procured at very low prices.

Having secured a sufficient quantity of material, a pretty coverlet can be made as follows: Cut a pasteboard square of any size desired, and fold it diagonally, forming triangles, to be used as patterns. By these triangles cut pieces of silk and satin—one light and one dark color—enough to form the centre. Sew the triangles together to make blocks, always keeping the widest part of

the darkest shade on the *top* of the square. Having sewed together a sufficient number of blocks to form a centre of the size desired, finish with a border of two shades of ribbon, plain, striped, or brocaded, filling in the corners with squares of silk, satin, or velvet, embroidered or painted. Line with silk or Farmer's satin.

TRUNK WITH EMBROIDERED STRIPS.

Boxes more or less elaborate in style are found so convenient for holding various articles of underclothing, work, or dresses, which need to

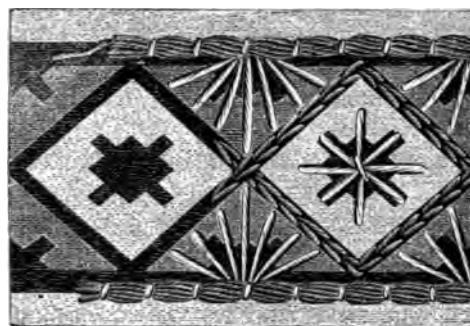


FIG. 6.—PATTERN OF BORDER FOR FIG 5.

be protected from the dust with special care, that few chambers are now considered comfortably furnished without at least one of these useful

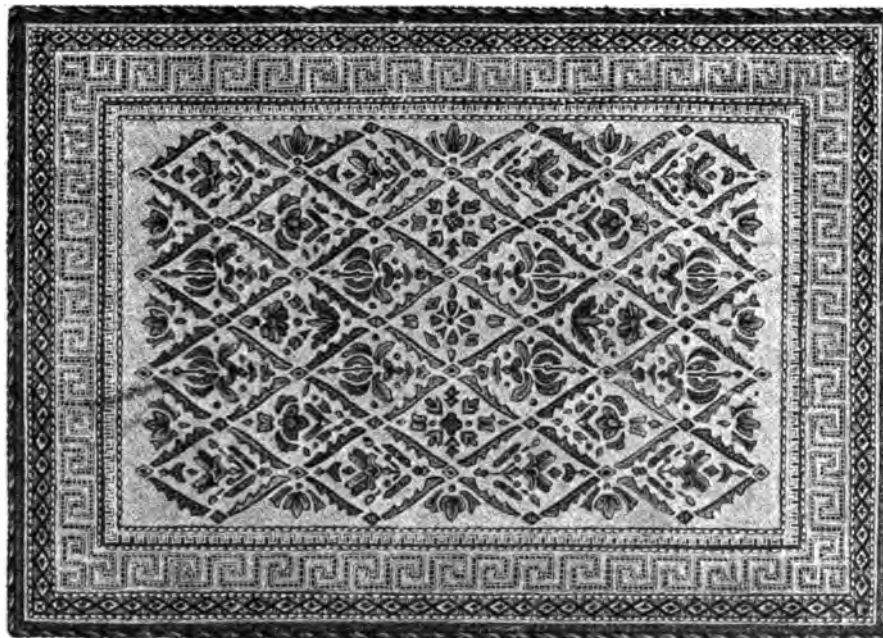


FIG 5.—FELT CARPET WITH COLORED EMBROIDERY.

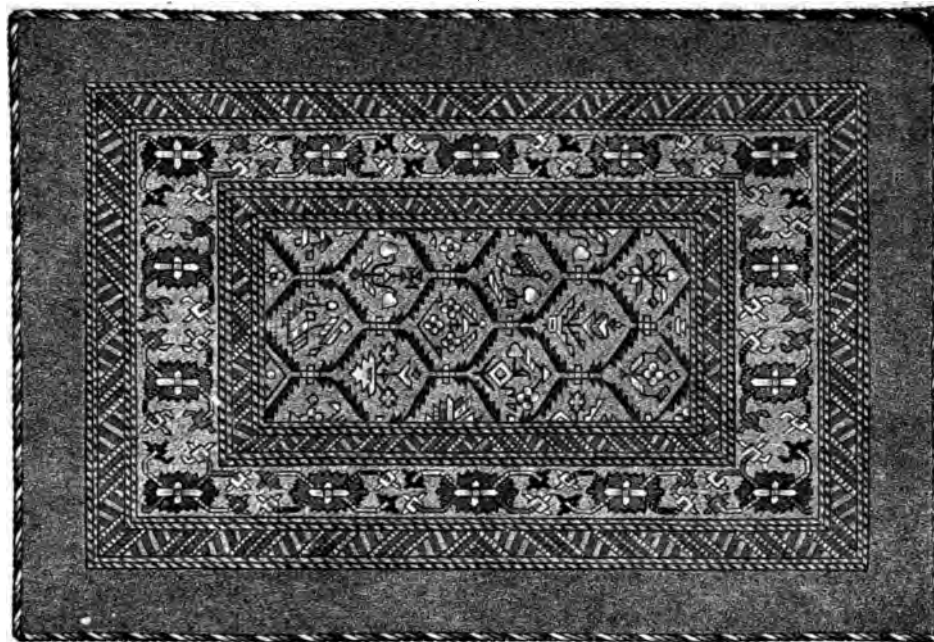


FIG. 7.—EMBROIDERED RUG.

receptacles. The one illustrated in Fig. 8 is sufficiently elegant to suit the most fastidious taste and be admitted as an ornament into the handsomest apartment. The box which forms the foundation is eighteen inches high, seventy-seven inches long, and thirty-four inches broad. The lining is blue satin, and the outside is covered with stamped cardinal red velvet. Two strips of black cloth, embroidered with colored filoselle silk, and bordered with red silk cord, complete the trunk, which is also ornamented with steel handles, lock, etc. These, however, may be omitted, handles of red silk cord taking the place of the metal ones; and if a lock is not required, a loop of red silk cord, fastened *under* the lid and projecting on the outside, can be used to open the trunk.

Persons who prefer less elaborate ornamentation can make very pretty coverings of plainer material,—the ordinary figured cretonne is much used,—tacked smoothly over the sides and top of the wooden box, which serves as a foundation, and finished

with a box-plaited or gathered ruffle, fastened around the top of the lid.

An excellent design, if the maker wishes to expend only a small amount of money and labor, is to pad the box slightly on top with hair or any other desirable stuffing, heaping it higher toward the centre, then tack on a covering of silesia, selecting a cover that will harmonize with the furniture of the room—scarlet or cardinal red is particularly pretty. Next cut from gray or écru linen, or Java canvas, a piece sufficiently large to cover the top of the box, making allowance for



FIG. 8.—TRUNK WITH EMBROIDERED STRIPS.

the space occupied by stuffing. Embroider or braid an initial in the centre, using the color of



FIG. 9.—THREE-CORNERED PINCUSHION.

the silesia lining, and about three inches from the edge make a border of drawn-work, wide or narrow, as may suit the maker's taste. The effect of the colored lining through the open-work is very charming. The front and sides of the box can be finished in the same way, placing the drawn-work border about three inches above the bottom, the plain space below being filled by a box-plaited flounce three inches wide. Another box-plaited flounce borders the lid.

If the drawn-work requires more time than can conveniently be spared, two rows of inch-wide braid, with one row of feather-stitching between, form a pretty and effective substitute. The braid and feather-stitching should be the same color as the initial, and of course selected to match or contrast prettily with the other furniture in the room.

THREE-CORNERED PINCUSHION.

The novel and handsome pincushion, illustrated in Fig. 9, is easily made, and very handsome when completed.



FIG. 10.—COPPER BOTTLE-STAND.

The foundation is a triangular card-board box, two and a half inches high, measuring nine and a

half inches on each side, and covered with perfumed wadding. The covering consists of a piece of cardinal red velvet, surrounded by a strip of white cloth, cut in points on both edges, and ornamented with cross-stitch embroidery in cardinal red and pale-blue. Any of the narrow patterns illustrated in previous numbers of the MONTHLY would be suitable for this purpose. Two ruches of satin ribbon, a row of white thread lace, gathered or plaited, and red and blue tassels, whose arrangement is clearly represented in the cut, complete the cushion.

TURK'S-HEAD PINCUSHION.

Another style of pincushion, called the "Turk's-head," will be found a very pretty ornament to the bureau.

Cut from satin a circular piece, three inches in diameter, then gather a bias piece of satin to fit



FIG. 11.—TIN CARD-RECEIVER.

it, and sew firmly on. Shirr the upper part of the bias piece till the circular opening is the same size as the round piece of satin below, thus forming a puff, which is stuffed with soft wool wadding.

Make a second pincushion, just the size of the circular opening, cover with silk or cotton cloth, and fasten it to the lower one. Then cut from black or white cloth or flannel a circle two or three inches larger than the small cushion, and shape the extra size into points. Embroider each point with a small design, and border with a row of feather-stitching. The round central portion should also be outlined with a row of feather-stitching, and the middle embroidery with bright-hued silks in any fancy stitches or designs, to give an Oriental effect.

Finish the end of each point with a tassel, and sew one also between every two points. These tassels are prettiest made of silk, or, if the cost

must be considered, split zephyr wool, combining the different colors of the embroidery. They are also frequently made of cloth or flannel, like that



FIG. 12.—WORK-BASKET WITH COLORED EMBROIDERY.

composing the cover of the small cushion, cut in narrow strips and wound with silk, in the method described in the article entitled "Embroidery for Home Decoration," in the March number of the MONTHLY. It is perhaps hardly necessary to mention that the tassels for the pincushion should be made considerably smaller than the dimensions given for those ornamenting the table-cover.

When the cloth cover is finished, the circular portion inside the points should exactly fit the

small cushion, over which it must be securely fastened, the points and tassels resting on the satin puff below, which can be made larger or smaller by cutting the bias strip wider or narrower. As the fullness and size of the puff may be varied to suit individual taste, the writer would recommend cutting the circular bottom piece and bias strip from cotton cloth, stuffing the puff loosely, and laying on the upper cushion with its cover, when the effect can be instantly seen. The necessary changes can then be made when the satin is cut; or, if none are needed, the cotton serves for a pattern, to be kept till the next cushion is wanted, for few persons who use this design are satisfied with one.

The colors can be varied almost indefinitely. A cardinal satin puff with black embroidered cover, pale-blue satin with white cloth, and rose-colored satin with pale-blue are all handsome combinations. A cushion of this style intended for a wedding gift should have a white satin puff, white cloth cover embroidered with white silk and pearl beads, and white silk tassels.

COPPER BOTTLE-STAND AND TIN CARD-RECEIVER.

The art of ornamenting small articles with etching is beginning to make its way into the



FIG. 13.—LAMBREQUIN FOR FIG. 12.

home-circle, and though not within the domain of embroidery, may, perhaps, under the general head of "fancy-work," fairly claim a place in papers devoted to the various means of beautifying our American dwellings.

Etching is a method of working on copper or other metals, wherein the lines or strokes are eaten with aquafortis, instead of being cut with a graver. Two very pretty designs, illustrating a bottle-stand and a card-receiver, decorated with this kind of work, are given in Figs. 10 and 11.

Prepare the following mixture for the etching: Put one ounce of virgin wax, two ounces of the best asphaltum, calcined, and half an ounce of turpentine, with one ounce of colophony, in powder, into a *new* earthen pot, and set it on a hot stove, stirring the contents continually until they are thoroughly melted.

Trace the pattern to be copied on tissue-paper and place it on the metal to be etched. Lay the ground—the prepared mixture—on thinly, but not too much so, and be careful that it covers every particle of the drawing. Trace each figure *slightly* with a blunt edging-needle. Then put the metal thus prepared into a mixture of three ounces of distilled water and one ounce of aquafortis, with some powdered chlorkaly (chlorcali). Let it remain for about two hours, then rinse with distilled water, and wipe it carefully with a soft silk handkerchief. Let it stand for an hour, then wash the mixture (ground) off with turpentine, and polish the metal with silver-soap.

WORK-BASKET WITH COLORED EMBROIDERY.

The dainty work-basket illustrated in Fig. 12 will be found very useful to hold the embroideries which serve to occupy so many hours at summer resorts. The foundation is a brown wicker-work-basket, thirteen inches long and eleven inches high, including the bag, which is five inches deep. The ends are ornamented with a lambrequin, whose design is shown in full size in Fig. 13.

White or yellow bobbinet—a kind of net used chiefly for curtains, etc.—is laid upon red velvet or plush, and the embroidery is then worked on it with crewel wool. The lace *appliqué*, in the illustration, is edged and fastened by a double thread of indigo-blue crewel overcast with yellow stitches. The lower leaves of the middle figure are worked in salmon color, and have a brown stitch in the middle. The stems and calixes of

the yellow blossoms and that of the blue flower in the middle are also worked in brown. A woven woolen border in olive and brown, about an inch wide, edges the lambrequin and trims the upper part of the basket. The bag is of peacock-blue satin, through which a double silk cord of the same color is passed.

BASKET AIR-CASTLE.

This ornament is formed of tiny baskets, which are made in the following manner: Cut from pale-blue, pink, or light-green paper—which must be tolerably thick—oblong pieces four and a quarter inches long and three inches wide, and twice their number of strips of silver-paper, one quarter of an inch wide and four and a quarter inches long. Glue two of these strips flatly on opposite sides of each oblong bit of colored paper, having the edges exactly meet, then fold the trimmed edges together, with the silver-paper outside, making a crease along the folded line, and carefully cut slashes, leaving a very narrow space between, extending up to the silver band. Open the pieces, turn them over, gum the two short, untrimmed ends together, thus forming a round basket, with a silver border at the top and bottom, and the sides slashed and bending outward.

Next make handles for the baskets of strips of silver paper lined with the colored paper—which should be quarter of an inch wide and four inches long—and paste them to the top on the inside. With zephyr wool twist a small cord long enough to suspend the group of baskets the desired height from the chandelier, pass it through the handle of a basket and fasten it in a bow-knot finished with tassels.

Hang four baskets to the bottom of the first—one on each of the four sides—by passing strips of silver-paper, lined with colored paper, through the handles and gumming the ends neatly inside to the lower edge. Fasten another group of four to each of these baskets, and, if desired, suspend one basket with four more attached, by another cord passing up through the bottom of the upper basket and placed cross-wise to the first cord on its handle, so it will hang the same distance below the largest group, as the corresponding one does above it.

(To be continued.)

CURRENT TOPICS.

The Moral Element in Literature.—A writer in a recent number of the "Cornhill Magazine" gives a very sensible discussion of this theme. He ridicules the idea that an inartistic, slovenly, or commonplace piece of literary workmanship becomes praiseworthy by having a moral tacked to the end of it, as used to be done, and as is still the vogue with those, too often, marvelous specimens of stupidity, tracts and Sunday-school books, or from the fact that inwoven in its very texture is some high and worthy moral purpose or social reform. We all know that men may be very clever and yet be arrant knaves. And we know, too, that men may be altogether too good for the world as the world goes, and yet be dreadfully stupid. Now, your clever knave is a much more delightful intellectual companion than your stupid saint; only, of course, he must not too seriously disregard the proprieties. No right-thinking man would hesitate a moment, we imagine, in preferring the bright and spicy book of a clever worldly man to the dismal goodness of a writer whose morality was his chief stock in trade; and furthermore, to our mind, there seems no doubt but that from such a choice he would get the greater benefit.

So much is perfectly clear. But when it comes to a choice between two clever writers, one of high moral tone, the other of low, the right-thinking man above referred to would show, we think, even less hesitation than in the former case in making his choice. Of course, the book of highest moral tone would be at once preferred. And writers, however clever, who belittle virtue, who deride morality, who preach against the tendencies which make for righteousness persistently, constantly, purposely,—who exalt the baser parts of our nature, who sing the praises of vice and indecency, who make maudlin hymns to immorality, whose cry is

"Come down and release us from virtue,
O mother of pain,"

cannot be regarded with any favor or toleration. The worship of dirt, however splendid its ritual, however mellifluous the antiphonies of its litany may be, with whatever grace of word or rhythm its praises may be hymned, is not, and must not be considered, a pleasant thing for a man to contemplate. And no literary work which seeks among the slums of our natures for detestable objects to celebrate, and that comes up reeking with the filth of all that is lowest and basest in humanity, only faintly endeavoring to disguise its real nature by the fragrance of charming poetical forms, should for a moment be thought of as entitled to praise. We cannot disassociate form and content, applauding the one while reproaching the other. If a work be thoroughly vile in its moral purpose or effect, no one has a right to claim for it a high rank among literary works.

The writer mentioned, at the outset of this paper, thinks that all such performances as novels with a purpose, as they are called,—that is, with some purpose other than to be the simple pictures of life and development of characters under

certain conditions,—are not entitled to the highest praise. The man with the thesis to prove will not take an impartial view of life; certain phases he will ignore, others he will exaggerate. It seems to us that much can be said upon either side of this question. We see no reason why the great genius may not give a perfectly true picture of life, and yet, at the same time, by the wonderful skill with which he shall choose his characters and pick his situations, present, at the same time, a powerful argument for some question of social reform or amelioration. Indeed, we think this has been done in notable instances and without caricature.

Morality, this writer urges, is in literature what health is in the individual. Sound morality is good health. Good literature must be morally sound as the good athlete must be physically healthy. Literature of low moral tone is sure evidence that the morals of the author or of the public, or of both, are in an unhealthy state. There may be excellence in some directions, but work that is thoroughly unsound, from a moral point of view, cannot be put in the first rank.

But in regarding any literary work, much depends upon our own standpoint and mental attitude as to whether we shall be well or ill affected. The concluding paragraph of the article which gave rise to these remarks states so clearly what influence a great writer exerts, that we cannot refrain from quoting it entire:

"The true service which any great writer renders to his age is not to be summed up by calculating the amount of information, as to facts, or the number of verifiable theories which he has propounded. He is great so far as he has been the mouthpiece through which some new and fruitful idea has been added to the general current of thought. If he be a philosopher, or a man of science, he is great so far as he has revealed new and efficient methods of inquiry, and applied a stimulus to our intellectual activity. If a poet, he is great so far as he has set before us some impressive ideal of life, or found utterance for the deepest emotions of his contemporaries. The stimulus received from a great mind acts in countless indirect ways, and produces an intellectual ferment which may lead to results entirely unforeseen by him, and possibly very different from those which he would have approved. Now, it is undoubtedly a matter of great importance to every one capable of intellectual interests that he should bring himself into frequent and close contact with the great men of all times, and especially with the great men of our own time; for if such men are uttering old truths they are yet bringing out those aspects, and clothing them in those forms, which are most important at the present day. Nobody, I need hardly say, can appreciate the great issues of the time, or sympathize with the great currents of thought, who has not been more or less at home with the writings of such men as Mr. Carlyle, or Cardinal Newman, or J. S. Mill, or Mr. Darwin, or Mr. Tennyson, or Mr. Browning—I will mention no one whose name could excite a controversy. And the service which such men render is

not that they impress upon us some specific moral axiom, or that they provide us with additional arguments against stealing, lying, or drunkenness; but that they rouse, excite, and elevate our whole natures—set us thinking, and therefore enable us to escape from the fetters of ancient prejudice and worn-out platitude, or make us perceive beauty in external nature, or set before us new ideals of life, to which we should otherwise have been indifferent. But we have to co-operate in the result, if it is to be of any real value. We are not to be passive buckets to be pumped into, as Mr. Carlyle puts it, mere receptacles for ready-made ideas, but fellow-creatures capable of being roused into independent activity. Now, in this sense, it is difficult to say where a man may not find some valuable matter. An active-minded man should be awake to all the interests of the day, and should find food for thought everywhere; he may learn something even from the flippant leading article in which a youth fresh from college puts all the philosophers and statesmen of the day in their proper places of due subordination to his own theories; he may even learn something as to the ways of thought and feeling of his neighbors from novels of the vapid and sentimental, or purely silly order, or from that kind of literature—if it deserves the name—which is devoted to mere tittle-tattle, or personal scandal; or again, even from some realistic representations of ugly things, which are sometimes called immoral, because they describe those dark places in society, which we have agreed not to mention, but which may incidentally be useful, in so far as they show how hideous such things really are. I am often half inclined to think that the next best thing to a good book is a bad book; for, after all, the one hopeless evil is stagnation of mind. The question, however, what will do a man harm or good depends very much upon his own constitution. And it would be mere pedantry to insist upon any one's confining himself to the higher and severer class of literature—to say that he is never to condescend to amuse himself with mere trifles, or to condescend to take an interest in contemporary gossip; or what would become of half the literary craftsmen of the day? All, then, that is to be said is this: that to get from literature the best that can be got from it, to use books as instruments for developing our whole natures, the true secret is to select our friends judiciously; to become as intimate as possible with some of the greatest thinkers of mankind, and to study the works of some great minds until we have been saturated with their influence, and have assimilated and made part of ourselves the sentiments which they express most vigorously. To study literature is not merely (as has been said) to know what has been best said by the greatest men, but to learn to know those men themselves. In so doing, the particular moral doctrines which they inculcate, or the effect upon our moral nature of their teaching, is only a part of the whole influence. But still it is a part of no small importance; and the condition upon which a man is able to exert such influence is a profound interest in those ideas with which purely ethical teaching is strictly bound up, and, moreover, a capacity for feeling rightly and vigorously upon ethical questions. In that sense, it is impossible ever really to exclude moral considerations from æsthetical judgments, though it is easy to misapply them, or to overlook the importance of other aspects of a man's total

influence. To make a poet into a simple moralist, a teacher of a certain definite code of ethics, is to put him into a wrong place, and judge him implicitly by an inappropriate criterion; but it is equally true that he can only be deprived of moral quality if he takes no interest in the profoundest and most comprehensive topics of human thought and faith; and in so far as he has a moral quality, it is desirable it should be of the loftiest and purest kind obtainable."

Civil-Service Reform.—One of the most prominent and vital questions—one would hardly go amiss in saying the most prominent and vital question—at present engaging the consideration of thoughtful people of every political party and creed in our country, is, What is to be done about civil-service reform? Gradually the politicians have foisted upon the country an ideally false and degrading system of filling the civil offices of the government, and of conducting the public business. In accordance with this system, all the offices filled by appointment are considered as political plunder, to be distributed among the political "hacks" and "friends" of the successful candidates. Fitness for office does not come into consideration. Tenure of office is dependent upon the will of the chief. When the party in power changes, a clean sweep is made, and everybody, from the person who cleans the steps of the Capitol or delivers your morning letter, to the minister at the Court of St. James, must make way for somebody of the opposite party.

Now, civil-service reform, baldly stated, means simply that the universally recognized principles upon which private business and commercial enterprises are conducted shall be applied to the conduct of the public business. Actual fitness for the office sought, previously determined so far as practicable, and not successful caucus manipulation or dirty political work, shall be the prerequisite to office-holding. A man shall not collect the customs nor keep the Government's books because he is a stalwart partisan and a brilliant stump speaker, any more than an ordinary business corporation would employ a man for a position requiring skill and efficiency of a particular sort simply because he was a good Baptist. A good man once in an office shall be as sure of his place, whatever political changes may occur, as an efficient clerk or book-keeper in a private business would be. It is of no more consequence to any one whether the man who delivers his mail and collects his taxes is a Republican or Democrat than it is whether the man who cuts his hair or sells him a yard of calico is of one political faith or the other.

It would take us beyond the scope of the present article, and space would fail, to undertake to specify the enormous evils of the "spoils" system. In general terms, we have such inefficiency, reckless mismanagement, and corruption in the public service as might be naturally expected when offices are considered as rewards, and men are appointed because they are efficient "political workers"—with all that implies of low moral tone. Officers come to think of themselves not as amenable to the entire country, but simply to the party that put them in power; and feeling that their tenure of office—their means of subsistence—depends upon the success of their party, they have little if any hesitation in debauching the public service for the sake of party.

There has long been a great deal of unorganized agitation of the civil-service question. Recently it has led to the formation of civil-service reform associations. The most important is that whose centre is at New York, but which is really national. It is doing most excellent service in the cause of reform by the publication of pamphlets and tractates through G. P. Putnam's Sons (New York) upon the objects of the reform, the work to be accomplished, and the evils and dangers of the system at present in vogue. We have before us at this writing Publication No. 3, by the Hon. Dorman B. Eaton, being a clear and lucid exposition of "The 'Spoils' System and Civil-Service Reform in the Custom-House and Post-Office at New York." The simple statistics which he gives are a most powerful argument for the absurdity of the "spoils" system and for the urgency of the need and the utility of instant and thorough reform. We commend it to all our readers as food for serious reflection, especially after they have been filled with shame and disgust at the weeks' long wrangle in the most dignified legislative body in the country over a few unimportant offices, for a change of whose occupants there existed no reason in the world, except that the majority in the Senate had changed from one party to the other!

In this connection, as evidence of the wide-spread character of this reform agitation, mention should be made of an address given last fall at the Michigan conference of Unitarian churches by the Rev. C. G. Howland (published at the *Unity* office, Chicago). In this, the necessity and the meaning of the reform movement are explained in clear and cogent language. Clergymen of every denomination would be doing a service in the cause of righteousness and good government by assisting the independent press in informing their people upon this question and thus leading them to form sound judgments and sensible opinions regarding the civil service and the kind of men who should fill it.

Our Public Schools.—Within the last few years great changes have been made in the system of instruction in all the educational institutions in the country, from the highest to the lowest. Foreign systems have been more carefully studied, and hosts of intelligent men and women have devoted themselves with enthusiasm and untiring zeal to a better appreciation of the conditions of successful teaching, and to the development of improved methods. The public schools especially have been subject to reform and innovation. There can be little doubt but that they have in many cases suffered from crude and ill-considered experiments of callow theorists, but in the main their advancement toward perfection has been steady and constant. The grading of the schools, the systematizing of the work, the introduction of regular schemes of study, the unifying and so simplifying the management by placing all the schools of our cities under a single superintendent—all this in a large number of our cities is a work of comparatively recent date. It is perhaps not yet out of the experimental stage. The theory of governmental operations is the greatest good for the greatest number. This must be accepted as the theory and the ideal of the public schools. So while the grading system, with the division of labor principle applied to teachers, tends to ignore individualities and to reduce chil-

dren to a single low level of mediocrity, it no doubt does more good to a greater number of children than the old systemless manner of the schools.

Now and then the public prints fall foul of the schools, and indulge in much hasty and superficial criticism of their methods and their achievements. Rational and intelligent criticism is always helpful, and is always gratefully received by the subject of it unless he have unmitigated conceit of his powers and perfections. But the empty vaporings, the unintelligent generalizations, the ill-tempered strictures of the daily paper are a source not of helpful suggestions to those who are in charge of the schools, but rather of acrimonious feelings. Those who look most carefully into the work that the public schools are doing are heartiest in their expressions of praise and admiration, and fullest of sympathetic appreciation of the teachers who with joy and almost religious consecration go faithfully about their monotonous and soul-wearying toil. No one realizes so fully as teachers and superintendents that the schools are not perfect; no one is so eager to improve them as they, so quick to take suggestions, to learn from experience; no one labors more faithfully than they in the performance of their arduous tasks and the upbuilding of the schools. What is most needed on the part of the public is a more intelligent appreciation of the almost sacred importance of the teacher's work, and a readier willingness to acquiesce in their efforts and demands. What the next generation is to be in intelligence and morality, the two qualities upon which more than all others depends the safety of our form of government and the happiness of our people, the public schools more than any other agency will determine.

We were recently much impressed with the sound common sense and hopeful temperateness which characterize the last report of Mr. Snow, who, with excellent judgment and eminent success, has for the last ten years been gradually elevating the schools of Auburn, New York, to the front rank of efficiency. While many of the opinions which he held at the beginning of his decade of work have been modified by experience, and his zeal and enthusiasm tempered by frequent disappointments, he has been steadily encouraged by the constantly increasing excellence of the schools. Of certain things he has become satisfied: "That good attendance can be secured by proper effort. That in the matter of teaching the danger lies in overestimating the ability of pupils and expecting too much of them. That in matters of discipline reasonable regulations should be established and inflexibly enforced—that exceptions thereto are uniformly mistakes. That is the best policy to employ the best teachers, and compensate them so liberally as to make them content to remain. That in the matter of school accommodations any outlay, short of extravagance, is commendable, if thereby the comfort and health of the pupils and the refining influences of pleasant surroundings are secured."

"I look to the future," he says further, "of the schools with no misgivings as to their success. Experience will suggest modifications in their organization and management, and existing defects will be remedied. The public school system is still in its immaturity. It is unjust to pronounce it a failure, or to predict failure for it, even if in the exuber-

ance of its youth, and under the admiring and indulgent eye of its guardians, it has at times shown tendencies to prodigality and waywardness, or has failed to meet the exactions of the pessimist. If the old system made better scholars of the few, it did not encourage and secure the education of the many, to the extent which may be justly claimed for the present system.

* The public schools, as now administered, are adapted to the average pupil. The exceptionally brilliant and the exceptionally dull are out of place there. The process of drilling pupils in platoons, of turning out scholars by wholesale, must ignore individualities. In our enthusiasm for free schools, the point has been overlooked, or at least has not been provided for. Time will remedy the defect. The question of secondary or advanced education at public ex-

pense has its warm advocates and its uncompromising opponents in every community. I believe in advanced education for all competent aspirants, but not in a nominal higher education for all who seek it, with no definite purpose as to its use. It is an essential element of a free school system, but prejudice will be allayed and the value of a higher education will be enhanced by judicious restrictions."

Such expressions as these—and they might no doubt be paralleled from the utterances of many superintendents—are clear evidence of the thoughtful zeal and earnest conscientiousness of those who are working out the problem of public schools in America. We may put large trust in them, but should remember that their hands and hearts will be strengthened by our sympathetic encouragement and appreciation of their efforts.

TABLE-TALK.

Our Own Language.—In the MONTHLY for March, dear "Dudley Digges, Esq.," diligently cut from some of our family names little lichens of foreign accent and spelling—trade-marks of borrowed aristocracy. It was neatly and sensibly done. But, alas! habit, like blood, "will tell." Having plucked his friends and mine of their waste letters, "D. D." let tip his rubbish basket and spilled into his own honest surname an extra *g* and a needless *c*. For it looks as clear as digging can make it, that "Dudley's" (a waste *c* there too) forefathers were plain "Digs." The original Mr. Digs took his name from his calling. Saxon has this habit of direct expression. Its simplicity in names of things it carries into names of people. Its native name for the Creator pushes his Latin name out of all common and effective use. Can you fancy a penitent's prayer beginning, "O, Deity!" One is here reminded, by the way, of an anecdote of the late Governor Tod, of Ohio. Being asked why he did not write his name with two *d*'s, he answered: "If God can get along with *one*, Tod can."

But is not the American eagerness for names of aristocratic flavoring a result rather than an original habit! Our early social fabric was woven of the theory that nothing is good that is not born abroad; our dress circles have continued the homage to imported manufactures; our social charlatans have paid large premiums on foreign fellows for their daughters; and our universities have made it a point of pride to wear the Greek-and-Latin collar, while our boarding-schools for girls and our operatic stage have instilled into our woman-world the falsehood that the languages of Southern Europe, more than English, indicate culture in their possessor. Even our people of literature have petted this passion with often substituting bad Latin and French for good English. What wonder that the aristocracy of wealth desires its family names to have a sound suggestive of ancestry and a coat-of-arms! Being rich, they would appear learned. Hence they follow the other shams.

No man is at his best till he ceases imitation; nor are nations. This country is not distinctively enough American. That it is not good to know our transatlantic neighbors

or retain acquaintance with the literatures of Homer and Horace. But modesty does not call for daily boasting of these, nor does courtesy require that we exalt them above ourselves and the literature of our own language. We fear to be thought provincial in wisdom, if we abandon in anything the old university worship of the dead languages. And yet, light breaks from the new, darkness creeps upon the old. With the increasing disposition to encourage self-culture in students by the elective principle in studies, there comes a partial ebb to this flood of adoration for things foreign to us and our purposes. It begins to be seen that England Old and England New offer to youth *classics* as worthy of study as those of Rome and Athens, cleaner and more congenial than those of Paris and Berlin.

I believe in Latin enough to unravel our derivatives, but not in Latin and Greek to the exclusion of English and the sciences which specially widen mental vision, as has been the course in many of our American colleges. The old gold in Grecian and Roman utterances is already a valuable alloy in our Saxon. So with the modern tongues. Why keep sending after that which we already possess! No other language has had a literature comparable to our Anglo-American in strength and beauty, in levity and in weight, in wit and instruction, for praise or scorn, for flattery or denunciation, and peculiarly in purity of thought and diction.

This, my little thought on the cure for a borrowed nomenclature by abandonment of borrowed usages and languages, suffer me to tether to the thoughts of a few superiors. Macaulay's view is clear when he says: "The foundations of our constitution were laid by men who knew nothing of the Greeks, but that they denied the orthodox procession and cheated the Crusaders; and nothing of Rome but that the Pope lived there. . . . The spirit of the two most famous nations of antiquity was remarkably exclusive."

Emerson writes: "Two centuries ago Latin and Greek had a strict relation to all the science and culture there was in Europe. . . . This warfare against common sense still goes on. Four or six or ten years the pupil is parsing

Greek and Latin; and, so soon as he leaves the university, as it is ludicrously called, shuts those books for the last time. Is not this absurd, that the whole liberal talent of this country should be directed in its best years on studies which lead to nothing?"

At Harvard the student of the dead tongues writes twenty English compositions in four years; yet, among university snobs, his "A.B." outranks the "B.S." of his brother who has devoted four years to English and science.

"I do not myself believe that there is anything in the way of wisdom which is to be attained in any of the books of the old languages which at this moment may not be equally attained in books of our own literature." Under that judgment write John Bright.

James T. Fields: "I do not believe that the proper study of mankind or womankind is French or Sanskrit or Chinese; but, so far as *we* are concerned, it is English. The greatest and the purest have written in it."

"Devotion to ancient literature curbs development of the modern. Slavery to Latin is subjection of English."—Stuart Mill.

And says a Western master of language, Professor Swing: "To study many languages is like having many pocket-books to carry one dollar. The great men have known one language, and only one. The world wants one great language. The study of many languages would have spoiled Lincoln."

J. C. AMBROSE.

America in English Fiction.—The cheerful ignorance with which English writers of fiction describe American life and manners is one of the most amusing features (to an American) of English stories which in any way refer to our country. The grossness of Dickens's caricatures is at once recalled by everybody. Anthony Trollope, in his last novel, "Dr. Wortle's School," gives us a realistic picture—from his imagination—of the possibilities of life at a quiet boarding-house in Chicago. We find one of the characters "seated in the bar," drinking, chewing a cigar, and "covering the circle around him with the results." There is an excited conversation between this rowdy and another. Both draw pistols. But a stranger interrupts and asks, "What are you men doing with them pistols?" suggests that if they are "a-going to do anything of that kind" they had best go elsewhere to do it, adding, in what must strike every one as unadulterated American, "It's a decent widow woman as keeps this house, and I won't see her set upon."

But the most amusing thing of this description that has recently come to our notice is a short sketch in "Chambers's Journal" for February. An account is given of a trip from "Buffalo, New York state," by steamer to Kingston. The stupid young Englishman who gets aboard a new steamer making its trial-trip is such an unconscionable blockhead that he does not discover this fact with its attendant privileges of a free passage, free lunch, and free berth. So he pays his fare, almost his last dollar; with what he has left gets some crackers and cheese, which are soon exhausted; lies to captain and steward when they invite him to the table and to take a berth,—he has no appetite and cannot sleep on ship-board,—starves day-times and shivers on deck

nights, while everybody else is feasting and quaffing champagne and enjoying the music and many delays. But we have not yet begun to enjoy the richness of the sketch. We are gravely informed that in order to pass from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario the steamer passed through the Erie Canal. Such a discovery as this should place the writer among the royal geographers.

Not one of the many persons with whom he has conversation speaks English sensibly or grammatically. This is, of course, true to the life. It is such a notorious fact that the owners of our great lake steamers are ignorant and uncultured men, and the friends they invite to enjoy a trial-trip are of course drawn from the low and ignorant classes! But the English he puts into these people's mouths! It is here that the writer shows quite as much genius as in his geography. In absolute ignorance of peculiar American usages, he makes his Yankees speak such murdered English as no one ever yet heard in America, and, it is safe to say, never will hear. "Why—what is the meaning of this? Where are we now?" the narrator asks of a passenger the morning after he went aboard, as the boat stopped at a small port for repairs. And after this astonishing fashion the Yankee answers:

"Waal, mister, I reckon how it means that something hev gi'n way about the paddle-wheels, and these men is coming on board to put things to rights ag'in. As to whar we air, I know no more than you do. In some creek in the lake, I reckon."

"We are not yet near Kingston?" the English stupid continues.

"Nigh Kingston! No; I guess we bean't more than thirty miles at most from Buffler. These here new boats travels slow till they get into working order."

"Is this a new boat?"

"Waal, yes. Seein' as this is her first trial-trip, mister, I reckon she be," etc., etc.

In another conversation at something the Englishman says, an American replies: "Wa'll, now, do tell! That is moosical [amusing]." Americans always say "moosical" for amusing!

With the negro dialect this English genius succeeds just as well as with the Yankee. At the second stop the Englishman says to the steward: "Surely this cannot be Kingston?"

The negro replied with a grin: "Dis yere, Kingston, sar? No, sar; I guess dis not be Kingston. Dis Pictou, Prince Edward's, sar; Kingston long way off, yet. Nebber see Kingston dis night, sar."

"Then, in the name of goodness, why are we going in here?"

"Cos, sar, dem dur fellers wot make de repairs in de morning no do dere work proper, an' de wheel am broke down ag'in, sar."

Was there ever an exhibition of denser ignorance or greater presumption? No wonder your ordinary Englishman is so picturesquely and symmetrically ignorant of America, American topics and manners, when a periodical so respectable as "Chambers's Journal" calmly presents its readers with such grotesque misrepresentations.

DUDLEY DIGGES, ESQ.

Fate.—In the last grim analysis, as we think back beyond the furthest verge of thought into the silent counsels of eternity, one cannot help feeling, at times at least, that the small things as well as the great of this world are all ordered, and have been ordered from eternity; that the time is fixed for a man to be born and likewise for him to die, and that whatever precautions he takes, whatever course he pursues, death will find him out at the appointed time.

"For God hath seen
From when eternity began
Down to the latest era's span,
All things to come, and with serene
And holy purpose, purposed e'en
The lowliest circumstance of man."

This, of course, is fatalism. But that is just the point I am urging, that all of us sometimes cannot help feeling that, some way or other, how little soever we may understand, how bitterly soever we, in our ignorance, may cry out against it, there is, after all, a great truth in this foreordination and predestination of man's life and circumstances, his success or failure, and the day of his doom. To be sure, we, at other times, are quite as strongly impressed with the converse of this doctrine, or its antinomy, as the great German philosopher termed it; and in the proud consciousness of our power to do and to make we shrill forth the words Shakspeare puts in the mouth of Cassius:

"Men at sometimes are masters of their fates;
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves that we are underlings."

And yet, for all that, "the man born to be king," however much the monarch of the land strove to thwart the will of the gods, and though he himself seemed to do nothing to further himself, at length won the princess, and was crowned king of all the land.

The Moslems have a belief that the Destinies are riding forth forever upon their fleet steeds, and when the supreme moment comes, it matters not whether you are in the thickest of the dreadful fray or lying peacefully dreaming upon your couch of silk, they will find you out.

"The Destinies ride on by night
Their horses fleet, and tho' we sleep
On downy beds while languors creep
Soft o'er our limbs, or battle's white
And lurid flames flash forth their light
Amid the war-clouds dark and deep

Which hover o'er, and death groans smite
Our ears, commingled with the shout
Of victors following up the rout;
It matters not. In gloom, in light,
Where'er we are, howe'er bedight,
Death's angel still will find us out!"

I know of no more felicitous expression of this helplessness of man in the presence of his fate, of the idleness of all precautions on his part at such a time, than the little poem, by Bret Harte, entitled "Fate," with which I will conclude these rambling reflections:

"The sky is clouded, the rocks are bare;
The spray of the tempest is white in air;
The winds are out with the waves at play,
And I shall not tempt the sea to-day.

The trail is narrow, the woods are dim,
The panther clings to the arching limb,
And the lion's whelps are abroad at play,
And I shall not join in the chase to-day."

But the ship sailed safely over the sea,
And the hunters came from the chase in glee;
And the town that was builded upon a rock
Was swallowed up in the earthquake shock."

RICHARD BENEDICT.

Long Life.—The subject of longevity is always one of great interest to everybody. "Live forever" is a favorite salutation in some countries. In the old times people found great delight in imagining their heroes gifted with continual life and unfading bloom of youth. With what breathless interest one follows Ponce de Leon as he plunges into the wild forests of Florida in the fruitless search for the fabled fountain. With the advance of civilization and the scientific study of disease and medicine and the better understanding of sanitary conditions and laws, there has been a steady increase in the average life of the individual. Governments are studying how best to promote length of life. Those who lead sober, peaceful lives, free from all great troubles and strong excitements, are surest of the coveted length of days.

Some time ago the French Government sent a circular letter to all the districts of that country to collect information as to those conditions of life which seemed to favor longevity. The replies were very interesting, but on the whole rather monotonous; the general result was that longevity is promoted by great sobriety, regular labor, especially in the open air, absence of excessive fatigue, easy hours, freedom from galling poverty, a philosophical mind in meeting troubles, not too much intellect, and a domestic life. The value of marriage was universally admitted, and long-lived parents were also found an important factor. A healthy climate and good water were mentioned. All this agrees with common sense, unless the idea that the intellect is a hindrance to longevity be considered unreasonable, and we know that some of the most intellectual men have lived to great age.

Interesting researches concerning the comparative longevity of men and women in Europe have recently been made by the Director of the Bureau of Statistics at Vienna. From these it appears that about a third more women than men reach advanced age. This seems corroborative of what was said above. Women oftener than men lead quiet, regular lives. They have fewer bad habits; are less exposed to strong passions and excitements.

A machine for making artificial snow has lately been perfected in England. The question may possibly be asked, Of what use can such a contrivance be, when the supply of the natural commodity is nowadays so far above what we care about? We are apt to forget that in many countries snow is a luxury. In the bazaars of Cabul, for instance, it is sold as such; and mixed with sherbet, it forms a favorite drink. The machine in question is intended for Palermo, where frost is rarely experienced.

A man should never undertake to control a horse till he has learned to control himself.

LITERATURE AND ART.

Mr. S. R. Winans, of Princeton, whose excellent edition of the "Memorabilia" (published last year by John Allyn, Boston) has been received with such favor by classical instructors, has again put the lovers of sound Greek learning under obligations to himself by editing Xenophon's Symposium (publisher as above). This is the first time this little classic has been edited in America—the first time, indeed, if we mistake not, with English notes. The same excellent qualities which characterized Mr. Winans's first venture into the fields of classic editing are everywhere prominent in this new and slighter work. He seems even to move with surer tread and greater freedom. As in the "Memorabilia," he has introduced into the text brief suggestive summaries at the beginning of every new paragraph, or when there is a change of subject, thus affording the student some clue to what he is about to read. The notes are brief, but directly to the point. Everything of real difficulty is fully explained. There is no padding with sentence after sentence of the original put into stilted English paraphrase; but on the other hand idiomatic expressions are constantly put into idiomatic English phrases, so that the student, by numerous examples, is incited to avoid the excessive literalness of translation which so effectually perverts the spirit and misrepresents the grace of the original. Without making his notes the receptacle for everything relevant and irrelevant which could be raked together from the four quarters of the world, he has introduced from other classic writers many passages which actually do illustrate the matter in hand; and grammatical and philological principles he often elucidates with great felicity by the use of apposite English examples. He remembers always that he is making a book primarily for students.

The Symposium gives a delightful picture of a Greek festal banquet, with the amusements and the conversation which caused the hours of the night to slip rapidly and pleasantly away. Socrates is the central figure of the company—the life of the party—the controlling spirit of the discussions. The social side of the great teacher is charmingly delineated. The Symposium would naturally follow the "Memorabilia" in a course of Greek reading or instruction. Its colloquial style, the view it gives of Greek manners, its intrinsic interest and brevity, make it an excellent work for class-room study. We wonder that it has not found greater favor with American teachers. Probably it has been because it has not heretofore been suitably edited and judiciously expurgated of the few passages which are offensive to modern taste, but which happily are not necessary to the unity and completeness of the piece. Doubtless Mr. Winans's work will be received with hearty welcome. As a single criticism—almost too trivial to mention—we are sorry to observe that Mr. Winans does not conform to the better usage in the formation of the possessive of proper names ending in *s*, but uses the apostrophe only.

We are greatly mistaken or we shall have much and excellent work in the interest of Greek from Mr. Winans. The sound scholarship, the keen critical insight, the judicious common sense, the sympathetic appreciation of the Greek spirit and life, and the intelligent understanding of the needs of the American class-room, which characterize his present work, lead us to expect many valuable contributions from his pen. It should be a cause of congratulation to Princeton that a scholar of such promise is numbered among its faculty.

"On the Threshold," by Theodore T. Munger, is the title of a volume recently published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. (Boston). It is a book written specifically and particularly for young men, but, as is the case with all good special treatises, it will be found full of valuable suggestions for many others than the particular class for which it was specially intended. The author has no brand new theory of the way to make life successful and worth living; he preaches no new doctrine, but he presents old views and common beliefs in a vital, vivid, quickening way. The zeal and earnestness with which he insists upon practical common sense and sturdy independence in all the actions and relations of life are especially refreshing in these days of growing effeminacy and listless aimlessness on the part of large numbers of young men. The subjects of the various papers of which the book is made up are "Purpose, Friends and Companions, Manners, Thrift, Self-reliance and Courage, Health, Reading, Amusements, and Faith," and the thoughts and discussions and practical suggestions presented upon each of these important topics are clear, straightforward, and manly. We were especially struck with the eminent common sense of the papers upon Health and Reading. One may not agree with all the statements and suggestions of the author upon this latter topic, but the general effect of the essay is good, and only good. We greatly doubt the advisability of giving a dogmatic list of the best writers of any class of literature, such as is presented upon page 169 of the "best novelists." And it does seem strange, too, that in a list of the "best novelists" in which Cooper and Lever, not to mention others, figure, such names as Fielding, Balzac, George Sand, Manzoni, and Turgenieff and many others are conspicuous by their absence. The style is for the most part simple, direct, and pleasing, but it at times gives evidence of carelessness and haste. We have noticed more than one instance of doubtful syntax, and sometimes figures are curiously jumbled, as when on page 160 he speaks about the way that the knowledge of evil gets into the mind by reading. He says: "It entrenches itself in the imagination, where it stays and multiplies itself, breeding through the fancy, turning these noblest faculties into ministers of perdition." Immediately one tries to analyze this remarkable sentence, its absurdities

appear. But instances of such loose writing are very few. The book as a whole is admirable in purpose, spirit, and execution.

The firm last mentioned has recently published also a little book upon "The Servant Girl Question," by Harriett Prescott Spofford. The trials and perplexities of housekeepers in dealing with their servants are very clearly presented. But just as clearly the author succeeds in looking at the entire question from the girl's standpoint. She makes it perfectly plain that the difficulties and the causes of complaint are not all upon one side, but shows conclusively that many extenuating circumstances may be urged for the shortcomings and stupidities of the much-suffering and much-maligned Bridget. It strikes us, by the way, that she narrows the treatment of this absorbing topic of interest to housewives by virtually ignoring all but Irish servants, while, if we mistake not, there is now a large and growing proportion of German servant girls who bring quite a new set of experiences to the much-worried mistress. The author has many clever things to say about the unreasonable interferences of the master with household arrangements and his annoying exactions. Whatever one may think of special arguments or positions championed by the author, she at least makes it absolutely clear that improvement in our domestic service can only be brought about by a fuller understanding on the part of all concerned of the peculiarities and difficulties of the problem and a willingness on the part of all to take a sensible view of the situation, and make reasonable concessions. Relief is also hoped for in the establishment of training-schools for servants, in the inducing of girls of American parentage to enter domestic service, and as a last resort in the unlimited importation of the deft and cleanly sons of the Flowery Kingdom. The book deserves the careful consideration of all who are wearied and worried with this vexing question.

Over fifty per cent. of the deaths are of children under five years of age, and the greater part of these of infants under twelve months. It is no unusual thing to hear of families who have lost three or four healthy-born babies. These facts are leading physicians and parents to a more thorough study of the conditions of infant health. It is absurd to suppose that nature brings so many little bits of humanity into existence only to doom them to death. Dr. C. E. Page has recently devoted special attention and study to this important problem, and as the result of his study and experiment upon his own baby, has written a little book, entitled "How we Fed the Baby" (Fowler & Wells, New York). The most serious cause for infant disorders he finds in excessive and too frequent feeding. If babies are properly fed, and at regular intervals, not more than three times a day, the author believes that the lives of most infants would be happy and free from disease and pain. Parents will find the little book full of useful information and sensible suggestions.

From D. Lothrop & Co. (Boston) we have received a story intended for young people, entitled "For Mack's Sake," issued in their usual handsome and attractive style of bind-

ing. The story itself, though somewhat deficient in interest, and in some respects untrue to life, is nevertheless well written and highly moral in tone.

From T. B. Peterson & Brothers we are in receipt of a reprint of "Linda; or, the Young Pilot of the Belle," one of Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz's most popular novels. The tone of the story is eminently healthful, as are all those from the pen of this gifted author. There are few works of American fiction that have attained a higher degree of popularity than have those of Mrs. Hentz and Mrs. Southworth, published by this firm.

Henry Greville successfully maintains her reputation as a skillful writer, through the pure and faithful manner in which she portrays Russian life and customs. "Xenie's Inheritance," her latest work, a copy of which we have also received from the above publishers, is an exquisitely told story, containing many charming pictures of Russian society life. Its different characters are all drawn with that spirited and delicate touch for which the writer is especially noted.

The prolific French writer, Zola, has given us another evidence of his style of realism in "Therese Raquin," a translation of which, by John Stirling, has just been published by the above firm. We have no objections to his probing the putrid and ulcerous surface of French society life, but we *do* protest against having the horrible stench imported for the benefit of our olfactories.

Novel Designs.—The curious arabesques produced on window-panes by frost have suggested to a French inventor a system of obtaining designs for printed stuffs by crystallization. He has made experiments with solutions of the sulphates of zinc, copper, iron, alumina, and magnesia, with which plates of glass were covered, and then allowed to dry slowly, at different temperatures. The crystals thus deposited form a great variety of fanciful figures, flowers, feathers, stars, etc. These may be fixed by the addition of albumen or gelatine. If copper plates are used, the designs thus obtained may also be made permanent by electrotyping. The great difficulty is to obtain continuous patterns to be reproduced on the cylinders used for printing; but that may be overcome by using cylindrical plates of copper, and turning them on their axes while the evaporation is going on. The crystallization is, however, frequently irregular, and leaves blank spaces, which spoil the harmony of the design; but that defect will probably be overcome by experience. It is not certain that the method has yet been practically employed; but the idea is ingenious, and will no doubt be eventually turned to account.

"The Woman in Black," a story of a handsome and ambitious woman, and a novel of English society in high and low life, said to be a companion to "The Woman in White," has just been published by the Petersons. The author's name is not given, and we are at a loss to account for the fact, other than that he was fully conscious of a lack of merit in his work. It is anything but striking in interest or incidents.

Notes.—Mr. Edmund W. Gosse, in a recent number of the "Cornhill Magazine," makes a valuable contribution to the literary history of the period of the restoration. Sir George Etheredge has heretofore been one of the shadowiest figures of that time. By the recent discovery of valuable manuscript information regarding him and the collecting of all contemporary references, Mr. Gosse is enabled to give us a very vivid picture of the gay and indolent life of the poet and diplomat. He shows, furthermore, that he is a person of considerable importance in the history of English comedy. He was the first to employ rhymed heroics in the ordinary dialogue of comedy. This was in 1664. Dryden had previously recommended their use, but Etheredge, in "The Rival Ladies," set the fashion which lasted then with more or less vigor till the end of the century. To Etheredge is due also the breaking away from the old models in comedy. By his introduction of "gay, realistic scenes" and characters unmistakably true in their appearance and in their follies and vices to the times, he "virtually founded English comedy, as it was successively understood by Congreve, Goldsmith, and Sheridan."—E. P. Coby & Co. (New York) have published in pamphlet shape a somewhat fuller form of Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, Jr.'s, article in the April "Harper," under the title "Life Insurance Does Assure." It will be found valuable for the statistics it contains, as also for embodying the results of a policy-holder's unprejudiced study of the system.—A Baltimorean sends the *Nation* the following edifying paragraph from a recent German history of civilization (Karl Faulmann's "Illustrirte Cultur-Geschichte"), which curiously illustrates the average European ignorance about America, and the European incapacity to distinguish between the normal and the exceptional in American life and language. The column headed *Amerikanisch* is soberly given as a specimen of the English spoken in America, while opposite is placed what the author supposes to be the correct English equivalent. The italics, it is needless to add, are ours:

<i>Amerikanisch.</i>	<i>Englisch.</i>
I haf von funny leedle poy Vot gomes schust to my knee, Der queerest schap, der createst rogue, As efer you dit see: He runs and schumps and schmasches dings In all barts off der house— But vot off dot? he vas my son, Mine leedle Yawcob Strauss.	I have <i>one</i> funny little boy <i>What games</i> just to my knee, The queerest <i>shape</i> , the greatest rogue, <i>As ever</i> you did see: He runs and jumps and smashes things In all parts of the house— But what of that? he <i>was</i> my son, My little Jacob Strauss.

—At the recent sale of Mr. George Brinley's collection of books, the most notable book sold was a Gutenberg Bible, which was bought by a young New York lawyer for \$8000. The copy is not dated, but is believed to have been printed between 1450 and 1455. We copy from the *Scientific American* the following description of the precious volume. For four centuries the book lay buried in the obscure library of the Predigerkirche, at Erfurt, where it was discovered some fifteen years ago. It was purchased by Mr. Brinley in 1873. This Bible belongs to the extraordinarily rare first edition, and may properly claim to be the first book ever printed with types. The text is the vulgate of St. Jerome. The type is Gothic, and not only the hundreds of illuminated capitals, brilliantly colored and decorated, but the paucity of typographical errors and the nice execution of detail, evince

its title to precedence of many other copies in point of origin, and its production as an exemplar. The capitals are many of them emblazoned with ornamentation in gold, and the two volumes are in the original binding—thick oak boards sheathed in calf, beautifully stamped, protected at the corners with ornamented shields of brass, and decorated at the centre with designs in the same metal and bosses. The edges of many of the leaves are uncut and show traces of the cues of the rubricator. They are very broad, measuring $15\frac{1}{4}$ by $11\frac{1}{2}$ inches on the leaf. The book is without title-pages; there is no pagination. The 641 leaves are printed in double columns, of forty-two lines each, and the initials and rubrics are in manuscript. The large folio volumes are of nearly equal thickness, the first, of 324 leaves, ending with the Psalms, and the second, of 317, completing the text. One leaf of the first volume is in fac-simile, and sixteen of the second. The copy is in an excellent state of preservation, unstained by time or mildew, and has evidently never been washed. The decoration is arabesque, and Dr. Trumbull infers from its general sumptuousness that it was originally intended for the library of some prince or nobleman—possibly some kindly patron of the struggling inventor.—There were sold, besides, three copies of the famous Eliot Indian Bible. The competition was sharp, and they brought respectively \$900 (first edition), \$590, and \$550 (second edition). More remarkable, if anything, was the price (\$525) paid for twelve leaflets printed in Gothic letter, in the city of Mexico, in 1544, being directions for the conduct of religious processions. These are of interest and value only as a specimen of early American printing. Other notable sales were a volume of genealogical tracts and pamphlets, \$332; Romans's "History of East and West Florida" (New York, 1775), \$265; Laudonniere and Gourgues's "Histoire Notable de la Floride" (Paris, 1586), \$250; Nodal's "Relacion del Viaje" (Madrid, 1621), \$240. Four other rare tomes brought prices above a hundred dollars.—A little bit of genuine Byronic misanthropy and bravado has recently been brought to light in the National French Library, in the shape of a letter from the poet to the Count D'Orsay. The letter is in French, and concludes in this characteristic manner: "It makes me sad to think, on your account, who commenced life so brilliantly, what your feeling will be when the hour comes in which you will find the illusion broken. Never mind. On with the dance. Enjoy every hour while you can. The innumerable advantages of youth, talent, and presence you possess. Such is the wish of an Englishman, for such I suppose I am, though my mother was Scotch and my name and family are Norman. As for me, I belong to no country; and as for my works, of which you are good enough to speak, let them go to the devil, from whence they came, if I am to believe a great many people."—The smallest book in the world, so far as known, is a book recently discovered in Florence, Italy. It is an *Office de la Vierge*, printed at Venice, by Juntas, in 1549. It consists of 256 minute pages, printed on a single sheet of ordinary book size, red and black letters, and bound in red morocco, with gilt edges, raised bands or fillets, the chargings and clasps in silver. The size of this little typographical *chef-d'œuvre* is two inches in length by an inch and a quarter in breadth.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Thoughts on Marriage.—Marriage has grown to be so much an affair of houses and lots, of checks and silverware and satin gowns, that one is forced to stop and ask, occasionally, whether young people ever consult their hearts at such periods, and whether affection is of any importance, providing the dowers of the contracting parties are satisfactory. It is not probable that young people of a marriageable age consider very deeply upon the responsibilities of married life, and upon the infinite grace and patience required in the assimilation of two lives and natures. But their elders must have learned the lesson, and it would seem as if they ought to feel more deeply how much their experience might benefit their children. A conventional marriage is a thing for which the participants require little preparation; but a real marriage is a partnership of a different sort,—conventional people would call it sentimental,—for it demands that the wife shall be forever the helpmeet and lover of her husband, that the husband shall remain always the lover and protector of his wife.

Few women appreciate the responsibility of their positions. The fact that a great and noble task lies before them, and that within the dull and uninteresting routine of domestic duty there is hidden a kernel of truth which they may unfold, remains unsuspected by them. It does not occur to them that life is a problem, or that love is easily frost-bitten, or that children need to be surrounded by an invisible network of influences.

Morality is, after all, somewhat relative. Doubtless Cleopatra was an immoral woman, and Antony, according to all the conventionalities, was much to be condemned for deserting the blameless and highly connected Octavia, though he did not love her, to dwell with the woman who had borne him children and whom he loved. But there is a great deal of immorality, of a different kind, which forms the daily life of countless marriages, and it is almost, if not quite, as deadly and far-reaching in its results as the more flagrant and conspicuous kind. Marriage is the doorway through which humanity must pass to reach a free and perfect development of mental and physical powers, and in order that its full effects may be felt, the union which it necessitates should be a very close and tender one. It should be entered cautiously, should be sought not from any economic motives, but only from the promptings of congenial love.

"For indeed I know
Of no more subtle master under heaven
Than is the maiden passion for a maid,
Not only to keep down the base in man,
But teach high thought and amiable words
And courtliness and the desire of fame,
And love of truth, and all that makes a man."

A hasty and youthful passion is frequently no more certain guide to marital felicity than the monetary or conventional consideration, for often young people may be superficially attracted to each other, who possess no real *elements of congeniality*.

But marriage should be founded upon substantial, congenial friendship, as well as the love which passion inspires,—a friendship which has faith and can endure rebuffs.

For marriage to the most congenial souls is not a bed of roses. We are distinct individuals, each of us; we are surrounded by a wall of impervious personality, and the instinct of self-preservation is such that we repel too close a contact. No matter how dearly a man and a woman may love each other, they are obliged to become accustomed to living side by side, and several years of mingled light and shadow frequently pass before the process of assimilation has advanced so far that they can enjoy each other. There will be seasons when hatred seems substituted for love. If Maria has a snub nose, John will become a veritable Greek in his critical appreciation of beauty, and it will seem to him that he cannot endure that offending member in his wife's countenance; while Maria, on the contrary, grows unduly apprehensive as to John's demeanor, appearance, and behavior, and even asks herself why she never noticed certain things about him before. They may even indulge in "squabbles"—there is no other name for them—about the most trivial matters. They will enter depths of domestic depravity, the existence of which they never dreamed of, and say and do things so ill-bred that they would blush if an outsider could behold them. They may break their hearts a thousand times, and wish they had never married, and yet, if they truly love each other, the time will come when the waves will cease rolling, the skies will smile, and Hymen's torch will shed a mellow lustre over all their after-life.

A happy marriage requires unceasing growth in both parties. Love is not a possession which stays necessarily by reason of the first seizure. A woman need not blame a man because he loses his passion for her, if she has taken no pains to keep it alive, and a man, if he is deprived of his wife, usually has himself to thank for the theft. Many women feel aggrieved because their husbands cease to be lovers after marriage, but they do not reflect how much reason there frequently is for such a change.

Before marriage a man seeks his love with a sense of inspiration. She is to him a glimpse of hidden possibilities, a miracle of undiscovered virtues. He never seeks her without the hope of seeing some new grace unfolded, and therefore everything she does or says, even though it be only the motion of her hand, he accepts as new proof of the delicious fruition of his joy. But after marriage his idol is no longer new and untried; he knows her, he has counted over all her virtues, he feels as though there were nothing more for him to gain, and if he is reinforced in this conviction by the behavior of his spouse, he naturally loses interest in her. This state of things is equally true of the wife, though in a less pronounced degree, for as the husband's passion was stronger before marriage, so its reaction is more speedy after its consummation.

Before marriage the husband did the wooing, but after that it must be done by the wife, if it is done at all. And

here begins the labor of the wife, the love which is not sentimental, but earnest, the building of that spiritual hearth-fire which is to keep the hearts of husband and children soft and warm. If the girls and the mothers who bring them up would only stop to consider the unpalatable truth that the woman's end of the marital yoke is much harder to support than the man's, and would act accordingly, there would be fewer disappointing and unhappy marriages.

A man through his business connections mingles constantly with the world; he meets fresh phases of life at every step, sees strange people, hears of odd occurrences and unsuspected developments of circumstances. His brain is ever on the alert, ever in use, though it may not be a very brilliant or active brain, and he is forced to advance and learn constantly. Now, when he goes home, what especial pleasure is it to him to be met by a listless, flaccid woman, who has been seated all day with her feet upon a hot-air register, with no fresher experiences to inspire her than those she may gain from a French novel?—a woman who has no hearty interest for anything, who does not even understand her own children and their needs, who cannot put warmth into the kiss with which she greets him.

There are men who would not be good husbands under any circumstances, and many men who are good husbands in the main, have faults which the best of wives cannot overcome, because they are bred in them by the unequal position of the sexes, and their consequent impressions regarding women. But the average man will fulfill his half of the marital bargain, provided the woman will accomplish hers, for the wife is a possession which selfishness prompts him to value.

The woman who wishes to keep the atmosphere of her home vigorous is not necessarily intellectual, but she is necessarily active and alive to many interests. There is no especial virtue in domestic labor, unless it is rendered pressing by narrow means, but it is much better for a woman to make fires and sweep than to sit and do nothing. Her effort should be always in some way to keep apace with her husband and children, so that they do not find her, as a rule, dull and unspontaneous; to form her opinions upon a groundwork of common sense, so that they will not deserve the anathema of "woman's reasons." In short, it is as much a woman's business as a man's to work and live in an active existence of some kind, and if she passes her days in a listless and idea-less indolence, she must not complain if her husband seems cold, and if her children grow up without feeling in any good direction the effect of the motherly influence and care.

M. H. FORD.

What I Know About Medicine.—There is no mistake, my baby is a lovely baby, white and plump, and wholesome to look upon. I can afford to be foolish over him, but the way Nicodemus grins and screws up his face and chirps to him is unbearable. Now the first thing I intend to do is to study medicine, that I may know how to doctor him.

"Nicodemus—eh! Nicodemus, I say!"

Nicodemus rushed in with his foolish mouth wide open, and a great splash of ink on one side of his nose.

"What is it, little woman—what is it? Nothing the matter of little Nick?"

"Sit right down there, Nicodemus, I have something to say, and business to do."

Nicodemus put his finger side of his nose, but I pulled it down, for I would not stand nonsense.

"You see, Nicodemus, I am well provided for; there is the silver porringer, there is the coral rattle with silver bells, and there is the baby."

"To be sure," muttered Nicodemus.

"Now do hold that foolish tongue of yours. I'm going to study medicine."

"Wonderful little woman!"

"Go right out, Nicodemus Bunson, and get me a *Materia Medica*."

"To be sure. Wise little woman! Shall it be in English or Latin?"

"English, to be sure. Why should a woman's and a mother's brain be addled with Latin?"

"Sure enough! English it shall be."

"Don't stop to reason—go right out and buy me Dr. Buchan's 'Family Physician.'"

"Dr. Buchanan, over the way, puts two *ans* to the last of his name."

"Oh, Nicodemus! It is not the doctor, but a book, I want to buy, and set myself to study 'the ills that flesh is heir to.'"

"Wonderful woman!"

Nicodemus went out, and I sat contemplating the baby sleeping like an angel under his canopy of lace. There is no mistake, however. His nose is a pug. Mine is high Roman; but Nicodemus is unfortunate in his nose, and so the baby suffers. It was not long before Nicodemus was heard groaning at the door under pretense that the "Family Physician" was of great weight.

I seized it indignantly and turned to "Infantile Diseases." I read on and on, and then rushed to baby's crib, and with my thumb and finger opened his mouth. Mercy! how he doubled himself the wrong way! But I had made a discovery. He had the red gum, "red goom," nurse told about.

"Sally Minnikin, run straight to the druggist and buy me some honey in this china mug, and some borax." While she was gone I took a piece of fine lawn and tied it to a stick for a swab, while my poor Nicodemus stood by exclaiming:

"Wise little woman! Wonderful woman!"

The next thing was to swab out his mouth and thus kill the disease in its incipency. I was quite frightened at the way he kicked and screamed and sputtered the stuff about.

"I am sure a mother needs wisdom and strength no less, I said to Nicodemus. But I went on to study other complaints, and grew quite sick of heart to see how many bad symptoms little Nick had. I was sure he had scarlet fever and nettle-rash, and a few other diseases of the kind.

Nicodemus scuffled in his slippers up and down the room, trying to still the screeching, while I turned to the article Colic. Yes, he most assuredly had an alarming attack.

"Run, Sally Minnikin, and get me some coriander. Poor child! he will have a fit, and what shall I do?"

Then I turned to Fits, and looking at little Nick's hands clenched, with the thumbs in the palm, and his face as red as a beet, I was sure he would go into a fit. I rang the bell and directed hot water and the bath-tub at once.

"Poor little baby! Such a sudden change! Oh! what if he should die?" I cried, bursting into tears.

The coriander was cooled and sweetened, and then came the tug of war to get it down little Nick's throat. He spluttered and kicked, and gurgled in the throat, but not one drop would he swallow. Then I held his nose—and he could do nothing else, and down it went. Oh, what a cruel trial it was! and there stood Nicodemus, with his face puckered in commiseration, or something else, and could not help me in the least. At last I got the baby's clothes off his back and put him into the tub—it might have been a trifle too hot—poor baby! for he shrieked fearfully, and grew cherry-red, but eventually he dropped away to sleep like a little lamb, and I renewed my study of the "Family Physician, and feeling myself entirely upset, I turned to complaints of the nervous system.

"Nicodemus dear," I said quite humbly, "I am on the verge of a nervous fever; please get me some valerian and a Dover's powder."

Nicodemus—good soul—stooped down and kissed my forehead, and went out to procure the medicine, and I looked at poor little Nick, sobbing in his sleep and starting now and then with a sharp cry. I am sure he is dangerously ill, and I am now too much exhausted to study Buchan and learn what to do for him. Oh! what a blessed boon to mothers is that "Family Physician"! How many children have escaped an untimely grave by the help of those heavenly decoctions, which relieve all their sufferings. I neglected the study of medicine too long, but if my life is spared, I will make up for lost time. How I envy these noble women who devote their lives to this humane study—who go about with little skulls in their satchel, and fibulas and tibulas and all that, to dissect as they get time, and are never without a pill or a powder in case of an emergency.

By this time Nicodemus came in with the valerian and Dover's powder. He mixed the latter himself. As he gave me the spoon, hardly able to speak from tears and anxiety, I said:

"Dear Nicodemus, if anything should—should—happen to me—while under this prescription—you know—if—I threw it up—the case is fatal—take good—care of little Nick—and don't—marry for a year—give him his coriander—when he wakes—"

I was now floating—floating away. I saw a ship come nigh and I went on board; then I saw heaps and heaps of diamonds and pearls and rubies, and a little man with a big head and legs of no account told me to kiss him, and I wouldn't; and then I was sailing down on an iceberg with two white bears, who hugged up little Nick, and made faces at me; then I was in a land of such lovely flowers and sweet music, and pretty children—all sucking their thumbs and eating coriander; women were sitting round a big caldron making a stew—I looked in, and there was poor little Nick bubbling up and down. I screamed, I suppose, for Nicodemus had me in his arms, crying bitterly, and saying, "Poor little woman!"

"Poor little woman, indeed!" It was my mother's voice. "Poor little fool!" And she opened the window and threw the "Family Physician" out on the head of a policeman who happened to be under the window.

"Nicodemus, be a man, and never mind the tantrums of that girl. With Dr. Buchan she would soon be down with every disease in the medical vocabulary, and kill poor little Nick outright." And she kissed me and laughed, and kissed till I laughed, and Nicodemus laughed, and the baby crowed and kicked, quite himself again.

This ended my study of medicine. I was ashamed to ask for another copy of Dr. Buchan, and contented myself after this, in true matrimonial style, to raise my babies without coriander, and to visit all my vagaries upon Nicodemus, who is such a model of patience and harmless goodness, that, in spite of his pug-nose, I am obliged to think him the best man in the world, though he refuses to let me ever take another Dover's powder.

ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

Victorious Failures.—Paradoxical as the title of this paper may seem, it is in reality not so; for while there are many victories as disastrous as defeats, so there are many defeats which are equivalent to victories. A failure may be pronounced a success in the same ratio that it leads to ultimate triumph. There is a deep and world-wide significance in the legend of King Robert Bruce and the spider. Whether the story be true or not I do not care; it answers my purpose. Again and again was the spider beaten back in the endeavor to accomplish its engineering feat; and yet seeming failure was but the nurse of courage till at length final victory crowned its enterprise. Given proportionate energy and determination in the breast of every man, and he might move mountains. He would be proof against defeat, invincible against fate. For many weary years Bruce was to all seeming a hopeless adventurer, schooled in hardship and stricken by adversity. For long, we are told, he listened in Highland glens to the bay of the bloodhounds on his track, or held single-handed a pass against a crowd of savage clansmen. It seemed incredible that such an one should ever come to wear the crown of Scotland. But all his severe training was not actual failure; it was the preparation for victory. Every hardship encountered brought him one stage nearer the goal; and how, then, can such enterprises be termed failures?

Seneca says that a virtuous man struggling with misfortune is such a spectacle as gods might look upon with envy; and we may of course widen the scope of that word virtuous to include all brave spirits struggling after noble and definite ends. If failure and success are to be measured by the immediate effects which human actions produce upon mankind, then some of our best and greatest men were conspicuous failures. Take one or two examples as they occur to us. On a certain Sunday in February, 1526, Cardinal Wolsey sat in great state in old St. Paul's. Beneath the pulpit were gathered baskets of books, which were speedily to be burned in the fire lighted before the great cross. These were Tyndale's Testaments, produced with great labor and under severe hardship, and given to the people of England to be their moral and spiritual life-blood. They were all destroyed, and ten years later the body of Tyndale also had perished like his books in the flames. But was the truth stamped out? On the contrary, it rose again stronger than ever. And Tyndale, was he defeated and his work a

failure? Let the millions who have reaped the advantage of his brave Christian courage and labor testify.

Think, again, of Avisseau, the potter of Tours. Three hundred years had passed away since Palissy had died and carried with him his secret to the grave. Avisseau aspired to bring back to men the knowledge of the lost art. But he labored on, day and night, apparently in vain. His goods were sold and he lost all; and at length he was driven to exclaim, "Ah, could I but buy one piece of gold with a whole cupful of my blood!" Surely here was failure blank and utter! No; daylight was in view, though the world saw it not. Avisseau had a wife cast in the same noble and heroic mould as himself. She gazed lovingly and lingeringly upon her wedding-ring, but at last drew the little sacred thing from her finger and gave it to her husband. "'Tis our own," she said; "then take the gold and melt it down." It was a moment of terrible agony for the man of science, but his wife insisted upon the talisman going into the crucible. The anxious moments passed, and it was found that the sacrifice had not been made in vain: Avisseau rediscovered the secret of enameled gold. No failure here.

Another and more recent example where the human mind has risen beyond the depressing influence of failure is furnished by the career of Sir Walter Scott. At fifty-five he found himself burdened with a debt of over half a million. How he set about the Herculean task of paying this, with what zeal and success he labored on till death overtook him, every one knows. Instances like these might be easily multiplied.

Failure may be regarded as success in so far as it leads to renewed effort. Of course there may be instances when no amount of application in the same field can bring about the desired end; and in these cases perseverance must necessarily be foolish and futile. But these examples are exceedingly rare. In the realms of thought, imagination, and science, failures to-day are but the groundwork of success to-morrow. Original minds in past centuries dimly saw the possibilities which we have made actual, and their failures to translate their nebulous ideas into action cannot in any sense be regarded as defeats. They originated principles which have since been translated into grand concrete forms, and were therefore the pioneers of these later days.

Failure results in many instances from our not having a precise and definite object in view. Hence, Cervantes makes the inimitable Sancho Panza say, "Some people go out for wool and come home shorn." Numbers of individuals start out for the Land of Promise, but beat a precipitate retreat immediately they sniff the nauseous odor of the Slough of Despond; and perhaps it is as well this should be so, for if they cannot combat the initial trials of the campaign, how would they fare when the battle should wax hot with them in the Valley of Great Controversy? Now to a lofty soul, fully conscious of the nobility and grandeur indwelling with it, trials act but as incentives, and the brambles which prick and sting suffice to rouse him when he is in danger of sleeping the sleep of death. But there is forced upon us the melancholy reflection that too often the goal aspired after is as inadequate to satisfy the mind as are the difficulties great and numberless through which the man passes to attain to

it. The great thing is to set before us an end worthy of our powers, always remembering that he who aims high is sure to achieve more than he who is contented with a lower and meaner horizon. Every man has within his grasp, at least, to achieve one great and noble success, and that is a good life. This no one can mar but himself, and if it be a failure at the last, on his head alone must rest the blame. Live nobly, and heaven itself will preserve thy fame. But to do this, a man must live conscientiously, manfully, virtuously. He must have that sheet-anchor of the soul, faith in Providence; and then, if all his earthly affairs should have stamped upon them the word "failure," he himself will remain calm and unmoved amidst the wreck of all things. His life is not a failure who through every reverse of fortune attains a higher manhood.

Infinite in number, and as various in character, are our human ambitions. These goals of success are, indeed, coextensive with the race itself, for what man indulges precisely the same desires and day-dreams as his brother? Many of these ambitions are of a mean and vulgar type, and we may without scruple or lack of generosity rejoice when they result in failure. The time will come—though it is still far distant—when even the ambition of the warrior will be stripped of its false glory and grandeur, and he himself stand exposed as one of the greatest enemies of humanity. He has too long already retarded the march of mankind; and not until the sword has been returned to its scabbard, nevermore to be unsheathed, will men feel that they are brothers, and join hand to hand in the great victory of right over might. Meanwhile, we gaze through the vista of past ages, and almost insensibly breathe a wish to follow after and emulate the spirit of a veritably great man. Who is this hero? It is not Cæsar, as, after the defeat of Scipio and the capture of Pompey, he enters Rome amid unparalleled honors and congratulations; it is not Mahomet, after he has overrun the various kingdoms of Asia and Africa, and forced his new religion upon the conquered; it is not Archimedes, as he rushes through the streets of Syracuse, shouting, "Eureka! Eureka!" it is not Nelson, as, in the flush of victory he breathes his last, exclaiming, "Thank God, I have done my duty!" it is not Columbus, when, after seasons of disappointment and deeds of cruelty, he sights the far-off land, and his eyes swim with exultant tears; it is not Wellington, as he cries, "Up, guards, and at them!" and forthwith wins the great battle of all modern campaigns. No, it is none of these. But the scene is yonder at Rome, where stands one heavily bound with chains. His only crime has been that of living too purely and unselfishly. He has been before his judges, and is now led forth to execution. Here is human nature risen to its highest glory. Paul, formerly called Saul of Tarsus, a persecutor of the saints, dies for his faith, after a warfare that has embraced within it all trials, difficulties, and dangers. To the spectators of his martyrdom, here was a great and ignominious failure. The world, however, has long since crowned him victor, and the friendless martyr now occupies almost the largest space in its history, while his influence, ever-widening, will extend to the very latest generations of the human race.

G. BARNETT SMITH.

POT-POURRI.

MY WATCH-CHARM.

ONLY a bit of ribbon
Tied in a knot of blue,
Fastened by some one's fingers;—
Don't you wish that you knew?

Obstinate little ribbon,
That wouldn't tie just so,
Fingers entangled somehow;—
Wouldn't you like to know?

Bright face flushed with color,
Daintiest little ear
Listening to my secret;—
Wouldn't you like to hear?

Soft eyes with quiv'ring lashes
That dared not look at me,
Hazel-hued eyes of beauty;—
Wouldn't you like to see?

Lips of coveted sweetness
That gently whispered, "Yes!"—
What was my little secret?
Don't you think you can guess?

F. E. HAMILTON.

A Bouncer.—Not long ago the Commissioners of Storey County, Nevada, received the following note:

"GENTLEMEN: Having been defeated for a position in the public schools of Storey County, I hereby apply for the position of Bouncer for the Commissioners; the said office to be created at your next meeting. With reference to my ability, I refer you to my former husband and many other residents of Storey County. Hoping to receive the consideration of your honorable body, I remain, most respectfully yours,

"A DEFEATED SCHOOLMARM."

Could anything be more delicate and womanly than this plea? It is difficult for us, who are so far from the scene, to form a clear notion of just how the case stands. It would seem, however, that schools in Nevada counties must be under the management of a Board of Commissioners. Here is a person who has a "former husband" and whose striking characteristics are well known to "many other residents of Storey County," who has made application for a position in the public schools and been rejected. The reason is not given. But it is not hard to imagine that this "former husband" incident and her general reputation with "many other residents" had some influence in preventing her appointment as a teacher of youth. The Commissioners, perhaps, did not care to have their daughters come under the influence of a person who had a "former husband." But the person in question is not daunted by defeat. If the Commissioners cannot open the public schools to her, she is

sure she has transcendent abilities in other than scholastic directions which they should be able to employ. Here it is that the cool impudence of her genius is seen. She comes out boldly with a request so astounding that she no doubt calculated that the minds of the Commissioners would be temporarily stunned, so that they would at once accede to her request. She wants them to create a new office and install her in it without delay. And such an officer as she asks to be made! The fertile inventiveness of United States customs' collectors in its wildest throes of title-parturition, when some political hack, some friend of the Secretary, some "eminent worker" was to be rewarded with some sinecure, was never blest with such a felicitous suggestion as occurs like a happy inspiration to this Western dame after her defeat as an applicant to be made a teacher. No higher praise than this could be paid her genius. She wishes to be made Bouncer in ordinary to the honorable Board of Commissioners.

That she is more than abundantly able (she no doubt felt that she was treading upon firmer ground now than when she rashly sought to become a teacher) to perform the arduous duties of such a post, she refers them to common fame, to the many residents of the county who knew her, and in particular to her "former husband." What a vision comes before the mind's eye of that trembling apparition, her "former husband"! Ah! no doubt he "could a tale unfold," if referred to, which would justify her genius for the position she seeks. How one aches to know how many were the years of his probation with this new Xantippe! Did she bounce him often? One tries to think of his coming home a little late; but the subject becomes too painful for thought by the time one reaches the door. One turns back with instinctive horror. One is afraid, even in thought, of being himself bounced. Ah, yes! and the neighbors—the "many other residents of Storey County" who could testify of her ability—did she make it too warm for them, did she bounce them, or had they stood by and seen her, and admired her science, as she bounced her "former husband"? One thinks involuntarily of red hair and arms akimbo when one tries to fancy this "defeated schoolmarm"; a harsh, high-keyed, threatening voice could alone do justice to the tone of defiance that breathes through her words. And now this termagant, this escaped Tartar, this untamed shrew, wants to be Bouncer to the Board. She does not explain what she conceived the duties of such an office would be. Can it be that the Commissioners of Education in Nevada are so beset with malcontents, and complaining parties and bores, that such an officer is needed to preserve their peace? One can easily imagine that about an editor's sanctum such a person would be a great convenience. But any reasonable man, or set of men, who valued peace of mind would hesitate to put it in peril by placing in such an office a woman who had a "former husband" to whom she could refer for her deftness in bouncing. Would not one stand in constant fear of being bounced himself?

AT THE MATINEE.

PRETTY! She was a stunner, I should say;
 The girl I sat beside, that matinee.
 I didn't note her when I first went in;
 But when to stare at me she did begin,
 I looked at her—by Jove, her eyes were bright!
 Fringed with long, silken lashes, black as night!
 Red cheeks and cherry lips. And then her look
 Was so piquant, my heart by storm she took.
 She had an escort, but she didn't seem
 Him worthy of a single look to deem.
 Whene'er I looked at her, I caught the flash
 Of her bright eyes. I felt I'd made a mash.
 I glanced at her, whenever I could see
 Her escort's watchful gaze was not on me;
 And she as often did return my glance.
 I wished to speak. At last I had a chance,
 An *entr'acte* came. Her escort started out,
 And I began by asking, as in doubt:
 "Pardon me, did you speak?" She answered, "No,
 But I've been feeling like so doing, though."
 Joy filled me! She went on: "Please keep your feet
 Off from my dress!" O Lord! I changed my seat.

Philosophy of Education.—The *Spirit of Kansas* has captured a wild judge, H. H. Howard by name, and compelled him to write articles to which, by some freak of editorial imagination, the above caption is given. We say compelled, but we do not know this to be the case; it is simply an inference of ours on general principles. It may be possible—though we frankly confess that we cannot conceive such possibility—that the judge does not write under compulsion. But this theory does as great violence to the judicial nature as the articles in question to common sense, and so we prefer the simpler and more sensible view of the case which we gave at the outset.

We have number twelve of the series before us at this writing. It is not long, only a trifle more than a column, and the columns of the *Spirit of Kansas* are short. But within this brief space there is crowded a dizzying amount of mythologic lore and suggestive erudition. Judges, as is well known, are the most imaginative class in the community, so it is not surprising to find this judge discoursing upon the means for improving that desirable faculty. The rule which he lays down is short and terse and has the extraordinary merit of being within the range of almost any one's possibilities to put it into effect. It is simply, "Read classic literature." Immediately after this rule follows what we suppose must be an amplification or explanation of it, though we are prepared to accept any other theory. It reads as follows:

"Pluck the golden bough as your talisman (the gods like gold). Descend with Æneas into Hades. Pay your ferriage, an obolus, and cross the dark Styx that runs nine times round Tartarus, in old Charon's boat. Throw now a bone to Cerberus, the three-headed watch-dog, and enter Pluto's realm. Turn to the right, stand before the stern Hadean judges, Minos, Rhadamanthus, and Æacus. Hear the reading of all your deeds in life—good and bad."

It may be the judge gives this as an example of how a person with "improved" imagination can write. If so, what a solemn warning! It certainly requires a very energetic use of that "improved" power to send a live person dead or a dead person alive to Hades, as is done in the words quoted. Æneas went down alive, and it looks as though the judge wanted you to do the same, as he sends you along with that "pious" old flirt, and besides, he tells you to provide yourself with the golden bough, which is only necessary in case of those who make the "easy descent to Avernus" before death. With infinite kindness the judge informs us parenthetically that "the gods like gold." Where did the judge learn this delicious bit of divine gossip? Next you are directed to "pay your ferriage, an obolus." This is clear evidence that you are dead. That white-haired, shaggy-headed, and generally shabby old fellow, Charon, only collected the three cents for a ride in his leaky, creaky old punt of his dead passengers. Probably he couldn't have done it even then if he hadn't had a monopoly of the carrying trade on the Styx, which does indeed run nine times round Hades, but not "in old Charon's boat," as the judge seems to say. You are directed to throw a "bone" to Cerberus—for what purpose he forgets to add. Maybe the three-headed monster is ill-fed and you are expected to contribute. Perhaps he has in his mind the medicated sop that the Sibyl, who accompanied Æneas, used, that the beast might be quieted and allow the living to pass. If he means this, then you are alive again. Then you are to "stand before the stern Hadean judges, Minos, Rhadamanthus, and Æacus." This is a little ceremony that Æneas neglected the other time. "Hear the reading of all your deeds in life—good and bad." So you are dead once more!

The judge proceeds in the same style of jerky eloquence through the rest of his column, mixing up mythology and wisdom—aye, such wisdom!—in a delightfully refreshing manner, and to all appearance utterly oblivious of his subject—or object, either, for that matter. After chattering away about Tityus and Tantalus and Ixion and that ilk, who have been doing penance—poor fellows!—through the centuries as cheap illustrations for vapid rhetoricians, he at least falls foul of Homer and Virgil, and for a moment remembers what he supposes he is talking about. He says:

"Read these immortal bards, take in their matchless mental creations, follow them in their celestial flights and their unequalled descriptions, and your imagination will be roused, invigorated, and developed."

This really isn't so bad. But the judge, in advising you to "take in the matchless mental creations," would have done well, it seems to us, to have added a quiet warning that you should look out lest you be "taken in" by them. For evidently the *you*, to whom the judge is addressing himself, is in such a mental condition that no advice, however trivial and puerile it may seem to virile minds, will come amiss. The richest thing about the whole matter is that the editor supposes that the vagaries of the judicial mind unbent have some relation to the "philosophy of education"! We cannot resist the temptation to fling a bit of Latin at the judge. *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*, which, being interpreted to meet the present emergency, would be, "Stick to thy bailments, judge!"

Marriage Service for the Divorced.—An "Old Parish Minister," in the *Independent*, gives the following travesty of the marriage ceremony to be used in case the parties have been divorced. It abounds in the keenest satire upon some things in our American life and laws at which the decent and the judicious hang their head for shame. If we mistake not, there has already begun to be a quickening of the moral sense of the public with reference to the sanctity of the marriage contract. Meanwhile, wedlock is rashly entered, shamelessly annulled. But to the service:

The persons to be married anew to second partners, being present, with suitable witnesses, it is well that the minister should briefly exhort them to the effect that marriage is a serious business, and yet not so very serious, after all; and should encourage them to be of good cheer, because mistakes are easily corrected. After which he may read in Hosea i. 2, "Go take unto thee a wife," etc.; and iii. 1-3, "Go, yet love a woman beloved of her friend," etc. Then he will do well to omit the customary invitation to any present to show "just cause or impediment," and proceed at once to require of the bridegroom to show good reason why he has a right to be married, notwithstanding he has a wife living.

Then let the man answer thus, or to the like effect:

"Here are the papers, all fresh and regular, from the Court of — County, Indiana. Cause, incompatibility of temper, and the assurance of Messrs. Quirk, Gammon & Snap that they have been procured promptly and without publicity."

And the woman shall answer thus, or to the like effect:

"Oh! I'm all right. Divorce from the Superior Court of Connecticut, Chief-Justice Park presiding. Cause, conduct tending to defeat the object of the marriage relation."

Then let the minister say:

"Who giveth the indemnity bond to the minister to secure him, in case there should be any trouble growing out of this little affair?"

And this question having been answered by the execution, then and there, of a good and sufficient bond, let the persons to be married take each other by the hand, and let the minister say to the bridegroom, calling him by name:

"You, —, take this woman to be your more or less lawful wife, and to promise to render to her the duties that society expects of you in this relation, until some incompatibility of temper arises or until the present arrangement is regularly dissolved by the divorce courts. Thus you promise; though, if you don't choose to keep your word, I do not see what in the world is going to be done about it."

"With this understanding, I do."

Then let the minister say to the bride:

"You, —, take this man to be, in a certain sense of the word, your lawful husband; and you promise, having taken all necessary precautions to secure your property in your own right, to show a due respect to the conventionalities of society until incompatibility or divorce shall part you. Thus you promise."

"It strikes me as safe to do so."

"I pronounce you, therefore, in the sense in which the words are used in the statute, to be husband and wife. And, since your being joined together is in distinct contravention of the law of God, there seems to be no obvious reason why man should not put you asunder at his own discretion."

Prayer and benediction being manifestly inappropriate on such an occasion, the services may be concluded by the paying of a fee.

At a little inn, called the "Landwehr," not far from Göttingen, when Heine was a student there, was a fascinating little waiting-maid, whose blooming good looks, good humor, and graceful dexterity in serving made her a general favorite. The University students were often attracted to the Landwehr for the pleasure of being entertained and waited upon by Lottchen. That she was a highly proper person, and would admit of no nonsense, added to the charm of her manner and appearance. Heine often visited the Landwehr with the rest. He was in the habit of laughing and joking with the pretty waitress, and one day he went further: he took her round the waist and tried to kiss her cheek. Lottchen tore herself away with indignation, and reproached him so scornfully for his presumption, that Heine went away quite crestfallen, and resolved never to come back again. He did return again, but with the intention of pretending to take no notice whatever of Lottchen. What was his surprise, however, to find, when he came, that Lottchen, when she saw him, ran up to him, and said with a laugh, "I have forgiven you, Herr Heine, for you are not the same as the other students. Sure you are as famous already as our professors. I have read your songs. Oh, how beautiful they are! The 'Song of the Church-yard' I know by heart; and now, Herr Heine, you may kiss me in the presence of all the gentlemen, but you must be really industrious and write more of such beautiful poems."

In the memoirs of Heine, recently given to the world by his niece, the Princess Madame della Rocca, one will find some amusing anecdotes. Heine's answer to a Bavarian princess who was anxious to make his acquaintance and had invited him to take coffee with her after dinner shows what a thoroughly good opinion he had of his own importance and dignity. "Give my most humble respects to her Royal Highness," he said to the courtier who had brought him the verbal invitation, "but I always take my coffee where I take my dinner."

Quite as delicious is the reply he made to his uncle Solomon Heine, the great banker of Hamburg, who all through his life treated him with more than fatherly indulgence and liberality. When Heine returned from London, in 1827, and his uncle reproached him with his extravagance in money matters, and found fault with him for having exhausted his letter of credit within a few weeks, the nephew naively observed:

"Well, uncle, the greatest piece of luck you can boast of is that you bear the same name that I do."

It has been long believed by the best authorities that Jesus spoke Greek and Aramaic, both of which languages were in common use in the Holy Land in his day. But a good preacher—or rather a good man who preaches—in Western New York has evidently gained new light upon this question.

Preaching one Sunday upon the simplicity of the Saviour's character, he said, "He never used language which common people could not understand, but always spoke in good plain English." Here is a disagreement between doctors which needs to be settled.

POTTER'S AMERICAN MONTHLY.

VOL. XVII.

JULY, 1881.

No. 115.

THROUGH THE DISMAL SWAMP.

BY ALEXANDER HUNTER.



"Away to the Dismal Swamp
he speeds—
His path was rugged and sore,
Through tangled juniper, beds
of reeds,
Through many a fen where the
serpent breeds,
And man never trod before."

AMID all the varied and vast wonders of Nature's handiwork naught is more worthy the tourist's attention, the artist's pencil, or the interest of the public than the Great Dismal Swamp of Virginia. No one, unless he has visited the spot, can ever form a clear idea of its attractions, for it must be seen to be appreciated; no description, however faithful the portrayal, no pencil, however true its limning, can do full justice to its subject. The impression universally conceived of the place is entirely erroneous, since the very name is so suggestive of all that is dreary, desolate, and forbidden, that one is likely to picture only oozing quagmires, treacherous quicksands, dark morasses, and unfathomable bogs. But while the locality is, as a general thing, what its name signifies,—a huge swamp,—there are little islands scattered here and there, of solid ground, which delight the eye with scenes of picturesque loveliness; and while also in some sections its characteristics are as weird and suggestive as the Hartz Mountains themselves, as sombre and desolate in utter loneliness and sterility as the Desert of Sahara, yet, again, they are as fair and beautiful as the opening vistas, the placid waters of the famous gardens of Corisande. Hence it is that the explorer finds so much to awake his admiration and enthrall the imagination, or else

to arouse within him feelings of awe,—awe at times almost akin to fear,—just as he may chance to pass from a scene of smiling beauty into one of gloomy desolation.

The Dismal Swamp lies in two States: one section in Virginia, where it runs from east to west, twenty-five miles in length; the other in North Carolina, stretching for twenty miles in a southward direction. In width it is much contracted, averaging about twenty-five miles. The whole area is eight hundred square miles.

The earth is spongy and soft, consisting of vegetation and matted roots, which form but treacherous foot-holds. There are no quicksands. The most wonderful feature of this strange place

is that, in defiance of the laws of nature, the swamp is *above* the level of the surrounding country, instead of below it; the greater portion being between seven and eight feet higher than the banks, as was ascertained by a careful measurement when the railroad running between Norfolk and Petersburg was made to traverse its upper section. And another singular fact connected with this fascinating spot is that the waters flow *from* and not *into* the swamp. Five rivers draw their sources of supply from the Dismal: The South Branch of the Elizabeth, the South Branch of the Nansemond, the North Run, the Northeast River, and the Pergamond. Of these, the two first flow into Virginia, and the three latter into North Carolina. Follow them all to the head, and they will lose themselves in the Dismal Swamp, not the slightest trace of them to be found above ground. The vast amount of water by which these rivers are supplied is sucked up from the spongy soil that retains the rain like a reservoir,—as it really is, of Nature's own making,—furnishing a never-failing flow.

A canal has been constructed from Norfolk to the lake in the centre of the Swamp, some twenty miles distant. This canal is very narrow, very shallow, and full of snags. Another artificial entrance equally as contracted and insufficient, and called by courtesy a canal, runs from the vicinity of the little town of Suffolk to the opposite side of the lake, some twelve miles distant.

In a rare old manuscript, a copy of which is in the National Library, at Washington, and probably the only one extant, we obtain the first intelligence of the Great Dismal Swamp in Virginia's colonial days. We refer to the journal kept by a famous surveyor of that time, Colonel William Byrd, whose name has since been handed down through generations of one of Virginia's oldest and most honored families. The colonel was one

in a state of baronial magnificence at Westover, a plantation situated upon the banks of the James. He it was who selected, with



SWAMP BORDER INCIDENTS.

unerring sagacity, the site of the city of Richmond, which, from its water-power, he predicted would become, some time, a great manufacturing centre. An island near the then future capital, upon which he built his town residence, was called after him, and Byrd's Island it remains to this day.

In the year 1725 Colonel Byrd made a minute and thorough survey of the Dismal Swamp, in accordance with the wishes of the Governor of Virginia, who was anxious to investigate the feasibility of its drainage. The report of the colonel was favorable, and in consequence thereof a petition was forwarded to his Majesty, King George III., from his loyal subjects of the Old Dominion, praying that a company be formed for that purpose; said company stipulating in advance to bear all expenses, and to take only the reclaimed land in payment for services. The company, furthermore, would guarantee to finish the work in ten years; only asking, in consideration of the great expense, to be excused from paying quit-rents and taxes for the term of fifty years.

What answer the king gave to this petition, the historian does not inform us. Certainly Hercules's task of cleaning the Augean stables seems but child's play to the task they were eager to undertake. Still, who knows?—it might have been accomplished; but some day, when this mighty republic shall have become as thickly populated as Europe, the coming race of the New World may yet reclaim this vast morass, as the thrifty, industrious Hollanders restrain the waters of the Zuyder Zee. Science takes immeasurable strides as the centuries roll on; and what would have seemed impossible in one age becomes *au fait accompli* the next.

In his journal, Colonel Byrd speaks of the almost unparalleled difficulties which his surveying party had to encounter. A few extracts from a copy of his manuscript, now lying beside me, may not prove altogether uninteresting:

"March 13, 1728.—Early this morning the chaplain repaired to us with the men we had left at Mr. Wilson's. We had sent for them the evening before to return those who had the labor oar from Coratuck Inlet. But greatly to our surprise they petitioned us not to be relieved, hoping to gain immortal reputation by being the first of mankind that ventured through the great Dismal. Our day's work ended within a quarter of a mile

of the Dismal Swamp, when the ground began to be already full of sunken holes and slashes.

"It is hardly credible how little the bordering inhabitants are acquainted with this mighty swamp, notwithstanding they had lived their whole lives within smell of it. Yet, as great strangers as they were to it, they pretended to be very exact in their account of its dimensions, and were positive that it could not be over seven or eight miles wide; but knew never more of the matter than stargazers know of the distance of the fixed stars. At the same time they were simple enough to tell our men idle stories of the lions, panthers, and alligators they were to encounter in that dreadful place. In short, we saw plainly that no intelligence of this *terra incognita* was to be got but from our own experience. For that reason we resolved to make preparations to enter it the next morning. We allotted each one of the surveyors twelve men to attend him in this painful enterprise."

"14th.— . . . Each man was victualed for eight days, nobody doubting but that would be ample time to carry them through that inhospitable place. Entering the swamp, we found the skirts thinly planted with dwarf reeds and tall bushes, but when we got into the Dismal itself, we found the reeds grew there so much taller and closer, and to mend the matter were so interlaced with bamboo briars, that there was no scuffling through them without the help of pioneers. At the same time we found the ground moist, and trembling under our feet like a quagmire, inso-much that it was an easy matter to run a ten-foot pole up to the head without exerting any uncommon strength. By the assistance of the pioneers we made a shift to push ahead for two hundred yards, and here reaching a small island, the people were glad enough to lay down their loads and take a little refreshment, while the happy man who carried the jug of rum began already, like Æsop's bread-carrier, to find it grew a good deal lighter.

"That evening we returned to Mr. Johnson, who lives on the edge of the Dismal, yet he knew as little of it as he did of *terra australis incognita*. He told us a real Canterbury tale of a North Briton, whose curiosity spurred him a long way in the great desert nearly twenty years ago; but having no compass, nor seeing the sun for several days together, he wandered about almost famished

until he bethought himself of a secret his countrymen made use of to pilot themselves of a dark day. He took a species of vermin out of his collar and exposed it to the open day on a piece of white paper. The poor louse, having no eyelids, turned himself about until he found the darkest part of the heavens, and so made the best of the way to the north. By this direction the



BOB, THE GUIDE.

man steered himself safely out, and gave such frightful accounts of the monsters he had seen, and the distress he had undergone, that no mortal since had been hardy enough to go upon a like dangerous discovery.

"15th.—The surveyors pursued their work with diligence, but found the soil of the Dismal so spongy that the water oozed into every footstep they took. But the greatest difficulty was from large cypresses which the wind had blown down and heaped on one another. Never was rum,

that cordial of life, found more necessary than in this dirty place. From morning to night, after hard labor, the line was only advanced one mile and thirty poles.

"16th.—The line was to-day carried but one mile and a quarter; the soil continuing soft and miry, but fuller of trees, especially white cedars; many of these were thrown down and piled high enough for a good Muscovite fortification.

"17th, Sabbath.—Rested. Since the surveyors entered the Dismal, they have laid eyes on no living creature.

"18th.—Made nearly a mile; the link could be carried no further. The whole distance was through a miry cedar bog where the ground trembled under the feet most fearfully. It was a great consideration about our lodging. We first covered the ground with pieces of cypress bark, on which we spread our blankets; but the water would soon cover it to our great inconvenience. Then our fires were continually going out; for no sooner was the trash upon the surface burnt away but immediately the fire was extinguished by the moisture of the soil."

The colonel leaves his party in the swamp, and his journal of its further adventures comes to an abrupt end. Whether the men that composed it found graves in the miry Slough of Despond, whether they were consumed by the lions, panthers, and alligators, or whether they made happy exits from the land of horrors, will ever remain a mystery no man can solve till sea and earth give up their dead, and the secrets of all lives are disclosed.

Colonel Byrd's journal tells us, however, before it closes, that the men's courage was put to a trial; and he continues:

"Though I cannot say it made them lose their patience, yet they lost their humor for joking. They kept their gravity like so many Spaniards, so that a man might have taken his opportunity to plunge up to his chin without being laughed at."

Perhaps this state of matters may account for the sudden secession of the colonel. He assures us, that, after many hardships, he reaches the North Carolina side of the swamp, and then he touches lightly upon the characteristics of its people. To quote him further and finally:

"The men for the most part are just like the

Indians—impose all the work on the women. They make their wives rise out of bed early in the morning at the same time that they lie and snore till the sun has risen one-third of his course and dispersed all the unwholesome damps. Then, after rising and stretching and yawning for half an hour, they light their pipes, and under protection of a cloud of smoke venture into the open air; though, if it happens to be never so little cold, they quickly return shivering to the chimney-corner. When the weather is mild, they stand leaning with both arms upon a corn fence, and gravely consider whether they had better go and take a small heat at the hoe, but quickly find reason to put it off for another time. Thus they

the whole village (or "town," if its inhabitants will have it so); men, women, and children had retired within their homes, and closed both door and casement. Even the darkey and the dog, who love to stretch themselves out in the sunshine at a temperature that will well-nigh roast an egg, and sleep the long hours through—even they had sought cooler quarters beneath some friendly roof. Store-doors stood ajar just for the name of the thing; indeed, the clerks were doubtless asleep, since there was but slim chance of any kind of trade that day. Only the sun and the flies, the blue-bottles especially, seemed to be doing a thriving business, and between them both they were having everything their own way, inasmuch



THE BURNT DISTRICT.

loiter away their lives like Solomon's sluggards. To speak the truth, it is a thorough aversion to labor that makes people file off to North Carolina, where plenty and a warm sun confirm them in their disposition to laziness for their whole lives."

* * * * *

A party consisting of two, and complete in itself for all the necessities of the occasion, and for enjoyment, viz., a journalist and his artist friend, left the cars at Suffolk one warm August day, prepared to follow the example of the colonel and investigate the swamp. Probably the cool depths beneath entangled trees, through which no vagrant ray of the sun could even so much as glimmer, acted as an incentive to the undertaking, for although we have said the day was warm, it was in reality hot. The very air seemed exhalations from a furnace. Not a soul was visible in

as there was no other sign of life or motion anywhere. It was the deserted village over again.

Only that Suffolk is not the "loveliest village" by any manner of means. Situated at the extreme northern end of the swamp, it stretches itself out into one long street bordered for half a mile with houses that stand at utter variance one with another; built, in sooth, without reference to design or regularity, in that higgledy-piggledy style which seems the peculiar characteristic of all Virginia villages—as if each house by settling down where it pleased, and facing where it listeth, north, south, east, or west, was the Fourth of July in itself, and had a vote. A few cross-streets here and there had made attempts to ramify, but such efforts never having approached anything like completion, had only degenerated into lanes. A spire or two rising clear and distinct against the

sky showed where the worthy prayed. A score or so of stores lined the sidewalks, while scattered at intervals were the ubiquitous bar-rooms, over whose juleps (the Eastern Virginian drinks nothing in summer but brandy juleps) the village magnates met to discuss their own affairs and politics.

The next morning some time was spent in collecting supplies for the intended trip and in securing a guide. At last, after the former had been purchased and stored away, the latter was found in the person of Bob, a typical Dismal Swamper; a long, double-jointed, slab-sided specimen of humanity, the hugest eater (suggesting a stomach like an anaconda's—his whole length) and the biggest romancer in the world. His face wore a combined expression of shrewdness and good humor, and while from its varied dirt-streaks it brought to mind a certain

“Little Tom Simms on the front seat,
Whose face was withstanding a drought,”

it just as surely recalled that of his companion,

“Jolly Jack Gibbs just behind him
With a rainy new moon for a mouth.”

A shock of tow-colored hair rose through sundry ventilations in his hat like sprouting wheat through the knot-holes of a barn floor. Underneath what had once been a rim was his 'sallow face, surmounted by a nose the color of the immortal Bardolph's. His clothes were not many nor much to boast of; they scorned a fit, and in one respect reminded one of the “whited sepulchres” of old, “full of bones.”

Bob's career had been an eventful one to the villagers. It seems he had left his paternal home not far away, and shipped before the mast from Norfolk, bound on a voyage to South America and the West Indies. On his return he eschewed a sea-going life as too industrious for one who hated all manner of work, and settled down in the village for the balance of his days to live on the glory of his exploits. These he recounted whenever an opportunity presented, and in order that the salt of his sea-stories should not lose its savor from over-repetition, Bob came to draw largely on an imagination second only to Munchausen's. So that the habit of gentle misrepresentation was rather the gradual development of

the necessities of the day than inherent bias to evil. Indeed, Bob might have been thought to be religiously inclined, if doing no manner of work on the Sabbath could be taken as a sign; only he treated the other days in the week just as respectfully, and that went somewhat against him. He was a nondescript character, lived from hand to mouth, and was always ready to act in any capacity and turn an honest penny, provided no actual work was required.

Placing our traps in a cart, we rode about a mile to the place where Bob was in waiting with his skiff,—a small rude flat-boat of some ten feet long, and drawing about six inches of water. Taking our seats in front, we piled up the luggage in the centre; Bob seated himself with the air of a veteran traveler, and, using a double paddle, with steady automatic strokes started the boat down the swamp. The canal for the first three miles was as wide as an ordinary room, and covered with a green slime, through which Bob laboriously propelled the canoe. Locomotion here was slow and wearisome, while the surroundings were sombre beyond description.

A short while before, an immense fire had swept over this portion of the swamp, destroying thousands of magnificent trees, and leaving only a charred desert thousands of acres in area. For a month the fire lasted, until, for miles around, nothing could be seen but this wide-stretching waste, still smoking in places, with here and there the blackened trunk of a tree remaining, a monument of the surrounding desolation. No living thing was visible, not even a bird; even the buzzards avoided circling over such hopeless and barren wild.

A few miles and the scene changes, only to become, if possible, more dread. Great trees, killed by the action of fire, stand singly and in groups, their skeleton branches clearly outlined against the sky, with little puffs of sullen smoke drifting upward from the smouldering trunks. Young reeds cover the ground and wave silently in the noiseless breeze. It is as if kindly Nature had died, and the curse of God had unpeopled the earth. One could imagine himself in a world of departed spirits—spirits condemned to wander through this vast Hades with no voice to break the horrible solitude; seeking rest from the pangs of torturing remorse and finding none. In fancy one can see the doomed pariah of De Quincy,

who, hunted by Bramah through the jungles of India, has sought refuge in these desolate swamps, and is cowering behind the tree-trunks or fleeing wildly, blindly, through the dim recesses of the morass.

Bob's voice breaks the silence: "I wouldn't paddle down here at night by myself for no money!" And he gives the skiff an energetic push in attestation thereto.

We now overtake a long-boat going after shingles, and we hitch our skiff behind. These lighters carry the shingles to the railroad at Suffolk, and are propelled by men walking on the bank and pushing a pole, one end of which is fastened to the boat. The tow-path consists of but a single log laid down, the butt of one touching another. These logs are not fastened, but are loose in the ooze of the swamp; and though the boatman has the oar of the lighter with which to steady himself, he stumbles every other step and is over his knees in water.

The wealth of the Dismal Swamp lies altogether in its shingles. The "Land Company" carry on a regular business, and employ a large force. Cypress-trees grow frequently to the height of one hundred and thirty feet, and are as straight as the masts of a vessel. The shingles constructed from them are the best and most durable of all others; the wood splits readily, is soft when green, and hardens as it dries. The workmen live in comfortable shanties on the little islands, generally in the interior of the swamp. They are wholly negroes, with white foremen who return in the evening to their homes outside, and never stay in

the swamp except in rare instances. The negroes are a well-fed, happy, careless set, and in the calm summer nights the sound of their fiddles and banjos make the gloomy woods echo with jovial strains. Stopping at one of their cabins, we found them well supplied with bacon, meal, potatoes, game, and whisky. The life they lead is somewhat like a soldier's, at times full of hardships, but followed by seasons of perfect rest.

The shanties of the negro laborers are always built over ground, the nature of the soil preventing any other manner of building. One of these dwellings was a curiosity in its way. It was constructed by bracing scantlings against four cypress-trees that happened to grow at regular quadrangular distances, and then lifting the house upon those supports several yards above the water. This roost was approached by a skiff, and entrance effected by climbing a ladder that hung from the door, so that its residents literally and truly abided in the tree-tops. A sensible house and "far from the mad-



STEALING WATERMELONS.

ding crowd's ignoble strife"—if we except the mosquitoes.

Through the desert we have been describing the boat steadily made its way. The sun, now risen high in the heavens, poured down its dazzling rays with fiery fury. There was nothing to intercept them, nor a ripple of wind to temper their remorseless scorching. The perspiration rolled in streams from the glistening faces and bared breasts of the two negroes who propelled the boat. Sitting in front, watching the scene, a strange sight arrested the attention; as far as the eye



BORDER OF THE SWAMP.

could reach, the logs forming the path were covered with terrapins and snakes known as the water moccasin. Incredible numbers of the latter put to blush the maddest dreams of a victim of mania-a-potu. In some places a fallen hemlock would be literally covered, as basking in the torrid noonday sun they curled on the massive trunk, and entwined along the branches, their brilliant-hued variegated bodies glinting in the sunlight, presenting a beautiful but horrible picture. There seemed to exist a perfect *entente cordiale* between them and the terrapins, for they rested peacefully cheek by jowl.

Above the gentle low swish made by the passage of the boat through the water would be heard the splash! splash! of the reptiles and the turtles as they slid off the logs, their heads popping up like corks along the route. The boatmen did not seem to mind them, frequently treading them down as they made a miss-step over their boot-tops into the mire. It seems as if the African has not that antipathy to serpents cherished by the Anglo-Saxon.

"Uncle," I said, going back to the rear of the boat where a venerable darkey held the helm, "there are plenty of snakes about here."

"Sure dey is, massa," he answered. "Dey swams aroun' on de canal, a-sunnin' deyselves."

"The boatmen do not seem to mind them?"

"No, sar; we gits used to dem!"

"Do any of the hands ever get bitten?"

"Oh, yes, sar, sometimes; but we allus cures de bite by drinkin'. Some of dese no-count niggers would rather get bitten dan not; dey loves whisky so!"

"Wouldn't you be afraid to travel along here in the night-time?"

"'Fraid! Lor', massa, no! I comes offen to set my traps. The only thing I'se 'fraid of is ghostesses, and thar ain't none here I ever seed, tho' I hear tells on em."

"What kind of traps?"

"Terrapins—snappers we calls 'em."

"How do you catch them?"

"We takes, sar, a piece of twine as long as your arm, wid a hook at one en', and baits 'em wid a frog, tied live by dere leg, den tie de oder en' to de log. De snapper comes along and swallows de frog, and we carries him home, string and all. We catches plenty when de moon is right."

"The moon! What has that to do with it?"

"Why, sar, you see de snapper don't bite well 'cept when dar's a full moon, sar."

"Why, how do you account for it?"

"I dunno, young massa; 'pears to me the frog can't see 'em in the dark, and de snapper gits all

he wants; but in de light of de moon, sar, dey see 'em coming and gits away—den dey bites free at de bait."

"What do you do with them?"

"We eats 'em, sure; and den we sells 'em in town—gits a quarter and a half a dollar, 'cordin to dere size."

"Do you catch anything else?"

"Oh, yes, sar; de swamp is full of coons and possums."

"Any bears?"

"Plenty of bars, sar. When we's a settin' our coon and possum snares in de night we hears 'em a plungin', a scimmagin' and a runnin' thru' de canes, but lor's a massy, dey nebber 'sturbs us."

"Do the sportsmen ever kill any?"

"Not in de swamp, sar; de canes dey is too close up to follow dem up. De farmer hyar about what libs on de edge of dis swamp shoots at 'em when dey comes out to eat de green corn. Bars is monstrous fond of green corn an' melons."

"And darkeys, too, are they not, uncle!" inquired the artist amusedly.

The ancient son of Africa, with respectful dab at the short, woolly, whitened forelock in honor of the last speaker, opened his mouth in an enormous grin, and his eyes looked unutterable things.

"Sure dey is, sar.

Bars and niggers is alike—and dat's a fac. Strange dis chile nebber thought ob dat before!"

And here the old oarsman, unable to repress his delight, burst into a resounding peal of laughter most satisfactory to himself.

We continued our questions, but this time at random.

"Going to vote, uncle?"

"Sure I is, massa! You bet dis chile goin' to vote."

"How do you vote?"

"Don't know, sar! Ain't voted yit, but when I goes to town to git my 'visions, I'se

gwine to carry a long pole from dese here swamps and vote den, 'cause I ain't got no time to wase on sich tricks."

"Why, what do you want with a pole?"

"'Cause, sar, dose folks dar, when I sez, 'I'se goin to vote, now I'se here,' sez dey, 'You can't vote but at de poles.' So, massa, I carries my own pole de nex' time, 'cause dey was none dar."

It was our time to laugh; but still we questioned, "Well, uncle, whom will you vote for?"

"Ain't certin' yit, massa. My ole wife, sar, is a mitey great 'rusticrate—none of your low-down, common niggers, 'cause she 'longed to ole Squire Page, sar, when she was a gal, and waited on de young missuses. She sez, sez she, 'Now ole man you jes vote for Ginerel Washington, 'cause he's real qual'ty, an' no mistake.' But lor', massa, wimmin ain't got no sense, nohow, so I don't let on to de ole 'oman, but, sez I to myself, sez I, 'Old nigger, you goin' to vote for Mars Linkum, 'cause he done sot you free, and you orter not to treat him mean after dat—nohow you can fix it.' So, massa, I goin' vote for Mars Linkum, sure."

The boat was now turning off into a side-passage, and Bob resumed the helm. The last we saw and



A LUMBERMAN'S SHELTER.

heard of the old darkey he had put aside his politics, and, reverting to the former theme, was chuckling to himself, "Bars and niggers is alike; strange I nebber thought ob dat before."

Within three miles of the lake the scenery becomes exquisitely beautiful; neither grand nor striking, but simply, naturally beautiful; not the loveliness that stirs the senses and awakens wonder, but that which touches the heart, and gradually and silently deepens its spell. The canal loses all semblance of its title, and paddles come into requisition. Reeds, flowers, and the holly line each bank and nearly reach across, while away up in the air the branches of the majestic hemlock, the stately maple, over which vines, creepers, and funereal cypresses trail in graceful festoons, interlace, forming a grand avenue so densely shaded that scarcely a fugitive ray of the sun is able to penetrate. As the boat glides in the stirless water, the avenue stretches before it straight as an arrow, and loses itself in a dim, indefinable aisle. The water of the canal looks as black as ink, though it is really the color of Madeira wine; its great peculiarity consisting in its faithful reflections of objects. Every tree, bush, flower, and shrub, even the butterfly that darts above it, and the spider-web that spans the chasm, are mirrored with marvelous distinctness and tint. Indeed, the color and delicate shades of hue are reproduced with such absolute fidelity that the effect is startling. Looking into the water as you glide, you feel as if you were really floating in air, while your own face gazes back into your eyes with a fidelity no mirror can excel in giving.

In traveling through the swamp an exceedingly depressing feeling takes possession of the explorer. The absolute stillness, with not a sound to break the monotony, makes one sad in despite of all reason; and faces that one has seen never to meet again, and voices that have passed away save as they echo in memory, come back with a reality and a pathos that haunt only the dead, quiet, wakeful hours of night.

At last Lake Drummond opens to the gaze like the slow rising of the curtain disclosing the beauty of the stage; and one thinks if God ever made a fairer sheet of water, it is yet hidden away from mortal's gaze and ken.

Here it lies in the very centre of the great swamp, pure, undefiled, and fresh as a child's heart in the mad rush and roar of a city's life.

Its waters, whether at rest in placid repose, or stirred by winds gentle or rough, always wear their own rich ruby hue that gleams like gold in sunshine. Hidden deep away in the midst of an inaccessible swamp, this lovely lake seems to dream away its life, pure and untainted, from all contact with the world. One can almost believe it was conceived by Jupiter, and made for the chaste Diana to bathe in away from the haunts of men.

It is a novel and weird scene, this stretch of ruby water extending in all directions, for Lake Drummond is seven miles long by five wide, and looks longer than it really is. No sails gleaming on the water light up the dark background. No long, slender cloud of smoke darkens the horizon, marking the path of the swift-fleeting steamer. Naught but the calm, still lake, radiant in its solitary beauty, rests before you, bathed in a solemn calm, as if of Sabbath holiness. No sound of man's voice echoes over its placid surface; no sign of man's toil mars its deep serenity. Out of the slime, the mire, and the mud it has gathered up its waters, pure and uncontaminated as when first they fell from heaven. Like ruby wine in crystal glass, it reflects the light of sun and star in the same rich glow and sparkle as when it was first distilled by its Maker, and held purely apart in his hand away from all eyes but his. The beautiful lake of the Dismal Swamp!—like the one oasis in the desert—the precious gem in the miser's hoardings—the jewel in the toad's head—you are yet the heart of the swamp, and, hidden in its jealous embrace, its very life, and its "joy forever."

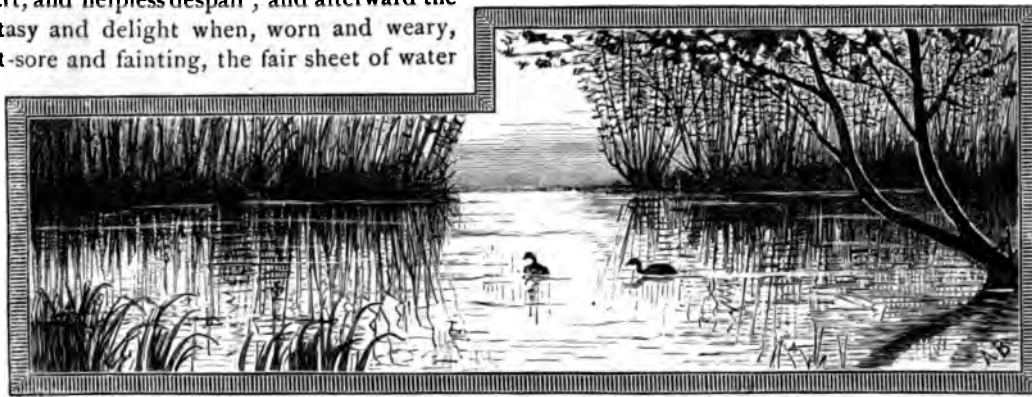
In olden times the Dismal was never entered, and it was as late as the Revolutionary war that a hunter named Drummond first discovered the lake. To the people who lived upon its edges its unexplored waste was a land of lost spirits—a land of Plutonian shadows. "Once entered, none return," was what they thought and said. And thus it was that rumor, tradition, and superstition combined made of it a veritable realm of enchantment, within whose confines dwelt warlock, witches, hobgoblins, and, if the truth must be told, the very Devil himself, hoofs and horns included. There were tales told, too, as Colonel Byrd writes, of numberless wild animals vast in size, and of surpassing strength and fierceness, the like of which mortal eyes had never seen

before. The boldest sportsman only skirted its extremest edge in pursuit of game—none so brave or daring to venture within such an undoubted Valley of the Shadow of Death.

But the hunter Drummond on one occasion became absorbed in his chase of a wounded deer, and caution was forgot for the while. He followed his game so far into the recesses of the swamp that he became lost. In its worse than Cretan labyrinths he wandered hopelessly and aimlessly for three whole days, until want of food and sleep and excessive fatigue had well-nigh cost him his life. One cannot help fancying his feelings during the time of trial; his constant wanderings and incessant struggles; his sickness of heart, and helpless despair; and afterward the ecstasy and delight when, worn and weary, foot-sore and fainting, the fair sheet of water

that they send for regular supplies, and use none other. It keeps pure for a great length of time; consequently ships bound on a long voyage often have their casks filled from the clear depths of Lake Drummond. The taste is slightly acrid, but that only adds to the zest in drinking it. There used to be a popular superstition that some portions of the lake were fathomless, but Commodore Barron, of the United States Navy, when on a tour with a party of friends, sounded them thoroughly, and found their average depth about twelve feet. The greatest depth was in the middle, and not exceeding twenty feet. The bottom is generally of mud, but sometimes of pure sand.

Such is the extreme loveliness of Lake Drum-



LAKE DRUMMOND.

gleaming in placid beauty burst upon his bewildered senses. Did he think it a dream? one that would vanish from his distempered fancy when he should reach it, and try to bathe his brow in the cooling drops? Be that as it may, emboldened and buoyed up by his discovery, he made his way from the swamp and reported the news of the wonderful lake hidden away in the morass.

The place was called after him, affording one of the few instances on record in which the discoverer was known to leave his name and render it famous.

The lake has no beach, the forest-trees running close up to its boundary, and standing like so many sentinels around it. The water is tintured and colored by juniper, gum-leaves, and other decaying vegetable matter, hence is considered possessed of fine medicinal properties for all pulmonary diseases. Invalids so suffering have confessed themselves benefited to such an extent

mond that many years before the war a speculator with an eye to untold millions built a cheap hotel on the spot, and advertised for stray tourists, for anglers, and for sportsmen who wanted to practice their art. He guaranteed the swamp as perfectly free from all reasonable diseases—indeed, declared it the healthiest summer resort in the world; and the waters, he said, teemed with fish in all primeval abundance; as for game, the Swamp was overflowing. This was all true; but by the first of August, landlord, guests, waiters, chambermaids—all hands—had cleared out, bag and baggage. Mosquitoes, gad-flies, gallinippers, sand and yellow-flies had answered the advertisement in countless numbers, resolved to fight it out on that line if it took all summer, and immediately bloody battles ensued. Between them and their victims the fight waxed wild and wilder, without pause or cessation by day and by night, in sunlight and starlight; sitting, walking, eating, until the rout

was complete. Not a man, woman, or child was left to tell the tale. Only the house built on an artificial foundation remained as a monument to mark the spot of the fierce encounter, and that when we saw it was slowly sinking into dignified and stately ruin.

Stopping at an unoccupied cabin under the shade of a clump of huge trees, in which workmen once lived, we took our dinners (Bob averaging six), smoked our pipes, and awaited the lengthening shadows of the afternoon. Then we pushed out the boat and spent several hours in fishing. So plentiful are the fish, and of so great variety, and so rapidly do they bite, that our boat was soon half-full.

Of course, Lake Drummond has its traditions; not of horror, of blood, or crime, but in fit keeping with the divine and mystic fairness of the scene. One, the oldest, is as follows: Before colonial times even an Indian warrior dared to love the daughter of his chief, who, like many fathers, raised the mischief because the young man could not show more wealth than a pair of strong arms and a brave heart. "No ponies, no blankets, no beads, no nothing." But the lover had won the maiden's heart; that much was his, at least. Her listening ear was not hard to gain, and so she was persuaded, by dint of eloquence and blarney, to run off to the lake he had found in the swamp near by, there to live on perfect happiness and fish, till old age should set in, or the abode of the Great Spirit be sooner reached. They eloped in true lovers' fashion. Years went by, and there they remained in the swamp, mourned as dead in the hunting-grounds and wigwams of an extended acquaintance. Then they were seen to cross the lake together in a canoe, and were never heard of more. But the Great Spirit was so pleased with the love and rare devotion displayed by the warrior and his bride, that he ever allows them at stated intervals, as great marks of his favor, to return on earth and linger in the scene of their former happiness; and this they ever continue to do, winding up the little pleasure-trip by a midnight sail on the moonlit waters. Then they vanish into spirit-land as noiselessly and mysteriously as they came, leaving but a meteor's flash to mark the way they went.

Moore, in his "Melodies," gives us another tender tradition of the swamp, and with this we are more familiar. A young man lost his mind

when the woman he loved died, and in his ravings asserted she was not dead, but had only gone to the Dismal Swamp. He disappeared suddenly, and was never heard of afterward.

"Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds—
His path was rugged and sore,
Through tangled juniper, beds of reeds,
Through many a fen where the serpent breeds,
And man never trod before.

And when on earth he sunk to sleep,
If slumber his eyelids knew,
He lay where the deadly vine doth weep
Its venomous tear, and nightly steep
The flesh with blistering dew.

And near him the she-wolf stirred the brake,
And the copper-snake breathed in his ear,
Till he, starting, cried from his dream awake,
'Oh! when shall I see the dusky lake,
And the white canoe of my dear?'

He saw the lake, and a meteor bright
Quick over its surface played.
'Welcome,' he said, 'my dear one's light.'
And the dim shore echoed for many a night
The name of the death-cold maid.

Till he hollowed a boat of the birchen bark,
Which carried him off from shore;
Far, far, he followed the meteor spark,
The wind was high and the clouds were dark,
And the boat returned no more."

Evening shades were now drawing nigh. The sun sinking beneath the tops of the lofty trees cast the reflection of the majestic cypress on the mirrored water at its feet. From the borders fringed with myrtle, laurel, and yellow jessamine floated fragrant odors that loaded the air with voluptuous, rich perfume. As the sun dipped lower to the horizon, the gray shadows deepened and the warmth died out of the lake. The dense woods closing up in serried ranks around the water became merged into one sombre mass that cut blackly against the sky, like a huge wall shutting out the world. The soft night gently and slowly descended over earth, while the observer, mute and spell-bound, gave himself up to the influences of the hour. Then the stars stole out one by one, each reproduced by the reflecting lake, till it glittered like a heaven below, no constellation wanting. Fire-flies swarmed from the woods in myriads. The night's darkness seemed broken up in myriad scintillations—dis-

solved by the continuous flashes of these countless insects' miniature lanterns, until earth and air and water were ablaze.

In this illusory glare, imagination, with its potent art, played strange tricks. That huge log, half submerged, with dead skeleton branches standing upright in the air—are you sure it is not a graceful ship swinging lazily at anchor? The hoarse, discordant hoot of the owl floating across the lake—mellowed in the distance—could you not swear it the voice of the sailor giving orders, or the boatswain calling to quarters?

And there, just as we turn to go, there, away off, we see, or think we see, as clearly as we ever

its stillness, is startlingly alive with sound now. The plaintive note of the whip-poor-will is mingled with the hysterical scream of the screech-owl; the stealthy tread of the coon is rustling the tall reeds, while afar off the bear crushes through the cane-brakes. The musk-rat splashes into the water from a log; the otter ripples the stream as he swims; the hum of myriad insects fills the air—all commingling into one steady chorus of sound.

And the Frogs! Ah, the Frogs (capital F for the occasion)! they lead the orchestra without competition—lead it so overwhelmingly, so prolongedly, that it is only when they stop to take breath and subside awhile that the others can have



A SWAMP VISTA.

beheld anything in our lives, a white canoe dreamily floating away. The tradition comes to mind—or has it ever been really absent?—and we try to follow the spectral boat across the star-lit and fire-lit water. It is gone; and again and yet again it comes, and in the evanescent gleams is lost. We watch and wait, half hoping, half fearing to see what mortal eyes had never looked upon; and as we intently gaze in silence one of us repeats the verse so perfectly in keeping with the scene:

"Oft from the Indian hunter's camp
The maid and her lover so true
Are seen at the hour of the midnight damp
To cross the lake by their fire-fly lamp,
And paddle their white canoe."

As we make our way along the shore, what a remarkable contrast the quiet day forms to the night of sound! The swamp, then so absolute in

any kind of justice done them at all. To use Bob's expression, "they are a caution."

What careless, unmolested, happy lives are meted out to these frogs. The Dismal is their paradise; here they live, and die of old age—that is, unless sore throats and late hours carry a few of them off,—for they never die of boys or Frenchmen. They are a jovial, musical set, even if they have discordant voices. They keep late hours and all-night-long talk, halloo, gossip, whoop, swear, make stump-speeches and sing hymns to their own very great satisfaction, at least; and not until the "wee sma' hours ayant the twal" do they retire to sleep off the effects of their midnight carousals.

If some wicked fairy of the swamp, or some witching Circe, wont to change men into strange shapes, like unto the way that fascinating ancient coquette transformed Ulysses's Argonauts—I say, if any one of that ilk were to appear suddenly before

me, and, waving her magic wand around my head, ask me, out of pure politeness, into what animal or shape I would be metamorphosed, I would unhesitatingly ask her ladyship to convert me into a frog, and put me in the Dismal!

Oh, those frogs! Would I could understand their language! Evidently they do not like intrusion; for sometimes when the varied noises would nearly sink into comparative repose, when

wandering lovers, who had evidently been sitting up long after the old parent frogs had retired to rest, and who were, no doubt, afraid all this turmoil would waken the old folks and bring the house over their ears; thick, confused voices of young frogs, who had been taking too many drinks, one and all they opened their vials of wrath in abuse, vituperation, expostulation, warning, reproach, insult, and denunciation enough to have turned our heads gray, could we have comprehended.

But it was getting late, and insects were coming out in too great force, so Bob turned his canoe back to the shanty, which, in a few minutes, we covered with enough green boughs to make it mosquito-proof, and in a shorter time than it takes to write it we were fast asleep. Bob's snores kept rhythmical time to the song of the frogs, and made no mean chorus to their lullaby.

The next morning the explorations were continued. In the evening we crossed the lake and visited the only inhabited house in the vicinity. Inhabited, did we say? We should rather think it was!

This establishment stands a few hundred yards back of the lake, built upon ground artificially formed. Two families were residents of the cabin, and were of that kind known as "low-downers," utterly ignorant and illiterate. They were the hardest set to look at we ever stumbled across in a life-time's wanderings. The *Maison de Doree* was a shanty after the order of the Irishman's—three rooms in one: parlor, bedroom, and hall. Into this apartment all crowded and slept; and there were more pigs, cats, babies, and dogs in one habitation than an uninitiated man could have deemed possible.

The pigs were the cleanest of the whole caravansary, the cats the most aggressive, and the babies the loudest and dirtiest of all.

Fortunately we had brought hammocks. Swinging them outside, we lay and watched the domestic concerns of this happy family who had lived all their lives in the Dismal Swamp and known no other. There were five women (it is well to be particular, since the census-taker of this district might have omitted this much of his duty), one



A LAKE DWELLING.

sentimental frogs were gazing at the moon in blissful reverie, our approach would break in upon their privacy, and then such a tremendous uproar would be invoked as made us quake in our boots. Tiny voices squeaked; vixenish shrill voices of waspish wives; the hoarse expostulatory tones of the old patriarchs who resented the intrusion; fierce, abrupt voices of the town's guardians, who, like our city police, were as mad as hornets at being roused from midnight naps; quavering voices of

boy, sixteen children of all colors and sizes, thirteen sucking pigs, five dogs, ten puppies, four cats (three tabbies and a tom), two litters of kittens, five dissipated-looking ducks, three hens, a melancholy-looking rooster, one sociable sow, and ninety million mosquitoes. Between the fowl, the flesh, and the family there was perfect equality; all mixed together and seemed to enjoy life and one another's society amazingly. None of them were proud.

Our guide brought our provisions from the boat, and got the household to serve up supper. A table was set under a shed. There were only two knives and one fork in the whole establishment. Our eating was the signal for an incipient bread riot. Two of the largest children watched the table with sticks—not to keep away the flies, but to beat off the rest of the brute family. The discord was deafening; the sow grunted, the pigs squealed, the dogs barked, the babies yelled, the cats fought, spit, and clawed, the women scolded, and all united in one infernal uproar that resounded through the swamp, and must have scared many a bear from his lair.

When supper was finished, the night was well advanced; the great northern bear had risen high in the sky, still pointing true to the polar star. The mosquitoes were in uncounted millions; they came armies on armies, waves upon waves, clouds upon clouds, and charged in platoons, in serried line, and single file, and threw themselves, with bloodthirsty voracity, upon every living thing in reach. It was useless to brush them off; like the Mamelukes at Abouka, repulsed at one point, they would reform and charge again. At last the whole family beat a retreat inside, carrying Bob as guest with them, and the cry went up, "Hold the fort!" Inside our hammocks, our faces covered with our linen dusters, we lay as secure from persistent bills as a new bankrupt debtor from the importunities of his creditors. "Sleep, balmy sleep, that knits up the raveled sleeve of care," fell over the scene, and pressed our wearied eyelids down.

We were aroused by our guide.

"I can't stand this here thing, nohow!" he was saying emphatically.

"What is the matter?" we exclaimed, starting up and rubbing our eyes, yet half asleep.

"I would liefer be in h——l as stay in that thar cabin thar. I'm d——d if all them animals and 'skeeters ain't too much for me! Bin all over the world, and never seed sich life befo'. And it's hot in thar! Whew!"

"Why don't you row into the middle of the lake and sleep in the canoe?" we asked, with absolute commiseration.

"'Cause it 'pears like it was goin' to storm, and I don't keer to drown. S'pose, though, I kin walk about till day if the 'skeeters don't carry me off! Spec's one of 'em will put me on its back and fly away, nohow."

"What blood can they get out of you, Bob? Tell us that."

"Don't know! After my dinner, I reckon, and then they'll suck my bones, if I lets 'em. Reckon I be right fat but for the 'skeeters and chills. Jus' look at 'em. Won't come here agin' for no money, I swar!"

And Bob walks off, as we resume our slumbers.

The hours passed on, the sun came out, and with it the inmates of the cabin. We watched narrowly to see if any of them would make morning ablutions, as the canal was but a single step from the door. But water was a superfluity with them, and of no use, except to drink. We determined that something should be clean, so we pitched two pigs and a cat in the canal, and the manner in which they paddled out showed it to be their first experience in water.

Good always comes out of Nazareth; and even this dirt-encrusted, densely ignorant, and lazy people had two sterling virtues,—hospitality and honesty,—which are, after all, highest in the human calendar, and one more than Diogenes possessed. After we had left, one of the women paddled half a mile down the lake to return a pair of shoes that had been forgotten.

Leaving Lake Drummond just as the sun rose above the lofty trees that rimmed its boundaries, we turned for a last glance. The waters lay now still, calm, and peaceful, as they will rest forever. The sunbeams were tinging them until they glowed like opal and ruby in settings of jet. Yes, it was an exquisite picture—one that will ever linger in memory! We were charmed to have seen it, but a thousand times more charmed to relegate it to its brooding solitude.

LORA.

BY PAUL PASTNOR.

SEVENTH MOVEMENT.—DREAMS FULFILLED.

SULTRY and still grew the air of the bright autumn noontide.
All round the pool were suspended the pencils of rushes,
Writing no more with the breeze on the blue scroll above
them—

Poised in desire, like the pen of a pondering poet!
Drooped the tired lilies, and sighed in the face of the sun-
god,
Yielding, like languorous maids, to his lusty caresses—
Turning the cheek, while his rank, ruddy beard streamed
around them!

Hark! in yon copse is the breeze from its slumber awaking?
Stirring the leaves, as it binds up its beautiful tresses?
Rising, to glide through the glades, like a loose-girdled
wood-nymph?

From the thick copse peered the glorious head of a pointer,
Wistful, alert, with unearthliness floating about it.
Straightway he parted the leaves, and came forth in his
beauty,

Wizard of woodlands, foreknowing their deep-hidden secrets!
Scarce was he free of the thick-tangled covert, ere followed,
Slowly, a sportsman, with picturesque trappings upon him;
Neat were his garments of russet and close-buttoned leggings;
Woodcock and snipe from the net of his game-bag pro-
truded.

Even as flew the last twig from the hand of the sportsman,
Lifted the quivering pointer his forefoot, and sunk low,—
Bent like a rod, then arose, at his master's quick bidding,
And lo! a bird whistled up, like a shaft from a bow-string!
Straight to the fowler's brown face the brown barrels
ascended;

Loud rang the forest, and smoke drifted up through the
branches.

Checked was the woodcock's swift flight, and he fell long
and drooping,

Fell with a splash in the rushes, where Lora was sinking.
Then o'er her lips, like the passage of summer eve lightning,
Flashed a faint smile, and she whispered a prayer in her
weakness.

Meanwhile, the sportsman came down to the rim of the
rushes—

Saw, in the midst of the slime-pit, the toll-keeper's daughter!
Straightway he flung from his shoulders his trappings and
game-bag,

Put off his coat and his cap and his shoes in a moment,
Fast'ning his belt by one end, by the clasp, in his clothing.
Then he crawled out, on his breast, through the half-floating
rushes,

Till he came quite to the edge of the dark, open slime-pit.
"Lora!" he cried, in a voice that was calm, and yet trem-
bling,

"Bend toward the shore, as I pass, and with both hands
grasp tightly

This trailing belt; it will float on the top of the water."

Then, as the rattlesnake leaps from its coil in the dry leaves,
Sprang the lithe sportsman, and swam through the midst of
the lilies.

Eagerly Lora stretched out both her hands toward the
swimmer,

Seized on the swift-gliding belt, and bent forward to follow.
Then, as she leaped from her lover, half sunk in the slime-
depths

(Pardon the life-loving maiden!), she pressed forth a gurgling

Quite to the reeds had Luke Gleason's strong impulse pro-
pelled him,

Had not the strain on the belt drawn him back toward the
maiden.

But in the meantime the pointer had plunged through the
rushes,

Launched in the pool, and beside his loved master was
swimming.

Gladly the young man extended one hand to the collar
Of his mute friend, and together they drew helpless Lora
Up to the broad floating hummocks of rushes and swamp-
grass.

Gleason climbed carefully out, and then drew up the maiden;
Gasping, she lay on his bosom, and held his hand tightly,
While, as they clung to the hummock, the shivering pointer
Turned from the man to the maid, with his thick, hurried
kisses.

Then they crept out through the rushes, and came to the
firm land.

Lora was safe, but half fainting with cold and exhaustion.

Hastily then the young man brought his thick hunting-
jacket,

Wrapped it around her, and buttoned it, button by button;

Ran the sweet scale, from the lowermost unto the upper-
most,

Till, 'neath her soft, shapely chin, he made fast the high
collar.

Meanwhile, the spirited gelding of Oliver Bascom,

Weary with waiting, and chafed by the sun sloping westward,
Stamped with impatience, and neighed till the forest made
answer.

Long paid Luke Gleason no heed to the querulous summons;
But as the neighings ceased not, nor receded, but rather
Waxed in their strength, and betokened restraint and deser-
tion,

Gently he lifted the maid, who had swooned in her weak-
ness,

Bore her away through the deep, silent glades of the wood-
land,

As in a dream, with the face of his heart's idol resting
Close to his own, and her breast on his shoulder supported.
Thus through the echoless paths of the forest he hurried,
Like a brigand who has stolen his gentle enchantress.

Soon, through a gap in the branches, he saw a head tossing,
Beautiful, sullen, with mane tumbled over its forehead.
Keenly the listening ears of the steed were directed
Toward a thick covert, where rustled the slow-moving
pointer.

Just then the young man emerged from the depths of the
woodland;

Wondering and wild fell the eyes of the gelding upon
him;

Then the proud steed tossed his head, and neighed loudly
in welcome.

Lora awoke, but stirred not in the arms of Luke Gleason;
Tender they were as the arms that her childhood remem-
bered.

Carefully lifting her into the carriage, and righting
Harness and rein, he loosened the gelding and bounded
In at her side. Away went the steed like a whirlwind;
Loud rose the thunder of jubilant hoof-beats before them;

Lightning flashed forth from the stones in the road-bed
beneath them;

Dense clouds of dust from the wheels floated over the pas-
tures.

Thus as they swept toward the roof of the low-lying tavern,
People came out through the doorway, and gazed up the
hill-side.

Whereupon Lora remembered her dream of the morning,—
How a fond lover should come over the hill-tops a-hasting,
Win her heart's love with his grace and his beautiful horses,
Bear her away, like a bird in his bosom that flutters,
Into some fathomless future as deep as the sky is!
Ah! she was woman!—no holy, white angel, but human;—
Excellent clay to the core was this maiden—this woman!

So, then, it happened that Lora was tearlessly riding,
All on a day, with her love in her dead lover's carriage.
And she looked up with bewildering glances and tender
Out of her soft, hazel eyes, as the dead man had fancied.
And it was all like two dreams of the fresh, happy morning,—
Lora's child-wish, and the longing of Oliver Bascom,—
Save that another, a gay, handsome youth, was the wooer,
And the white face of the dying man haunted the maiden.

WAS AMERICA KNOWN TO THE ANCIENTS?

BY GEORGE R. HOWELL.

THIS is one of those unsettled questions which has long fascinated the student of history, and to which, perhaps, no answer can be given that to all minds would be satisfactory. The question itself will need to be modified in discussion, as neither an absolute affirmative nor an absolute negative answer would be warranted by the facts. The existence of the continent may have been known to one nation, while others were entirely ignorant of it; and it might have been known at one period, and afterward all definite knowledge of its existence have perished. The existence of this continent was not known to the same degree as that of the British Islands by repeated visits of the writers or their countrymen,—that is always conceded,—but the question we have before us is, whether sufficient mention has been made by ancient writers to lead us to believe that their knowledge, traditional as it was, was derived from actual visits by any navigators, or was merely a vague dream of other lands on this earth, as they might have speculated on life on another planet.

The first thought which naturally arises in one's mind on considering this question is, that if the ancient writers did have a knowledge of the exist-

ence of this continent, it would certainly appear in their works. Geographers would have described it, historians have narrated voyages hither, poets would have sung of it as they did of Scythia, Ethiopia, and Ultima Thule. To this it may be answered that those who visited had reasons for not writing of it, and even for carefully conceal-
ing their knowledge of it from the rest of the world. This observation is made in reference to the Carthaginians and Phœnicians, and the evi-
dence of their discoveries will be given hereafter. The point now is, how they managed to prevent the diffusion of their knowledge of trans-oceanic lands through the other nations of the earth. On this, Aristotle, in his book of wonders, says: "When the Carthaginians, who were masters of the Western Ocean, observed that many traders and other men, attracted by the fertility of the soil and the pleasant climate, had fixed there their homes, they feared that if the knowledge of this island [*i.e.* some distant land, perhaps the American continent] should reach other nations, a great concourse to it of men from the various lands of the earth would follow; that the conditions of life, then so happy, on that island would not only

be unfavorably affected, but the Carthaginian empire itself suffer injury, and the dominion of the sea be wrested from their hands. And so they issued a decree that no one, under penalty of death, should thereafter sail thither; and lest the peril so much to be feared should be brought upon them by those already in occupation of this land, they either expelled or put to death all such as they could lay hold of." However, as this discovery was too great an acquisition to human knowledge, and too grand an element in human destiny to be entirely suppressed, the report of it did somehow transpire, and find its way to Greek schools of philosophy and the pages of the poet. If Herodotus, Aristotle, Strabo, and Pliny say so little or nothing on so important a portion of the earth's surface, ignorance may not have been the sole motive for their reticence. To tell the Greeks, who scarcely dare venture out of sight of land, of a country at the distance of forty days' sail from their homes, across an ocean overshadowed with darkness and whelmed with storms, as their mariners reported and their poets sung, would have been a useless waste of learning. But then these writers were not altogether silent on the subject; their testimony, however, will be introduced later, while at present we notice another objection which may be offered.

This is, that if the knowledge of so great a fact once existed among men who wrote books, it would not have been lost. So far as this knowledge was committed to the books, it has not been lost, excepting what may have been destroyed in the burning of the Alexandrian library. But that oral or traditional knowledge, when not made use of in daily employment, may readily be lost, we have already seen in its summary suppression by the Carthaginian senate. Another notable instance is the discovery of New England by the Northmen in the tenth century, 985 (Humboldt, "Histoire du nouveau monde," vol. 1), when even repeated voyages and attempts at a settlement by the same people were made and all record of them buried in oblivion for eight hundred years, until Rafn, scholar and antiquarian, discovered the narrative of the event in long-forgotten MSS. The visit of the Welsh under Madoc in the twelfth century, 1170 (Humboldt, "Hist.," etc., vol. 1; also Powell's "History of Wales," London *Chronicle*, 1777; and Williams's "Enquiry"), appears too well-established also to doubt its authenticity, but

it was utterly forgotten until the close of the last century. Time was when malleable glass was manufactured, when bronze was hardened so as to rival the best steel of Sheffield, when painters knew how to make their pigments almost imperishable, but the knowledge of these processes was lost in the vicissitudes of wars and dying out of nations. Is it any more wonderful that the tradition of trans-oceanic countries (for it was only tradition among the Greeks) should be remanded to the realm of myth and fable?

Another objection may occur to some minds: it is that there were then no vessels of sufficient size to survive the storms of the Atlantic passage. There is no real ground, however, to doubt the capacity or strength of the vessels of Tyre, Carthage, Greece, or Rome to do this. Their track in any case would not be that of our ocean steamers in the North Atlantic, but first southwesterly, touching at the Madeiras and the Azores, and then across the gulf stream by the trade-winds and mild weather to the West Indies. Besides, as a matter of fact, as we learn from the *Periplus* ascribed to Scylax, the Carthaginians carried their trading voyages by the Atlantic around the Cape of Good Hope, and brought back the spices of Borneo and Sumatra and the riches of India. To the north they loaded their vessels with tin from the mines of Cornwall. And the same may be said, and more emphatically, perhaps, of Tyre. "The Tyrian flag floated simultaneously in the British and the Indian seas" (Humboldt, "Cosmos," vol. 2). For navigators so enterprising the only wonder would be if neither accident nor design led them at some time in their wanderings to our shores.

And now let us summon our witnesses and decide if their testimony will not warrant more than a Scotch verdict upon the question. 1, 2. Homer, in the *Odyssey* (Book I., 22-25), says: "But he (Neptune) had gone to the Ethiopians who dwell afar off (the Ethiopians who are divided into two parts, the most distant of men, some at the setting of the sun, others at the rising), in order to obtain a hecatomb of bulls and lambs." The ordinary explanation of this is, that Homer referred to the Ethiopians as dwelling on the east and west banks of the Nile. All of the African continent known to Homer, however, was the two divisions of Egypt and Lybia, embracing all the northern portion from the Red Sea to the Atlantic, and

south of these lay an Ethiopia the topography of which was then utterly unknown. To say that the two divisions of the Ethiopians occupied simply the Nile basin south of the twenty-fifth parallel of latitude hardly answers the description above given, setting them apart as far as the rising is from the setting sun. And besides, the grammarian and philosopher Crates, so often cited by Strabo (Strabo, vol. 1), interprets Homer to mean that it was the ocean which separated the two great divisions of the Ethiopians, the eastern in Africa and the western in Atlantis, or the Hesperides, as the unknown world was indifferently called. Pliny (lib. vi., cap. 31-36) also locates the western Ethiopians somewhere in the Atlantic. All this is vague enough, but the fact remains that nine hundred years before the Christian era the Greek poet, at least in the opinion of the grammarian Crates, believed in the existence of a continent on the western shore of the Atlantic.

3, 4. Solon, the great legislator of Athens, was born about 638 B.C. During his sojourn in Egypt, as Plutarch informs us, he conferred with Psenophis and Sonchis, priests of Heliopolis and Sais, and learned from them the story of the Atlantis. This story, Solon, on his return, told to his countrymen, and even in his old age, as Plutarch and Plato both relate, he designed to embody it in verse, but never completed it. The unfinished poem even has perished, but the statements of the Egyptian priests to Solon have been preserved in the writings of Plato. The Egyptians, without doubt, received their information from the Phœnicians or Carthaginians, as both of these nations had much commercial intercourse with Egypt. Indeed, the weak point of Plato's account is that he says too much. He speaks of a vast island lying westward of the pillars of Hercules, or Gibraltar, which was called Atlantis, and which was submerged by an earthquake and disappeared forever. The sight of large islands vanishing under the ocean being such an unusual one has compelled men to regard this portion of Plato's statement as a myth, though acknowledged by Thucydides and others to be a possibility. Beyond this vast island he locates other islands, perhaps the Madeiras, and then adds the following language: "And there was a passage for travelers . . . from those islands to the whole opposite continent that surrounds the real sea." Plato's testimony to the existence of the "opposite con-

continent" westward of the Atlantic is not merely a repetition of Solon's so as to reduce the two to one witness. Plato himself traveled in Egypt, and may have had independent sources of information. We know, moreover, he was in the habit of forming his own opinions, so that we must regard his statements as those of an independent witness who collects his own information and forms his own conclusions.

5. Anaxagoras (Humboldt, "Hist.," etc., vol. 1), born B.C. 500, in a fragment preserved by Simplicius, speaks of another grand division of the world beyond the ocean, as if he believed in its real existence and not as a poetic myth or a fancy of the imagination. This general statement taken from Humboldt is all that we can present to the reader, as a copy of Simplicius is not now accessible.

6. Theopompus, an eminent Greek historian, born about 380 B.C., in his (shall we call it?) geographical myth concerning Meropis, says (Ælian. "Variæ Historiæ," lib. iii. cap. 18) that the Meroians inhabit a large continent beyond the ocean, in comparison with which the known world was but an island. How much other portions of this curious fragment preserved by Ælian, that speak of less credible details, should impair the great central statement of the existence of another continent, we need not attempt to decide.

7. There are two passages of Aristotle which may be introduced here. The first is from his treatise on the world (chapter 3), wherein he says: "The whole habitable world consists of an island surrounded by an ocean called the Atlantic. It is probable, however, that many other lands exist opposite to this, across the ocean, some less, some greater than this, but all except this invisible to us." The second quotation is from his treatise on wonders, and he says (chapters 84, 85): "Beyond the pillars of Hercules they say that an uninhabited island was discovered by the Carthaginians, which abounded in forests and navigable rivers and fruits of all kinds, distant from the continent many days' sail; and while the Carthaginians were engaged in making voyages to this land, and some had even settled there, on account of the fertility of the soil, the senate decreed that no one thereafter, under penalty of death, should voyage thither, and they caused to be put to death all of the settlers lest they should reveal its existence to other nations."

8. Diodorus of Sicily, who lived in the century preceding the Christian era, agrees with Aristotle in these statements in the main, but he says that it was the Phœnicians instead of the Carthaginians (Book V., 19, 20) who were cast upon a most fertile island opposite Africa, where the climate was that of perpetual spring, and that the land was the proper habitation for gods rather than for men. He speaks of the continent, however, at length and with great detail, enumerating its fertile valleys and many navigable rivers, its rich and abundant fruits and supply of game, and its valuable forests and genial climate. After mentioning its discovery by the Phœnicians, who, in one of their voyages, were accidentally driven to the shores of the new continent by a storm of several days' duration, he says: "Being the first who were acquainted with its beauty and fertility, they published them to other nations. The Tuscans, when they were masters of the sea, designed to send a colony thither, but the Carthaginians found means to prevent them on the following accounts: First, they were afraid lest their citizens, tempted by the charms of that island, should pass over thither in too great numbers and desert their own country; next, they looked upon it as a secure asylum for themselves, if ever any terrible disaster should befall their republic." This account of Diodorus differs from that of Solon enough to lead us to believe his sources of information were also different. If the Tuscan or Etrurian or Tyrrhenian people (as they were variously called) in the west and central portions of Italy were such navigators as is here intimated by Diodorus, we may well suppose the information came to the Sicilian historian from this nation through channels now unknown to us.

9. Statius Sebosus, as cited by Pliny (vol. 2, p. 106, Bohn), says that the two Hesperides are forty-two days' sail from the coast of Africa. But little is known of this writer, save that he was a Roman and a geographer, who lived probably in the first century before the Christian era. The passage in Pliny referred to is somewhat obscure in other points, but the statement above given is sufficiently clear. It is probable that the two Hesperides here mentioned were two of the West India islands.

10. The next citation is the famous one of Seneca in his *Medea*, where the chorus closes the second act, and begins with celebrating the daring

of the earliest voyagers who sailed out into the unknown seas before even they had learned to direct their course by the stars; then, when the Argonauts returned in triumph, the ocean lost its terrors, and men had no need to ask Minerva to construct another Argo. Thenceforth they built their own ships, and sailed them whither they would. Then the chorus ends with the following prediction: "In later years an age shall come when the ocean shall relax its bonds, and a great continent (*tellus*) shall be laid open, and new lands revealed; and Thule shall not then be the remotest land known on earth." Seneca was born a few years before the Christian era, and was familiar with Greek literature, as well as a traveler in Greece and Egypt. The formal and dignified manner in which this passage was introduced, and its lofty tone, give it a weight and importance it would not possess, as Humboldt observes ("Hist.," etc., vol. 1, p. 165), had it been uttered as a mere geographical conjecture. The language is surely bold enough to warrant us in believing that the poet here utters a prophecy not of a first discovery, but of a re-discovery of a lost continent.

11. Plutarch the historian, born about 40 A.D., in his treatise on the moon (Humboldt, "Hist.," vol. 1, p. 192), has contributed evidence of his own belief in the existence of what he calls "the great continent," at a distance of five thousand stadia, or about six hundred miles westward of the island Ogygia, and he places this island at a distance of five days' sail westward from Britannia. Ortelius, the Italian geographer (*Theatro del mondo. Traslato in lingua toscana*, 1608), is of opinion that Plutarch had the continent of America in view, and it is difficult to put any other interpretation upon his language.

12. Dionysius of Halicarnassus, born in the first century B.C., is justly regarded as high authority in the province of history. Twenty-two years of his life were spent in study at Rome. In his comment on the so-called myth of Theopompus before mentioned, he gives his belief that the land of the Meropians is a great continent across the Atlantic (Humboldt, "Hist.," vol. 1, p. 205), while the land he himself inhabited was but an island in comparison. Perizonius, an eminent Dutch scholar of the seventeenth century, in a note on this story, says: "I do not doubt that the ancients knew something of America, somewhat

as through cloud and smoke, in part from reasoning on the form of the earth and location of the different lands (Ælian., "Var. Hist.," Ed. Lugd., 1701, p. 217).

13. The next witness we bring is Strabo, born in Cappadocia just before the Christian era, as one of his books was written A.D. 18. In what he has to say on this question, however, he does not acknowledge to have received any tradition of another continent in the west, but appears to arrive at this conclusion by reasoning alone. He says (Book I, chap. iv., sec. 6): "But it is quite possible that in the temperate zone there may be two or even more habitable earths, especially near the circle which is drawn through Thinx (or Athens) and the Atlantic Ocean." And again, in Book II, chap. v., sec. 13, he says: "It belongs to another science to give an exact description of the whole earth, and of the entire vertebra of either zone, and as to whether the vertebra in the opposite quarter of the earth is inhabited. That such is the case is most probable, but not that it is inhabited by the same race of men as dwell with us. And it must be regarded as another habitable earth." By the term vertebra here he means a zone or belt of the earth passing around it east and west between the parallels perhaps 24° and 54° north latitude. How much he was assisted in forming these opinions by earlier statements of the existence of another continent actually visited, we can only conjecture.

14. Pomponius Mela, the Roman geographer, born in Spain about the middle of the first century A.D., at the close of the fifth chapter of his third book, "De situ orbis," has the following language: "What was beyond the Caspian Sea, in former times, was doubtful: whether the same ocean, or a land of perpetual winter (*infesta frig- oribus*), extending onward without end." But besides the geographers (*physicos*) and Homer, who said the whole earth was surrounded by water, Cornelius Nepos, a later writer, and therefore more accurate, produces Q. Metellius Celer as a witness, and states that the latter related the following incident: "That when he (Metellus) was proconsul in Gaul, certain Indians were sent to him as a gift from the king of the Batavi; upon inquiring from whence they had come, they answered that they had been driven by storms from the shores of India, over the intervening ocean until they had landed on the coast of Ger-

many." Of course, the name India counts for nothing in this story, as all territory east of Central Asia was India to the geographers of that day. The probability is, however, that these accidental visitors of Europe were driven thither from the northeastern coast of America. It is one of those incidents that show the continual possibility of passage from one continent to the other whenever men ventured out upon the ocean. At a museum in Aberdeen (as Southall relates in his "Recent Origin of Man") there is yet preserved a canoe which was picked up near the coast of Scotland by a passing ship. When found it contained an Esquimaux, still alive, and surrounded by his fishing gear. As cited by the same author, in his history of the Canary Islands, Captain Glass relates that a small bark bound from Lancerota to Teneriffe was forced out of her course and obliged to run before the wind until she came within two days' sail of Caraccas, where she met with an English cruiser, which relieved her distresses and directed her to the port of Laguayra, on that coast. Another instance is mentioned by Gumilla, a Spanish missionary to South America. He says that in December, 1731, while he was in the town of St. Joseph, Trinidad, a small vessel belonging to Teneriffe, with six seamen, was driven to that island by stress of weather. All these establish the possibility of communication between the two continents, and relieve the question of all *a priori* presumptions against such an oceanic passage by the ancient vessels.

15. There is but one more passage that we propose to introduce, and that is from the Bible. Not that it is of absolutely certain application to the question in discussion, but at least there is a very curious coincidence. At the very time when our secular histories lead us to believe the Tyrians were trafficking with America, the vessels of Hiram (1 Kings ix. 28 and x. 22; 2 Chron. iii. 6) are said to bring four hundred and fifty talents of gold from Parvaim. Here is a word which is not of Semitic origin—so entirely foreign to the Hebrew language that Gesenius finds no root for it, nor any congeners in that tongue, and is obliged to make a guess at a Sanskrit derivation. The pointing of the Hebrew Bible, or supplying the consonants with the proper vowel points, is, as is generally known, of comparatively modern date. And a slight change in this respect, while preserving all the consonants, will produce

a striking result. Instead of reading Parvaim, if we take the more natural reading, Pruiim, we have the plural of Peru, a form consistent with our theory, and also with Hebrew usage, as in that language the names of countries are often found in the plural.

There is no reason whatever why the second reading is not quite as likely to be the true one as the first. If the word were a verb or an ordinary adjective, the pointing would be fixed by the adjective or verbal form, and what all scholars would assent to at once. But that of a proper name, and of one, too, that is used but once in the Bible, is not beyond possibility of rearrangement. These vessels of Hiram are said to have occupied three years on a voyage, or to have come once in three years, and there is no impossibility in their reaching Peru by sailing around the Cape of Good Hope and then eastward to the South American coast.

Here, then, is the testimony of thirteen witnesses, not as to what they saw, but to what they learned from all their sources of information, and all agreeing on one point. It is true that so far

as the written testimony is concerned, it may come chiefly from one source, and that is Egypt. But what the Egyptian priests told Solon, their successors, three hundred years later, told other travelers. Perhaps it is not too much to expect that monuments will yet be found in Asia Minor or America that may reveal mysteries that now surround the transatlantic voyages of the Phœnician fleets. At all events, the evidence of such voyages is of good authority and cumulative—the strongest that can be offered in support of historical events. The universal tradition of the deluge, accompanied with the salvation of the occupants of an ark, makes it highly probable, if there were no other reasons, that all the present inhabitants of the earth are descended from Noah. In that case, America must have been peopled from the Eastern continent. It would appear from other sources, that one or more streams of emigration came hither by way of Behring's Strait, and at least two at different eras across the Atlantic. But this question is too large a one to discuss in this article, as well as beyond its scope.

A DAY AT THE SEA-SHORE.

BY LEIGH NORTH.

THEY had seen the ocean once in early youth, and he had seen it—never. What more natural than to unite forces and take a day's excursion down to the beach? A nice little party of four,—the two sisters, the young man from the country (whom we will call Apollo), and the girls' younger brother, who was scarcely looked upon as an addition, but, standing upon his rights as a free-born American citizen, insisted upon accompanying them. The "Irrepressible," as he was termed, gayly remarked:

"The early bird catches the worm.' I hope, Alice, you have secured him, for we got up so early, and ate our breakfast in such a hurry, in order to reach the boat, that I declare I'm hungry already."

"Boys always are," was the chilling response. "But, 'Tom, really, Joan provided the lunch, so don't take me to task if it runs short." A thought of Joan's youth and inexperience, from a house-keeper's point of view, seemed to strike Tom and

Apollo simultaneously; a hungry, wistful expression is dawning in their eyes, which is pitiful to behold.

"Alice, why did you trust Joan?" the "Irrepressible" says reproachfully.

"Well, if she does not know how to feed hungry men, it's time she did," Alice responds indifferently. And she turns to view the waters blue.

"Her 'prentice hand she tries on man,'" murmurs Apollo very meekly. Thereupon Joan bestows a withering glance upon him and he subsides.

The boat is crowded, it carries a little matter of two thousand people or so, and the great problem is how to bestow your camp-chair so that it may rest upon its four feet and not upon your neighbor's toes. At last they are wedged in to their satisfaction; Joan and the young man on the bench that runs all round the boat, Alice and the "Irrepressible" neatly interpolated among the

crowd beside them. Joan wants the umbrella up, and the wind and the young man wrestle for its possession, which he at last secures by strapping it with the shawl-strap into position, and then he and Joan take what comfort in it they may, between the frantic lunges which they occasionally make, when they are suddenly struck with the fear that it is yet going to escape them.

Then the "Irrepressible" goes on a tour of investigation, and on his return proclaims the existence of a band in the rear of the boat; that there is a prospect of a minstrel show on board in the afternoon, and last, but not least, the joyful intelligence that lunch can be bought, ending with: "I say, Alice, it's getting late; I think we'd better have something to eat!"

To which Alice, who finds it is but half-past nine, and who had esteemed twelve or one a suitable hour for the repast, endeavors to turn a deaf ear. But the taste of sea air they have already had has made the "Irrepressible" hungry, and he refuses to be pacified, especially as he is sure he is secretly supported by Apollo; so Joan, with a shame-faced look, produces her little store: some potted ham, four small oranges, a paper of ginger-snaps, and a small twist loaf. Tom gives a shout of derision as the last is drawn forth.

"Why, I could eat that myself" (contemptuously) "at one mouthful!"

"Then I hope you would choke!" says Joan viciously. "I did not want to have much to carry."

"It is two bites to a cherry," Alice remarks, dividing it.

In an incredibly small space of time it disappears; the bread goes first, then they try potted ham on ginger-snaps, and even on "mint-drops," a small but remarkable construction of culinary skill which Apollo contributes to the store. The effect of sea air is certainly remarkable, for Alice herself, though she will scarcely own up to it, still experiences something of an aching void, which time alone will not fill.

Joan's complexion, and particularly her nose, which she disdains to envelope in a veil, as Alice has done, is gradually becoming "celestial rosy," as is that of many of her fellow-passengers; but she, somehow, carries off the palm.

"Red as a rose is she," murmurs Apollo, who is by no means colorless.

"People who live in glass houses should not throw stones," she replies.

While the "Irrepressible": "Joan, if you don't look out, you'll be a case of spontaneous combustion; a boiled lobster is nothing to you."

"I like a fine color," the young lady in question replies sturdily.

"Well, if you do, never look in the glass, or you won't admire it any longer."

The hours speed by, and at last the destined landing appears; gentle breakers roll in over the sands, and even a bather or two is seen. Apollo breaks into immoderate laughter, as he catches a glimpse of the absurd figures in the distance.

"Thereby showing that you are a young man from the country, and very green," Joan tries to say severely; but her own remembrances of like apparitions are in the dim past, and before she knows it she is laughing too.

"Now for a bath!" cries Alice, taking the lead as they step off the boat.

A short walk through the sand brings them to the few bathing-houses, and soon a small party in addition to themselves are clamoring for suits to hire. The young man in charge, taking at a glance a rapid inventory of size and shape, hands out the desired garments. Apollo looks modestly around for some little cave in which he may disport himself alone, being unused to the ways of the world in regard to sea-bathing. But Alice ruthlessly breaks in upon his dream of "single blessedness."

"Oh, no! What a dear little rustic it is! We all go in together. Indeed you must. I want you to take me out, I am afraid to go far alone."

So he submits to the inevitable; they each plunge into their bathing-houses, and shortly emerge attired for the fray. Alice, in secret, plumes herself that she is the most presentable member of the company, for though her hat is battered and her suit is worn, they do fit. But Joan and Tom are a large pattern for their casings, and as to Apollo he is a sight to behold. Sleeves up to the elbow, drawers to the knee, shirt with a large crack in the back produced by its being put on hind-side-before. Alice has never seen so much of Apollo, and with a sudden accession of bashfulness wishes he would get under the water. But he is in blissful unconsciousness of his own appearance, and greets them with a burst of laughter, leaning up against the bathing-house to support himself.

"Oh, what guys you look like! Oh—oh—I wish Mr. Bond could see you!"

"Goose!" Joan says. "You ought to see yourself; and as to Mr. Bond, he's so accustomed to seeing people in bathing-dresses, it would not astonish him."

"Come! come!" cries Alice, in a fever of anxiety, as she knows the precious moments are flying. "Don't waste time laughing, but come into the water; you don't know how good it is." And with a rush she is among the breakers.

Joan feels rather timid, and hugs the shore. Apollo and Alice are inspired with a frantic hilarity, join hands, and shriek aloud with delight as they rush forward, while Tom dives and floats like a very fish, and seems to be quite in his native element.

"I say, Alice, have you got a pin?" he asks presently, coming near.

"No. Who ever heard of bringing pins into the water?"

"Well, I tell you I'm losing these old duds," with a wild clutch at his throat.

"'Hang your clothes on a hickory tree and don't come near the water,'" she sings unfeelingly, as another breaker washes her up toward the shore.

"Alice! Alice! come!" Joan calls. "The boat will go and leave us!"

"Yes, yes; but I must have another dip," as she runs toward the shore, and then plunges in again and dances up and down. She is almost beside herself with glee and pleasure.

"Come! come!" The voices are sounding warningly now in the distance; so she gathers resolution at last, and runs, without stopping, up to the bathing-house. The toilets are very hasty, and then they start for the boat, but the little wooden shanties where men are opening and selling oysters prove irresistible. The girls are dubious whether it is usual for females to dine and sup in such places; but the instinct of

hunger is paramount—they risk the sacrifice of the proprieties and missing the boat, and enter. Surely it is worth while being hungry to partake of such food! Never again in the whole annals of their history will oysters taste so good.

On again in a rapid scamper to catch the boat, which they accomplish just before it moves off, and then sit and watch some of their belated fellow-passengers rushing frantically from various points to the wharf, and evidently experiencing the pangs of fear and anxiety lest the captain should not return and take them up. One young man, perhaps a little excited by stimulants, ultimately gets very angry, and then laughs at the situation. But the captain does put back for the laggards, notwithstanding that the sailors grumble and complain that they might be kept there all night to wait for people that are behindhand.

Then our little party betake themselves to the minstrel show, and Tom and Apollo emulate the performers and pour witty speeches into the girls' ears. Again they grow hungry, and indulge in some very poor coffee, sandwiches, and ice cream at the lunch-counter; while Alice protests that nothing would induce her to keep house near the sea, as she is convinced she would never be able to buy food enough to feed the family. Then back to the deck, where they all regretfully conclude that they have really lost something out of life in not having seen the ocean oftener, and resolve that not another season shall pass without their again seeking it.

As the twilight shadows fall, the jokes seem to die a natural death, a sort of quietness steals over them, the influence of which even the "Irrepressible" evidently feels, and they are content to enjoy the beauty around them almost in silence. And then the lights of the city twinkle before them, and they are at home once more.

FAME.

By W. H. S.

O ASK not that thy name should be engraved
High on the pillar that proud Fame doth rear.
No; better far than gilded pomp, the tear
(All the reward thy loving heart hath craved)
Shed o'er thy tomb by one thy hand hath saved
From bitter sorrow, or that deeper fear
Of things to come. The laurel wreath, though dear

To victor's soul, but emblems powers enslaved
To rash ambition; mightier he, by far,
Who ruleth his own spirit, like a star
Shedding sweet influence upon fiercer minds.
Than he who rideth in triumphal car
Through cities newly fallen; yea, he binds
All with the bonds of love, and thence true greatness finds.

KITH AND KIN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FIRST VIOLIN."

CHAPTER XIV.—DISPUTED.

MR. AGLIONBY, of Scar Foot, had died on a Wednesday, at noon.

He was buried on the Saturday morning following in the church-yard of Yoresett Church, beside those of his fathers who had been buried there before him. He was laid low with all pomp and respect, and not a town, village, or hamlet in the dale but sent its quota to the following. He had been one of the institutions of the dale, one of the inseparable accompaniments of every gathering, and every event, almost, that took place in it; and if he had not been tenderly loved, he had been deeply honored and respected. Therefore gentle and simple came from far and near, and saw him laid to his rest.

Bernard had arrived late on Thursday afternoon at Hawes. There he was met by Mr. Whaley, and driven by him to his bachelor house at Yoresett. Mr. Whaley was the very model of an extremely, if not needlessly, discreet country lawyer. Bernard Aglionby was little less reticent. He asked few questions, and seemed satisfied with the short and cautious answers which were given to them. He learned the details of his grandfather's seizure and death. Then he asked:

"And do you think the funeral will be over in time for me to return to Irkford on the same day? because I assure you my chiefs don't approve of an understrapper like myself absenting himself in this style."

"I have little doubt," returned Mr. Whaley softly, "that should you wish to return to Irkford on the same afternoon, it can be managed."

On the Friday morning, Mr. Whaley proposed to drive him over to Scar Foot.

"You should not allow your grandfather to be buried without paying him the last respect; you should at least go and see him before he is taken away forever."

Bernard agreed, with taciturn gravity. Mr. Whaley's dog-cart was called, and they drove to Scar Foot.

Aglionby's face was like some mask of bronze, as they drove along that road over which Judith Conisbrough had lately toiled on wearily. Not a

word did he say, not a comment did he utter. "Yea, yea," and "nay, nay," were all that could be wrung from him. One sign, and one only, did he give of being moved or interested. As they came suddenly to the top of the hill, from which they first had a view of Shennamere, from end to end, a light leaped into his eyes, which darted quickly from hill to hill, and then adown the lake. A flash of subtle feeling passed across his face, and he said abruptly:

"That great boulder at the foot of the lake, is it not called the Dipping Stone?"

"Yes, to be sure. How do you know?"

"I've heard of it," was the laconic reply. He made no further comment until they had gone down the hill, and then, pointing to the buildings on the left, embosomed in their trees, he said, more quietly than ever:

"And that is Scar Foot."

"That is Scar Foot, Mr. Aglionby, and you are the last representative of the name of those who have lived there for so many generations."

"Yes, I suppose I am," he answered, as they drove into the farm-yard, and got out of the dog-cart.

While it was being taken to the other end of the yard, to water the horse, a woman came out of the back door and looked at them, then greeted Mr. Whaley as an old acquaintance.

"Good-day, Mrs. Aveson," said he, and added, "no one here, I suppose?"

"No one, sir, but ourselves. The young ladies hasn't been nigh; not even Miss Judith, nor Mistress Conisbrough."

"No, I daresay. It's a good way, you see. And"—he laid his hand upon Bernard's shoulder—"Mrs. Aveson, you do not know who this is?"

She gazed intently into Bernard's dark, saturnine visage.

"N—no, sir," she hesitatingly said, "but he is—he has surely a look of the old Squire about the een and the mouth."

"Very likely. He is the old Squire's grandson, Bernard—Ralph Aglionby's son."

"Lord-a-mercy!" exclaimed the woman, looking startled. "You don't mean it! His son

that he had by that foreign wife that he married. He doesn't favor his father," she added, in a lower voice—"he's dark and foreign looking," as Aglionby turned away, tired of being stared at, and perhaps moved, more than he cared to confess, at hearing that he was like his forefathers: though he was "dark and foreign looking," they could not deny the resemblance. He strolled away toward the front door.

During that short visit, his intensely keen eyes noted every item of every room he went into. He carried away the place with him, as it were indelibly engraved on his memory—carried away, too, a vivid impression of the dead face of the old Squire in his coffin, which he looked upon long and intently, trying hard the while to forgive him his trespasses that he had trespassed against him, Bernard Aglionby, and those who had been dear to him. He did not feel clear in his mind as to whether he had succeeded in this forgiveness; even at the last, when he turned away, he was not sure. His mother's face seemed to rise before him, stern and sad, worn with lines of toil and grief, softening into an angel's beauty when it turned to him, or when he had caressed her. No—forgiveness was not easy, and according to his creed, no such thing as forgiveness existed.

As they drove back through Yoresett, Mr. Whaley pointed out to him Yoresett House, with the blinds down.

"That's where Mrs. Conisbrough and her daughters live," he said. "She was a niece of old John's; it was about her that he quarreled with your father."

"Is one of the daughters a tall, pale girl, with rather stately manners?"

"That's Judith—Miss Conisbrough. What of her?"

"Nothing. I saw her at Irkford with my grandfather the other day."

Later in the evening, Mr. Whaley remarked: "We shall have to go back to Scar Foot after the funeral, for the reading of the will, and"—his brow wrinkled—"I'm sorry to say Mrs. Conisbrough intends to be present at that ceremony too. She sent me word that she should."

"Why sorry?"

"It's so needless. As if I could not have come straight back here and called upon her, and told her all about it! What do women want at such affairs?"

To this Bernard made absolutely no reply, and this was the last hint, if hints they were, which Mr. Whaley gave to his guest as to the disposition of his grandfather's affairs.

* * * * *

The funeral was over, and they had returned to Scar Foot. Mr. Whaley again inquired of Mrs. Aveson, "Any one here?"

"Mistress Conisbrough, sir, and Miss Judith. That's all, and they're in the parlor."

Bernard, as he followed Mr. Whaley through the house-place, passed his hand over his eyes. It was all so very strange and dreamlike. He followed Mr. Whaley onward, into the little parlor, where Judith had been received by her uncle a few days ago. Bernard was not thinking of her at all at the moment, but was considering what was the secret he was at last going to hear, what this will, so soon to be read, was to disclose for him. He was not thinking of her when he followed Mr. Whaley into the parlor, but on entering it he saw her before he saw anything else. He might almost be said to see nothing but her at first. He was not surprised, of course; he was prepared, and he bowed to her as he entered, but she was more than surprised; he saw the look of puzzled bewilderment that passed over her face as she gazed at him, blankly at first, and then returned his salute slightly. Next Bernard saw Mrs. Conisbrough; these two with himself and Mr. Whaley comprised the whole of the company. Mrs. Conisbrough was dressed in the deepest mourning, with crape, and every outward trapping of woe. Her handsome, rather highly-colored face was flushed more than usual, her hands were restless, and her dark eyes roamed nervously and incessantly around. She formed in every way a most startling contrast to her daughter, who looked what she felt, as if she were only there on compulsion. Mrs. Conisbrough had insisted upon coming, and her daughters, after due consultation, had decided that Judith was the proper person to accompany her. Pale, sedate, and melancholy, she sat beside her mother on the couch, and Bernard noticed that but for the fact of its being black, her dress was no mourning dress at all, but a somewhat worn one without any trimming; her hat was a little black straw one; she wore a white linen collar, a black cloth jacket, and black kid gloves. She had refused every entreaty of her mother to don what the

latter considered a more appropriate garb, for what reason Mrs. Conisbrough of course could not imagine.

"Mrs. Conisbrough," observed Mr. Whaley, shaking hands with her, "I think you will agree with me that we had better get this business over at once before any of us take any refreshment, or do anything else."

"I quite agree with you, Mr. Whaley," she said, in a trembling voice. She could not in the least conceal her great agitation. Mr. Whaley turned to Bernard, who was standing, dark, erect, and observant, by the table. He was grave now, of course, but he was perfectly cheerful. To have curved his features to any pretense of emotion or of lamentation—to subdue his voice to the tones of a sorrow which he did not feel, were things which it was not in his nature to do. The frequent sarcastic smile which decorated his lips was absent, but his spirit of cool and rather bitter cynicism shone in double strength from his eyes. He looked cold, hard, and indifferent—exactly what he felt—as he confronted Mrs. Conisbrough, for he had always understood in a vague way that she had created mischief at the time of his father's marriage. Judith Conisbrough, measuring him with her calm and considerate eyes, clearly read his expression, and admitted it in her inmost heart—"He looks a hard, contemptuous, pitiless man," she decided.

"Before I begin to read," said Mr. Whaley, "let me present to you the only near relation of yourselves and the late Mr. Aglionby—his grandson, Bernard Aglionby."

Mrs. Conisbrough gave a quick look at him with nervously distended eyes and twitching lips. She inclined her head a little, and her lips moved, but no sound came from them; they seemed dry and parched. Bernard merely bowed, in profound silence, and Judith did not repeat her original acknowledgment. Then Aglionby sat down, and while Mr. Whaley broke the seal of the will, there was perfect stillness, broken only by the rustle of Mrs. Conisbrough's dress, as she nervously moved now and then.

Bernard, sitting in the window, could see the head of the lake; he looked at it, his elbow resting on the back of his chair, his eyes shaded a little by his hand. And Mr. Whaley proceeded to read the will.

When Mrs. Conisbrough heard the date, Oc-

tober 7th, 18—, she started violently. It was the date of Tuesday last, the day on which he had been to see her, and on which he had so cruelly and remorselessly tormented her. A cold perspiration broke out upon her face, and her lips trembled.

It was a very concise, unelaborate will: it provided for some legacies to servants and old friends, and one or two very distant relatives or connections. Then the testator left the whole of his real and personal estate, without fetter or condition of any kind, to his grandson, Bernard Aglionby, to dispose of during his life-time, to give, bequeath, or devise in whatsoever manner seemed good to him.

There was no more, not another word, beyond the necessary little formula, and the signature of the testator and the witnesses. Mrs. Conisbrough's name and the names of her daughters were not even mentioned.

Mr. Whaley's voice ceased. There was a momentary pause. Bernard leaned forward, and looked around the room, with a strange, bewildered sensation; a very strange sensation, as utterly devoid of triumph or jubilation or delight as any sensation he had ever experienced. Rejoicing might come later; he supposed it would, for this was great news, it must be. At present the rejoicing was conspicuous by its absence.

Mrs. Conisbrough had now risen. She advanced from the sofa, on which she had been sitting beside her daughter, to the table, and supported herself against it with a trembling hand. Indeed, she trembled all over.

"Is that all, Mr. Whaley?" she inquired, in a fluttering voice.

"I am sorry to say, madam, that that is all, every word."

"And you consider that a just will?"

"Pardon me, Mrs. Conisbrough, I do not, and I even went so far as to expostulate with Mr. Aglionby when he desired me to draw it up. I speak plainly, Mr. Bernard Aglionby."

"Yes, you are right to do so."

"Pooh! Expostulating? What is that?" she exclaimed, speaking vehemently, and with strong, passionate excitement. "I tell you, it is monstrous; it is wicked, it is mad. He knew what he had promised, he knew what he had led me to expect—how I had yielded to his wishes, many a

time, on the tacit understanding that my self-sacrifice was to be made good to me and my daughters at his death. This is a freak, a folly, a frenzy—I shall dispute the will."

"My dear madam, do nothing of the kind, I implore you. You would cut your own throat. No court would find for you, and you would simply ruin yourself."

"I shall dispute the will. And you, sir" (turning with passionate fierceness to Bernard, who had risen, and stood gravely listening to and looking at her)—"you, I warn. I warn you not to take possession of this house and property, or to spend the incomes belonging to them, for you shall make restitution of every penny you disburse. No jury of Englishmen will dispute the base injustice of this will. I should wish to be fair, it is what I have always intended; I would not grasp everything and give you nothing, but before the sight of heaven it is no upstart stranger who——"

"Beware, Mrs. Conisbrough!" said Mr. Whaley warningly. "The upstart stranger you speak of is an Aglionby, and so far as descent goes, the direct male heir to every penny his grandfather left behind him, and to every stick and stone on the estate."

"No doubt, sir, it will be to your interest to support the strongest."

"Mother! mother!" exclaimed Judith, rising and putting her hand on her mother's arm. But Mrs. Conisbrough was no longer mistress of herself.

"But might is not always right," she went on, "and occasionally the innocent win their cause against the guilty."

"Shall we not discuss the matter some other time, when you are more composed?" said Bernard, with profound courtesy of tone and manner, as he, too, bent over the table toward her, leaning the tips of his fingers on the table, and looking with grave inquiry directly into her eyes.

Their faces were very near together. As she met this direct, serious gaze, Mrs. Conisbrough's high color suddenly faded; she gave a kind of gasp or sob, shrank away, averting her gaze.

"Dear mother, let us go away now," said Judith soothingly.

"Not until I have told these men who are in league against us, once again that I defy them, and that they had better beware what——"

She stopped suddenly, put her hand to her side,

a common gesture with her, for her heart was weak, and strong excitement usually brought on an attack of illness. She sank down upon the sofa now, livid and unconscious. Judith sprang to her, unfastened her bonnet-strings, loosened her mantle, and bent over her anxiously. Aglionby walked up to her, and asked in a low voice, and one which he evidently constrained, to repress some kind of emotion:

"Can I assist you in any way?"

"No, I thank you," replied the young lady, lifting her eyes to his face, with a look of such deep and mournful sadness, that Aglionby, feeling as if he had rashly intruded upon some sacred precinct, said humbly, "I beg your pardon," and retired again to Mr. Whaley's side.

For a short time there was an uncomfortable, brooding kind of silence. Then at last, Judith turned round, her face disturbed, despite its set expression, her voice faltering a little.

"I am very sorry," she said, "but my mother has had these attacks before, and she—I am afraid—I know she must remain here just at present."

"On the sofa, for an hour or two," said Mr. Whaley, almost briskly. "I am sure Mr. Aglionby——"

"For a day or two, at least, I grieve to say. I must send for the doctor—at least," she added hastily, and looking at Bernard with a deep flush of embarrassment, "it is as much as her life is worth to remove her at present."

"Mr. Aglionby," said Mr. Whaley, looking at him, "you are master here now. What are these ladies to do?"

"I beg them to make use of the house and everything there is in it, as long as it suits their convenience to do so," he replied, still in the same courteous, almost gentle tone, and looking earnestly at Judith.

"I thank you," said the latter. "Then may I ring for Mrs. Aveson, and order a boy to be sent for Dr. Lowther?"

"You know the ways of the place, I imagine, better than I do; will you please take all authority in the matter into your own hands? Pray oblige me by ordering *exactly* what is convenient to you," said Bernard. "Shall I ring the bell for you?" He put his hand upon the rope, and turning to Mr. Whaley, added in a lower voice, "Shall we not leave these ladies at present, and I will inquire later if they have all they want?"

With that he pulled the bell, and then, saying to Judith, "I trust Mrs. Conisbrough will soon recover," he followed Mr. Whaley from the room.

As they closed the door after them, and found themselves in the house-place, they met Mrs. Aveson, going to answer the summons. Aglionby paused. "Do not leave it to Miss Conisbrough to tell her," he said. And Mr. Whaley, stopping the woman, said:

"Mrs. Aveson, let me present to you your new master, and the old Squire's successor."

"Sir! I thought the young ladies—Mrs. Conisbrough——" She was paralyzed with astonishment and dismay.

"Not at all. Mr. Aglionby's property goes to his grandson. And I think the ladies want you. Mrs. Conisbrough is ill."

She made a hasty step toward the parlor. Bernard interposed.

"Listen!" he said. "Will you please attend to Miss Conisbrough's orders as if they were my own. Find out everything that she can possibly want, and see that it is got for her, and——"

"Sir!" exclaimed Mrs. Aveson. "You may be master here, or not, but I need no *orders* to attend to those ladies that are in there." And without condescending to give him another look, she swept onward.

"Good!" remarked Aglionby, with a saturnine smile. "I like that woman. She's honest. I hope she will stay here."

CHAPTER XV.—JUDITH.

MRS. AVESON, closing the parlor door, bent over Mrs. Conisbrough. "Eh, but she's very bad, Miss Judith, this bout. Something's upset her, I guess."

"Yes, indeed!" said Judith abstractedly. She was forced to withdraw her attention from her mother for the moment, while she wrote with flying pen to Delphine:

"Very bad news. *All* is left to uncle's grandson, Bernard Aglionby, of whose existence we hardly knew till to-day. I have seen him before. Not one of our names is mentioned. Mamma has taken it to heart, made an awful scene, and had one of her attacks in consequence. She is unconscious now, and cannot be moved. Prepare some things for us, and I will instruct Toby to call for them as he returns from the doctor's.

Mr. A. is very courteous and gentle, despite the terrible things mother has said to him. He has placed the house at our disposal. If the doctor thinks you ought to come, I will get him to call and tell you so on his way back.

"Yours, sorrowfully,

"JUDITH."

"Now, Mrs. Aveson, will you give this to Toby, and tell him to make all speed with it to Yoresett House first, then on to the doctor's; then he must return to Yoresett House and wait for a parcel? Let him go as fast as he can."

Mrs. Aveson took the note, and very soon Toby rode out of the yard, on a stout brown cob, which he astonished by his liberal use of a tough switch. Mrs. Aveson returned to the parlor, where Mrs. Conisbrough still lay unconscious. Sometimes these attacks lasted two hours, or rather, once she had had one that lasted so long, and this seemed likely to be as tedious. In vain they applied all the restoratives they could think of, or knew of; she lay rigid, and with a livid deathly hue upon her face.

Judith was not at first alarmed, nor Mrs. Aveson, who was in every sense of the word "a friend of the family." In the intervals of their exertions the woman asked:

"Miss Judith, tell me, is this true what old Mr. Whaley says? Was the old Squire's will so very unjust?"

"Very unjust, from a moral point of view, Mrs. Aveson. Legally, there was no fault to be found with it."

"It's a bad hearing. Do you really mean that he has left *all* to that black-looking young man?"

"Yes, all. He is his grandson. I know nothing of where he found him; yes, I do, though. He must have seen him when we were at Irkford, a week ago to-day! But I know nothing of what passed between them. All I know is that this will was made the night he died——"

"Ay! We were witnesses, me and John Heseltine, who happened to be in the kitchen at the time. Had I known how it was going, never would I have signed. It's a crying shame! People have no right to act in that way, I say; though he was my master, and I liked him well enough for all his queer ways. And this stranger, he's no Aglionby in looks, except that he has a glint of the een something like old master, and a

twist in the mouth that's a bit akin to him that's gone. But that long thin body, and that lean black face! No Aglionby was ever like that before. I don't know how we shall tak' to him, I'm sure. M'appen we'll have to flit."

"Oh, I hope not, Mrs. Aveson, or we shall have lost all our friends, indeed. But see! is she not coming round a little?"

The hope was deceptive. For two long hours Mrs. Conisbrough lay without consciousness, until her daughter, without losing her presence of mind, began to grow almost faint with fear, and Mrs. Aveson openly expressed her opinion that Mrs. Conisbrough was either dead, or in a trance which would end in death.

She went out of the room at last, in search of some restorative which occurred to her mind, and to look up the road at the back in the hope of catching sight of the doctor on his roadster at the top of the hill, and it was during this absence that at last a flicker of life appeared in the lips and eyes of the unconscious woman.

Her eyes at last opened, slowly and fully; she moved them deliberately round, fixed them upon Judith without appearing to recognize her, and said, in a toneless voice:

"Bernarda told me so, uncle. She said they would take him, and that sooner than touch a crust of your bread she would starve."

"Mother dear, it is I. You are at Scar Foot. Try to remember."

"And if you had only waited that morning, instead of going off in a passion without leaving me time to explain, I could have told you all about it. But you were selfish and tyrannical to the last, to the last! Oh, dear! It is a weary, weary world, and weariest of all for women that are poor!"

She turned her face to the wall and closed her eyes, but Judith saw two large tears force their way from under the lids and course slowly down her cheeks. All her soul went out in love and pity. Her mother's wandering remarks were for the moment forgotten, though they had at first struck her as strange and inexplicable. "Bernarda!" Surely that was the name of the woman her uncle Ralph had married. This grandson was called Bernard too. And her uncle in a passion with her mother? What did that mean? But she could think of none of these things now; she could only stoop over her mother, and wipe her

eyes, and kiss her hand, and conjure her to look up. To her great relief, too, she heard the sound of a horse's hoofs, and directly afterward the doctor was in the room.

The doctor's orders were what Judith had expected. Her mother must be carried up-stairs and put to bed, where she must have the most absolute quiet and repose. A state of the most alarming weakness and prostration had succeeded to the intense agitation and excitement which had brought on the attack. It was long before all was arranged, and before Dr. Lowther could leave his patient, white and weak and hardly conscious where she was or what was going on around her. He promised to call the next day, Sunday, enforced again and again the necessity for the most absolute rest, strictly forbade almost all conversation, and departed.

Never had Judith experienced such a feeling as overwhelmed her when she was at last left alone with her mother in the bedroom—the well-known blue bedroom which she had occupied many a score of times—with the lamp lighted on the table, and the dusk outside rapidly gathering into darkness. When the last echo of the horse's hoofs had died away over the hill, there fell upon the place a silence utter and profound, such as can only be known in the very heart of the country—far away from men that strive, from clanging bells remorselessly summoning the multitudes to their toil, from railways that deafen, and traffic that makes weary the heart of man. She went to the window—the broad, deepest window—and leaning one knee on the window-seat, she curved her hands upon the pane into a kind of arch, and pressed her aching forehead upon them. Indistinctly, by the light of a young moon, she could see what Sir Belvidere called "the waves wap, and the waters wan," of silent Shennamere, and the shadowy forms of the great fells on the other side, and one solitary, steadily burning light from the village of Busk on the hill across the lake.

It was beautiful, and she loved it—loved it dearly: but was it always to be thus? Was her prospect never to be larger than this? and even this she now no more felt to be her own. In the house of her forefathers she had suddenly become a stranger, a casual guest, and every hour that she now passed there was like a fresh load upon her heart. Surely there must be some way of getting out of it all. Even now her mind was busy with

thoughts of escape, as the minds of prisoners and caged birds are wont to be, and will be, to the world's end. Shennamere and Scar Foot and Yoresett and her own home and this existence, which was neither life nor death, without either the fullness of the one or the repose of the other—they had long been bitter realities to her; would the time ever come when they would seem but as a dream that had vanished? Would she ever be able to look back upon them from some height attained, of usefulness or hopefulness or successful endeavor, and to say with a smile, "Once upon a time I had no more than those in my life; no prospect wider than Shennamere Water and Raydaleside Fell?" The wonder, the longing, the strenuous effort to force the future to lift its veil were at that moment more passionate, more intense, than she had ever known them. Hard hours she had passed, when her heart had fretted as if it must burst with impatience to snap its bonds—bitter hours of self-interrogation, "Why am I here? What was I born for? Who wants me? What is there for me to do?" Such hours as thousands of young women fight through or sink under every day that dawns, in this glorious kingdom of England, under the model laws, protected by the immaculate social institutions of which we are so proud, in this grandest and greatest of great empires.

Some, whom Fortune favors, come out of the storm into a clear haven, but generally battered more or less. Others are rescued by a man's hand: they marry, have children, and rear them, and we are wont exultantly to point out these cases, and to say, "See, would you alter the laws under which flourish so beautifully all these talented women who make money and earn honorable fame; these happy wives and mothers, loved and looked up to by husbands and children and friends?" We are chary of inquiring whether the talented and successful authoresses and artists, the happy wives and mothers, may not have attained their proud position rather in spite of than in consequence of some of our supremely wise and benevolent legal and social institutions, and we most distinctly do not turn to the other side and look over the hedge into that gray twilight country where the failures dwell—the withered-up old maids; the disappointed strugglers after fame or even independence; the heaps and heaps of lives *mangled*, of vitality crushed, of promptings of

intellect, or talent or genius repressed—the dreadful limbo of the spirits which have failed to make good their claim to a place in the world.

Judith Conisbrough, though she did not put the situation tangibly before herself, even in her own mind, vaguely felt herself trembling on the brink which divides these two worlds; for it is a narrow ledge, though we trip so carelessly along it; trembling on the verge of that path which separates the "successful women," "the happy wives and mothers," from this holocaust composed of the failures; of those who had not found favor in the eyes of the world or of men, and who had withered, or were withering away without having known any joys, whether of love and maternity, or of published books, pictures that sold, or establishments that succeeded. Sometimes she viewed the matter in a half-bantering, half-cynical way, and was inclined to smile—as we are all inclined to smile—at the failures; but to-night deeper emotions were astir—she felt in deadly earnest; she could see no smiling side to the matter; she told herself that she had been suffered to grow to womanhood in the hope that an old man would leave her some of his money when he died; that he had died and left her none, and that she was worse than useless—she was as a withered tree that cumbered the ground; that she must make a struggle soon, or it would be too late; and she asked herself by what right had those who had doomed her to this fate done so?

Thus she stood, leaning against the window, her eyes straining out into the night, her heart beating fast with a vague excitement, her spirit stretching invisible hands toward heaven, uttering an inaudible but passionate, terrible cry, "Lord, help me!"

A footstep behind her roused her; she turned, bewildered, as one who wakes from a dream, and saw Mrs. Aveson.

"Miss Judith," said she softly, "you're doing wrong to be standing here, tiring yourself, and you're in want of food. You've tasted neither bite nor sup since breakfast-time. Go yer ways down into t' parlor, and there you'll find some coffee and something to eat as I've got ready for you. Now go, honey, and I'll bide with Mistress Conisbrough the while. And don't be in any hurry back again. I've nought to do. Go and rest a bit. You'll want your strength."

"Thank you, very much, Mrs. Aveson," she

said, in a voice weak from fasting and exhaustion following upon excitement and suspense.

Mrs. Aveson took her seat by the bedside, and Judith slowly went down-stairs and into the parlor—the fatal parlor in which she had endured so many hard blows. How pleasant it looked! How cozy and homely and dear it was, with the glowing, generous Yorkshire fire, and the bright lamp and the oaken rafters and panels; the white cloth on the table, and the inviting little meal which Mrs. Aveson had spread for her—coffee in the old square silver coffee-pot, and cream in the ancient ewer of the same shape; the white and the brown bread-and-butter, the egg and the marmalade and the cold fowl—creature comforts, no doubt, and infinitely beneath the dignified notice of a romance-writer of the highest order, but to Judith the sight of them was overpowering. They were so exactly what she had always been used to see at Scar Foot; they were what had been at her service all the years of her life whenever she came there, and now they every one belonged to a stranger, one with whom, she foresaw, they were to be at strife—at dagger’s drawn—unless her mother’s bitter resentment subsided; this stranger’s bread she was forced to eat, to sustain bodily weakness, with a feeling that it would almost choke her. Truly, it seemed as if she were destined to eat her bread with tears, and she foresaw no end to the grief in store for them all.

She leaned her elbows on the table, breaking down utterly, and cried piteously; not loudly, but with silent intensity. Her head ached, her heart throbbed—she was wretched.

The handle of the door turned; a footstep paused, a voice, curt and surprised, said:

“Oh, Miss Conisbrough, I beg your pardon. I will not intrude upon you.”

Judith started up, and saw Bernard Aglionby, this “new master”; this strong man, who seemed to her to have stepped to the front and put his hand with remorseless grip upon the one chance of peace and happiness that there had been for them all, and crushed it as if it had been a fly. Her tears dried as if by magic.

“Pray come in!” she said; “Mrs. Aveson asked me to come down and have something to eat, and I had forgotten——”

She had almost added, “your very existence,” but paused in time. He accepted her invitation, came forward, and closed the door; accepting

her hint, and taking no open notice of her tears, though she dried them without disguise, before his very eyes. He looked at her, and his face wore a keen, sharp, hard expression, as it always did when he was studying those whom he did not know; an expression which by no means betokened dislike of the said persons, but was simply a mask which his own face took in his reserve. To show himself as he was, to those of whose nature he knew nothing, was a thing which it was not in his nature to do. To fulfill the duties of host could, however, commit him to nothing, and he had decided quietly to ignore poor Mrs. Conisbrough’s warnings, and distinctly to assume the position of master in the house which now belonged to him.

“I am glad Mrs. Aveson has persuaded you to come down,” he said. “You must have fasted long, and, after all your anxiety, must stand in need of something. Would you not prefer wine to this coffee?”

“No, thank you; I seldom touch it,” said she, seating herself, and pouring out the coffee.

“Pray send me away, if my presence annoys you,” he added, standing against the mantelpiece, his back to the fire and his face in the shade.

“Not in the least,” replied Judith coldly, as she leaned back, languid and exhausted, too exhausted to eat. He saw this, and stepping forward, urged her to try to eat something.

“You must eat,” he said. “Dr. Lowther—that is his name, isn’t it——?”

“Yes.”

“I saw him, and he told me that Mrs. Conisbrough would require many days of absolute repose before she could possibly leave.”

“I—yes—I am afraid so. I—we—you cannot imagine how I regret having thus to inflict my mother and myself upon you, at such an inopportune time, and—and after such a scene.”

She spoke with a deep blush of mingled pride and embarrassment, and her last words came with difficulty.

“Pray do not think of that. Mrs. Conisbrough’s recovery must be your first consideration,” said Bernard, who was, unaccountably to himself, fascinated by the voice and manners of his guest. There was something in the situation which appealed to his fancy. He had imagination enough to understand that he saw Miss

Conisbrough under exceptional circumstances, trying ones also, and he felt a keen interest in watching her behavior under those circumstances. So far he had found it admirable. He took cynical views of life and human nature, which views his new prosperity and easy circumstances would be sure to mellow and modify. As yet, there had not been time for this effect to take place. He was still the old Bernard Aglionby, sardonic and *moqueur*; and he thought he had found confirmation of his views on human nature in Mrs. Conisbrough's fury at being left penniless—even in Mr. Aglionby's brutal caprice (as such he regarded it, though it so greatly benefited him) in thus leaving her penniless—in her threat to dispute a will which no English court would for a moment think of setting aside. So far, he felt his theories as to the predominance of self-interest over all other interests strongly supported by facts. As for Miss Conisbrough, he did not know yet. He very much wished to know. He had not been able to forget the sadness, the deep sorrow of her eyes, as she had turned to look at him while her mother lay fainting. All these various considerations prompted his words, "Pray do not think of that," to which she answered:

"You are very kind, but I do and must think of that. It is the sort of thing one cannot help thinking of."

"Is it?" said he. He had been watching her as she leaned back in her chair, trifling with her knife and fork, and now with his usual impetuosity he exclaimed:

"You really must excuse me, but you are my guest, and I must look after you. Do have some more cold fowl. I beg you will. You will need your strength; and you must not starve yourself."

He seized the dish, and placed another piece on her plate.

Judith looked surprised, but overcoming her languor, tried to eat the fowl, and succeeded better.

"Nothing like trying," observed the new ruler of Scar Foot, rubbing his nervous-looking hands together, and with a gleam of encouragement in his dark eyes. Judith, looking at him ever more and more attentively, came to the conclusion that his was a face of which it was impossible to say whether the agreeable or disagreeable in feature and expression predominated in it. Now and again the lips relaxed in their cynical curve, and

the dark eyes softened, and the corrugated brow grew smooth and pensive. Then, seizing this fleeting moment of softness, one was tempted to say, "Good!" Again, the cynical curve returned to those lips and marred their carving. The eyes were filled with a spark of anything but kindly feeling, and the brow was wrinkled up in lines which seemed to imply that its owner had ceased to expect the sun to shine, or the moon to be bright again, and that he experienced a faint wonder at finding others who still cherished any delusions on those points; and then, Judith and others must infallibly have said of that face, "Not good." Of one thing alone she felt sure, and that was that his face was neither a common nor an uninteresting one.

She smiled faintly in answer to his last remark. It had not occurred to her to wonder how she should treat him. For her own part, she was not sorry for the result of her uncle Aglionby's will—all that she regretted in it was that Scar Foot had passed to a stranger, and that her mother had said things to that stranger of such a nature as to offend the meekest of men, and, however doubtful she might be as to some points of his character, she was very sure that meekness was not one of them. What had overwhelmed her, had been the utter *bouleversement* of all that had appeared to her most trustworthy and most stable—her uncle's regard, his good intentions, his plighted word. And she was terribly ashamed of the display of anger made by her mother that morning.

"It is strange that we should have met before," she observed, not wishing to maintain a churlish silence.

"Yes, very. I little thought, as I stood beside you at the Liberal Demonstration, that you were the nearest relation I had."

"I—a near relation?"

"Surely you are my third cousin. That's near, when one has no others nearer."

"Third cousins—I suppose we are," said Judith musingly. "I had not thought of it in that light."

"And you are resolved that you never will think of it in that light," he said, a flash of sarcasm in his smile. "Well, I cannot wonder at that. To you, my conduct in turning up at such a time must have appeared more scurvy than cousinly, to say the least of it."

"I never said so," said Judith gravely. "I do not wish to say so; for I do not understand the circumstances. How did you meet my uncle? The next time we saw you, you were at the theatre with——" She stopped suddenly short, and looked at him.

"With Lizzie—Miss Vane, I mean—the girl I am engaged to," replied Bernard composedly. "Did you notice her?"

"Yes, but I scarcely saw her, really. I caught a glimpse of her face, which seemed to me exceedingly pretty. But you did not speak to my uncle then."

"He came to see over the warehouse in which I was one of the salesmen; I was deputed to show him round. We got into conversation. But I think he saw some likeness, or something, that made him suspect who I was. He asked my name. Then he told me by degrees who he was, and invited me to come and visit him here, which proposal I declined with scant courtesy, I fear. He pressed a few home truths upon my consideration: I returned his presents in the same coin; we shook hands, as a concession on either side, and parted. You must know the rest better than I do."

"Yes, we all know the rest pretty well, I imagine. We know the end of it."

"I hope not, Miss Conisbrough," he said earnestly. Judith seemed to him so calm, so staid and eminently reasonable a person, that he felt he could speak to her on terms of almost business-like equality; it struck him that here was an admirable opportunity for declaring his views upon the vexed subject of his grandfather's will, to one who would hear them without heat or prejudice. As for Mrs. Conisbrough, he considered with an inward feeling of some contempt, that a woman who could conduct herself as she had done that morning, was quite hopeless; he was resolved not to have any further consultation with her. If he could enlist Judith on his side, no doubt she could bring about an arrangement. She must have some influence over her weaker mother, and he would infinitely prefer to conduct the negotiation he contemplated through her.

"I hope not," he repeated. "If you suppose that I consider my grandfather's will a just one, or that I am capable of taking advantage of it to the full extent, you do me injustice, indeed. I am a very rough fellow, I know. I have had to

fight the world inch by inch, and have been battered about from my childhood up, and I know it has soured me, and made me an uncivil, pessimistic creature. The only time Fortune ever smiled upon me was when she threw me in the way of my sweetheart, and made her take pity on me and promise to marry me." ("His face is more good than bad, I am quite certain now," Judith decided.) "But in all my knockings about, I don't think I ever took a mean advantage of any one weaker or worse off than myself—at least, I hope not. Mrs. Conisbrough is unfit to speak of business at present; indeed, to me it seems that with her evident tendency to become violently agitated, she ought not to speak of it at all. Perhaps she will name you her delegate. I am sure you have a cool head. At any rate, we must have a discussion as soon as may be. I cannot consider anything settled until that has been settled. Mr. Whaley will help us, I am sure, for so monstrously unjust a will cannot possibly be literally carried out."

"I see you wish to be fair," said Judith calmly, "but such things are difficult to arrange. I cannot answer for my mother; I think she has been iniquitously treated. But for myself and one of my sisters I can answer. I know that nothing short of starvation would induce us to touch a penny of Mr. Aglionby's property."

She said this without heat, but with a calm determination which he saw was earnest.

"Because that property has been left to me?" he said hastily, "because you would not——"

"Not at all; but because of certain events which have lately occurred—certain things which passed between my uncle and me. This will is a decisive thing at last. I hope that now my sister and I will be able to carry out the desire we have always had, and work, as we should have been taught to do, and made to do from our childhood."

"I am sorry you do not altogether agree with me. But," he added quickly, "you will not oppose my wish that your mother, at any rate, should receive the treatment which is her due?"

"No, I shall not oppose that," replied Judith. And so impressed was he by her manner, and by every word she said, that he felt as if the cause were gained whose side she took.

"Thank you very much for that promise," he answered. "It will make it much easier for me. You will of course be the best judge as to when it

is fitting to speak to Mrs. Conisbrough of the matter."

"It must not be now, nor for some days to come," replied Judith rising. "I will wish you good-night, Mr. Aglionby, and go to my mother, who I am sure must want me."

"Must you go? Then good-night." He rose too. "Miss Conisbrough, are you my enemy?"

"No."

"Then will you prove it, and acknowledge our cousinship by shaking hands with me?"

Judith looked at the hand he held out—at him—at the hand again; put her own into it, and repeated, "Good-night."

"I hope you will rest well," he replied, holding open the door as she passed out.

"I have shaken hands with him—what will Delphine say?" was Judith's reflection as she went up-stairs. She found her mother asleep. She let Mrs. Aveson go, and seated herself beside the bed, folded her hands together, and thought.

"No, he does not know," she reflected. "I should be paralyzed by the possession of that money—of any of it. But it shows a generous mind to wish to give us some of it, after what mamma said this morning. He has had his troubles too—any one can see that. I daresay he could tell a tale of how he has been neglected and disappointed. His eyes are good—they are not afraid to meet yours. When they are not mocking you, they are pleasant. Oh, I hope mamma will come to terms with him! A long strife would be so fearful—and then if he did get angry with her, he could crush her to atoms."

CHAPTER XVI.—A LAND-OWNER.

WHEN Judith had gone, Bernard felt he had a duty to fulfill. His conversation with Miss Conisbrough had brought it again to his mind. It was the duty of writing to Lizzie Vane, to acquaint her with his new fortunes—and hers, for of course she was to be the partaker for the future of all his joys and sorrows. He distinctly felt it to be a duty: was it not also a pleasure? As that thought occurred to him, he started up, muttering, "By Jove! of course it is!" And he seized pen and paper and scrawled off these lines, in the fullness of his heart:

"MY DEAREST LIZZIE:—You will see from the date of this that I am in the house of my fathers.

You will wonder, too, what I am doing here, after all I said to you about my determination never to enter it. What I have to tell you, my darling, is a very serious matter for both of us. You remember my telling you last Monday about my accidental meeting with Mr. Aglionby, of Scar Foot, my grandfather. On Wednesday last he died. They telegraphed for me to attend the funeral. He was buried this morning, and on his will being read, it turns out that he has left the whole of his property to me. I was astonished, I own, and in a measure gratified; one naturally is gratified at finding oneself suddenly rich when one had least reason to expect to be anything of the kind.

"But there are shades to the picture, and drawbacks to the advantages, and you, my dear Lizzie, with your tender heart, will easily understand when I explain that my joy is not unmixed. It seems that the Mrs. Conisbrough whom I told you about, and who lives with her daughters at Yoresett, the market town, had always been given to understand that she would inherit the property.

"My grandfather's will was made only the night before he died, in a fit of pique, for some reason which no one seems able to understand. They are entirely ignored—not even mentioned in it. Mrs. Conisbrough and her eldest daughter were present at the reading of the will. The poor lady has taken it very much to heart: her means are exceedingly small, and she thinks the will a most unjust one. (So do I, for that matter—an egregiously unjust will.) And she threatens to dispute it. She will have no chance, of course, but I feel my hands in a measure tied until I know the worst she can do, and until some compromise is come to for her benefit. Meantime, she is ill up-stairs in this very house! her agitation having brought on an attack of the heart. She is attended by her daughter, for whom I feel very sorry. I feel sorry for them all. They are gentlewomen, and evidently have had a hard struggle all their lives. There is such a sad, patient, yet dignified expression upon Miss Conisbrough's face. She cannot but command respect and admiration. I wish you knew her. One dreams fast sometimes, and since this morning I have been dreaming of you settled here, and myself, having effected a compromise with Mrs. Conisbrough, and proved to her that I am not the rapacious upstart she takes me for—and of you and the Misses Conisbrough

getting on very well together, and being great friends. I think this is not so foolish as most dreams. I see no reason why it should not come true. Miss Conisbrough is as far as possible from being forbidding, though she looks so grave, and I am sure your winning ways would soon make her love you. This is a most beautiful old place—very different from the din and dust of the town. To-morrow I must try to make a little sketch of the lake and the house, and send you them. As soon as I can snatch the time, I shall run over to Irkford and see you, and discuss future plans. I can hardly realize yet that our wedding, which we thought must wait for so many years, need not now be long deferred—no longer than a certain willful young woman chooses to put it off. Remember me to your mother, and heaven bless you, my own darling, is the wish of your faithful sweetheart,

“BERNARD AGLIONBY.”

His heart warmed as he wrote the words, and thought of his beautiful Lizzie, and cherished his little plan of making her and the Misses Conisbrough into great friends. Poor Bernard! He wrote out of the innocence and the fullness of his heart, not out of his knowledge of either men or women.

He had chosen to remain at Scar Foot rather than accept Mr. Whaley's invitation that he would return with him to Yoresett and be his guest. Mr. Whaley may easily be pardoned for not having surmised for a moment, what Aglionby's demeanor certainly did not suggest, the unspoken impulse which urged him to remain—the longing which lay deep at his heart, to become better acquainted, in silence and undisturbed, with this old place where his fathers had lived, and where he was to live after them; to imbibe, as it were, some ideas of the life, of the home, that was to be his. Unspoken though it was, the sentiment, the desire, was there. Deep down in his rough heart, and crusted over with the bitterness which with him came too readily to the surface, there were wells of something very like romance and sentiment. Since this morning a thousand schemes had come crowding into his mind, a thousand not wholly selfish plans and purposes, which now he could carry out to his heart's content. All his poetic instincts had been cramped, if not warped, by the life he had led, but under his unpromising

exterior they were there—they did exist; and it was they and they alone which had prompted him to refuse Mr. Whaley's invitation.

His sleep, on that first night that he rested under this roof, was sweet and undisturbed. When Sunday morning dawned, and he awoke, he at first could not imagine where he was, so profound was the silence, except for the chirping birds and the smothered rush of the brook at the back of the house. Gradually his senses returned to him. He remembered it all, sprang out of bed, went to the window and lifted the blind.

The air of the October morning was sharp; the sun was brilliant, the atmosphere clear; the view before him struck with a strange thrill upon him—a thrill half pleasure, half pain. The clear moors just opposite; the dimmer forms of the great fells behind them; the glittering silver surface of the little lake; the garden just under his eyes, filled with homely flowers, and with the green field beyond, sloping down to the water's edge—it was, indeed, very fair for any one who had eyes to see! But to him it was more—it was a revelation; there was the peculiar stillness of a country Sunday morning over it all; it was the end of the world. Most of us are acquainted with one sensation—that of arriving when it is dark at some seaside place—of sleeping soundly all night; of awakening the next morning, and on looking out, finding oneself confronted by the open sea. That is a sensation which never grows old or stale. Something of the thrill and joy which attends its first time of being experienced hangs also about each recurrence of it. It was with just such a sensation that Bernard Aglionby's eyes rested now on the prospect before him. Vague, unconscious contrasts were formed in his mind—this place and that—Scar Foot on a Sunday morning, and 13 Crane street on a Sunday morning! He opened the window, and inhaled the pure, frosty, fragrant air—Arcadian air. It was very early, he found, not yet six o'clock; but going to bed again was a thing not to be thought of; and he dressed, went down-stairs and out-of-doors, and walked to the lake-side with the feeling that he was in a dream. It was as wonderful to him, and certainly quite as agreeable, as her first ball to a girl of seventeen who has been brought up in strict seclusion. He wondered at the intensity of his own enjoyment and its *naïveté*.

“It is hereditary, I suppose,” he thought, “and

I can't help it. It's the stock I come of. When a man's forefathers have lived and moved and had their being for hundreds of years in a spot like this, and have appreciated it, a love of such things must be implanted in that man's nature at his birth. So it is with me, I suppose. I fear Lizzie won't delight in it as I do."

Bernard spent almost the whole of that day out-of-doors, literally "exploring" with the avidity and the interest of a school-boy who has found a promising place for birds'-nests. He walked completely round the lake, and thus, from under the village of Busk at the opposite side, he got a fine view of Scar Foot, and gazed at it till he could gaze no longer.

He met a farmer's boy, and asked him the names of some of the great gray fells in the distance, and the boy told him, and added that there must have been rain in Lancashire, for "look at t' Stake," which, as Bernard saw, was flecked with irregular white lines. "All the becks is oot," added the boy, and Aglionby smiled. At Irkford—for miles around Irkford—the "becks" were black as ink, and foul as only the streams of a town can be with all manner of pollution.

He went in again to his dinner, in the middle of the day, and sent a message by Mrs. Aveson to inquire after "those ladies." The answer brought by the housekeeper was, "Miss Conisbrough's compliments, and she was quite well; but Mrs. Conisbrough was rather poorly this morning." On her own account, Mrs. Aveson added that

Mrs. Conisbrough was terribly weak, and had to lie on her back as still as a mouse, or palpitations would come on again. Dr. Lowther had called, and said that complete rest was still necessary. Miss Conisbrough had been reading the Morning Service to her mamma, and she was going to have her dinner with her up-stairs. With this he had to be satisfied. Then, after dinner, he sat at the open window of the parlor for an hour or two smoking, and making believe to read a county newspaper, with which Mrs. Aveson had supplied him; but it was as if a spell drew him out-of doors, and he again set out for what he intended to be a short walk, but on what developed into a long, aimless ramble over hill and dale; he got by mistake on to the road which leads to the great waterfall at Hardraw Scar, which was thundering in indescribable splendor, hurling itself over the rocky ledge into its deep and dark and fearful basin below. Then he climbed a long road, over some great hills; discovered some vast and awful-looking "pots," crevasses of limestone, sinking for unknown depths into the ground—fearsome places indeed, bearing the unromantic title of "Butter-tubs"; and a little farther on, found himself just beneath bleak Shunner Fell, gazing down into dark Swaledale, and in full view of such a "tumultuous waste of huge hill-tops" as he had never seen before. Then he thought it was time to return, and retraced his steps downward, and by the light of the moon, homeward.

(To be continued.)

WHAT IS A COLD?

BY A MEDICAL MAN.

To enjoy life, one must be in good health; and to remain free from disease is the desire of all. Yet there are some ailments which do not interfere very much with the pleasures of life, and therefore are not dreaded in consequence—nay, more, they are frequently treated with neglect, although in many instances they are the precursors of more serious disorders which may in not a few cases have a fatal termination. How often to the usual greetings which one friend exchanges with another is the reply given: "Very well, thank you, except a little cold." A little cold; and yet

how significant this may be. In how many cases do we find a "little cold" resemble a little seed which may sooner or later develop into a mighty tree. A little cold neglected may and frequently does prove itself to be a thing not to be trifled with. Let me, then, pray my readers to remember that small beginnings in not a few instances have big endings, and this especially where disease exists. Let us, then, consider what is a common cold.

In the first place, we must be paradoxical, and affirm that it is not a cold at all. It is rather a

heat, if I might so express myself—that is, it is a form of fever, but of course of a very mild type, when it is uncomplicated by other diseases. It is certainly in the majority of instances due to the effects of cold playing upon some portion of the body, and reacting upon the mucous membrane through the intervention of the nervous apparatus. What is called a cold, then, is in reality a fever; and though in the majority of instances it is of such a trivial nature as to necessitate few precautions being taken during its attack, yet in some cases it runs a most acute course, and may be followed by great prostration. Even when the premonitory symptoms of a cold are developing themselves—when, for example, what a medical man calls a rigor, or as it is properly designated, a shivering is felt, when we would naturally suppose that the animal temperature is below par, it is at that very moment higher than the normal; thus showing the onset of fever.

Before going at once into the symptoms and nature of the disease under discussion, it will be advisable to dip a little into that most interesting department of medical science—physiology, and indeed, without doing so, it would be quite impossible for the majority of my readers to understand the manner in which cold acts in producing the inflammatory condition of the mucous membrane of the nose, or, as it is called, the Schneiderian membrane—which inflamed condition constitutes a cold in the head. It will be necessary to understand what a mucous membrane is, what its duties are, and how these duties are performed, before entering upon a description of a disease attacking it. To take the mucous membrane of the nose as an example. We find that it is a membrane spread out over a very large area, lining as it does a great many undulations caused by the arrangement of the bones composing the walls of the nostrils, so that a very much greater surface is required to be traversed by the air entering the lungs through the nose—the natural passage—than is required by the actual length of the canal. The object of this is obvious, when we take into account the fact that the temperature of the air is usually either below or above that of the human body, and that it is almost invariably loaded with particles of matter which would irritate the lungs did they find access to them.

The tortuous passage of the nose thus tends in

the first place to equalize in some measure the temperature of the atmosphere inhaled, with that of the lungs; and in the second place, the mucus which is secreted by the Schneiderian membrane being of a tenacious nature, tends to attract and ensnare the impurities which the air may contain. We thus see that the nostrils act as a filter to the air taken in by inhalation. If we observe any mucous surface, we cannot help remarking its deep-red color, this being due to the close network of blood-vessels ramifying on its surface. In consequence of this accumulation of minute arteries and veins through which warm blood is constantly flowing, a pretty high temperature is constantly maintained in any cavity lined by mucous membrane. There is therefore little difficulty in understanding how important a part the nostrils play in preparing the air for its entrance into the sensitive structure of the lungs. But the nostrils do not only temper the air—they also yield to it an amount of moisture which renders it still more bland and less irritating. We see, then, that the functions of the nostrils as regards the atmosphere inhaled are threefold—(1) in equalizing its temperature, (2) in moistening, and (3) in filtering it. The latter function is materially aided by quite a forest of minute hairs which guard the entrance to the passages.

Having noticed how distended the blood-vessels of the mucous membrane naturally are, it will not be difficult to understand how slight a disturbance of the balance of blood-supply will be necessary to produce congestion or inflammation of the structure, and such is really the case; and it is because of this that people who have what is called an irritable mucous membrane are so susceptible of cold. They have, in fact, a chronically congested mucous membrane, which, however, is usually associated with and dependent upon a disordered digestion. Yet notwithstanding these facts, a cold is not produced by cold air acting upon the surface which suffers. It is quite true that there are individuals with peculiar idiosyncrasies who take catarrh when they smell certain substances. For instance, many cannot go into a room where powdered ipecac is exposed without immediately catching catarrh in the nasal passages; and there is reported the case of a man who could not smell a rose without being affected in a similar way.

We must now go a step further before we can understand the *modus operandi* by which a cold in

the head, or in any other region, is produced. It has been shown that one of the functions of a mucous membrane is to secrete mucus. But what is it that makes the secretion vary in quantity? Well, an irritant applied directly to the surface may produce an excessive flow, and this superabundance of mucus is thrown out by an effort of Nature in its endeavor to shield the delicate membrane and remove the irritant; this may happen also when there is an excessive amount of blood in the vessels, which is the case when congestion exists, the distension of the blood-vessels acting as an irritant, and supplying in greater amount the fluid from which the mucus is extracted, thus tending to excite the secreting power to greater effort. Thus we have an explanation of the excessive discharge in catarrh of the nose. But when the direct irritant is removed, the unnaturally abundant discharge ceases. Not so, however, when the superabundance is due to the effects of cold; for in the latter case a diseased condition is set up, which will only disappear when the effects of the exposure upon the nervous system have passed away.

Having demonstrated that cold is not produced by the action of cold air playing upon the part affected, but that, on the contrary, it is an effect of cold acting upon a distant part of the body, it will be necessary to explain how this is brought about. If a person sits in a draught of cold air, and this draught is directed upon the back of his head, the chances are that a catarrh of the nasal passages will result, and this is produced by what is called reflex action of the nerves. Here it will be necessary to diverge a little and explain what reflex action is. It must be understood, then, that there are numerous nervous centres connected with the spinal cord. These nervous centres send filaments of their nerves to various portions of the body. For example, a nerve centre may be placed alongside the spine in the neck, and from this point nerves may be distributed to the back of the head and the mucous membrane of the nose. One important function of these little bodies is to control the supply of blood to different surfaces and tissues and organs. This is done by a system of minute nerves which are distributed on the arteries, by which the vessels are kept in a state of contraction. Now, if these nerves are severed from the main trunk, the blood-vessels immediately expand to the full extent of their calibre, and

congestion is the result; or, if these nerves are paralyzed, the same effect is produced. Sometimes a very slight shock produces a temporary paralysis of these minute nerves when a rush of blood takes place into the arteries, of which blushing is a good example; but the nerves soon recover their control over the blood-supply, and the blush passes away. Then again, the shock may produce quite the opposite effect; this may be so severe as to cause such extreme contraction of the blood-vessels that a deadly pallor pervades the face, as for instance in severe shock from fear. This, however, is caused more by the effect of shock acting upon the nerve centres which supply the heart with motor power.

But let us suppose that one extremity of a nerve arising from a particular nerve centre is irritated; this is communicated to that centre, which is affected thereby, it may be slightly or more severely. The irritation may be so great as to prostrate for the time being the nerve centre, and in consequence all the nerves arising from it are thrown into a state of inaction. This is called the reflex action of that nerve centre, because the effects of the irritant applied to one part of the body are thereby reflected to other parts. Instances of reflex action may be seen frequently in every-day life. Take, for example, the action of the eyelid when an object threatens to enter the eye. The retina perceives the object advancing; this is telegraphed to the nervous centre supplying the muscles which open and shut the eyelids, and immediately a message is sent back to the eyelids to shut and exclude the particle of matter that threatens to enter the eye. All this is done so quickly that it is hardly possible to realize that there is time for reflex nervous action being brought into play.

Another instance of reflex action, but this time influencing the secretions, may be cited. Who is not familiar with the effect of a savory smell or the sight of some luxury upon the salivary secretion, so that, to use a common expression, "the mouth waters"? In the first, the olfactory nerve is the means by which the impression is conveyed to the nerve centre; in the other, it is the optic nerve which is the transmitting agent; but in each case the impression is reflected to that nerve controlling the salivary secretion, with the effect of producing an increased flow of saliva. We thus see that the secretions can be influenced by one

nerve conveying its impression to another whose filaments take origin in a common centre.

Now, to come to the subject more directly under consideration in this paper, we must comprehend how cold acting on one part of the body produces catarrh of the nasal mucous membrane. Exposure to the most intense cold for a lengthened period will not produce this effect. Indeed, we find it invariably the case that severe frost in winter is, so far as catarrh is concerned, the healthiest weather we can have. During the prevalence of frost, as a rule, colds are at a minimum. The system here shows its power of accommodating itself to the circumstances surrounding it, and actually benefits by the prevailing low temperature. Let us, however, suppose a person to be sitting in a room the temperature of which is, say, seventy degrees Fahrenheit, and that a current of cold air is rushing in at an open door or window and playing upon the back of his head, or it may be on his legs or feet, and the probability is that he will "catch cold," and in nine cases out of ten this cold will be a catarrh in the head, and what may appear more remarkable still, only one nostril will at first be affected. Now, if the catarrh was due to the inhalation of cold air, both nostrils would suffer; but it is not so, for as each side of the body is supplied by its distinct set of nerves, so only that side is affected through which the reflex disturbance has been transmitted. The *modus operandi* is the following: The draught of cold air acting, we will suppose, on the back of the head, conveys through the sympathetic nerve, which ramifies on the scalp, a shock to the nervous centre from which these nerve fibres proceed; but we must understand that this nerve centre sends its filaments to other portions of the body, and so the shock which this centre receives by one set of nerves is reflected by another set to some surface quite remote from that primarily acted upon; and in this way a temporary paralysis of the nerves supplying the blood-vessels of the mucous membrane of the nose is brought about. In consequence these vessels become dilated and engorged, and the shock which has brought about this congestion continuing, disturbs the equilibrium of the

blood-supply, and so an inflammatory condition is set up. When this exists, the blood-vessels are enormously distended; consequently an excess of blood passes through the part, the little cells which secrete the mucus being thus excited and working much more rapidly than when in health. In this way the enormous discharge of mucus which accompanies a cold in the head is accounted for.

Another effect of this irritation of the mucous membrane is sneezing, which is an effort of Nature to restore the equilibrium of the nervous centre by another kind of reflex action. Sneezing in catarrh is a method Nature adopts to stimulate the prostrate nervous centre, and thus enable it to reassert its proper control over the blood-supply to the part; indeed, it will be found that the effects of being exposed to a draught of cold air are often completely destroyed by a succession of sneezes. Of course Nature does not always immediately succeed in these efforts; but when she does not, the shock from which the nervous centre suffers gradually passes away, and the blood-vessels again come under the control of the little nerves which regulate their calibre, and so the catarrh disappears in a few hours, or at most in a few days. It sometimes happens that the shock from the cold air acting upon the nervous centre is of such severity that the consequent inflammation is intense enough to check the secretion of mucus altogether, and in consequence the mucous membrane is dry as well as inflamed, and the suffering very much intensified.

So far, we have only glanced at a cold in the head, which passes away in a few hours, but this is not always the happy termination. There is a peculiar tendency which inflammation possesses of not leaving off where it commenced, but of invading the tissues in its immediate neighborhood, and more especially when the tissue is continuous with that primarily attacked, as is the case with the mucous membrane of the air passages. A cold may commence in the head and rapidly spread by what is technically termed continuity of tissue into the chest; and so what at the first promised to be only cold in the head may terminate in an attack of bronchitis, or even inflammation of the lungs.

AMONG THE ROSES.

BY GUY AINSLEE.

It pleased the deity of the floral world to distinguish this flower as the queen of her blossoming realms; nor has the wisdom of her choice ever been challenged. It is the typical flower of the "leafy month of June," and is to-day the favorite, as it has been in all ages and all lands. The old poet's allegation stands approved:

"— No flower that blows
Is like the rose, nor scatters such
perfume."

From Sappho's "Song of the Rose" to Moore's "Last Rose of Summer," not a poet but has sung her praise. It is claimed that England is the place where roses bloom their best. This is not so. The paradise of roses is in Florida and Georgia. They attain a perfection there which is nowhere else reached. Common as it is, in its numberless varieties, blooming by wayside and garden wall, alike the pride of palace conservatories and parks, and the cheap delight of the humblest cottage door, its families are yet the patricians of the floral commonwealth. Pride of blood is abashed beside the long lines of their lineage and the tales of their ancient renown. The gaudiest *parvenu* of them all may perhaps trace its history back to the royal races of the Indies.

Indeed, the fame of the rose is coeval with history, and how long it may have bloomed and blushed unrecorded, if not unseen, "wasting its sweetness on the desert air" of the prehistoric time, we may not know. Isaiah sung of it, and so eminently is it the flower of Eastern lands and of the earliest ages, that even a familiarity with our native wild varieties, and the authority of the



THE ROSE OF SHARON.

text-books of science, can hardly efface from our mind the first impression that it must be exclusively a native of the Persian section of Asia.

But all nations have their roses. They are as common as sleep. The Esquimaux adorn their hair and their raiment of deer and seal-skin with the blossoms of the *rosa nitida*, which grows abundantly under their stunted shrubs. The creoles in Georgia twine the white flower of a climbing forest-rose among their hair. The shores of the Gulf of Bengal are covered during the spring with a beautiful white rose, found also in China and Nepaul, and in thickets of the evergreen rose the alligators of the Ganges lie in wait for their prey. The northwest of Asia produces the *rosa centifolia*, from which Avicenna is said to have first distilled the precious attar. At Adrianople, in the lovely rose-gardens of Kizanlik, is where the

greater part of the attar is now produced which perfumes the gloves and linen of Europe's fairest daughters. The Hindoos invented the art of extracting from the queen of flowers her odorous soul, in the form of that minute globule which makes the attar. The roses of Kizanlik are the light-red variety of damask, *sempervirens* and *moschata*; they are gathered together with their green calyxes and distilled in water for four hours, the product being a thin film of oil. Five thousand pounds weight of blossoms gives out no more than one pound weight of oil, and even this has to be refined before it can be called true attar. One drop of this essential substance will fill the air with delicious fragrance for a month, but it is seldom to be had pure. The cunning Turks

adulterate it with *idris*, a stuff distilled from lemon-grass, nice enough in its way, but not worthy of mingling with the exquisite spirit of the damask petals.

Vast tracts of land are planted with alternate rose-bushes and vines in Northern Anadol, and when the picking and distilling go forward, to be in Adrianople is almost to "die of a rose in aromatic pain," so pervading is the delicate perfume.

In Iceland a rose grows with solitary cup-shaped flowers. The Finns of Lapland, seeking lichens for their reindeer, find under the snow the roses *magalis* and *rubella*. The fields of Ghazipoor, in India, produce in myriads the flowers of which 400,000 die to make an ounce of attar. Ornamental roses bloom gloriously in England, while the French gardeners remain the most successful in the world in producing new and constantly finer varieties of the royal flower.

But the most numerous and beautiful families had their first home in the sunny land of the Orient, and here the rose first found its poets. It gave its early name to the Holy Land; for, from the *suri*, a delicate and beautiful rose, for which the country is still famous, Syria was anciently called *Suristan*, which signifies "the land of roses." Moore has a graceful allusion to this in one of the stanzas of "The Peri":

"Now upon Syria's land of roses
Softly the light of eve reposes;
And, like a glory, the broad sun
Hangs over sainted Lebanon,
Whose head in wintry grandeur towers,
And whitens with eternal sleet,
While summer, in a vale of flowers,
Is sleeping rosy at his feet."

Here Solomon sung the praises of the Rose of Sharon; and there is abundant ground for Milton's imagination of Eve among the roses of Eden, training their vines, and binding up their heavy clusters, herself a fairer flower. "The Last Rose of Summer" inspired one of Moore's sweetest and best-known melodies; and most of us can sympathize with the remark of a lady who delighted in the flower that poets of all ages have embalmed in verse and mythology has invested with a sacred origin: "When the last rose has dropped from the bush, I feel as if I had been to a funeral."

Though the rose seems not to have descended from a single parent stock, yet these first families can hardly be called numerous, compared with their multitudinous progeny. The flower which

"—in strange, eventful hour,
Sprung, with blushing tinctures drest,"

was, we suppose, the wild-rose, whose petals cultivation has since so wonderfully multiplied and variegated that the original is hardly recognized. But simple and scant as the wild-rose now shows amid its gaudier descendants, what one variety of the numerous family has ever been able to match the beauty of its bud?

These varieties have mostly been developed within the last century, owing to the wonderful progress in the arts of the florist and hybridist. John Parkinson, writing in 1629, speaks of "thirty sorts of roses." But now they are numbered by thousands, and every season swells the list, while so crossed and interwoven are the different families that they absolutely defy classification. But the confusion of classes is the exceeding gain of individuals. The heterogeneous multitude are in the ascendant, and "pure blood" at as great a discount as it has come to be in the chivalry of the Old Dominion. Scientific botany shuts its eyes on all these hybrids, and persists in regarding the rarest products of the conservatory as monstrosities. But the eye and science are at variance. No roses were ever like these of ours, the results of rich and careful culture, the marvel of combined art and nature.

The rose of Grecian days, when Greek heroes welcomed the rosy-fingered dawn, and the rose of Persian song, of troubadours and minstrels, had no charms to be compared with their delicacy, beauty, and fragrance. The one is like the village maiden, with her simple beauty and rustic health, with her round of small duties and smaller pleasures; the other like her gentle-blooded, high-bred sister of the metropolis, breathing the native air of refinement, and fed by the daily-dropping dews of culture. Both are beautiful in their place, and the rustic maid is oftener the inspiration of the muse than the fine-bred lady. But they are not to be compared. The rose, whose stamens and pistils are transformed into petals, does not become extinct because it fails of seeds; there are many better methods of propagation. The life that unfolds into snowy bloom is no less legiti-



"—NO FLOWER THAT BLOWS
IS LIKE THE ROSE, NOR SCATTERS SUCH PERFUME."

mate than that which narrowly stores up the fruits of accomplished toil; and the ends of being are accomplished no more worthily through the planted seeds of duty than through the vigorous offshoots of influence.

But science is inexorable, and even robs our queen of her royal prerogatives. She is placed at once on a democratic level, as a member—the distinguishing one, it is true—of a large family of near and remote kinship, with such plebeian cousins as the apple, the raspberry, and the cherry. The peach and strawberry, though no nearer by blood, have a closer affinity of tastes, and are doubtless viewed by the rose with a more affectionate eye. This family grouping is from certain external resemblances, as we speak of the family nose or hand, not from those more significant and ethereal characteristics which flowers so eminently possess. If so, we should couple the rose with the lily and the jasmine; but poetry and botany will not run in parallels. The latter is more disposed to rely on mathematics, and makes one of the reasons of this arbitrary class-making, the common inclination of these plants to proceed upon a plan of five—five twigs in every double spiral as they wind up the branch, the sixth over the first, the green bud of the calyx five-parted, and five petals in the perfect flower. There are other family traits also, as the tendency in what remains of the flower—following most respectable examples, to be sure—to become stocky and adipose as its bloom falls away. But let us forbear to further ferret these subtleties at random, lest we be wise above what is written.

To speak of the varieties of the rose were a fruitless as well as a hopeless task. The mind would be a marvel of retentiveness which could enumerate the names by which its families are christened, and, when it comes to the fancifully-named varieties, the text-books and catalogues are a tangle of bewilderment. The poets who hundreds of years ago made the rose famous in every language would not recognize the magnificently-developed flowers which modern artificial selection has produced. Every year, by judicious crossing of the stocks, Pernet or Lacharme, Margottin or Verdier, and of the growers round Paris, Dijon, and Lyons, produce several new roses which on the English side of the channel put on new glories. The Franco-German war suddenly stopped the supply, but at least one popular new rose, the

Annie Laxton, was produced by English gardeners that year, and in 1871-72 twenty-two choice varieties appeared. In 1834 Mr. Rivers, of Sawbrideworth, England, published the first "Descriptive Catalogue of Roses." It enumerates by name four hundred and seventy-six varieties. In his list for 1876 only eleven of them reappeared, and none of these were classed among roses sufficiently good to be shown at exhibitions. In 1851 Canon Hole grew four hundred and thirty-four kinds of roses. Of these, four hundred and ten have since been exiled, to make room for their betters. Mr. Hole is President of the "National Rose Society," of England, is a clergyman, and has recently written a volume of great interest devoted to the history and cultivation of roses. Marechal Neil, the most beautiful of roses, exquisite in perfume, perfect in its bell like shape, and golden in color, was only introduced in 1864. The hardy pale pink flower, Baronne de Rothschild, came out three years later; and so popular a rose as the Vallambrosa has already become was not known in England till two years ago. Deposed from the flower shows, the fallen monarchs reign in the cottage gardens. The queen of flowers of the elder line never dies, and an unsuspected development under new conditions of climate and soil may bring her back triumphantly to power.

A few of the favorites are always in the memory and the heart also. The common cinnamon rose, odorous as its spice-breathing namesake, must have place first, though least, for "auld lang syne." Shall we forget the rose-corner of the yard in our New England home, where it luxuriated more a tree than a shrub, its peachy bloom inwoven with memories of mimic festivals and flowery crowns and groups of happy children? The large, pale, sweet-scented damask is, perhaps, the most perfect of our old-fashioned garden roses. It is of high lineage also, a native of Syria, and one of the roses of history.

The numberless varieties of the common and tea-scented China roses form a beautiful family. Among them are the exquisite bridal roses, also the Bourbons, a cross of the Chinese and damask, one of the notable flowers of France, the queen of the court gardens, culminating in that "most perfect of flowers," the "Souvenir de la Malmaison." This was before the presence of Josephine had redeemed the dwelling-place of the volup-

tuous court, and a plain florist tells us the flower has a sweeter savor in horticulture than history. The Noizettes are said to be a union of musk and and, for aught we know, blue roses and gray. Doubtless they have not endeavored, however, to compete with the ingenious florists of China and



"—THE SWEETEST FLOWER
THAT EVER DRANK THE AMBER SHOWER."

China, and have many French varieties. Indeed, the French people, as we have already shown, excel all others in rose culture, and they are constantly adding to a list whose name is legion, marvels unheard of before—black roses and white, Japan, who are said to have produced miniature roses, the entire plant of which could be covered by an egg-shell; a good type of Eastern civilization in its refinement without invigoration. The moss-roses are of the same family, and

were introduced into England through Holland as early as 1596.

Our familiar and favorite Scotch roses are from the dwarf wild-rose of Scotland. The sweet brier is the eglantine of England, beloved of her poets, from which, however, our American sweet brier differs materially. The English "evergreen roses" take their name from the leaves, which are retained until spring. They are climbers, and although not fine as flowers, make beautiful draperies for pillars, arbors, and the like. The same is doubtless true of the coarse kinds used there so plentifully for hedges, a use, it is to be regretted, our colder climate will not permit.

The climbing-roses, if we may believe our "floral guides," come from the four quarters of the northern hemisphere. Our own contribution is the Michigan rose, or prairie queen, as it is often called, a flower popular enough with us, but held in great scorn across the Atlantic,—not the only thing so received, or patriotic rose-lovers might be grieved. Rivers, the patriarch of English rose-growers, pronounced *ex cathedra* against the whole race of prairie roses: "I will dismiss them with the remark that none of them are worth cultivating." It has many sterling qualities, however; perfectly hardy, it flourishes from Canada to Texas, and grows with remarkable rapidity. Its blossoms are, too, like small cabbages for eminent beauty; but it is so full-flowering, and has such a variety of tints as it fades from deep rose to white, that it leaves no lovelier festooning to be desired.

The Austrian brier is pronounced the great parent of yellow roses, though a smaller family is natural to India. The brier is found in Southern Europe, and probably also in Persia, whence come its finest developments, in the Persian yellow roses. Nearly all these roses in their wild state are summer flowers, whose period of bloom is brief. Perpetual roses are almost exclusively productions of art. A few wild varieties may seem so, but it will be found they simply have more than one period of bloom in the season, with an interval of rest, like a winter, between; not what the French call *roses remontants*, growing again, or continually. But while we delight ourselves in the greater elegance and more constant bloom of our modern favorites, let us not hold them in too light esteem. All the poetry of *the rose belongs to these old roses of summer.*

It is they that bloomed in red and white in the rival shields of York and Lancaster, and are now the national flower of England. It is they that have told the tales of love and been strewn about the bier of countless generations. Let them still be held dear, if but for history's and poetry's sake.

But the rose of Persia, the rose of the poets and the nightingales, is the musk-rose.

"Oh, who has not heard of the Vale of Cashmere?
With its roses the brightest that earth ever gave,
Its temples and grottoes, and fountains as clear
As the love-lighted eyes that hang over their wave."

The musk-rose is sometimes grown as a climber, festooning trellises and arches, as Moore describes in his "Lalla Rookh," when the princess enters the famed and enchanted valley. But oftener it is a flowering tree, fourteen or sixteen feet high, in whose branches the bulbul, or Persian nightingale, loves to sit and warble his entrancing lays; and fable tells us that its buds burst into flower at the first notes of the nightingale's song. The flowers exhale a delicate odor, resembling musk, especially at night, when the air is heavy with the musk of the roses blown. This is the rose celebrated by Sappho and Anacreon:

"—the sweetest flower
That ever drank the amber shower."

It is this, also, that the poets of the Orient always associate with the nightingale:

"—though rich the spot
With every flower that earth has got,
What is it to the nightingale
If there his darling rose is not?"

So an old English poet, celebrating the praises of his mountain-holly, sings:

"The rose is for the nightingale,
The heather for the lark,
But the holly greets the redbreast
'Mid winter drear and dark."

And Mrs. Hemans chants in tender verse the nightingale's death-song, whose burden is

"Mournfully, sing mournfully
And die away, my heart!
The rose, the glorious rose is gone,
And I, too, will depart."

An Eastern fable tells us that all the birds assembled before Solomon to complain of the nightingale, who drowned their melody and disturbed their peace with his ceaseless and mournful notes. The nightingale, on being summoned to answer, confessed to the noisy grief, but pleaded that his love for the rose had driven him to distraction, so that he often fell insensible at her feet, overpowered with the mingled delight and pain of her intoxicating perfume. This so moved the heart of the king that he gave her the rose-bowers for her home forever. This association of roses and nightingales is something more than a fancy of the poets. Travelers through those Eastern lands portray in glowing colors those groves and fairy gardens, with their combined delights of bloom, fragrance, and song. Sir Robert Porter speaks thus of the garden of one of the Persian palaces:

"On my first entering this bower of fairy-land I was struck with the appearance of two rose-trees, full fourteen feet high, laden with thousands of flowers in every degree of expansion, and of a bloom and delicacy of scent that imbued the whole atmosphere with exquisite perfume. Indeed, I believe that in no country in the world does the rose grow in such perfection as in Persia; in no country is it so cultivated and prized by the natives. Their gardens and courts are crowded by its plants, their rooms ornamented with vases filled with its gathered bunches, and every bath strown with the full-blown and ever-replenished flowers. . . . But in this delicious garden of Negaristan the eye and the smell are not the only senses regaled by the presence of the rose. The ear is enchanted by the wild and beautiful notes of multitudes of nightingales, whose warblings seem to increase in melody and softness with the unfolding of their favorite flowers. Here, indeed, the stranger is more powerfully reminded that he is in the country of the nightingale and the rose."

Sir William Ormsby, in his "Travels in the East," speaks of a visit made with his brother, the English ambassador, to a man of high rank at Teheran; and though there was a great profusion of meat and fruits at the entertainment, "it might," he says, "have been styled the 'Feast of Roses,' for the floor of the great hall was spread and all the candlesticks and ornaments decorated with them. The surface of the

reservoir of water was completely covered with rose-leaves, which also were scattered on the principal walks leading to the mansion. The reservoir was so covered that the water was visible only when stirred by the air, and the slaves during the entertainment were continually scattering fresh roses both upon the waters and the floor of the hall."

Another traveler tells us that "beds of roses are not altogether a fiction. The palace gardens of the Emperor of Morocco are so profuse with roses that mattresses are made of their leaves for men of rank to recline upon."

These glimpses at the land of flowers seem to justify the songs of the poets, and make us cease to wonder that the Persians who translated "Lalla Rookh" into their own language, and found in it such rare delight, were slow to believe that its author was a native of one of the barbarous isles of the West, and had never even beheld their Vale of Cashmere.

For example, compare with these descriptions a few lines from Moore's "Feast of Roses," excellent in its Oriental imagery,—based on the Persian custom of making a festival of the whole season of the roses' bloom.

"The lake, too, like a garden breathes,
With the rich buds that o'er it lie,
As if a shower of fairy wreaths
Had fallen upon it from the sky.
And merry laughter, echoing
From many an infant group at play
Among the tents that line the way,
Flinging, unawed by slave or mother,
Handfuls of roses at each other."

The Feast of Roses was not confined to Persia, but has been observed by several nations. Even as far west as France the Oriental custom has prevailed, though restricted usually to a single day. In some of the French villages the 8th of June was set apart for the crowning of a rose-queen, who was selected by a justice or the lord of the village. In Salency this was made a semi-religious festival, and the queen and all the villagers went to church for vespers, but the day closed with a ball which she had the honor of opening with the seigneur. The old church has a picture celebrating the first rose-feast.

The Greeks, and still more, the Romans, were extravagantly fond of roses, and were at great expense to produce their bloom in winter. Nero

is said to have expended a sum equal to thirty thousand pounds for the roses of a single banquet.

Not only do they wreath the history of these nations, but their fragrance steals through all mythology. The birth of the rose is variously fabled. It is related that Flora, having found the corpse of a favorite nymph, resolved to raise a plant from the precious remains, that should fitly symbolize her beauty and virtues. To this work she calls Venus and the Graces and all the deities that preside over gardens. They graciously lend their skill, and the spirits of the elements are propitious to her design. So with all potent aid of earth and sky the nymph is transformed into the rose.

Anacreon's account of the same event, as translated by Moore, makes its creation simultaneous with that of the goddess of love and beauty :

"When rising through the briny flood
Venus in blushing beauty stood ;
Then, in that strange, eventful hour,
The earth produced an infant flower.
The gods beheld its brilliant birth,
And hailed the rose—the boon of earth."

He also attributes its red hue to the nectar poured over it on this occasion by the gods, who thus dedicated the flower to Bacchus.

Another poet gives us a slightly varied account of its acquisition of color :

"'Tis said, as Cupid danced among
The gods, he down the nectar flung,
Which on the white rose being shed,
Made it, forever after, red."

But the more generally accepted tradition was that it was indebted for its color to the blood which flowed from the thorn-wounded feet of Venus, when running through the wood in despair for the loss of Adonis, as the white rose is also said to have sprung from the tears shed by the goddess on the same occasion. It is said that the Turks cannot endure to see a rose-leaf fall to the ground, because "some of them have dreamed that the first rose sprang from the blood of Venus."

Sacred tradition has it that the rose drew its vermeil hue from the beautiful lips of Eve, who stooped to kiss its white petals in the morning *hours of Eden*.

"Lo! the hue of a ruby its white leaves have taken,
While Eve for an instant their sweet honey sips!
Behold! even while she in ecstasy lingers,
The flowers that glistened there white as her fingers,
All catch and imprison the tint of her lips!"

And again, careless as to dates as legends are privileged to be, we find romantic devotion dyeing its petals with the blood of the Saviour, as it fell from the cross upon the wild-roses at its foot.

According to Zoroaster, the rose was created free from thorns, until the entrance of the evil spirit into the world, who put evil not only into the hearts of men, but into the unconscious things of nature. He also states that every flower is consecrated to a particular angel, and assigns the rose to an archangel of the highest order.

Basil, one of the Christian Fathers, evidently borrows from the Orientals in relating that the rose was furnished with thorns gradually, as the world became corrupt.

Another fable of the rose is that the first ever seen was given by Cupid to Harpocrates, the god of silence, to bribe him not to divulge the loves of Venus. Hence the ancients make it a symbol of silence, and it became a custom to place a rose above their heads in the banqueting-rooms, in order to banish restraint, as nothing there said would be repeated elsewhere; and from this originated the saying "sub-rosa" when anything was to be kept secret.

The Germans have the following pleasing fable of the manner in which the moss-rose received her soft and lovely vestment :

"The angels of the flowers one day
Beneath a rose-tree sleeping lay.
The spirit, to whose charge is given
To bathe young buds in dew from heaven,
Awaking from his light repose,
The angel whispered to the rose :
'O, fondest object of my care,
Still fairest found where all are fair,
For the sweet shade thou'st given to me
Ask what thou wilt, 'tis granted thee.'
'Then,' said the rose, with deepened glow,
'On me another grace bestow.'
The spirit paused in silent thought :
What grace was there the flower had not ?
'Twas but a moment,—o'er the rose
A veil of moss the angel throws;
And, robed in Nature's simplest weed,
Can there a flower that rose exceed?"

Poetry has consecrated the rose to Venus, and

made it the symbol of beauty and the language of love.

"In those Eastern lands where they talk in flowers,
And tell in a garland their loves and cares,"

it was the best eloquence of the lover. A thornless rose breathed of love; with its leaves and thorns, of hope and fear. To return it reversed signified that it was received with indifference; stripped of its thorns, with pleasure; of its leaves, with aversion. This symbolry, with which Eastern romance is so replete, comes down to our day with the same significance it has held from time immemorial.

The red rose has ever been the flower of love, the rosebud of youthful and the blush-rose of modest affection, the moss-rose of surpassing grace and merit, the yellow of inconstancy, the creamy bridal of joy, and the white of silence, sadness, and death. Its fragility symbolized also the vanity and decay of earthly things. Saadi, the Persian, author of "Gulistan; or, the Rose-garden," whom Bayard Taylor loved to quote, and who was a slave as well as a poet, engaged to break his chains by presenting a rose to his master, with its touching moral implied: "Do good while thou hast opportunity, for thy days are brief as the existence of this beautiful flower."

Oriana, from the tower where she was imprisoned, threw a wet rose to her lover, to express her love and grief. And Cleopatra, seeking for the rarest and queenliest expression of her regard for Mark Antony, had the floors of her banquet-hall covered with rose-leaves eighteen inches deep, confined with a fine silken net, that they might not cumber the steps of her honored guest.

With the Romans the rose was the flower of joy. With it they wreathed the wine-cup and strewed the banquet. Twined with the myrtle, their flower of love, they crowned with it the bridal, and celebrated the feasts of Hymen. They represented the three graces as bound together with its flowery chains. They wreathed the divinities of their temples with roses as a part of their worship. And on every festive occasion, rosy crowns were the chief adornment of youth and beauty. To such an extravagant extent was this

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carried among the heathens, that Clement of Alexandria thought it improper that Christians should crown themselves with roses. With them, also, the white rose was sacred to death. They were solemnly carried by white-robed virgins in their funeral processions, strewn tenderly over the bier, and planted by the tomb.

This beautiful floral language of the East has never become the native tongue of our colder Western lands. Lady Mary Wortley Montague, traveling in the Orient, wrote a letter home all in flowers, but it was rather in the language of the country she visited than her own. But it is not without its poetry and sentiment even for us. Memory associates them with home and childhood; and the rose-bush by the door blooms in the heart long after the eyes it early blest have become dim in the dust and clouds of a stormy world. We remember to have seen cherished among the fondest keepsakes a bouquet of pressed roses plucked from a home garden and sent singly many hundred miles in the letters of a mother to her son. Joy weaves still her rosy crowns. Love has her treasured blossoms, dearer as they fade in secret caskets. With them we still wreath our bridals and deck our sleeping dead. We recall, in closing, an exquisite expression of their symbolry from the pen of one of the latest and sweetest English poets, Miss Proctor:

"Just when the red June roses blow, she gave me one—a year ago.
A rose whose faint, sweet breath revealed the secret that its heart concealed,
And whose half shy, half tender grace blushed back upon the giver's face.
A year ago—a year ago. To hope was not to know.
Just when the red June roses blow, I plucked her one—a month ago.
Its half-blown crimson to eclipse, I laid it on her smiling lips.
The balmy fragrance of the South drew sweetness from her sweeter mouth.
Swiftly do golden hours creep, to hold is not to keep.
The red June roses now are past, this very day I broke the last;
And now its perfumed breath is hid with her beneath a coffin lid.
There will its petals fall apart, and wither on her icy heart.
At three red roses' cost, my world was gained and lost."

THE FRANKLIN HOME.

BY A. G. MORSE.

THIS is the age of institutions—*public*, as of the State; and *private*, as of corporations, associations, or individuals. We have institutions for the blind, the lame, the deaf and dumb, the old and infirm, and for many other worthy and deserving objects. Of these, there are many whose influence for evil as well as for good has become only too palpable, hence the age has become critical, even cynical, with regard to them.

The question of the hour most pertinent with all philanthropically inclined is, Is this or that institution beneficent in its operations as well as benevolent in its design?

In the light of this question we wish to call attention to the operation of one of these institutions, an institution at once unique and original in character, of settled stability and success, with a capacity within itself for a much more extended growth, and that as a pioneer example is destined to become the forerunner of unlimited reproduction.

We shall, in the course of this article, endeavor to interest the reader with some of the remarkable peculiarities and incidents of its workings, trusting that the effect of our efforts in that direction may be to attract the sober thought of the Christian world to a proper conception of the wonderful extent and solidity of its achieved results.

Some ten years ago, the inspiration—for inspiration it certainly was—that led to the organization and founding of the Franklin Reformatory Home, of Philadelphia, took shape. The movement was first agitated by Mr. Thomas M. Coleman, of the *Public Ledger*, and others, for the purpose of establishing a place where impecunious or late night-wanderers might obtain, at a merely nominal price, a cup of coffee and a clean and comfortable lodging for the night, without being obliged to resort to the vile dram-shops by the wayside. But a brief time elapsed before an organization was effected, of which Mr. Samuel P. Godwin was elected the first President. This gentleman, heartily enlisted in the cause, has ever since given it his most devoted attention; and it is from this simple foundation that he, with the aid of his excellent coadjutors in the work, has

elaborated the noble superstructure and far-reaching benevolence of the Franklin Home, having for its present object the practical reformation of that numerous class of society rendered more or less *incapable* or *worthless* by the use of strong drink, and to stem the gathering flood-tide of general intemperance which is so portentously threatening not only the life of society, but even the very existence of the State.

A small beginning, in a severely practical and tangible way, was made by procuring a house suitable for the purpose and transforming it into a comfortable home. To this were soon gathered a few forlorn and friendless wanderers, and these, after a brief sojourn, under the treatment and care of the association, were restored to society sane and sober men.

And here we would say that the active principles upon which this institution was then established have remained one and the same ever since. What was then deemed a mere experiment has since more than demonstrated the feasibility of the project, and justified the friends of the movement in the line of policy adopted by them.

In entering upon a consideration of the practical workings of some of the principles which guide the management of this institution, we are forcibly reminded of the beautiful lines of the Gospel-song,

"Down in the human heart, crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore;
Touched by a loving heart, wakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more,"

and which exemplify in brief the most potent factor exercised within its walls. But rather than enter into any abstract analysis of its in-door ethics, we prefer to give the reader a glimpse of the institution as we saw it on a bright and lovely spring morning.

The birds were twittering on the eaves of the building and in the great old buttonwood-tree, which, with others, skirts the court-yard at its rear. The slanting rays of the early morning sun penetrating the windows on the western side had only aroused the inmates, who, from a pure and restful

sleep, were soon on hand to enjoy the foretastes of a backward spring—sleepers, who, not many days or weeks before, had arisen from very different motives and with feelings of an entirely opposite character.

When it is remembered that all of these men have been rescued but recently from the unrestful delirium of drink, that many of them have left homes irretrievably blighted, left wives and children stricken down with sorrow, and nearly all of them with a miserably broken past to look back upon, a past strewn with the wreck and *débris* of broken friendships, false promises, forfeited confidence, and ruined hopes, it is certainly a glorious realization for them on such a beautiful spring morning to feel, for the first time in their lives, probably, that there is such a thing as God's mercy in this world. And there are some also who, permanently reformed from the vice of drunkenness and other sins, experience here that there is not only a light and tender mercy, but such a thing as God's grace in the world.

The words of St. Paul, "By the grace of God, I am what I am," is the motto of the institution; and the grace of God is truly the active principle on which its officers rely to accomplish the great work which they have in hand. It was the vital principle adopted when they inaugurated the work, and out of it have grown the great results of their past labors. It has been instilled into the hearts of all those whom the institution has reformed, and there is not one among the hundreds of regenerated men who are to-day standing firm and steadfast who will not attest the potent influence of this vital, living principle. In the words of the management, briefly expressed to us on this occasion, "By the grace of God, the Franklin Home *is* what it *is*."

As the stream of three-score able-bodied men went filing past us to the dining-hall, we were able to note the general appearance of them all. Although much cheeriness and pleasantry of manner prevails during this gathering at meals, yet the most ordinary observer will not fail to note the general expression of seriousness that pervades the assemblage, and which is all the more genuine because without pretense and not expressed in either sanctimonious manner or cautious terms.

This stamp of seriousness is attributable to a full realization of their past, misspent lives, and concerning the future, and especially of that stern

purpose which lies just between the past and the future—which throws a tender, forgiving light over the one, and a cheerful, hopeful glow upon the other. They are of every class in society, though not promiscuously mixed any more than they choose to be. They are of different professions, trades, and callings, of different nationalities, of different religious creeds, and, of course, of different dispositions, humors, and ways of thinking, yet are all alike and one in the single purpose which brought them to this institution. There are exceptions of course, which, however, but serve more conspicuously to display the rule.

Many of them are men of polished manners and polite address; many of them, save for their drinking habits, men of the highest respectability and standing in society, and good and warm-hearted men; yet there are some who are vulgar, profane, and offensive. Still the homogeneous leaven of gentle manners and kindly consideration seems, perforce, to enter into all, for even the humblest and most unlettered among them are constrained, while within these walls, to be courteous and gentlemanly in their bearing.

There is yet another point upon which they all agree, though we anticipate in mentioning it here. It is in the strict attention and interest which is paid to all religious services. Men who are church members hear the Gospel story clothed afresh in new and attractive forms. Men who never heard it told before are as earnest listeners and as eagerly drink in the falling words as those who have many times before enjoyed the precious narrative. Neither are these religious instructions general in their character, but specific in both character and application, and with few exceptions not only deeply interesting but abidingly effective.

We noted several cases to which our attention was especially called, and we give, in connection with them, some incidents which may prove of interest to the reader as well as to the philanthropically inclined.

Mr. H— is a tall, well-formed man of forty, and is intelligent, though uneducated, except in a trade in which he is proficient. At present he boards in the home, and is and has been working steadily for many months past. Some time ago, on a bitter cold evening, when the streets were one mass of sleet and hardened snow, a gentleman, walking along Walnut street, observed a thinly clad, shivering man staggering and slip-

ping along before him. Suddenly the man sprung wildly into the air and fell prone upon the pavement in a drunken fit. Fortunate it was for him that a good Samaritan was so near him at the time, who, after he had somewhat recovered his senses, brought him to the Franklin Home. His case was a desperate one. He had been living on little else than whisky for months past, and the result of the fall was a deep cut upon his head. Such desperate cases are not generally taken at the home, as they belong more properly to the hospital, but this one appealed so strongly to the sympathy of the superintendent that he was admitted. To save his life taxed the utmost energies of the superintendent and the officials of the home. The crisis once passed, it took much time and nursing to restore him to the full enjoyment of health. He is now "clothed in his right mind," and, if we may judge by the depth of his convictions, the correctness of his daily walk, and by that manly gratitude which distinguishes all his actions and even thoughts toward the home, he is permanently reformed.

Another is Mr. C—, also a gentleman in comfortable circumstances and respectably connected, well educated, and, when sober, refined in both manners and morals. He will shortly rejoin his family, from whom he has been separated for many, many months. He was received into the home in a beastly condition of drunkenness, the climax of a three months' debauch. In the course of his carousings he quarreled with his many friends, neglected his business, alienated the affections of his wife and children, whom he shamefully abused, and eventually found himself wandering about, homeless and utterly miserable. At length some friends, to save him from a suicidal grave, succeeded in getting him into the home. It is hardly necessary to dwell upon the condition of his mind when awakened to a full realization of the misery he had wrought and the degradation of body and soul he had experienced under rum's thralldom. His is but another evidence of the power of God's mercy in the work of this benevolent institution. His reason fully restored, he now deeply realizes the fearful lesson he has received, and feels profoundly grateful to those who rescued him. That he has honestly adopted as his own the principles of the home, may be seen and heard in his every deed and word, and competent judges are fully assured that he is now permanently reformed.

The above are extreme cases; but we can pick out a dozen gentlemen as they pass who came to reside in this hospitable abode while they were perfectly sober, having realized from former experiences that their only safety lay in a total abstinence of all alcoholic drinks, and that the time had come when they ought to fortify such resolution with the active principles laid down and practiced by the management here. Again, there are many others here to whom it is a convenience, as well as salutary, to reside permanently as boarders; men who have been perfectly temperate now for five, six, and in some instances eight years, but who before that time had been strongly addicted to alcoholic liquors, and for many years.

"How long does one have to stay in here?" asked a new-comer, an old general of the war, addressing the aged but rosy-cheeked, cheery old gentleman who is a permanent resident of the home.

"Well, sir," was the answer, "two weeks, anyhow—and some bad cases longer, say six weeks, seven weeks, ten weeks."

"How long have *you* been in?" asked the general again.

"I have been in here five years, sir," replied the old gentleman.

"Jerusalem!" exclaimed the general, "yours must have been an awful bad case."

There was nothing in this particularly amusing to our old friend, although he has the capacity to appreciate a good joke as well as any man; for he looked upon these five years as hallowed by a sacred light. He looked upon them as the little oasis in the desert, a long and misspent life, and reckoned them as the period of his new birth, counting himself now as but five years old.

The breakfast-hour past, these fifty or sixty men disperse to their several avocations, which embrace those in every walk of life, from the professional gentleman to the hardy son of toil who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow. In a previous article contributed to the MONTHLY was given some description of the comforts and conveniences of this home, which are many, and embrace all that are usually to be found in a good hotel. It possesses the advantages of a good library, music, amusements, all the daily papers, and such other features as materially add to the mental comforts of its inmates. Without again referring to these in the present article, we will simply confine ourselves

to an account of how all these numerous privileges, comforts, and conveniences have developed from small beginnings and expanded, until the work has assumed its present splendid proportions, and promising such glorious possibilities, with the generous aid of an appreciative public.

The institution, at its inception, started in its missionary labors with but a single building; now it occupies three, two of which it owns. In the beginning it could not accommodate more than fifteen or twenty; now it has room for fifty or more. By a gradual process of augmentation a fine library has been accumulated. Many friends have, from time to time, been secured who contribute, on Tuesday evenings, in the way of amusement, humorous lectures, music, and readings. At the same time a Sunday afternoon Bible class has been established, which is under the personal charge of President Godwin, who, in his own modest way, exercises a happy and effective influence over its members. We need hardly add that his lectures are always sufficiently attractive to secure full attendance.

And last, but not the least, is the organization, inaugurated under the name and style of "The Godwin Association," which is the uniting link between the home and all those who have gone out into the world from it; "the graduates," as they are called,—men who are bravely and honestly standing by its teachings, and who look back upon it with that true-hearted gratitude which recognizes in it the foundation upon which or from which they have builded the structure of a nobler and a better life. Of the work which this association effectually accomplishes, the superintendent, C. J. Gibbons, in his last yearly report, thus clearly and earnestly speaks:

"Brought to a true sense of his condition, made to realize both his own weakness and his own strength, educated into a correct understanding of the circumstances affecting his life, and taught to rely upon the only true source of aid and comfort, the reformed man must begin to take again his place in the world, to face temptation, and to build among the broken fragments of a ruined past the noble fabric of a reformed life. But to succeed in this he still needs help. It is not sufficient to merely point him the right path, and to place his staggering feet upon the threshold; we must bear him company for a time and see him fairly started on his onward and upward journey.

"This object is accomplished through the Godwin Association, a society for mutual aid and improvement, composed of the present and former inmates of the home and holding its meetings weekly in our chapel. Every two weeks these new inmates who give sufficient evidence of an intention to reform are presented for admission as members. After being addressed by the President in earnest and stirring words of admonition, encouragement, and sympathy, they covenant to total abstinence—not in the blind heat of a spasmodic remorse, but after having had ample time for deliberation, and proper instruction as to what the pledge means and what is necessary to enable them to keep it. It is sufficient in this place to say that its general objects are to keep its members under the influence of the home after they cease to be inmates, to enable us to follow them up and look after them by visiting and correspondence, and to afford opportunity for mutual aid and counsel."

It is but proper to add that to the co-operative assistance thus obtained the home owes a large measure of its practical success. Under the auspices of the Association are held weekly, on Tuesday night, conversational temperance meetings. These meetings play an important part in carrying on the work of the home. The audience is, for the most part, made up of the present and former inmates, with their families and friends. Short, earnest addresses are made on temperance topics, and the reformed men tell their experience of the curse of drink and its cure. These "experiences" do not consist in gloating over the foul picture of the man's previous degradation, in rolling each repulsive circumstance of it as a sweet morsel under the tongue, to pander to a morbid, mawkish taste. Nor do they recount a drunkard's struggles with a resistless appetite that never existed, save in his diseased imagination. They are simple narratives, setting forth in homely but effective phrases the causes and the effects of drunkenness and the means and method of its cure, as understood by the management and inmates of the home. These meetings are at once the school of instruction for new inmates, and the voice by which the home speaks to the public and spreads its influence abroad. Considerable light is also thrown upon the general history of the home itself, of the trials that it has gone through in the past, and of its enlarged prospects for the future, by

the report of the Secretary, Mr. T. A. Boyd. From it we quote:

"The home has now completed the ninth year of its existence. These have been years filled with heroic efforts and personal sacrifices, they have been checkered with sunlight and shadows, with failures and triumphs. The very character of the work renders it necessarily one of continuous struggle. The effort to raise the fallen and save the perishing is sure to be discouraging, and is by no means always crowned with success. In its earlier years the home was hampered in its operations by the unexpectedly large expense incurred in altering the buildings Nos. 913 and 915 Locust street. By persistent effort this obstruction was removed; but the facts given in the report of the executive committee will show that the trials and difficulties of the home have been greater during the year just passed than in any one preceding it. A generous public, however, came to our aid, and by strenuous exertions on the part of the officers and management we have been able to repair the damage sustained and put the home upon a surer footing than ever. Every day's experience proves that it is absolutely necessary to enlarge our buildings. To carry on our work thoroughly, we need more extensive and complete hospital accommodations and an opportunity to make a classification of our inmates upon their first entrance into the home.

"The Ladies' Board, so largely interested and successful in the past in aiding the development of the home for efficient work, are expected, now that difficulties which heretofore obscured their labors are removed, to place the home again, by reorganized effort, in a more advanced position for effecting good."

Of all the serious trials through which the management of this institution has to pass, of all the discouragement that one should think would surely weary them in the work, none is greater than the fact that so many in whose behalf they have invested not only the utmost care and attention, but their most earnest prayers, supplemented by sound admonition and good advice, and whom in many instances they have aided in restoring to a social status in life, again fall by the wayside. But even this does not deter them in their noble efforts. It only induces them to work the more *assiduously* and perseveringly, feeling conscious *that their efforts must eventually meet with suc-*

cess, and the fallen brother be made the conqueror.

These discouragements, and these trials of the faith and hope and patience of these good Samaritans, are, however, more than compensated for by the goodly numbers of those in whose behalf their labors have not been spent in vain. This is fully demonstrated by the results as taken from a table in their report:

Number who have resided within the home from April, 1880, to 1881,	330
Of these, there are men whose lives give evidence of a thorough change, warranting us in classing them as reformed,	148
Men who show some change, but of whom one can only say that they have been greatly benefited,	72
Men who adhere to old habits, etc., and must be classed as doubtful,	57
Men who rise and fall continually, whom we classify as failures,	39
Unknown,	11
Deaths,	3
	330

Let the Christian reader pause here for a moment and consider that nearly all of these reformed men are converted men; not only reformed from drunkenness, but from all other sins, converted to a new life, and believing in the grace of God, through Jesus Christ the Lord, as practically powerful to save.

Does it occur to the reader that when our Saviour went about doing good among sinners, that it was among those broken in spirit, poor and humble, and the outcasts of society, that he realized the greatest results of his labors, the largest measure of the fruits of true repentance, abiding faith, and good works?

It has often occurred to the writer, that the men whom God has blessed with the strength to bear the burden of this work had this fact in their minds at its inception, and have had due regard to it all through the process of its development and elaboration. And surely they have occasion to rejoice, since they have had a like experience with their Master. Rare, indeed, is the institution, in this city or in the world, whether it is a church or whatever else may be its character, that can make a showing which will favorably compare with the above results.

There is still another stimulus which strengthens the hands of the managers of this home. We

have given above the results only of one year's work; but the Franklin Home has been in existence now for nine years, and as a result of its labors during that period, there are to-day out in the world nearly a thousand reclaimed men, men who have not only been reclaimed from the vice of drunkenness, but who have resumed their positions in the social and business world. They are to be found in every trade, profession, and calling, in the ministry as well as in the law, in the arts, the sciences, and the trades; they permeate society, and in the influence they exert are developing, in a geometrical ratio, into a recognizable and powerful force.

But the greatest encouragement which the managers of the home have to strengthen their generous hearts is the fact that this army of reformed men represents a host of reformed homes where once grief-stricken wives are now happy, where anxious-browed sons and sad-eyed daughters are once more cheerful, where the hard lines of deep sorrow traced on faces of old and gray-haired mothers have been smoothed away, and who find their hearts giving expression to their sentiments through the tender songs of the happy long-ago.

It is almost impossible to picture in language, or for the imagination to conceive, the length, the breadth, the grandeur, and the beauty of such an influence exerted over the happiness, the comfort, and the peace of a thousand homes; an influence at once cheering and encouraging to active workers in the prime of life, soothing to the aged shortly to pass away, and which must leave its impress upon the destinies of generations yet unborn.

We paid the home a visit lately on a pleasant Sunday afternoon, and found the chapel crowded with graduates of two, five, seven, eight, and nine years' standing, among whom were interspersed many friends of the home, grateful wives and parents, smiling-faced little children, and who by their presence exhibited the gratitude they felt for what had been done for them. This, we learned, was the usual character of these meetings, excepting those of the Godwin Association held on Thursday nights, and which are strictly private.

After the singing of a hymn, with musical accompaniment, by Mr. Busenius, the well-known and accomplished organist, who generously con-

tributes his services for the good they may effect, the exercises of the meeting are opened and conducted by Mr. Samuel P. Godwin, the President, who, on these occasions, directs his efforts to bringing his audience to a fuller realization of their close relation to a personal God, and of not only the possibilities, but the facts relating to a nearer communion with Him. In pressing his deductions, at all times logical, upon the consideration of his hearers, he largely draws facts from the deep and strong experience of his own active life, as well as from others, by way of illustration, and in such a manner as to most strongly emphasize the instruction given.

On the same Sabbath we also attended the evening meeting, which was equally well attended, and was addressed by the Hon. Judge Pierce on the text, "The kingdom of heaven is within you." It is impossible to estimate the effect of two such pertinent, perspicuous, and most eloquent discourses, upon a body of men who, from their present position, are in so reflective a condition of mind and possessed of such impressionable hearts.

Considerably interested in the institution, we were induced to again visit it on the following Tuesday evening. It was the occasion of a testimonial meeting, at which the Superintendent, Mr. C. J. Gibbons, demonstrated some of the principles which governed the home, and gave some of the experiences which his close observation and solid judgment has crystallized into what may be termed a diagnosis of the different phases of the inebriate's career.

We cannot do better than to quote his language in reference to the subject under consideration:

"The man whom drink has driven to the shelter of the home usually enters it with but vague ideas and purposes of reformation. He is broken down physically and mentally, he has worn out the patience and alienated the affections of his family and friends, he is not unfrequently embarrassed also pecuniarily, and worst of all, is broken in spirit and without hope that he will be able to break the fetters that render him the unwilling, almost despairing, slave of alcohol. This being his condition, the first thing done is to quiet the disordered nerves and excoriated stomach and to remove the physical maladies produced by excessive drink. Skillful medical treatment, and careful nursing, generally bring the patient in a few days to an approximately healthy condition,

though time is necessary for his complete restoration to vigorous health.

"The next step is to extend to him sympathy and encouragement, to rekindle a spark of hope in his lacerated heart. He is made to feel that, however abandoned his condition, there are still those who care for him and feel an interest in his welfare, and who are ready to extend to him the hand of help and brotherly kindness. He feels assured of the possibility of success in his attempt to reform, when looking at the encouraging example of those about him—his fellow-inmates. His most pressing wants are relieved, and if the necessities of his family trouble him his mind is made easy in regard to them. If, as is sadly too often the case, his vicious life has separated him from wife and children, steps are taken to heal the breach if possible and reunite him to his family. Where it can be done (though our power in this direction is necessarily limited), he is aided in obtaining employment, and stimulated to get at work to regain that confidence and respect in the community which he has forfeited by his habits of dissipation.

* * * * *

"We have no confidence in the permanence of any reformation that is not based upon sincere religious convictions and sense of duty. A radical change of heart is necessary, and we know of no other means by which that change can be effected. The drunkard, to be rescued, must be born anew to fresh hopes, to higher aspirations, to purer tastes, and to holier desires. We do not hesitate to employ, in proper subordination, human aids and motives; but the aim of all our efforts is to bring our erring and fallen brother humbly, earnestly, and with sincerity of purpose, to seek and accept Divine assistance. And we believe that when this is honestly and intelligently done, no attempt at reformation need be a failure."

Society is certainly a great debtor to the home, for the reason that hundreds whom it reforms might otherwise become a burden to the State. It is indebted for the many hundreds the home has returned to its ranks in a condition to become useful and honored citizens once more. It is not to the State, however, nor to society in general, that this great benevolence appeals, but rather to those individuals who feel their hearts warm toward it, who will make an intelligent study of its work and results, and are willing to engage either with

their prayers, their labors, or their means in this, God's harvest field, and help gather in the sheaves.

To the philanthropist we would say that this is one of the worthy objects deserving their consideration. It is not by any means self-sustaining, as the books of the institution will, on examination, fully confirm, and its labors are of course very much restricted for the want of means. Its management is sustained, however, by the reflection that its healthy influence will at all times exercise the willing support of a most benevolent spirit so characteristic of a generous-hearted people. This has promptly answered the appeals of the home in the past, and we feel confident it will be equally prompt to respond in the future.

While the immediate funds of the institution may be sufficient to carry out the work with its present facilities, the field of operation is so great that it is simply impossible to extend its sphere of operations, without a corresponding increase of facilities. To do this will require additional funds. The management, deeply encouraged by the success which has thus far attended its labors with such limited facilities, feels constrained to ask additional contributions from friends and others, to enable it to speedily accomplish the purpose.

The home as now conducted is in a better condition for efficient work, if provided with the means, than ever before. Its affairs are controlled and supervised entirely by the executive committee, which constitutes the superintendence, Joseph K. Wheeler, Esq., being the chairman of that committee; a gentleman well known for his stern integrity, practical business qualifications, and sound judgment, softened by the dews of Christian charity. Under that direction, C. J. Gibbons, who was the superintendent during the early years of the home, is now the acting superintendent.

With such zealous and untiring workers at its head as Mr. Godwin and Mr. Gibbons, and a board of managers consisting of some of the most respectable and honored men in both the professional and business walks of life to direct its affairs, the charitably disposed need have no fears as to the success of this great work. These men have builded on a sure foundation, on a rock that shall withstand the beatings and lashings of the angry waves, a rock that shall stand for ages as the synonym of that true faith which recognizes God's work and mercy in their every labor in behalf of fallen mankind.

ONLY A MILLION.

BY CHARLES GIBBON.

CHAPTER I.—THE GREAT MR. CAWLEY.

"LET me get a million and I shall be quite happy." That was poor Samuel Cawley's cry. Poor?—yes, you will understand presently; he had the million when he died. He had a moderately comfortable start in the world, thanks to the industry of his father, who left him a small steady-going business and the requisite knowledge to carry it on successfully. Samuel Cawley did carry it on successfully, and various political and commercial events operating in his favor enabled him to transform his moderate business into an extensive one. He was devoted to his work, and having the quickness to use the lucky events of the day advantageously, he found himself in a few years at the head of an establishment into which money seemed to flow of its own sweet will. At first he was humbly grateful, then he became excited, and next the craving to become a millionaire seized him. That craving fairly mastered him; it was the mainspring of his every act and thought; he had no hope, no care—almost no religion, above or outside that desire to possess a million. Everything prospered with him, and his ambition was realized. One morning he found that he possessed a million; and, singular as it may seem, he closed his books with a sigh of relief, satisfied!

But he was somewhat puzzled to find after the first few days, which were occupied in self-congratulations, that he was not quite happy. There was something he wanted still, and what that something was he did not know. He opened his eyes, as it were, for the first time upon life outside his ledger. He had never had any real experience of youth, had never known play as a boy, or sport as a young man: the world of business had so completely absorbed him, that the world of pleasure was unknown to him. Being still young—just turned forty—he determined to explore this strange world in search of that something which he still required to make him happy.

He left his business to take care of itself; that is, he spent a couple of hours daily in his office instead of ten or more as he had done formerly; and the two hours were sufficient to keep everything

straight. He took a large house in the West End; he purchased an old mansion in Sussex with about a thousand acres attached, and abundant shooting and fishing also—unfortunately, not having had any training in these sports, they afforded him no enjoyment. However, they would please his friends. The appointments of his town and country residences were perfect—that is, as perfect as his servants would permit them to be. The cooking, when the cook was in good humor, was excellent; the wines were the best that money could obtain. Mr. Samuel Cawley was surrounded by troops of friends; he was put up at half a dozen clubs, blackballed by two—much to his astonishment—and accepted by the others; he found himself, in short, courted on all hands as a man of sterling worth—as a man whom it was a privilege to know. He was amazed by his own popularity; he had never suspected that he possessed the qualities requisite to shine in society, until he found himself in society and shining with all the brilliancy of a newly-discovered planet.

All this was very agreeable. After he had got over the awkwardness of his first appearance, he began to enjoy himself; he began to think this world of amusement a very good world indeed, and the people in it a kindly and sensible people, with few prejudices comparatively speaking, and most ready to recognize native talent—for had they not recognized him? He was the hero of the hour, and he was highly delighted to recognize himself in that character; ladies admired his taste in art (his portrait by an R.A. was soon in the Academy), and spoke of his sympathetic nature; gentlemen praised his possessions, and professed the most friendly envy of the gifts which Nature and Fortune had bestowed upon him. Cawley was gratified exceedingly; but he never thoroughly understood what a great man he was until at a large dinner-party (for which he provided) his health was proposed.

Then he saw himself in his true colors. He was not only a successful man (cheers—why, nobody knew, for there was nothing novel or striking in the observation; probably it was only meant as a sign of the universal worship of

success); but he was a man endowed with the sublime philosophy which could recognize that there was something nobler in the world than mere success in money-getting (a bit of humbug cordially appreciated, and therefore cheered); a man who said to himself—'Enough, I shall enjoy life, and I shall help others to enjoy life, as we are doing at this moment, thanks to our generous host (more cheers). To what better, to what nobler purpose could a man devote himself? (hear, hear—quite justifiable this time). He was rendering a great moral service to the world, and the speaker did not doubt that the world looking on—especially the poorer classes, who were not privileged to share in these magnificent hospitalities—would learn a valuable lesson (still more cheers). In the glorious roll of British benefactors of their species the name of Samuel Cawley would go down to posterity as one of the brightest examples of how a true gentleman should live and help others to live, etc., and more and more cheers as the champagne circulated. It was quite settled that he was a great man who ought to live forever in the flesh, but who assuredly would live forever in the grateful memory of posterity.

Cawley was not a fool; and, tumbling into his bed in the small hours of the morning, he said to himself, "That is very nice; but of course we must take it all with large proportions of salt." Nevertheless, he swallowed a large quantity of what was very nice without any salt at all, and he was not in the least aware of the mistake.

He did do good, though: he subscribed liberally to miscellaneous charities; he helped many a poor wretch out of monetary scrapes (life or death to the wretch, but nothing at all to him, beyond the trouble of filling up a check), and he did not even turn his back upon poor relations. He had a troop of pensioners. But he had a weakness: he liked his benevolence to be recognized. He professed with becoming frankness that he did not want thanks; he was only too glad when a few pounds could help anybody; at the same time, he liked people to be grateful. He liked to hear his own praises sung, and was inclined to look discontentedly upon those dolts who accepted his disclaimers literally and remained silent. He would even, to particular friends, report what he had been obliged to do for poor So-and-so, lamenting all the time that So-and-so should have been so unfortunate as to require his help, which

he gave so cheerfully, or rather willingly, as So-and-so was such a deserving fellow, only rather careless and extravagant. So-and-so, in fact, would never "get on," unless he altered his ways and acted according to Mr. Cawley's instructions. But, poor fellow, he was a good creature, and the great Mr. Cawley felt obliged to give him the money to help him over his present strait, although Mr. Cawley fully expected that he would have to do the same thing again in a very short time. This confidence was repeated, in confidence of course, to Mr. Cawley's visitors, much to that gentleman's glorification, whilst poor So-and-so found himself presently looked upon with pitying eyes by everybody, heard the goodness of Mr. Cawley hummed in his ears, until he became conscious that people were shrinking from him the more they buzzed round the millionaire, and he felt ready to curse Cawley instead of regarding him with honest gratitude.

That was Cawley's weakness; he had found the flourish of his check-book apparently such a potent "open sesame" to people's homes and hearts, that, while really desirous of acting kindly, he lost all sense of the necessity for the generous thought which is even more essential in the composition of kindness than the free hand; the one being the product of a good heart, the other of good fortune.

Surrounded by friends, his society eagerly sought by clever poor people and by dull rich people; the proprietor of an excellent estate and the master of a million, there seemed to be nothing left for Mr. Cawley to desire; and yet Mr. Cawley felt that there was something still wanting to complete his happiness. He began to be cynical and to quote the line, "Man never is, but always to be blest." He did not know where the line came from, and he did not care; it looked like a truth, and that was enough for him. He several times thought it would be the best thing for him to return to business, and to apply himself to the accumulation of another million or to the losing of the million he possessed. But that was a very wild idea, and he easily reconciled himself to the theory that his hand was somewhat out of business, and his health would no longer endure hard work. He even thought of marriage. He examined various desirable objects in the marriage market; but, being a man accustomed to making a good bargain, he turned away from the numerous avail-

able ladies offered for his inspection without making up his mind. Indeed, he felt somewhat dissatisfied; his wealth and position were so clearly the main conditions of his acceptability. Of course it is unnecessary to indicate the absurdity of Mr. Cawley's dissatisfaction. He had some bitter thoughts, though; he felt that he was not in himself the great creature his flatterers would have him believe he was, and while the humor lasted he was somewhat disagreeable in his intercourse with the flatterers. But flattery, administered in sufficient doses and with proper discretion, is sure to overcome and drown any self-discoveries; and there are always greedy or ambitious persons about who are ready to live by the proper supply of that article, or, at any rate, to help themselves forward by the use of it. Mr. Cawley withdrew from the matrimonial market, a little disgusted and annoyed, perhaps, but without resigning the idea of matrimony.

His friends, however, thought he had made up his mind never to wed, and the most distant relatives found their interest in their dear kinsman suddenly awakened in curious ways. He blossomed out again into the great Mr. Cawley, in his own eyes, as he had always been in the eyes of others, and he decidedly liked the position much better than the one of doubt and bitterness into which his matrimonial speculations had betrayed him. From this time—without definitely deciding to do so—he cast away all doubt of himself; but he suspected everybody who came near him; he was pleased by the sound of his own praises, while he was filled with contempt for the persons who uttered them. He did not express that feeling, however, and he gave to those who in his estimation were likely to be influential friends all the regard which he ought to have given to those who loved him.

He, however, had sense enough to make an attempt to escape from the jovialities of such a life, and, having his place in Sussex, he proceeded thither.

His cousin, Ruth Hansford, was there to receive him.

"You have got everything very nice, Ruth," he said, after he had gone over the place.

"Yes, Cawley, I wanted to make everything comfortable for you when you came. I have been so anxious to see you; and I am so glad that you are quite well."

"That's all right," he muttered irritably. "I want something to eat."

Ruth, who was a girl with large blue eyes and fair hair, looked at him with an expression which was so mingled that it would be difficult to describe it: there were regret, laughter, and astonishment in it. At one moment she seemed ready to make fun of her friend, and at the next to scoff at him; and again, she had an undefined desire to try and rouse him from his morbid self by dragging him along with her to the wild dissipation of a walk in the moonlight.

"Now, will you leave me alone, Ruth? I will tell you presently what I mean to do."

He drew a long breath. "You know what I mean to do? I am going to have a lot of people down here; I am going to have a lot of fun, and we are going to have all the people in the neighborhood coming to us, and you must attend to that."

"I am afraid it will be too much," she said, with an alarmed expression.

"Nonsense!" he cried petulantly. "You will be married some day; you will have to attend to these things, and the sooner you begin to learn the better. By and by you will thank me for being hard upon you—as I seem to be now."

"Very well, I shall do as you tell me," she said, bending her head, and there were tears in her eyes. He saw them, and suddenly caught her in his arms.

"Ruth, Ruth, what is this? Have I been unkind?"

She remained passive while he patted her on the head and looked earnestly into her eyes. They remained silent for a moment—she not knowing how to answer; he not knowing how to say more. Then she dashed her hand across her eyes, and tried to draw back from him.

"No, Cawley, you are not unkind," she said meekly, "but I am not well, and should like to go up-stairs."

"Certainly. You shall do as you please—I was only anxious to comfort you; but of course, if you think it is better that you should be alone, I shall leave you."

Ruth drew herself away from what was really intended to be only a fatherly embrace, but which had become to her the touch of a lover.

When she had gone, Cawley rose and looked at himself in the mirror; then, with a "humph" not

expressive of much admiration of his personal appearance, turned away and paced the floor with hands clasped behind him and head bowed.

"What on earth could she be crying for? I did not say anything to offend her—surely she could not object to my embraces!"

He paused there, for a curious thought presented itself to him. While he had been flitting about in London society, seeking a suitable wife, he had never thought of this simple girl who had been living lonely in his country house. How admirably she had arranged everything, and how handsome she was! That had never occurred to him before. Could it be possible that, after all the women he had seen, he should find in his own home the one most suitable to be the companion of his life?

But this was nonsense: he had made up his mind never to marry, and he gave himself credit for being a man of resolution. He went out to the lawn and walked meditatively up and down, with Ruth's fair face flashing in his mind's eye.

CHAPTER II.—THE REASON WHY.

HAD he known the meaning of Ruth's tears, he would not have been so calm. She had been indeed very lonely in this large house, with few friends to visit or receive except the family of the vicar, the Rev. John Ware. But his family was a large one, and supplied her with society enough for her modest requirements. There were six young ladies and a son, the youngest of the family, and about as mischievous a boy as could be found in the country. He was petted by his sisters and still more petted by Ruth, with whom he professed to be desperately in love.

At the quiet evening gatherings at the vicarage Ruth met another person who became her friend; that was George Mowbray, a young surgeon, who had recently set up in practice in the village. He was a very calm young fellow, but with a certain amount of humor in his conversation and ways which pleased the vicar, and therefore he was as frequent a visitor as Ruth herself, and so they often met. His practice was still moderate, and he had plenty of time to talk to her about books and botany. In the latter science she was much interested, and by and by it came about that Ruth and the young doctor would occasionally be found walking in the lanes studying the wild-flowers *which grew plentifully by the hedgerows.*

The meetings were innocent of all thought of love on either side, and their conversation entirely related to the subjects of their study. The nearest approach to an expression of anything beyond friendship was when the doctor sent her a Christmas card.

He meant nothing by it; and yet when he had written her name on the envelope he lingered over it, and when it was finished eyed it with an expression half critical and more than half tender. He repeated the name to himself, and the sound seemed to please him. He was smiling as he placed that simple card in the envelope. He did not expect that she would send him one, and yet he was dissatisfied when none came. He did receive a goodly number of letters and cards on Christmas morning, and he hastily turned them over seeking the dainty penmanship which he knew well from the lists of plants and wild-flowers which she had drawn up.

But he was perfectly calm as he proceeded to examine the contents of the envelopes before him. Somehow, his breakfast did not agree with him that morning, and it suddenly occurred to him that he ought to have visited on the previous night an old lady who lived on a distant part of the weald, and who was always comforted by his appearance, although her ailment was one which he knew could not be cured.

When Ruth saw the card which the doctor had sent her, there was a momentary flush on her cheeks, her eyes brightened, and she examined it with much more attention than she gave to any of the others which she had received. The design was a very simple one, only a forget-me-not resting by the side of a Christmas rose. There was no inscription on the card.

For the first time the thought flashed upon her that her feeling toward George Mowbray was that of very warm friendship indeed; and when she met him at the vicarage on the following evening, the flush again appeared upon her cheeks, and her bright blue eyes sparkled as she shook hands with him.

Then came the early spring, and the walks in the lanes,—botany, and new books being still the subject of conversation,—and each seeming to the other to have no thought of anything else.

Suddenly Dr. Mowbray was summoned away from the village, and a young college friend of his came to take charge of his small practice during his absence.

Ruth asked the vicar why Dr. Mowbray had gone away so suddenly.

"Poor fellow!" was the answer; "he has met with severe losses. His mother is dead; she possessed a little money; and that was taken from her by one who was very dear to her. The blow killed her."

Ruth's expression was one of pity and distress.

"But will not Dr. Mowbray find the man and punish him?"

The vicar shook his head.

"No; he will not seek him even. This man is his brother, and this leaves poor Mowbray without the slender support he had to enable him to work on here until his merits were recognized, and secured the reward they deserve."

She went home that evening thinking much about George Mowbray, and her heart full of pity—pity so intense that it was more than akin to love. In such a mood she had an earnest desire to help him in some way. How could she help him except by sympathy? She could give him that, but if she could have given him practical aid, that would have made the sympathy perfect. She was vaguely conjuring up all sorts of dismal pictures of poverty and hardship; and it occurred to her that she might ask her cousin Cawley to do something for him. She shrank from that idea, however, knowing how Cawley would patronize the young doctor, and how the latter would resent such patronage.

So she pitied him and wondered what he was to do, and by the end of the third day she was anxious to learn when he would return, in order that she might offer him all that she had to give—her sympathy. Her inquiries at the vicarage about his movements were constant, but always made so simply that the vicar suspected nothing. The girls, however, began to smile, and at length young Ware, suddenly starting up from a book with which he had been lounging on the couch in the drawing-room, cried out before the whole family:

"I say, Ruth, look here, I am getting jealous!"

"Jealous of what, you foolish boy?" she said, smiling and blushing.

"Oh, you know," he answered sulkily; "and I know."

Happily, the vicar was present and checked the boy.

"What is this rudeness, sir?" he said sternly. "Leave the room."

The boy rebelled against the commands of his sisters, but he never dared to disobey his father. As he moved toward the door, Ruth took his hand kindly, but he snatched it away and dug his knuckles into his eyes as if to hide his tears.

"Why, Bob is crying, papa," said one of the girls, as she hurried after him.

The vicar was amazed at this singular conduct of his son; but he was an easy-going man in most domestic affairs, and, except when some flagrant wrong was committed, allowed his children to have pretty much their own way.

"I am afraid Bob's stomach is out of order," he said practically. "You had better give him some castor oil, Cissy."

Ruth, who had understood what Bob was hinting at, made her excuses and got away as early as possible to the lonely house of her cousin.

Would he come back, or would this distress and shame drive him away from the place altogether? It was not of her cousin now she was thinking.

Dr. Mowbray returned, a very pale man, and looking much older than he did when he went away. But there was a steadiness in his eyes and a firmness about the lips which indicated that, if he suffered much, he was determined to keep his pain within-doors. He spoke to no one of his loss, or of the bitter degradation which he felt in thinking of his brother and the wrong he had done.

His first meeting with Ruth was as quiet as if he had never left the place; she thought there was a symptom of reserve in his manner when he touched her hand. Formerly he smiled when they shook hands; now he was quite grave, and gave her the conventional salutations in a conventional manner. They did walk through the lane which led toward the vicarage; and they did speak of plants and flowers; but there was certainly constraint in his manner.

As days passed she became conscious that he was trying to avoid her. At first pride bade her turn away from him and forget him, and for a little while she followed the dictates of her pride. But from her window one day she saw him passing along the road with shoulders bent as if beneath some burden that was too heavy to bear, and pride was thrown away.

The day was foggy; the afternoon was dark,

and the doctor, sitting in his consulting-room dreaming, while apparently engaged in the study of some scientific work, was roused by the announcement of a visitor.

"Show him in," he said wearily.

"But it's not a 'him,' sir, it's a 'her,'" said the stout, middle-aged lady who acted as his housekeeper and general servant.

"Very well; I can see the lady."

His visitor was dressed in black, and a thick veil covered her face; but he knew at once who it was, and starting hastily from his seat, exclaimed:

"Miss Hansford!"

She threw back the veil at once, and replied quickly:

"Yes, Doctor Mowbray; I have come to ask your advice."

"Are you ill?" he inquired hastily.

"No; but there is a friend of mine who is ill, and I wish you to tell me what may be done for him."

The two stood regarding each other—she with a perfectly expressionless face, he with an earnestly inquiring gaze, and even the shadow of a frown upon his brow. But the shadow cleared away, and he placed a chair for his visitor.

"I shall be happy to attend to anything you have to say, Miss Hansford; but it would have been more satisfactory if your friend had come himself. I gather from what you have said that it is a gentleman about whom you wish to speak."

"Yes, Doctor Mowbray, it would have been better had he spoken for himself; but his chief illness seems to be that he cannot speak for himself; and so, without his leave, I have come to speak for him."

"Is it a case of melancholia?"

"I think so."

"Then I had better see him at once," he said, half rising from his chair.

"First let me tell you the symptoms, sir. He is suffering from great mental distress, and it appears to cause him the greatest pain whenever any one attempts to win his confidence. Even I do not possess his confidence—although I am here to consult with you as to what may be done to help him. He avoids his friends; he will not enter into any cheerful society; and his whole effort appears to be to conquer his grief by hard work."

"An excellent remedy for such a state of mind," said Mowbray, watching her closely.

"But then the benefit of the hard work is spoiled by his solitary broodings, and out of these no one appears to have power to rouse him. Do you think anything can be done for him?"

There was a pause. The doctor rested his elbow on the table and his brow on his hand; with the fingers of the other hand he beat a monotonous tattoo on the book he had been reading. At length:

"The case is not a very unusual one; there is evidently a greatly disturbed mental condition combined with some power of will—or obstinacy, it might be called—which induces your friend to make an effort to fight through his trouble, whatever it may be, without bothering anybody."

"It is obstinacy, for in the course he is adopting he is causing more pain to those who—those who respect him than he would do if he were to give them the greatest trouble in the world. If he would only speak out, he would make us all happy by placing it in our power to do something to comfort him."

She spoke earnestly, and there was a sweet cadence in her tone which thrilled the man who pretended to be listening to her with professional stoicism. Another pause, and then he turned to her such a white, wearied-looking face, that the faint smile upon it seemed to render the expression the more sad.

"You are very kind, Miss Hansford, and your friend is very grateful to you."

"Do you know him, then?" she inquired with a startled look.

He seemed to fling all reserve, all hesitation, from him in the instant, and, seizing her hands, he said in a low, passionate tone:

"Yes, I know him—I am that patient, and you are the physician!"

She had started to her feet, but made no effort to withdraw her hands from him. Her eyes expressed joy mingled with doubt, as if the first impulse had been to throw herself into his arms and cry, for she knew now that he loved her. But she checked herself and drew back a little. He instantly released her—she had not altogether wished him to do that; but she was much agitated, and scarcely knew how to act.

"I have offended you," he said sadly, as he, too, rose from his chair; "please forgive me. It is a kind of madness that possesses me. So many things have pressed hardly upon me, and I have

never been able to relieve myself by boring my friends with my affairs. Do not be angry with a piece of absurdity—but you have been like sunlight to me.”

• She seemed to make a great effort to speak calmly, and she did look straight into his sad face.

“You must think me very bold in coming here to speak to you of yourself; but I acted as I thought a sincere friend ought to do. I see that I have done no good.”

“A friend, and not do good?” he exclaimed with a slight laugh. “You have done good; you have banished some wild dreams which haunted me in spite of myself; and you have extinguished a will-o'-the-wisp of a hope which might have ruined me. Allow me to see you home.”

There was no confession; indeed, they were uncomfortably formal on the way to the house. But, when they stood at the door, he held her two hands again, and, gazing into her earnest blue eyes, the temptation to kiss her was so strong that he hurriedly turned away.

That was why her conduct was so strange when Cawley arrived.

CHAPTER III.—MR. CAWLEY IS SURPRISED.

THE plan which he had roughly sketched for his life at Cedar Lodge was fairly carried out by Mr. Cawley. He had troops of visitors from London, and many of the families residing in the neighborhood helped to enliven his evenings. His days were spent in irritable inquiries about the arrangements for dinner, or in solitary wanderings across the weald.

But as he had tired of the festivities in London, he also grew weary of this superficial country life. It was not country life; it was only the town and the votaries of fashion carried into the midst of green fields. He was glad to see his guests; he was still more glad when they departed. It was not exactly selfishness which actuated him; it was simply that he had diverged from the course to which he had become accustomed, and had attempted to follow another of which he knew nothing. He began to think that a life of pleasure was much harder than a life of real work. He had spent his money freely; the people who came to him were known as clever people, as very intellectual people, and on the whole had been most kind to him. They had been most indulgent to

his shortcomings in those graces of which people who have long lived in “Society” are possessed. Still, there was something unsatisfactory to himself.

One morning he saw his last guest depart, and he saw before him a whole week without any dinner engagements. For the first hour the prospect seemed to be a dull one; during the next hour, he felt as if he had been suddenly released from some self-imposed thralldom; he immediately went to his room and put on the old office-coat which had served him many years, sat down in his easy-chair, and gleefully gasped, “I am free!” It was such a refreshing sensation to feel that he could now dress as he liked, and do as he liked, without any fear of incurring covert smiles at his ignorance, or of discovering that he had committed some gross blunder in manners, that he he thereupon came to a resolution. He would have no more guests, no more dinner-parties; and instead of dining at a quarter to eight, he would return to the good habits of his father and dine at one o'clock. Then he would look after the home farm, and, if he could manage it, he would try to hold a plow himself. It was quite clear to him that his nervous system was out of order, and this was the way to set it right.

He held manfully to his resolution; but it was somewhat awkward for Ruth that wherever he went, or whatever he had to do, he required her to be with him. She attended cheerfully, and was often amused by his violent efforts to imitate the horny-handed sons of labor, in hacking wood, or in carrying hay or straw to the stables. The plowing was a complete failure. The plow would not go straight for him, and he made such zigzags that his servants groaned. He blamed the horses, then he blamed the plow; at last he blamed himself, and withdrew from the shafts in disgust.

“You are laughing at me, Ruth,” he said, taking her arm and walking toward the house; “but you might pity me a little. Everybody says I am the most fortunate man in the world, and upon my soul I begin to think I am the most miserable.”

“Are you not a little like the spoiled child who cried for the moon?” she queried archly.

“That is just it—I am crying for the moon. Come into my room, and I will tell you what the moon is.”

They went into the library, the walls of which

were lined with the uncut volumes of the best works in ancient and modern literature.

"Sit down, Ruth. I am going to speak to you very seriously as soon as I recover breath."

Ruth took a chair with no other impression about the serious subject of conversation than that he was going to give her directions for another dinner-party. He took a strange method of trying to recover his breath; instead of sitting down, he paced to and fro uneasily, at intervals glancing furtively at his quiet companion, occasionally halting as if about to speak, and then starting off again on his parade.

"Well, Cawley, I thought you had something very serious to say to me," she observed, after waiting some time.

He stopped as abruptly as a horse suddenly pulled up by a strong hand.

"Yes, Ruth, it is serious—at least to me."

There was something so peculiar in his tone—it was so unusually low, and so unlike the resolute tone in which he was accustomed to speak—that she turned and looked at him. His back was toward her, and he seemed to find something of unusual interest in the title of "Macaulay's History of England" on the backs of the volumes at which he was gazing intently.

"Is there anything wrong?" she inquired in surprise, "and can I help you?"

"Yes, there is much wrong, and you can help me if you will."

"Then tell me what it is, and it will give me more comfort than you can imagine to feel that I am able to do something for you."

He turned his head very slowly, and gazed at her with such a keen expression in his eyes that she felt as if he were trying to penetrate her inmost thought. Then with a sudden jerk he moved toward her, and stood behind her chair.

He seemed to be afraid to meet her eyes; but he made an effort to speak in a cool, practical way.

"You would be glad to be able to do something for me—and you shall be glad, for I believe that it is in your power to make the rest of my days happy."

This was such a singular speech coming from a man like Cawley, that Ruth did not know whether to laugh at it or to ask him if he were ill. However, she only said quietly, "I wish you would tell me what you mean, Cawley; you are not like *yourself to-day*."

"Ruth," he said, leaning his hand upon her shoulder, "can you not guess what I mean? I am not a—not a very old fellow. You were left a legacy to me, and you have been very useful to me. But of course some day you will be wanting to go away, and I want to prevent that."

While he was speaking, Ruth slowly rose from her chair, her eyes opening wide in wonder as he proceeded.

"I have no thought of leaving you, Cawley," she answered in a low voice, for she was beginning to understand him.

"Not just now, I dare say, but by and by the thought and the wish will come." Then abruptly changing his tone as if angry with himself: "Confound it, Ruth, I am a man of business, and don't know how to make love. I'll put it in my own way—I want you to be my wife, that's all."

The declaration was so sudden that Ruth was startled by it. She was, however, in her own way as prompt and abrupt as Cawley himself. She took his hand frankly.

"I know you would not make a joke of such a serious subject; but if you had desired to drive me away from the house, you could not have adopted a better plan than that of making such a proposal. I like you very much,—very, very much, Cawley,—but not in the way you wish."

He dropped her hand; the answer had been plain, and the subject was not one which he felt disposed to argue about. He walked to the window, and as he looked out upon the lawn and rich grounds which might be all hers if she pleased, he could not help a slight feeling of bitterness in thinking that, with all his wealth, he could not obtain the hand of the only woman he had ever really cared for.

He wheeled sharply round.

"Is there any one else?" he asked, and there was a harsh note in his voice.

It was a difficult question for Ruth to answer, for the image of Mowbray's pale face seemed to rise before her. She had been obliged to own the truth to herself that if he had put that question she could have answered him; but she could not answer her cousin. Her eyes were turned upon the floor, and her head drooped a little, as she replied honestly:

"Yes."

Cawley stood for a moment as if dumb-stricken, as much surprised by the directness of the reply

as by the fact which it conveyed. So this timid young creature, whose isolation from the world he had been lamenting, had been consoling herself with a lover; and, no doubt, that was why she had been perfectly content to remain at Cedar Lodge. At first he was inclined to be angry: he was disappointed; but presently he became calm.

"Who is the man, Ruth?" he inquired, and there was no harshness in his voice now.

"I would rather you wouldn't ask that," she said awkwardly; "the matter is known only to myself and now to you. He knows nothing."

"Do you wish him to know? If he is the right sort of fellow, I don't see why you should conceal his name from me. Come now, make a clean breast of it. Who is he? what is he? where does he live?"

He was again excited, and advanced to her as if he would force the secret from her.

"I cannot tell you," was her firm response, as she moved toward the door.

"Very well, I shall say nothing more at present; but I warn you that if he does not satisfy me, you and I will not be long friends."

Ruth felt that if she remained any longer in the room the emotion which he had roused would overcome her and she would begin to sob.

"I do not think there will ever be any necessity to tell you more than I have told you now."

Cawley's eyes sparkled as a hope rose within him that this was some sentimental fancy which would soon pass away.

"Don't you think there is something ridiculous in this mystery, Ruth? If anything is to come of it, you know that you must speak to me. But there, let it rest. I shall know all in time. Will you tell Harris to get out the waggonette?"

She was glad of the opportunity to escape from the room.

"Now I understand why she did not like me to embrace her—she was thinking of that fellow, whoever he is. She has managed it slyly, and I don't like it. She would not have refused to tell me if there had not been some good reason for her silence; but she'll get over it, and then I can speak again."

Although he maintained an appearance of calmness, the chagrin he felt worked within him, and while he was being driven across the weald at as

rapid a pace as he could induce Harris to urge the horse to, Ruth's conduct developed itself into a serious offense.

A long circuit brought him into a lane lined on either side by thick hedges, from which at intervals sprang clumps of May, now budding and even at this time perfuming the atmosphere. On one side was a ditch, and on the banks of it grew many wild-flowers and long grass. The drive had refreshed him, and he had got into a better humor.

After all, why should he be selfish? Why should he attempt to force a girl's will? He did not know that in certain natures love is always selfish; indeed, until within a few days he had always thought of the thing called love as the mere folly of youth. His idea had been that such affairs should be arranged on a plain, practical business basis: thus, here is a house, and furnish it as you please; here are your servants; here are your horses and carriages, and you can have as much as you like for your milliner and dress-maker; you can have as much pocket-money as you please.

What more, in the name of all that is sensible, could a woman desire?

He had never read a novel, because all novels were trash and corrupted the mind; people were fools enough, without being educated into becoming bigger fools. He had never had the time to engage in the absurd amusement of flirtation; indeed, he didn't know the meaning of the word. Once he had found a clerk in his office, who had been most diligent and useful, suddenly change in all his ways—not exactly neglecting his duties, but blundering so in them that Cawley had been obliged to speak to him privately. The poor fellow had been very quiet, and could give no satisfactory answer about the change, and impulsively resigned his situation. Cawley was certainly a strict master, but he was a just one; he told the young man he would give him a month's holiday, and if at the end of that time he persisted in his resignation he would accept it. During the month he learned that the young man had been what is called "jilted," and he instantly set him down as a "confounded fool."

At the end of the month the young man resumed his situation and was apparently contented.

Cawley put the question to himself, Was he as

silly as that young fellow whom he had called a fool?

He was answered immediately.

Turning a bend of the road, he saw two figures close by the hedge—a man on one knee holding something up to a girl, and looking earnestly in her face, which was bent close to his.

Mowbray and Ruth.

To his mind, there could only be one interpretation of the position of the two, notwithstanding the publicity of the place. The fact was, that the doctor was simply dilating upon one of the plants which he had gathered, and Ruth was interested.

Cawley bent forward and snatched the reins from Harris, pulling the horse up with a sudden jerk.

"Turn! go round the other way," he said gruffly.

His command was obeyed. Whatever petty passion there was in the man's nature had been aroused. He knew Mowbray to be penniless, and to be related to a man who had committed forgery, which was in his eyes even a more heinous offence than murder itself. The thought that Ruth could cast him and his wealth aside for such a man drove him mad, and he was in a furious passion when he reached home. The roundabout way he had taken delayed him much, and Ruth was in the house before him.

She had come into the hall to meet him, but he passed her without a word and went to the library. He could not speak to her—he would write.

Seated at his desk he seized his pen and wrote hastily. He commenced without any date or form of address:

"I have seen you and your lover together. I thought I could have looked upon such a sight and remained calm. I misunderstood myself. I shall say nothing about him further than that I think he has done you wrong, and should have considered his own position before he gained your affection.

"As it is, I must ask you to find another home for yourself, and I will make a suitable provision for you. I cannot see you again.

"SAMUEL CAWLEY."

Poor Mr. Cawley, although he was writhing with strange pain while he wrote, did not even *now understand that the phrase "winning affec-*

tion" is a false one: there is no such thing; love, which is the highest form of affection, comes without seeking, and takes possession of us whether we will or no.

He rang the bell and a servant entered.

"Take this to Miss Hansford at once." It was a peculiarity in Mr. Cawley's manner that he rarely said "Please" or "Thank you" to a servant.

The moment he had sent away the letter his misery increased tenfold. He sat down, then sprang to his feet and paced the room uneasily. Should he call the servant back and destroy the note? He ought to wait until he had had time to think the matter over coolly.

Nearly an hour passed in this restless mood, and he could stand it no longer. He went down to the drawing-room; she was not there. He went to her own room, knocked, but there was no answer. He opened the door; she was not there. He hastily summoned a servant, and, on inquiring where Miss Hansford was, learned that she had left the house about half an hour ago.

"Do you know where she was going?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Did she say when she would return?"

"No, sir."

Cawley examined her room and found everything in much confusion. On the dressing-table was an envelope addressed to himself. He tore it open; the sheet of paper within bore only these words:

"I obey. Good-bye.

"RUTH."

His first feeling was one of shame and regret, but there followed a tide of indignation that she should have been so ready to take him at his word and to go without seeing him.

"It is Mowbray who has done this," he muttered bitterly.

But despite his vexation he was anxious to know what had become of her, and at once guessed where she had taken refuge. He was about to dispatch a note to the vicar, when that gentleman arrived. Ruth was at the vicarage, and was to remain there until her arrangements for the future could be made. The vicar saw that it was no time to preach to Mr. Cawley about the harshness of his conduct; he simply assured him that Ruth was safe, and took his leave.

CHAPTER IV.—MORE PRECIOUS THAN GOLD.

THE sudden appearance of Ruth at the vicarage in a state of much agitation created great commotion in that quiet establishment. Mrs. Ware took her up-stairs, and in a little while learned the whole story of her love for Dr. Mowbray and of her cousin's conduct.

Mrs. Ware was a sensible woman, and, while making excuses for Mr. Cawley, contrived to soothe her guest by those delicate suggestions of compromises which might lead to future happiness only perceptible by the keen eyes of a woman. She persuaded her that the best thing she could do was to take a long rest, and in the morning she would be able to discuss the affairs of the future. Ruth was so weary and distressed by all that had happened within such a short period that she yielded to all her kind hostess suggested.

Then Mrs. Ware rejoined her husband, and after a long conversation with him he put on his hat and proceeded to Cedar Lodge. He had not been able to accomplish all that he had intended to do, but he resolved that on the following morning he would tell Mr. Cawley very plainly that he had been most unkind to his cousin. Up till a late hour that evening the good-natured vicar half expected, or hoped, that Mr. Cawley would come to him for some information about Ruth, if not to ask her to return to the house which had been so long her home.

But he put out his lights and went to bed without having received the visit he had looked for.

Dr. Mowbray made an early call at the vicarage next day to see one of the young ladies who was suffering from a slight cold which she had magnified into a severe attack of bronchitis. Then he heard something about the rupture between Ruth and her cousin—not much, certainly, for the girls had been told nothing more than that Miss Hansford was to stay with them for a few days. But this was enough to make the young doctor seek a full explanation from the vicar. To the latter, the position was an awkward one; he did not know how much of his information he was at liberty to repeat—especially to Mowbray. He discovered an excellent way out of the difficulty.

"Ahem! I think, Mowbray, you should see Miss Hansford in your professional capacity. She is really very ill and requires advice. Then, as her friend, I have no doubt she will give you all the particulars which you require, and which—

well, in fact—which I feel some reluctance to give without her sanction. I will ask Mrs. Ware to inform her that you are here."

"Thank you. I am anxious to see her, whether she is willing to make me her confidant or not."

The vicar went in search of his wife. In a few minutes Mrs. Ware appeared, and, after a formal greeting, conducted the doctor to a parlor overlooking the garden; she was brisk in manner, and her expression distinctly suggested that she was very sanguine as to the result of this visit. There are few women, whatever may be their age, who do not take an interest in a love affair.

Ruth was seated in a large easy-chair beside a comfortable fire. She was dressed in black, and this rendered the pallor of her face the more noticeable; but a slight flush for a moment suffused it when Mowbray advanced to her. She rose, extending her hand, which he seized with more eagerness than would be requisite if he only intended to feel her pulse.

"Pray be seated, Miss Hansford. I see that you are very weak, and you must not task your strength."

Smiling faintly, she resumed her seat. He arranged the cushions behind her with the tenderness of a mother nursing a loved child; then he drew back and knew that his own pulse quickened with pleasure at sight of the expression of gratitude on the pale face.

"You must not think that I am very ill, Dr. Mowbray. It is only—only a little weakness due to much excitement last night. Will you not be seated?" she added abruptly.

The doctor took a chair, and his earnest eyes examined her closely. Although no word had yet been spoken to suggest anything between them more than the ordinary relationship of doctor and patient, both were conscious that an important crisis in their lives was at hand. He saw that she hesitated to explain to him fully the nature of her trouble; and he hesitated to attempt to win the secret from her. But that the cause of the breach between her and her cousin was a serious one, he could easily divine from the effect it had had upon her.

"I may tell you," he said gently, "that I know something of what has happened. You have left Mr. Cawley's house owing to some misunderstanding between you; but surely it can be explained away? Mr. Cawley is a gentleman of

sound sense, and would not, I am sure, cause you unnecessary distress."

She turned her head aside, and her lips trembled slightly; she could not tell him why Mr. Cawley had acted as if he had very little sound sense.

"I am afraid that reconciliation is impossible," she answered, without looking round. "Even if Mr. Cawley were to ask me, I could not return to his house."

"Then what are your plans for the future? Have you any relatives to protect you?"

"None" (this with a slight sob).

"Any friends, then?"

"None save the vicar and his wife. You know that I have scarcely stirred beyond the village since I was sixteen, and have, therefore, had few opportunities of making such friends as I might ask to help me in my present position."

The doctor himself grew pale now; and it was evident by his blanched lips and the slight tremor of his hands that he was greatly agitated. At length he bent toward her, and his voice was very low and earnest as he spoke.

"Miss Hansford, I am going to say something that will startle you, and perhaps add to your distress. Shall I risk doing so? Do you think you are strong enough to hear me?"

"Go on," she faltered.

"It is very little that I have to say. Some three years ago I met a lady whose face and character roused sentiments which had long lain dormant under the pressure of severe work and much privation. I was poor then, and I am not much richer now. I understood the lady to be the probable heiress of a large fortune, and I resolved to stifle those feelings which had so suddenly sprung into life. We frequently met, however, and I was too weak to deny myself the happiness of speaking to her and of being near her. The thought of her helped me through many severe trials. You know that the lady is yourself, Miss Hansford; your position is altered now, and I may therefore tell you that I love you. Have I offended you?"

She had started at the sound of those words which always thrill the hearts of men and women. For answer she placed her hand in his. He bent over her and kissed her.

The vicar and his wife were not at all surprised when the engagement of Ruth and Dr. Mowbray

was made known to them, for they had long seen what the lovers had been afraid to own to themselves. The vicar decided that Mr. Cawley should at once be informed of the matter; and again hurried to Cedar Lodge, to find for a second time that he could not fulfill his mission.

At the door was a brougham, and in the hall he found Dr. Walpole (the most popular physician of the district) drawing on his gloves and giving instructions to two servants who were listening with an expression of terror on their faces.

"Good-morning, Mr. Ware," said the physician condescendingly. "I am afraid we have a bad case here. Our friend Mr. Cawley has passed a very restless night, and is now in a state of delirium. The indications are those of small-pox. I have left one of my men with him, and have telegraphed to London for properly qualified nurses. Hope you are well at home. Excuse me, I am very busy—good-morning." And the pompous gentleman entered his carriage and drove away.

The diagnosis proved to be correct; an epidemic of small-pox had been for some time raging in the county, and it had seized Mr. Cawley in its most virulent form. Nurses came and went; the servants fled in terror from the plague, and the millionaire was left almost alone. As the delirium slowly subsided, he was vaguely conscious of shadows flitting around his bed; when the crisis had passed, and he awakened as from a long and horrible dream, he saw a slender figure, dressed in black, standing beside him, and tenderly moistening his feverish lips with some liquid. Behind this figure was that of a tall man who was watching him intently.

"Ruth—Mowbray," said the invalid feebly. And then, after a long pause, "What does it all mean?"

"You may speak," whispered Mowbray to Ruth. "I believe he is saved."

"You have been very ill, Cawley," said the gentle voice which he had thought he would never hear again. "But you will soon be well now."

He closed his swollen eyes, and tried to puzzle out the meaning of this strange dream; then he fell into a natural sleep. His attendants were no shadows now; and as he slowly recovered, he learned, bit by bit, how, when he had been deserted by nearly every one else, Ruth and Mowbray had nursed him through his terrible illness.

On a bright June morning, when the air was perfumed with roses, the bells in the tower of the old parish church rang out a merry wedding-peal, and Ruth, in bride's attire, advanced to the altar where Dr. Mowbray waited. The vicar was in his place ready to make his two friends man and wife. A gentleman whose face was deeply pitted by small-pox was brought up to the altar in a wheel-chair, and gave away the bride. When the bride and bridegroom were stepping into the carriage, he shook hands with the man, he kissed the lady, muttering, "God bless you, my child! May your life be long and happy! I am happy now."

And it was the first time that Mr. Cawley had been really happy. His illness had proved a blessing to himself, to Ruth, and to George Mowbray.

HOW THE CAPTAIN CAME IN.

BY ROBERT C. MYERS.

JOHN CLEMENT awaited further developments. There was an angry flush upon his face, a bristly manner about him; those hanging arms had a plausibility in them, and that wide but rather flat chest seemed to have attained its strange proportions from any amount of athletic exercise. Had the captain come in just then he might have gone out again, but how?—that was it, *how* would Captain Lyon have gone out of that school-house? At the master's feet lay the scraps of a note from the man, a note in which were only these words: "School-master, wait for me after you have sent your brats home. I mean to horse-whip you." He could see the handsome, proud Southerner now; a lazy, haughty, heavy-drinking man indeed, and one who held himself to himself high and dry above reproach.

In the beginning there might have been some good-natured souls who would have passed Clement over as a nothing worth thinking of, but Captain Lyon suddenly elevated him into a monstrosity. But was the monstrosity disheartened? Not at all. He laughed at frowns, he laughed at laughs; he had a long string of hateful adages and similitudes at the tip of his tongue, and these he turned to his own account in his own quick manner. Now, I should like to describe him as Cam saw him, but I shall neither describe him that way nor Cam as he saw her. I wonder if he could have described what he saw to-night as he waited for the captain? He saw sights; he saw himself a graduate in a learned profession, full of hope; he saw how he had failed for lack of money to bridge over the waiting-time inevitable with all beginners. Then he had fallen desperately on reading, and theorized himself into a savior—he saw the possibilities of the negro race. Filled with this idea, and unsuccessful enough in his own profession, he recklessly pushed his way hence, willing for a few more years to creep on him, so as not to be so dangerously young. So he got the bald little school-house on the hill and taught the negroes, and found any number of pupils from two years old to eighty—for the mothers of the two-year-olds put them into his care for safe-keeping, and the grandchildren of the eighties sent them for the same reason! They argued that he had come to do good, now let him do it. He wrote newspaper articles on the subject, and it paid him.

It became horribly dull after a few months, though, and he thought being a savior was not so much fun, after all, and he was on the point of subsiding, when Captain Lyon suddenly pronounced him flagrant, and set everybody against him. And the trouble was all caused by Camilla! You see Cam practiced upon a tortured piano, and Caesar Augustus had the habit of suddenly appearing in the room and standing behind her and sniffing with delight. It was no use to lock the parlor doors, for he would climb in at the windows; close the windows, and he would come tumbling down the chimney. She didn't know what to do, till a funny idea popped into her head one morning, and she thought she should die of laughing. She determined to take the boy herself to the Yankee who was teaching "niggers." She had seen the man in church, and had laughed at his innocent face and his irrelevancy here in this place. All the men she knew were loud,

noisy fellows, and she could flirt with them in church or out of church as much as she chose to. But this young fellow actually listened to old Mr. Crawley as he preached one of the sermons which report said he kept in a horse-trough arranged as a divan, and which he dove down for once a week and fished up any one that came first.

"Come, Cæsar Augustus," she said blithely, "come with Missy Cam."

So she took the child to John Clement, halting outside the door to have her laugh out and put on an interested look. Then she went in and caught his big gray eyes and heard his gentle voice, and she left Cæsar Augustus there and wished on the spot there were a million more Cæsar Augustuses who ought to go to school. She went home, and thought of the man, with burning cheeks. "Oh, fathers!" she said, "is he the donkey, or am I?" She saw him again after that, in church; in the place; near the school-house; and she saw the reason why she couldn't flirt with him—she was in love with him. She was, indeed, and she thought it was just too silly for anything. But the more she thought of her silliness and him, the more she dreaded her father. Once she met the school-master and he walked with her. After that she took to playing plaintive improvisations in the twilight.

"You must have a fever, Cam," said the captain. Then the trouble awoke. For Clement met the captain and innocently thanked him for sending Cæsar Augustus to school, saying that now as his exertions had received some sort of recognition, he saw his way clearer than before. The captain came home and drank whisky and brandy together, though he did not order Cæsar Augustus to be removed from the school, nor seek to find who had placed him there; for either would have lowered his own dignity and have proved that he thought the Yankee of some account. Cam was rather squeamish facing her father's wrath, but when from anger he took to laughing, she grew angry instead. And when he called the man funny names, she took away the effect of the mixed liquors by standing up and then and there telling him to desist, for that she loved the man he was ridiculing with all her heart and soul. You should have seen the captain. Suffice it to say that he swore like a trooper, and wound up by saying to the motherless apple of his eye: "That long sneak! You,

a Lyon, to think of him! If you were a boy, I'd trounce you. As it is, go to your room."

"I won't," said she. "I am old enough to judge for myself too. You have no right to insult me."

"Can a father insult his own child? I never heard of such a thing," he gasped, and reached helplessly for the brandy bottle. After that, war was nominally declared. For a long time the school-master did not understand it at all. But on meeting Cam, and speaking gently to her, she astonished him by suddenly bursting into tears. "Don't be kind; don't you dare to speak gently," she sobbed, "for I want to keep my mad up." So he remained silent. She did not like this any better, for she cried: "Why don't you say something? Can't you see my heart's broken? What's the use of standing there as though you were born tongue-tied?" Then she wept more, and said: "Forgive me! I'm rude and unlady-like. But you don't know what it is to be a girl with a father. How should you? Why don't you speak?" She absolutely stamped her foot at him. He was too astonished to say a word.

"You are too cruel for anything!" she cried; "and if it will do you any good, I wish I were dead. There!"

"Stop!" he said, in evident confusion.

She not only stopped, but ran up to him. He was silent again.

"Well," she said, "what did you tell me to stop for?"

"I did not tell you—that is I—I didn't want you to go away displeased. You told me not to speak kindly, and I could not do otherwise to you."

"Oh!" she gulped, in rapture.

"Because," he continued, "I try to be kind to everybody I know."

"Oh!" she said, without the gulp.

Then he was more provokingly silent.

"Are you afraid to speak to me," she said after awhile, the burning sensation in her face, "because I am a Lyon?"

He could not help making a feeble joke, as he always did. "I am not more afraid than to speak to a mouse," he answered.

"Oh!" she cried, for the third time, and looked as much like a mouse as she could on such short notice.

"The fact is," he blurted out awkwardly, "what am I to infer from your conversation?"

"Oh, fathers!" she ejaculated, "a man to speak so!" and rolled up her eyes.

"Is it that you would like to keep up—what was it you said you wanted to keep up?—your what?"

"My mad."

"Oh, yes. Do you mean that you would keep that up for—well, for *my* sake?"

"Um!" she said.

"Is it"—he blurted out again, even more awkwardly—"is it that you—darn it! that you—you—"

"Oh!" moaned she in desperation, "this really is too much. That I—I—oh, I can't say that word, either."

"Why—why, Cam," he said, too tenderly, for she uttered a little shriek, and hid her face upon his breast.

After this he knew why the captain was as he was, and why the people acted as they did. Yet the thing that hurt him most was that she wanted him to remain silent on the subject of their mutual feeling. Yet perforce, or rather per Cam, he shut himself up like an oyster, and met Camilla often by chance, the usual way.

How Cam supposed her love episode would end, she knew not, but she began to be wretched and nervous and unhappy. It all came to a crisis at last, though; for before this the captain had refused to think of his daughter—a Lyon—and the Yankee in the same breath, determining to remain silent and let Cam's nonsense die out of its own accord, as it must, when she found there was no opposition. He supposed it had died out, for she never said a word and was kind and low-spirited.

But on Sunday Clement went to church, and Cam was there. This Sunday he was thinking how lovely it must be outside, up the road, past Lyon Place—for he went past the Place every day on his way to and from the school. And what had put it in his mind was that tiresome old drone in the pulpit, saying, "Consider the lilies of the field: how they toil not, neither do they spin." And he thought how, lately, as he had gone by the hedge, a little lady-hand had started out like a veritable toilless lily, holding a bud for his coat, and how carefully he had since treasured it, though now faded and withered. Therefore, when Mr. Crawley's glasses fell off, and he had to

go all over the line again, and his finger-nail stumbled so that he was considering the lilies four or five times, John just looked up and caught Cam's eye, and they exchanged the lovingest of glances. And the captain saw them do it!

Clement saw the captain's face, and he knew that secrecy was at an end now. So the next day he wrote a nice letter to captain Lyon, asking for the hand of his daughter. Three days later Cæsar Augustus's grandfather brought the note, telling him to wait in school and the captain would have the honor of horse-whipping him. All this Clement saw as he waited in the school-house. But the captain did not come. Clement fretted and fumed; as time passed and darkness fell, he lit a candle and stuck it in the ink-bottle. If the captain had come even then! He heard tappings at the window; he went and peered out, and saw nothing. He looked at the clock every minute. Bugs broiled themselves in the candle-flame and seemed to like it. It was ten o'clock—he would go supperless that night. Time passed on—it was eleven. He heard the taps at the window again, this time accompanied by low chucklings. He went to the door, and there was a mass of scampering forms. He saw a quivering down by the step, and he grabbed Cæsar Augustus.

"What does it mean?" he said sternly. "Tell me, or—tell me, do you hear!"

And then Cæsar Augustus told how the captain had said he had bidden the school-master wait for a horse-whipping, and although he did not mean to dirty his whip on such a subject, yet he made all the negroes go down and see how the Yankee obeyed a Lyon.

"Is that all?" said Clement. "There, go, Cæsar Augustus! But it is ghost-time, and if you don't tell the truth, the bogies will come. Be sure to tell all the people that I waited—I waited."

There was a glitter in his eyes that told even the little negro that it had not been so cowardly to obey a Lyon after all. After this it was not a matter of very great surprise to Clement that he received a tiny note from Camilla severing her engagement with him. To ease her mind he wrote a corresponding reply to her, although the captain never gave it to her, knowing how the sight of the handwriting of the beloved object is fatal in some such cases. Consequently she thought her lover had been killed by her cruelty, and loved him all the more.

The captain kept himself scarce, and for the good reason that the captain had all he could do to stay on his own premises and drink cognac and watch his enervated daughter. For Cam had fallen from her high estate and was, for the first time, properly realizing her father. The school-master went past the house every day as usual, but no white hand held flowers through the hedges.

For two whole weeks this sort of thing went on. For two whole weeks Captain Lyon had seen the man go by.

"I'll fix him," said he.

And this is how the captain fixed him.

Clement, walking as usual, one evening had *Cæsar Augustus* trotting along beside him. All at once, yelling, *Cæsar Augustus* sought sanctuary behind the school-master's legs, and Clement looked up to see Captain Lyon standing by the gate, unconscious of any and everything, and leashed at his side, with a quivering of the muscles and a deep, horrid mouth, was a huge blood-hound, and Clement knew that he might as well try to cheat Charon of his toll as to pass unmolested that magnificent personification of murder. He took the frightened child by the hand, turning back and going by another road.

The next night he went by Lyon Place, and the dog was there and the captain. The third night he went and saw the same creatures. Then he trudged home and got out dumb-bells, Indian clubs, boxing-gloves. But every night he went by the same way, just so far as the dog would allow him to go, and then he would turn back, and Captain Lyon would appear never to have seen him.

Toward the last Clement became-conscious that there were spectators to the little pantomime, and the copses on both sides of the road held a gleam of dark faces back of them. Soon the whole county was exercised over it, and the people laughed—they laughed at the captain. It was a betting county, and the bet was as to who would win. Some of the fast young fellows openly spoke to Clement. Then they sided with him, and bet with odds in his favor.

But one day Clement came along and did not turn back as usual; he went with a quick stride to the side of the road opposite the dog and past him. For the first time Captain Lyon glanced up.

"Seize him!" he shrieked to the dog. "Seize him!"

And there was Clement stooping down, his gaze eager and fixed, his arms stretched apart. With a whirring sound the dog was on him. The spectators saw the teacher make a forward lithe spring to catch the beast and break his idea of distance; saw the creature grasped amid the rising dust; heard his whinnying cry and the snapping of his powerful jaws; saw him raised high over head, grasped at throat and flank with deathly firmness; and then he was heaved high in the air, where he gave a convulsive movement and fell with a dull thud in the captain's garden. It was all over with the dog. And there was the Yankee, white and trembling and rather flustered. He stalked away, while some one held the captain back.

And why should not Cam hear of this? *Cæsar Augustus's* grandmother told her, and in such a way as to lead her to think that Clement, and not the dog, had gone the way of all flesh.

So three evenings after, as he sauntered along, he saw some one in the bushes. With a happy cry he used the same words he had used on another occasion:

"Why, Cam!" he said.

She had escaped, by some miraculous chance, her father's vigilance, and was sobbing on her lover's arm.

"You didn't think I gave you up, did you?" she wept.

"No, no," he said, "no more than you believed I thought so. But it is dangerous for you to be here. I'd rather not see you."

"Sir!" she cried, startled by his harsh tone.

"Because I love you too well," he said, "and this would only tell against you. It would be foolish for me to use authority and say I *do* want to see you, when it will fall harder upon you after all."

"I will go to the end of the world with you."

"Don't, Cam; only people in novels do that."

"I will clope with you. There!"

"Oh, Cam," he said, "don't you respect me more than that? It shall not be said that I stole you, when you know you gave yourself to me freely, even before I had spoken myself!"

"Oh—oh—oh!" she wept. "You needn't remind me of that part of it."

She cried a good deal after that and reproached herself, and all that sort of thing, and he comforted her.

Had the captain come in just then! But

Clement hurried her visit to an end, saying hopeful things, and bade her go home, which she did, brave and happy once more. He was happier, too; no doubt had he not seen her he would have associated her with dungeons, low diet, and the like. And he had friends about him now. He was actually smiled upon by ladies in such a way as would have made Cam jealous had she seen it. He went to little pleasurable places where the Lyons were conspicuous by their absence and people bet on their coming or not coming. Then once, when he was out to dinner, he had a glimpse of the father—but it was only a glimpse, for the fine man turned away from the house, and Clement saw, in the faces about him, that he had been the cause of the captain's ignominious retreat.

The next day he received a note:

"Will you give up my daughter?"

And he wrote in reply: "I once said, in a letter to your daughter, that I would give her up—though, of course, you did not believe it, or you would not ask now. I answer your present favor by saying, 'No!'"

He was very cheerful—he saw the captain coming in. Again, after a reasonably long time, he received another note:

"Will you promise not to see my daughter? She is pining for fresh air."

And he replied: "Thank you for believing in me. Let Camilla go where you will; I shall go only to my school-house and my lodging."

He staid at home thereafter and had the dullest time imaginable. His successes were too far apart to prove stimulating. One day he made up his mind to go to Captain Lyon and tell him that this was all nonsense. He started out on his errand and had reached the gate of Lyon Place, when a great clattering arose behind him, and there was he captain, flying along, his horse beyond all control, the reins broken, and the stirrups loose.

In an instant Clement had the horse by the bit and was struggling with it.

"Let go!" cried the captain, livid with passion, and raising his whip. "Let go; I will not have my life at your hands. Let go!"

"You will be killed."

"Let go!"

And he did. But he had broken the speed of the horse, and, turning away, went home, thinking that after the captain had cooled off he would

go to him. But Cæsar Augustus's grandfather was after him; Cam had sent him, for the captain was dead, and old Doctor Jamestown worse than dead—sick. It was a shock to Clement, but he went with avidity, and was prepared for the unconscious form upon the bed.

"I have killed him," wailed Camilla over the prostrate body.

Clement saw how things really were, and hadn't much faith in her diagnosis.

"Here, somebody, give Miss Camilla a little brandy," he said, as she began screaming. She became rigid immediately.

"I am not my father," she said haughtily, then wept afresh.

I have said that John Clement was a graduate in one of the learned professions—he was a doctor of medicine—a surgeon. His professional knowledge told him there was a fracture of the clavicle and a rib, and something or other, which he attended to with enthusiasm, and soon had the satisfaction of hearing the captain groan. But you should have seen the captain.

"I won't take my life at your hands; I said that before," he said. "And I'll die to spite you."

Then he tried to raise his arm and found he couldn't, which really astonished him; he tried to raise his leg, with similar results, and he was simply amazed, and said dreadful things to his daughter's lover, who, finding how irritating his presence was to the sufferer, left. But this wouldn't suit the captain; he thought that now he was powerless here, the school-master was abroad and would use the weakly condition of the father as a means of ingratiating himself with the daughter. He cursed the old doctor for having the presumption to be sick, and then he sent for Clement and told him to consider himself a prisoner here until all was well again.

"But my school?" said Clement in high, good humor.

I am sorry to say the captain expressed his views as to what ought to become of the school and all appertaining to it. Thereupon Clement was installed surgeon-in-chief.

The captain grew worse; was delirious. Then he convalesced. Then he had a fit of anger and went into a relapse. Then he knew that if he intended to live he must make up his mind to behave somewhat human, so he was calmed.

Then, too, everybody knew of the school-master's installation here, and they thought it the best joke yet; they even bet how long he would stay. Yes; and they came in droves to the house, and after awhile went up to see the captain; and they spoke to Clement, and called Cam the spunkiest girl in the county.

But the captain wouldn't say a word; he was that proud, that all jokes excited against him by this cursed school-master received no cognizance from him. He'd know how to treat the people hereafter, though. Let them come now. Then more visitors came, and the captain did speak:

"When do you intend to go?" he said to Clement.

"I am only awaiting your orders," replied the young man.

"Ah, ha!" he laughed, delighted immediately, and turning the joke on his visitors. "Ah, ha! You own that you mind what I say now—as you did that time in your school-house?"

"Yes," said Clement, "I waited that time in the school-house."

"All dogs obey their masters," said the captain grinning.

"Yes, yours did," replied Clement pleasantly.

The captain thought that he conscientiously ought to have a fit. After that very day, though, he spoke less insultingly to the young man, and absolutely said, when the school was again mentioned, "You will stay here until I can get about; for I rely upon your honor to remain with me until I am able to watch that you do not meet my daughter."

"You do not rely upon my honor, or you would let me go now," said Clement.

"So I would!" cried the captain; "and you shall go now—this very minute."

Cam's countenance fell; so did her lover's.

"But," said the captain reflectively, "I'll never forgive old Jamestown—why he's as old as I am; he's in his dotage—or, rather, I mean he's old and shaky for a surgeon. No; on second thought, you will stay."

It was a narrow escape. Not a half-hour had elapsed after this when he suddenly made the room ring with the blow he gave the table with his sound arm.

"My daughter shall never marry a Yankee school-master?" he said.

"*She shall not,*" said Clement. "I mean to

forswear the school—the negroes disappoint me, they are not ideal. I intend to be a surgeon here."

"Here!" shouted the captain. "You shall not, you cannot, succeed! I'll prevent you."

"Pardon me; you cannot prevent me. And your old friends kindly offer to help me on to success. Besides, the good luck I have had in your case guarantees me any amount of practice; it is even said you have had to accept your life at my hands."

"Do you mean to say you have made your reputation out of me?"

"I do."

"I'll be what-you-may-call-em'd," said the captain—indeed he did—and had a fit of thought, which might have proved fatal.

So a few days more went on and the captain had a revolution in him, and he dared not let the young man see any of his feelings. For somehow or other a disagreeable sensation had crept over him that he was an ass in a Lyon's hide, and that everybody had known it for a long time. Yet could he give in—he, a Lyon? There was one great resource left; he remembered the heavy fathers of old, the patriarchs of the melo-dramatic ages, and novels of his own sweet, early years. He looked at Cam and saw that she was no longer timid and passionate by turns, no longer tearful and flighty, but was a beautiful, blooming, curly little thing. He looked at Clement and found how stalwart he had become, how intelligent he was said to be, and how friendly the folks were with him. And he looked in the glass and saw—never mind what. Then he thought he would be helped down-stairs. So they took him into the cheerful parlor, and he held court there. But the captain's resource! He called his daughter and Clement to him one day and said quite sensibly:

"Do you two still intend to marry one another?"

"We do," said they both at once.

"I'll disinherit her?" he said, trying to hold in his wrath. "I'm a poor old man, a second Lear, but I'll disinherit her."

"Stop!" said Camilla, in a quick, cold tone, such a tone as no one ever heard her use before. "Stop! for it is all nonsense, father, to speak about disinheritance. You know very well that it cannot possibly make any difference to me; and I would not marry John if I thought it would make any to him. But I shall not marry while

you are in such a state of mind, for you would be too abject for anything. For, let me tell you, your present line of action is estranging me from you, and I stay with you more from pity than love. There!" And she shook her finger at him.

Her father got up and looked vacantly about him.

"A child to pity her own father! Monstrous!" he said. "And you will not marry because I am weak, eh?"

"I have said it," said Cam.

"Then, confound it! you *shall* marry, if only to prove to your disobedience that I am as strong as ever I was, and know my rights!" he cried, his wrath in full force.

"I bet on the captain," said a voice, and there was the fast young chap, who took his betting-book out.

"You bet on the captain, do you?" said Cam's father.

"Yes, captain; first time I ever did," replied the audacious scamp.

"Then you may bet, and be hanged to you," said the captain, as he quickly seized Cam's hand and Clement's, and put them one in the other.

"What I have joined together, let no man put asunder." I am a Lyon!"

And that's how the captain came in.

NOVELTIES IN FANCY-WORK.

BY MARIAN FORD.

THE long, bright summer days afford so much leisure for fancy-work, that many persons employ a portion of it in preparing dainty trifles for decorating their homes, or even embroidering articles for holiday gifts. The variety offered in the present number of the MONTHLY will, it is hoped, prove sufficient to supply the wants of its readers.

EMBROIDERED PEN-WIPER.

The very ornamental pen-wiper illustrated in Fig. 1 has a foundation of hard-wood made in goblet shape, which may have a brush or sponge fastened within, or be filled with shot of small size—in the opinion of many persons the best substance yet discovered for cleansing pens. The outside is covered with gray linen, bordered with strips of black leather, each division being prettily embroidered with filoselle silk. A spray of flowers, geometrical pattern, initial, or



FIG. 1.—PEN WIPER, EMBROIDERED.

monogram can be used, according to the taste of the maker, or, if preferred, the outside may be made of ticking, with the stripes embroidered according to directions given in previous numbers of the MONTHLY.

IVY-LEAF PEN-WIPER.

Another very pretty style, which can be easily made by any one familiar with the leather-work once so fashionable, consists of two ivy-leaves, enlarged to twice or three times the natural size, cut from tan-colored leather, with four or five leaves of broadcloth or flannel—broadcloth is preferable, because it does not ravel—fastened between them. The upper leaf is ornamented with a leather flower, a rose, daisy, or any blossom preferred. If not possessed of sufficient skill to carry out the design in leather-work, acorn-cups and fir-cones gummed on the upper leaf will form a tasteful



FIG. 2.—COVER FOR WORK-TABLE, COLORED EMBROIDERY.

though fragile, decoration. These articles also form very useful and appropriate gifts for friends.

JAPANESE FAN PEN-WIPER.

A novel and much admired pen-wiper is made

The leaves, three in number, are cloth. The handle portion must be worked with the stitch used in making button-holes, to fasten the pieces securely together. A cord and tassels, knotted in a loop, by which the pen-wiper may be hung up if

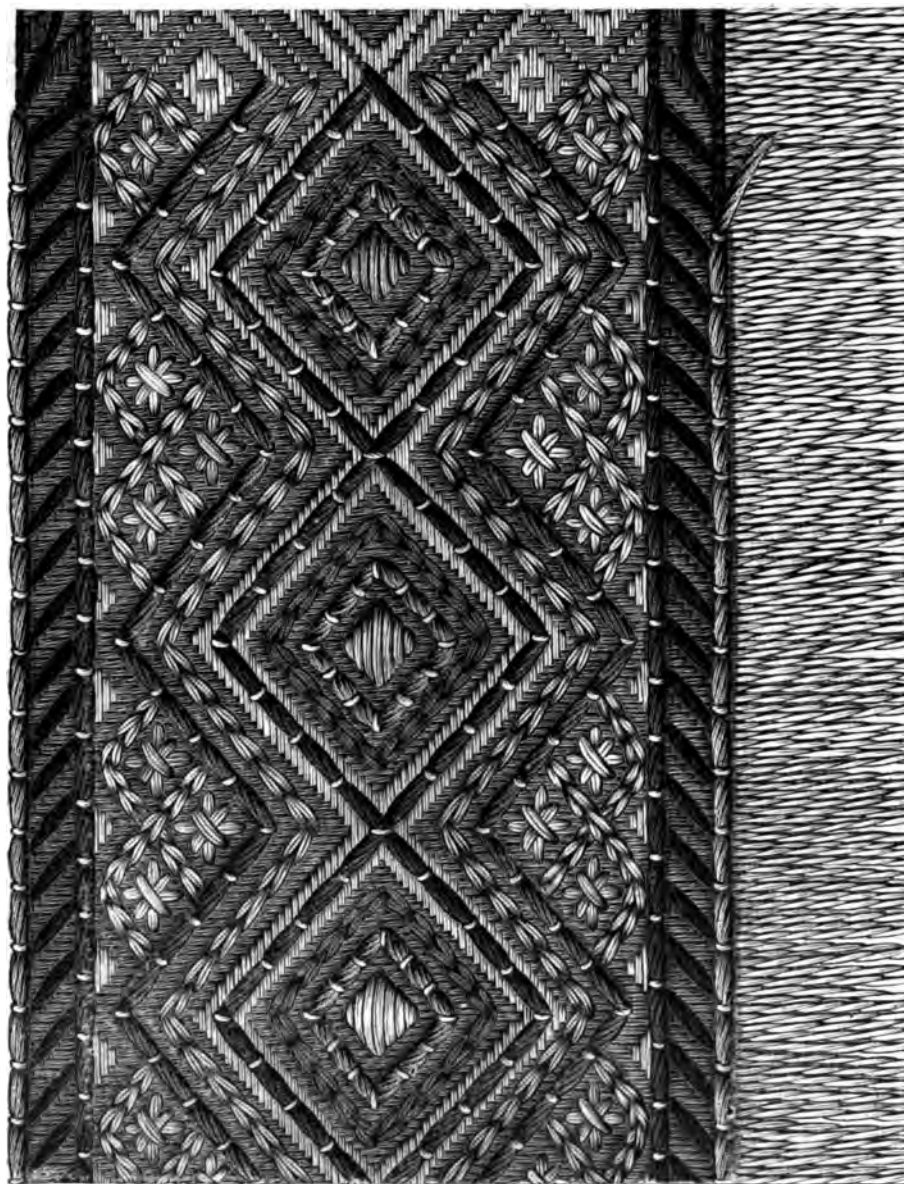


FIG. 3.—BORDER WITH FRINGE.

in the shape of a Japanese fan. The sizes vary from two to three inches across the widest part of the circular top. The outer pieces can be made of cloth, embroidered to simulate the fan, or of silk or satin, lined with pasteboard and painted.

desired, forms a pretty finish, or a bow of narrow ribbon can be substituted. The Japanese fan chosen for a model is the ordinary round paper-covered one with a cane handle, which may readily be procured at any notion store.

COVER FOR WORK-TABLE.

The cover illustrated in Fig. 2 is made in the scarf style now so fashionable, and is fifty inches long and twenty-four inches wide. The material



FIG. 4.—FOOT-PILLOW.

is dark-blue cloth, embroidered with zephyr wool and filoselle silk. Three shades of pink, two shades of brown, red, blue, dark-green, and olive-green are the colors used. The narrow ends are finished with the fancy worsted fringe employed for trimming furniture.

These scarf-covers are also frequently made of felt, with a design in Kensington art-work embroidered on the narrow ends; a cluster of flowers with a butterfly hovering over them is a favorite pattern. A handsome combination is bright blue felt, with a border of poppies, daisies, and green leaves, finished with bands of maroon plush and worsted fringe.

A more durable material is gray or écru butcher's linen, trimmed with drawn-work, cross-stitch embroidery, and fringe made by pulling out and then knotting strands of the linen.

COUCH-COVER.

An article greatly appreciated by invalids and very decorative in effect is the couch-cover, a new variety of the sofa afghan. It is made of stripes of plush or ribbon velvet, four or five inches wide, alternating with stripes of felt or momie cloth.

A handsome combination is maroon plush or ribbon velvet with écru stripes the same width, united by a row of chain-stitch in gold-colored or bright-blue filling-silk. The écru stripes are embroidered down the centre in either chain or

cross-stitch in some graceful running pattern with maroon Berlin wool, and the cover is trimmed with coarse écru lace, the pattern of which may be outlined with the Berlin wool.

The pompadour colors, pink and blue, with a knitted edging of either tint, also make a pretty cover. The shades must, of course, be chosen to harmonize or contrast pleasantly with the furniture of the room where it is to be used.

EMBROIDERED BORDER WITH FRINGE.

A charming design for embroidering the jute-fringed borders, used for trimming baskets, furniture, mantel

lambrequins, etc., is illustrated in Fig. 3. The fringe in this pattern is woven into the fabric and is three inches and a half deep. The ground-work of the original is olive and reddish-yellow, the embroidery being executed with zephyr wool and filoselle silk, closely following the woven pattern. The narrow border is worked in red-brown, steel-blue, and black. The chain-stitch



FIG. 6.—RETICULE WITH EMBROIDERY.

lines are red, and the three star figures (of silk) alternately pink, pale-blue, and yellow. The thread bordering the star figures is olive, over-stitched with white silk. The small inner figures



FIG. 5.—EMBROIDERY WITH APPLIQUÉ FOR FIG. 4.

of the border are in satin-stitch, surrounded with a square of alternate red and green chain-stitch, over-stitched with white silk. The figures in satin-stitch are alternately blue, pink, and yellow.

This border is very handsome for trimming clover-leaf tables and the small square or round tables covered with plush, now so popular.

CARRIAGE-APRONS.

Many pretty varieties of carriage-aprons can be

made by ladies with little trouble or expense. A recent design is composed of *écru* felt, momie cloth, or serge, embroidered with a narrow border of acorns and oak-leaves in shaded brown wool (crewels) about three inches from the edge. The lining is dark-brown merino, and when thrown back produces a charming effect. Loops of dark-brown cord are fastened to the top corners of the apron to hook on to the "buttons" of the carriage.

These aprons are generally made of colors that either match or harmonize with the carriage lining; for instance, one lined with maroon would have a maroon apron, or one of écru or gray. Sometimes the lining is chosen to match the carriage, and the outside is of some contrasting tint. Monograms are often worked in silk or wool in the two lower corners of the apron, or braided with narrow

green plush. The small rosettes, the three flowers, and the bias strip are of red-brown velvet,—as is also the edge of the narrow border,—while the flower-like figures between are of green plush. The flowers themselves are silver-gray satin, the petals being embroidered with brown chenille and green silk. Each figure must be sewed on with silk matching it in color. The work is edged with



FIG. 7.—EMBROIDERY DESIGN FOR FIG. 6.

silk braid of a darker tint. A navy-blue apron may be ornamented with two rows of wool braid, either black or white, and embroidered with a monogram to match the braid.

EMBROIDERED FOOT-STOOL.

Fig. 4 gives a design for a foot-stool in embroidery and *appliqué*, which, though very beautiful, is simple and can readily be copied from the full-size pattern of one-quarter of the work shown in Fig. 5.

The *appliqué* is cut out as usual, and the work is edged by a thick double silk cord. The ground is old-gold color; the principal figures are of moss-

bronze-colored plush; the puffed trimming, which is stuffed with horse-hair, is of moss-green silk reps. Beautiful passementerie tassels complete the work.

EMBROIDERED COVER FOR WHISK-BROOM.

A new mode of decorating whisk-brooms is to fasten an embroidered cover on the broom itself, instead of ornamenting a case for this useful article. A pattern is cut from paper to fit the broom, after which, commencing about two-thirds of the distance from the top, it is shaped to a point, which almost touches the bottom of the broom. Next cut from scarlet or blue felt, by this pattern, two

pieces, fasten an *appliqué* flower, geometrical design, or Japanese figure on each, and pink the bottom. Work a row of feather-stitch with embroidery-silk above the pinking, then stitch the two pieces firmly together so that the cover will fit snugly over the broom. Gather a piece of ribbon about two inches wide, matching the felt in color, with three rows of shirring, two a little distance from the edges to form tiny frills, and the third in the middle. Conceal the top of the handle under a piece of ribbon or felt, and to this



FIG. 8.—RICHLY CARVED WOODEN CHAIR WITH EMBROIDERED CUSHION.

fasten the puffed ribbon. Choose a broom with a straw handle, to which the ribbon or felt can be firmly sewed. Finish with a cord and tassels, the latter made of strips of felt in the method described in a previous number of the MONTHLY. Knot the cord to form a loop, by which to hang the broom.

EMBROIDERED RETICULE.

Reticules of every variety are so much in demand, that the writer is glad to be able to furnish readers of the MONTHLY with the charming design

illustrated in Figs. 6 and 7, one showing the reticule, the other the design for the embroidery.



FIG. 9.—INK-BLOTTER WITH RENAISSANCE EMBROIDERY.

The reticule is fifteen inches deep and fourteen inches wide. The material is pale-blue satin, lined with white silk. A thick silk cord and tassels complete it. The embroidery consists of a branch of elder blossoms and leaves. The leaves and stems are worked in satin-stitch and tent-stitch with floss silk in three shades of green. The blossoms are white. The word *souvenir* can be added or omitted at pleasure.

JAPANESE FAN BROOM-HOLDER.

A new design for whisk-broom-holders is made on a foundation supplied by a long-handled Japanese fan. Cover the back of the fan smoothly with blue or cardinal satin, and cut out a duplicate shape from pasteboard or wigan, which must be covered with satin, on which some pretty group

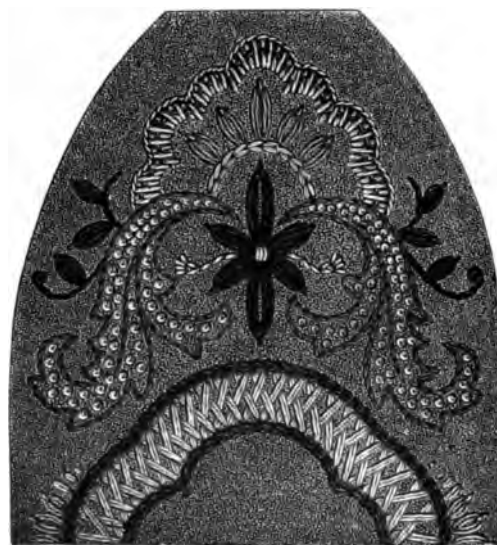


FIG. 10.—HALF OF RENAISSANCE EMBROIDERY FOR FIG. 9.

of flowers has been embroidered or painted. A cluster of pink moss-rosebuds or scarlet poppies

and daisies is often chosen for blue satin, and the red may be ornamented with a spray of white jasmine, with a butterfly or bee poised above. The second piece, which should be slightly hollowed at the top, must be sewed to the fan, leaving an opening at the bottom, through which the broom is passed in the usual manner. Border the edge of the holder with cord, loop it at the sides, pass it across the outer front of the case and tie in a bow-knot. Bore a hole in the handle and slip a fine cord through, making a loop by which to hang the holder. Tassels or balls finish the cord with pretty effect.

CARVED WOODEN CHAIR WITH EMBROIDERED CUSHION.

Perhaps some of the readers of this article may be fortunate enough to possess an old-fashioned carved chair, somewhat similar to the one illustrated in Fig. 8. If so, it can be converted into a quaint and charming parlor ornament by adding a nembroidered cushion. The cushion shown in the engraving is made of dark-brown plush, embroidered with filoselle silk of different colors, and finished with cords and tassels in the manner clearly shown in the accompanying print, but the material and designs can be almost indefinitely varied to suit the purse, skill, and taste of the maker.

A cushion in the ordinary cross-stitch, embroidered in some Persian design, would have an excellent effect, or, with less expenditure of time and trouble, a handsome covering might be made of old-gold-colored sateen or felt, worked in outline-stitch with dark maroon, if this combination would harmonize agreeably with the other furniture in the room.

Another variety of ornamental chair now quite popular is obtained by upholstering the rattan chairs, which can be purchased for a reasonable price at almost any furniture store. The seat and one-half the back—the lower half—are covered with satin, a row of fancy worsted fringe is fastened across the top, and another row passes entirely around the chair several inches below the seat. This second row is allowed to hang its full depth at the corners, but midway between them is cut off to about one-half its width, from this point curving

gradually downward to the corners, thus forming half-circles around the chair. Many persons, however, prefer to allow this second row to remain uncut, like that across the top.

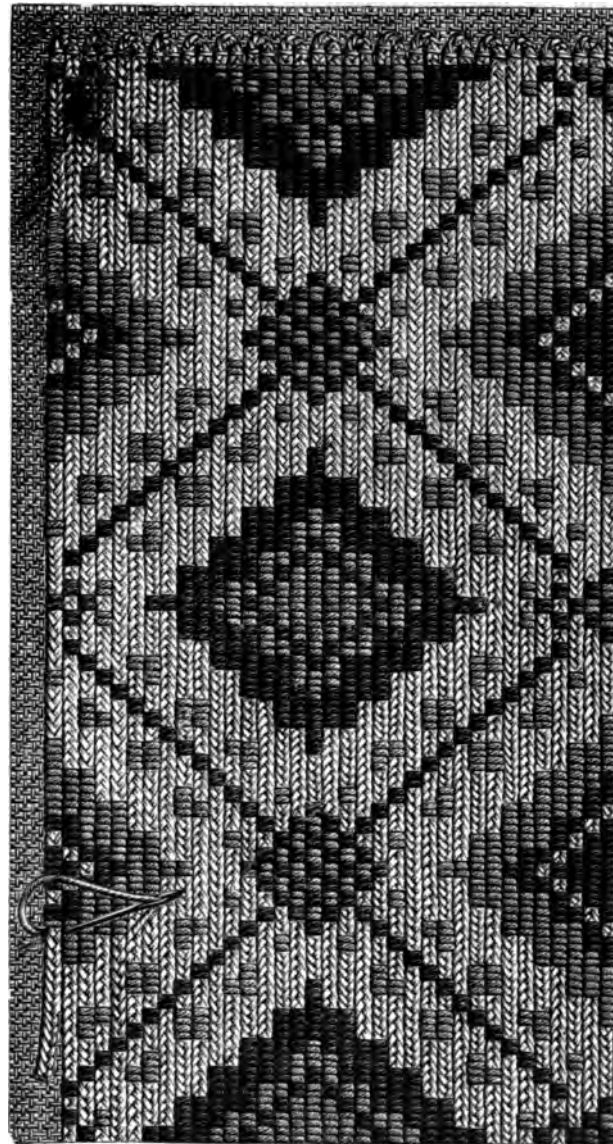


FIG. 11.—TAPESTRY WORK FOR CHAIRS, CUSHIONS, ETC.

DECORATED STRAW-WORK.

Many ladies are now purchasing the pretty straw-work articles to be bought at fancy-goods stores, and decorating them in various ways for their own use, or for dainty little remembrances to friends.

One of the favorite designs is a pair of cornu-

copias, resting on straw supports, which serve, one for a hair-pin, and one for a hair-receiver. Placed on each side of a bureau or dressing-table, they are really very ornamental.

For the hair-pin-receiver the horn of plenty is stuffed with hair or shreds of wool, and covered at the top with a piece of crochet or knitting, through which the pins can be easily pushed. The other end of the horn is decorated with a bow of ribbon, matching in color the piece of knitting or crochet.

The hair-receiver, which is of precisely similar shape and size, is finished at the opening with a satin bag, drawn together with a silk cord and tassels, and ornamented at the other end with a bow of ribbon.

Another pretty design for these little articles is a pair of high straw boots with heels. They are finished at the top in the same manner as the horns of plenty, one for hair-pins, the other for hair. A band of ribbon passes around the top of the boot, tying in a bow in front, and three small bows, extending to the instep, appear to serve as fastenings.

The graceful willow-ware furniture is also adorned with needlework, bows of ribbons, etc., and thus decorated is very effective in lending a bit of bright color to some dusky corner.

A willow foot-rest may be prettily ornamented by covering the top with coarse Turkish toweling, across which a strip of bright Roman ribbon is diagonally fastened. Tassels made of wool of the shades of the ribbon are then knotted into the open-work spaces around the top.

A handsome work-basket can be made by purchasing a plain willow-basket, supported on a stand of tripod shape. Line the basket with satin, and fasten a row of worsted balls of the same color under the outer rim to form a fringe. Then tie a bow of ribbon around the centre of the stand, as if to hold it together.

INK-BLOTTER WITH RENAISSANCE EMBROIDERY.

A specimen of embroidery on leather, which is one of the latest fancies, is illustrated in Fig. 9, which gives one-half the pattern, Fig. 10 showing it in full. The foundation of the work is black leather, the embroidery being done with filoselle silk of olive, green, pink, blue, and yellow-brown, each color in three shades. Fine gold cord is used for the outlines of the different figures.

Many persons will doubtless put this pretty design to some other use than that to which it is here applied—the ornamentation of an ink-blotter.

DUST-BRUSH-HOLDER.

Now that the whisk-broom has been accommodated with holders of every description, its cousin, the feather-duster, is beginning to emerge from retirement, and occupy a place on the wall in some convenient corner. A case made for it which really serves to convert this useful article into one of ornament is on the same plan as those modeled for the whisk-broom, except that it is round instead of flat. The lining may be either scarlet or blue satin, and both the top and bottom of the holder are trimmed with fancy fringe, headed by a ruche of satin ribbon, matching the lining in color. A band of satin ribbon crosses diagonally from the top to the bottom, and is caught in the middle under a bow. A cord and tassels fastened at the top serve to suspend the holder.

TAPESTRY-WORK FOR CHAIRS, CUSHIONS, ETC.

The method of executing the fashionable and pretty tapestry-work is so clearly shown in Fig. 11 that no one can have any difficulty in following the pattern, which will be found very useful for many purposes. The embroidery is worked in Gobelin-stitch over silver or gold braid, which closely covers the canvas. Each row covers two threads, and is fastened to the canvas by a few stitches at each end. The embroidery is then worked with zephyr wool in two shades of red in Gobelin-stitch, as shown in the illustration. To do the work neatly, and avoid "puckering," the canvas should be placed in a frame.

FAN WALL-POCKET.

Still another purpose to which the ubiquitous Japanese fan is applied is that of serving as a foundation for a wall-pocket. Cover one side with silk or satin, and above this sew a full, flat pocket, concealing the stitches along the edge under a ruche of satin ribbon or pinked silk. Fasten a bow of ribbon or cluster of flowers in the centre of the pocket, and bore a hole in the handle, through which pass a string to form a loop by which to hang the pocket. Finish by adding a knot of ribbon tied around the handle, to hide the loop.

CURRENT TOPICS.

The Revised New Testament.—The most important event in the world of letters this year is the publication of the revised edition of the New Testament Scriptures. This event is noteworthy not on account of any revision of public knowledge of the precepts of the scriptural writings, not because new truth has been brought to light in the various alterations made in the old accepted text, but because of the progress of the Christian world out of superstitious reverence for mere words, and the growth of the sentiment that Christianity does not depend at all for its power or truth upon any words or sets of words. The revision and the changes made are evidence of a growth away from bigotry and toward a far broader belief. Whether or not the alterations be accepted and the new book be adopted by the various religious bodies, the present feeling of the great body of church members and of the world at large proves that men are far more willing than they were a quarter of a century ago to accept an enlargement of scriptural truth. The trouble of the past has been that divines and denominations have been unwilling to grant that the mere patent truth, easily discovered on the outside of the New Testament page, could be enlarged, and made more powerful by a complete understanding of the text. Some denominations have even declared that to alter a word was to mutilate the Scriptures. It is within the recollection of one who has not passed his allotted days, that the great "body of believers" would fling the stones of malice at the man who would for a moment doubt that King James's version was the most perfect, truthful, sublime, in fact the only version that would be sanctioned by God, and that to alter it in the slightest particular would bring upon the daring vandal the anathema, which was written, "God shall take away his part out of the book of life, and out of the holy city, and from the things which are written in this book."

But gradually there has grown among followers of the Christian faith a trust in the Scriptures which cannot be shaken by any alteration of sentence, phrase, or word which honest students of the original could possibly make. People who once looked upon the very letter as sacred have come to believe that the letter and the word are but symbols of the great truth which lies above and below and around both, and that the word may change, but no decay of truth will follow. On the other hand, the progress of knowledge has shown that even the simple word may open vast mines of knowledge. The study of words has established beyond doubt the identity of origin of the whole human race. The study of language has proved the brotherhood of mankind and the truth of history which was once little more than legend.

It is not our purpose at this time to discuss at all the nature of the revision, the wisdom of the changes, or to predict the results. In fact, such discussion cannot at present be indulged in with any degree of wisdom. It is too soon to estimate the effects; it would be unfair to judge the motives of those who made the alterations, and it is not best

to enter upon any discussion which might seem tending toward theological dispute.

But the mere fact of a revision having been made, and having been so kindly received by the great body of followers of the Christian faith, is in itself evidence of a vast progress toward a broader interpretation of the elements, purposes, and ends of Christian doctrine as taught by the Saviour. The revision argues a growth away from mere creed to faith; from doctrine to the source of doctrine; from theories to the foundations of these theories; from trust in words to trust in the truth which the words express; from rudiments to developed truth. It argues among Christians everywhere a greater readiness to depend upon the great principles which Christ taught by word and act than to rely upon the narrow interpretations of those principles by men warped by prejudice, circumstance of birth, religious training, or what not.

As significant of these changes in the attitude of the Christian world toward progress, the revision of the New Testament is a most noteworthy event. It may, and does, point to other changes perhaps equally notable. The results may work a moral revolution within certain limits. The alterations of the text in conformity with the laws of literary taste are not the least important. They will tend to bring the book into more frequent use as a model of pure English. The elimination of some passages which have been walls of rock on the boundaries of denominations will tend, if accepted as revised, to make these denominations overlap each other. The more literal rendering of certain other passages will bring many doubters closer to the borders of Christianity, and may result in tearing down some of the walls of partition between the world and the church. But these speculations are verging on fancy. Mere word changes are not likely to alter the force of Christianity as an element of human progress in its aggressive aspect so much as in its subjective aspect. The changes made will affect the faith and stimulate the life of the church far more than they will modify or affect the belief and the attitude of the world.

What the various bodies of the various churches will do yet remains to be seen. No matter what they do, the old Bible and the new will stand side by side, will be read side by side. One will not give entire place to the other for years to come, if indeed it ever does. One will not make the other untrue. And after all is said and done, it makes little difference which one accept as the true exponent of the word of God. As knowledge advances, as men learn to measure words not by letter or sound, but by the amount of human life that is crowded into their etymology, as the scholar and the Christian reads between the letters of each word the struggles of creeds, the battles of beliefs, the wars of tenets, the cruelties of persecution, the customs of centuries, the habits of thought, the history of human progress, the influence of technical alterations grows more narrow, though their importance may still be great. The influence will be rather to enlarge the application of the truth to life

and thought than to weaken in any particular the truth itself. The revision just completed will not revolutionize belief, though it may add to faith. It will not alter much the currents of religious life, though it may open some new avenues leading to the "great city." Some new truths may spring out of old ones in the sight of the unlearned reader, but the scholar has seen them before. The revision brings before the world a mass of knowledge which the scholar has not been able to put before it in times past. The revised Testament is in the main only the old book with a few philological annotations given in the brief form of substituted expressions. Too much must not be expected of it, and disappointment will not follow. It is nothing to be feared, and not much is to be hoped from it. As an evidence of progress, it is an event and accomplishment worthy of our century. The manner in which it has been done is creditable to the scholarship and the knowledge of the present.

American Fertility of Invention.—Much has been said and written of late upon this subject. Never were the manufacturing interests of America in a more prosperous condition, and never was American inventiveness more prolific. One at first thought is amazed that room should be found for thirteen thousand and a half patents—as was the case in 1880—within the course of a single year. It would seem to the superficial thinker as though the field for new inventions must soon be exhausted. Not so; in every sort and kind of industry new developments and fresh improvements may be expected. Let a thoughtful, thinking mechanic at almost any kind of work, with any kind of machine, however near perfection that machine may seem to be, and it will not be long before his intelligent experience and busy brain will have found out some better and easier way of performing the work, and a new or an improved machine is the result.

The great reason for American fertility of invention is the fact which Mr. C. C. Coffin emphasized in his lectures last winter before the Lowell Institute, Boston; namely, that the "American mechanic is a thinker." He is not content to go on doing as generations of workmen have done before him. He brings to his work skilled observation and intelligent consideration of the conditions of success in his particular branch. He is in the highest degree practical. He enters with spirit and enthusiasm into the mastery of details, he studies with earnest zeal the conditions of the problems before him, and these things comprehended, he sets about the solution of the difficulty with thoughtful common sense and strong determination.

However great the success and the advance have been in the last fifty years, we may reasonably expect that in the years to come the advance in invention will be much more rapid and wonderful. Profound scholars and investigators are constantly increasing our knowledge of the forces of nature. Close in their tracks follow clever inventors, who instantly turn the new facts to practical account.

The English are filled with astonishment at America's unparalleled prosperity. "We cannot but look," said a recent English journal, "with some envy on a nation whose *easy lot is to go on and prosper, to gather up the good things*

which Fortune casts into its lap." And especially are they amazed at the manner in which we have usurped their old supremacy in everything which pertains to putting into useful and practical shape the new discoveries in science, and to improving old methods and machines. The same paper from which we have just quoted has the following thoughts upon this very point:

"Time was when all the new discoveries in practical science, and improvements in machinery and engineering, were first made in this country. This is not so now. It is from America that all the new inventions, as all the new jokes, come to us. This is not a question of quantity. Our exports of machinery are shown by the returns to be eight or ten times greater than those of the United States. It is a question of originating power. Quick adaptation to new conditions, the devising of new methods, versatility of application, quickness to perceive the advantages of new processes, the spirit of discovery and enterprise—all these things are ripe in the Northern States, as they are not even in Yorkshire. We make more and better finished machines than they make in America, but they invent the new ones, while we are content very much to copy the old models. Our aim is to turn out as many as we can in the time, and we cannot stop to think the process over. The sewing-machine and the washing-machine, now installed in every house as indispensable friends, came to us from America. If the Scotchman, Bell, invented the reaping-machine, we did not know how to fit it for use till the way was shown us by the American, McCormick. Nor is it merely, as we sometimes hear it said, in machines by which labor is economized that American fertility of invention shows itself. Watch-making has been hereditary in some of the Swiss cantons. The Americans only took it up, so to say, yesterday. They had hardly done so before they saw their way to improvements in the works which, if not new in principle, were new in their application.

"What a length of time we went on quite content with the old smooth-bore muzzle-loading musket! The Americans took the matter in hand, and in a few years the weapon was totally transformed. From American brains issued the revolver and the Winchester repeating rifle, while Birmingham work-shops were vying with each other as to which could turn out the greatest number of guns exactly to pattern. Again, compare the two countries in respect of the number of patents taken out in each. In the year 1879 the number of patents taken out in Great Britain was 3000; the number granted in the United States during the same period was about 12,000, or four times as many."

Silk Culture.—The interest in this new American industry remains unabated, and we are pleased to learn that "The Women's Silk Culture Association, of Philadelphia," is devoting its time and attention to the subject with unusual energy and discrimination. It announces an exhibition to be held under its auspices the third week in October, at St. George's Hall, and invites those engaged in the industry to send in samples of silk of their own cultivation, in competition for the four prizes offered for the best displays, amounting in the aggregate to the sum of five hundred dollars.

TABLE-TALK.

Religious Atmosphere of a Mining Town.—Since I have lived here in Colorado, a great change has come over "the spirit of my dream" on matters of religion. I constantly regret that I have acted in religious matters in the style that is really characteristic of the stronghold of Eastern Presbyterianism. It is admirably illustrated by what I once heard the graduate of a prominent theological school say in the pulpit: "The best way to keep chaff out of a bushel is to fill it with wheat." A very wise saying, no doubt, but like many arguments from analogy, it is very fallacious when applied to the human mind. The mind is in no sense a bushel, and no matter how much wheat is put into it, there remains always abundant room for chaff. Now I have emigrated into a heathen land, a land deeply imbued with skepticism through the influence of the teachings of such men as Paine and Ingersoll; and much of the "chaff" is so solid in people's minds, that my untrained mental muscles are not able to drive it out. Some of our Eastern schools of the prophets are narrow and bigoted, I fear.

It is in the West, I think, that the minds will be developed that shall lead the United States after the next fifty years—perhaps sooner. The Western people look upon the East as "old foggy." No sense of veneration and no conservatism interfere with the self-esteem and independence of a people who are successful to a degree not realized in the East. Perhaps in the States that lie half-way between the radicalism of the West and the conservatism of the East will grow up some institutions of learning which shall be universities in the sense of teaching a man *everything*, capable of teaching not only one little narrowed system of philosophy or theology, but where Huxley may lecture next door to McCosh, and Ingersoll alternate with Hodge.

That is the only school for *men*; and, if I am not greatly mistaken, it will be forthcoming as soon as the West has advanced far enough to want a higher education.

F. C.

Maple Sugar.—I was born under a maple-tree; that is, when its shadow fell far to the east of its trunk. And the return of tapping-time recalls the sweet circumstance—not of my birth, but of the maple-tree, for when I was a boy it was customary to procure maple sugar by tapping maple-trees; but now it is the barrel of New Orleans sugar that suffers from "gouging," and the sap-bush grows in the dirty back-room of the city manipulator of sweets for the deception of confiding humanity. The country and the timberland are out of fashion as the source of the most delicious accompaniment to griddle-cakes. But the "coming of Birnam wood to Dunsinnane" was not more a delusion than is the coming of the maple orchard to the city dealer in adulterations. Let the housewife who buys the brown bricks commonly exposed in groceries at spring-time and labeled "pure maple sugar," purchase a brick, and with it a pound of New Orleans sugar; melt the New Orleans and mould it into a little brick of its own, and she will confess her-

self surprised over their exact similarity in appearance and close similarity in taste. The "maple sugar" is such just as ice cream or cake is to the lemon, vanilla, or strawberry with which it is flavored. It has the maple flavor; but your "strawberry cake" doesn't taste as a saucer of fresh strawberries in June. The only way to be sure of pure maple in the city is to get it through some reliable friend in the country, where it grows wild. Otherwise, your average amount of maple will be one-fifth of what you pay for, though occasionally you can find it in market very dark and soft in large tubs. Such is most likely to be pure maple stock. Seeking the light-colored, you make the mistake of the lady who discharged her milkman because a "thick scum" rose on the milk, while she wanted the "real sky-blue." And if your table has never flowed with the original maple syrup before it is "done" to sugar, you have missed the superior source of contentment—till it's gone.

A.

Bed-chambers.—No doubt, could perpetual freshness and cleanliness be insured, nothing would be prettier than white dimity and muslin for bedroom windows, beds, and dressing-tables; but unluckily, in large towns especially, these materials soon lose their crispness and purity, and once those are gone, farewell to their beauty. Besides, in these days, when one has to look pretty closely after expenditure, even the washing-bill cannot escape; and necessary, unavoidable outlay already swallows so much, that the expense entailed by these easily-soiled draperies is often grudged, even in the country, where, from the absence of smoke and the purer air, they last clean longer. Then in our climate these light draperies are only in keeping during hot weather, and how short a time that lasts we all know to our sorrow. Still, a bedroom may look very fresh, cozy, and dainty without a scrap of muslin or glazed lining beyond the morsels required for the pretty pincushion. In the first place, try and realize that hangings of any sort are unnecessary, however pretty, and in cases of illness have almost always to be got rid of. The lumbering old four-poster, with damask or moreen hangings, and its soft, smothery feather-bed, has all but universally been replaced by the light, airy brass or iron bedstead, with its spring mattress, while the hangings have either dwindled to a small tester or vanished entirely. This change has added light and freshness to our rooms, and, if we would only send the bed valance after the departed four-poster, we should find its loss a decided gain. A counterpane of proper size and make will serve all the useful purpose of a valance, viz., hiding the mattresses and the sharp edges of the bedstead, while it allows a free passage to the current of air *under* the bed, so necessary to keep the bedding fresh and nice. Dust always collects in any sheltered and practically undisturbed corner; and a housemaid must be the very embodiment of conscientiousness if she sweeps behind the long valance as carefully and as often as she does the exposed middle of the floor, or as she would the uncurtained

space under the bed; besides, the valance gets in her way, and prevents her doing her work as thoroughly as she can in less draped recesses. Again, if there is a valance there is pretty certain to be a collection of odds and ends, milliners' boxes, traveling-bags, etc., under the bed, all of which are resting-places for dust, and impede the circulation of air; and bear in mind, unless there be as free and thorough a current of air *under* as there is *above* the bed, the bedding cannot be thoroughly fresh and wholesome; and you will inevitably find more or less stuffiness, be the mistress a dragon of watchfulness, and her maid a miracle of domestic virtue.

For curtains nothing look prettier than the coarse striped woolen Algerian material, to be procured at any *dépôt* for Moorish and Eastern goods; it looks bright and fresh, will bear thorough dusting, and, if really soiled, washes as well as any stuff known. The counterpane may be of two or three widths, as required, of this same material, edged with ball-fringe, and sufficiently long at sides and ends to hang below the frame of the bedstead an inch or two. If you prefer it, your counterpane may be embroidered on strips of plain and colored sheetings, and finished off with coarse furniture lace instead of fringe. For your mantel valance you can have a row of vandykes of the Algerine stuff, finishing each point with a bushy woolen tassel; or again, you may have a straight stripe of crewel-work, or a vandyked border of alternate plain and colored sheeting, with a small spray of flowers on each plain vandyke. Whatever you choose, don't let your border be very deep, and by all means eschew fire-place curtains. The down draught of the chimney in *any* room should never be prevented, but more especially not in a bedroom.

The same objections apply to dressing-table hangings as to bed valances, though naturally on a smaller scale. Fortunately, one meets more and more frequently now with the dressing-table made to match the rest of the furniture, and requiring nothing beyond a plain white cover. Of course, this may vary from the plain marcella, with its cotton fringe, to the linen cloth edged with more or less costly lace and embroidery. If by chance you have a table of the old type positively requiring drapery, choose some material that, though evidently capable of renovation at the hands of the laundress or professional cleaner, will require the process as seldom as possible. Velvet and stuff are as out of place in an ordinary bedroom as muslin and lace, for at any rate the latter will wash should they be soiled. Nothing looks better for this purpose than the old-fashioned white dimity, with bands of color (such as red Turkey twill, for example, which is as serviceable as the dimity). Still the pure white of this soon soils, and, though easy enough to get up, where expense has to be studied the cost of it outweighs its daintiness. Work-house sheeting, of the unbleached, creamy tint, mixed with colored sheeting to match the rest of the room, and either with or without embroidery, both looks and wears well; so do plain colored sheetings or Turkey twill, trimmed with coarse, creamy furniture lace. If tastefully arranged, any of these will make pretty and lasting drapery for the dressing-table; and, with a pretty pincushion of muslin and lace, with bows to match, and a small, fine, white diaper toilet-cover, will be as effective and attractive as the most *fastidious can wish*.

Where the time and money can be afforded, it is a good plan to have a set of draperies, etc., for winter, and another for summer. For example, in winter have the striped Algerine material for curtains, quilt, mantel valance, and, where necessary, for the dressing-table. Then in summer change these for similar ones of unbleached sheeting embroidered, and mixed with colored sheeting. For the embroidery, choose some good conventional pattern, and as much as possible have all your odds and ends, night-dress, sachet, etc., to correspond. Peacock feathers, honeysuckle, chrysanthemums, marguerites, conventionalized and worked in outline in several shades of one color, all look well, and do not weary as colored flowers are apt to do, unless colored and drawn to perfection, which, alas! *all* crewel-work most certainly is not. Remember, your bedroom is not only the place in which you spend your nights and the time required for dressing—you may have to pass long, weary hours of sickness there; so, although you need not in anticipation of this reduce it to the bareness and simplicity necessary in a hospital ward, while making it as fresh and pretty as you can, try to have all things useful and in thoroughly good taste, that, when your nerves are unstrung by illness and pain, you may not be fretted by queer shapes, and still queerer combinations of color, which in health you passed by unheeded, or admired as "the fashion." Now for a few details. Hair-brushes keep best and cleanest in the drawer of your toilet-table (the clean paper lining of which should be constantly renewed); but when there is no drawer, have a box, either of Japanese lacquer (which a damp cloth cleans thoroughly), or a plain deal one, covered to match your night-dress case. This box should be large enough to allow of two divisions, one side for your hair-brushes, the other for your cloth and hat brush and shoe-horn; while strong broad elastic straps will keep your combs, hand-glass, nail-scissors, button-hook, etc., firmly attached to the lid. Line this box with glazed twill lining, gray is best, slightly wadded and fixed to cardboard, made to fit the box exactly, so that it may be easily taken out and the covering renewed. In the hair-brush division keep a small, fine towel (an old, soft towel, cut in four, is capital for this purpose) to rub your brushes on after using them. This keeps them clean, and saves the incessant washing they otherwise require, and which always tends to spoil them, no matter how carefully done. This box is useful on a journey, if you do not possess a traveling-bag, for in it you can pack your pincushion, your needle, thread, and button-box, and all your little toilet-table accessories, and so have them altogether at hand, instead of having each individual article to hunt for.

Another thing is the back of one's looking-glass. Certainly, as seen from the street, this is *not* an attractive object; but until upholsterers kindly take in that this part of the mirror requires attention as well as the front, one's best attempt at decoration can be but a makeshift. Draperies are pretty, but they crush and soil; and besides, if candles are used on the dressing-table, they are often decidedly dangerous. Almost the best plan is to cut a piece of cardboard the exact size of the back, and cover this with material to match the rest of the room, either stretched plainly over it or puffed, quilted, or gathered, as you choose, finishing off with a bright cord all round, and fastening the whole in with

tiny furniture tacks. Really the best thing would be to have a back fitted on of the same polished wood as the stand, but this is always expensive, and not always attainable.

For wash-stand screens, the most serviceable are the wicker-work ones, as they keep clean and fresh-looking, and, by hooking on to the stand, save nails in the wall. If these do not please, pieces of plain sheeting, with bands of color, hung in rather full folds to a tiny rod, supported by nails at each end, look nice; or they may be worked to match the rest of the furniture, and strained across plain, fastening them with strong drawing-pins. Screens made of thick card-board, covered with strong wall paper, made to simulate tiles, and well varnished, look fresh and nice, if you don't mind the sham, and, at all events, they are easily renewed. I saw these in use once at a large hotel, and certainly the effect was good, and the housemaid told me they lasted well, and were easily kept clean with a damp cloth. A bath blanket is another most comfortable, and even pretty, adjunct. A yard square of white or gray felt or blanket (an ordinary blanket cut into three or four, according to whether the blanket has a striped edge or not), either bound with

bright braid or button-holed round, embroidered with a large bold spray, to match the rest, if possible, looks well, and is large enough for all useful purposes.

Time and space alike would fail me to tell of the many little things one can make, at but small cost, and which all add to the comfort and beauty of one's room. Sachets for handkerchiefs, ties, collars, and cuffs are pretty and nice at all times, but in traveling they are really comforts, as the flatter such articles can be packed, the less room do they take, and the better do they carry. Then again, wall-pockets (of varying sizes, according to the contents they are intended to hold), combing-jackets, dressing-gowns, night-gown cases, all these can be ornamented, and never look so pretty as when they seem to be a part of the room, and to harmonize with the other things in it. Each individually may be beautiful and in perfect taste, and yet if they are all different they seem to miss the dainty perfection found in far similar specimens which have one idea running through them, and, harmonizing thoroughly with their surroundings, seem to form a complete whole, and to be characteristic of and peculiar to their owner.

LA VIEILLE.

LITERATURE AND ART.

Switzerland. By HARRIET SLIDELL MACKENZIE. *Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.*

Switzerland has had many historians, but of all the books written and printed upon that wonderful little republic we cannot call to mind one which can be classed as a popular history. Some of them are too elaborate in detail, others are too strongly interlarded with political dissertations, and others still are partial or imperfect in their treatment. What has been needed is a bright, well-written story of the country, not too wide in scope or diffuse in treatment; a work which should give an idea not only of the various and succeeding stages of historic development through which it has passed, but a fair account of its present condition. For the past fifty years Switzerland has been overrun in the traveling season by visitors, a large number of whom are Americans; and the letters which are written home and find place in hundreds of American newspapers, descriptive of its scenery, climate, and people, have made all these familiar to those who have been obliged to remain all their lives on this side the water. But Switzerland has something more to recommend it to those who read than its mere physical features, its waterfalls and lakes, its mountains and glaciers. There is as great a charm in its political independence, and in the history of the causes which led to it. As has been remarked, Switzerland may be considered an epitome of civilized Europe; all the parties, the theories, the expectations and the pretensions which agitate larger States may be seen here, making it a country as remarkable among the States of the Old World for its moral as well as its physical peculiarities. Miss Mackenzie has been a close student of the history of the country, and her volume deserves a prominent place in our literature. It is very fully illustrated, and bound uniform with the previous issues of this series, *India and Egypt*.

Bellah. A Passionate Love Story. By OCTAVE FEUILLET. *Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*

This story is founded on an incident of the Vendean war, with which the author has interwoven a passionate love story. Bellah, its heroine, is one of those characters whose patriotism and spirit of self-sacrifice are such that they are ready to die for king, country, and those they love, if needs be. The scene is laid in Brittany, a part of France more full of picturesque legends than any other. The general tone of the work also shows a due respect for the moral sensibilities of the reader, a somewhat unusual quality with most French writers.

Bird's-eye Views of the English Language. *For Use in the Editorial or Composing-rooms.* New York: L. H. Rodgers.

A really valuable compilation of much useful information, and in a convenient form for ready use at all times. The sheet contains rules for spelling and punctuation, rules for using capital letters, rules for letter-writing, a bird's-eye view of the correct spelling of 25,000 words of the English language, 2000 words of similar pronunciation, and 20,000 synonymous words, the whole concisely and systematically arranged for immediate and ready reference.

Norfolk as a Business Centre; Its Principal Industries and Trades. By CARY W. JONES. *Norfolk, Va.: Cary W. Jones.*

We are in receipt of a copy of this work through the courtesy of its publisher, Mr. Jones, a gentleman who appears to be fully alive to the business interests and advantages of our sister city of the South. The work is handsomely gotten up and in a style that exhibits the display of much tact and

good judgment. It opens with a beautifully executed map of Norfolk, Portsmouth, Berkley, and Atlantic City, with localities and improvements, fixed down to the present day, from which can be gathered an idea of the magnificent harbor facilities that no pen-picture could furnish, and this is followed by fine cuts of the leading streets, principal business houses, hotels, theatres, cotton compresses, etc., interspersed throughout the book, showing what is done in almost every branch of trade or business enterprise.

Nor are the extensive statistical tables relating to its trade the least valuable features of the work, showing, as they do, what has been done in respect to exports and domestic trade since 1865.

The Earl of Mayfield. *A Historical Novel.* By THOMAS P. MAY. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

This is a work that has achieved a great popularity, seven editions having already been exhausted. The present, revised by the author, is the eighth. It is the story of a young sugar-planter, who, in the course of his journey in life, falls in love with a charming woman, and is a novel of more than usual power and interest. In language and style it has a finish of elegance, and its details are so cleverly managed, that the interest of the reader is maintained throughout. The plot is a marvel of artistic skill, and is carefully and skillfully developed. The dialogue is excellent, the descriptions are vivid, and the characters are happily conceived, graphically drawn, and delineated with a master-hand. The opening scenes transpire in our own sunny South, and the beauties of that region are depicted in glowing language of rare beauty. From this country the scene shifts to Italy, with which lovely region of Europe the author is familiar, and which he appreciates with all the zest of an unaffected, enthusiastic lover of nature. The events in the closing chapters transpire in England, and an English home is described with peculiar beauty. The descriptions are exquisite; the dialogue has a sustained interest, and the whole book is a lovely, pleasant, healthful story.

Hand-Book of English Synonyms. *With an Appendix Showing the Correct Uses of Prepositions, also a Collection of Foreign Phrases.* By L. J. CAMPBELL. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

This is a neat little work that will prove of inestimable value not only to amateur writers, but also to the professional writer, in that it will enable one to select the appropriate word, which for the moment cannot be recalled, whenever it is desired to vary a form of expression or to speak with greater precision.

An additional feature of immense value will also be found in the Appendix, showing the proper treatment of prepositions with their right use in connection with certain words.

History of Woman Suffrage. *Edited by* ELIZABETH CADY STANTON, SUSAN B. ANTHONY, and MATILDA JOSLYN GAGE. *Illustrated with Steel Engravings.* In two volumes. New York: Fowler & Wells.

We have received the first volume of this work, which has just been issued by the publishers in a large and handsome style. In its preparation the eminent ladies, whose names

appear as its editors, had for their special object the putting "into permanent shape the few scattered reports of the woman suffrage movement still to be found, and to make it an arsenal of facts for those who are beginning to inquire into the demands and arguments of the leaders of this reform."

Although the continued discussion of the political rights of woman during the last thirty years forms a most important link in the chain of influences tending to her emancipation, no attempt at its history has been heretofore made. In giving the inception and progress of the suffrage agitation, those who have, in the present instance, undertaken the task have been moved, we are given to understand, by the consideration that many of their co-workers have already fallen asleep, and that in a few years all who could tell the story will have passed away.

Woven with the threads of this history, some personal reminiscences and brief biographical sketches are given, which materially add to the interest and attractiveness of the work, aside from the very excellent steel-plate portraits of the handsome women which also adorn its pages.

E. Steiger & Co., New York, will issue this month an abridgment of their popular "Cyclopædia of Education," by Kiddle & Schom, under the title "The Dictionary of Education and Instruction." The work will embrace, in a modified and abbreviated form, those articles especially which relate directly to the theory and practice of teaching and home education.

From the specimen pages before us, we should judge the work to be of great service both to teachers and parents, whether for study or reference. It comprises valuable information on all educational topics, and forms an indispensable compendium of instruction for the class-room and the family.

A Sunny Life, by Robert Broomfield, and published by W. B. Smith & Co., New York, is the title of a delightfully fresh and helpful biographical volume, full of gentle and religious suggestiveness, for Sunday Schools and family reading. In deep contrast with it stands another book, published by the same firm, and received at the same time. The latter is entitled "Jerusha's Jim," and is an exquisitely pathetic and pretty story. Although the author's name does not appear, his character is fully developed by its reading, and his language and the happy faculty he possesses of making one laugh almost constantly from its beginning to its ending.

The Œdipus Tyrannus.—It is said that the several performances of the Greek play at Cambridge yielded a handsome profit, and that it is intended to devote the proceeds to founding a prize in the Greek department. It is also contemplated to make the production of the classical drama in the Sanders Theatre an established institution, and a Latin play for next year is already talked of.

The corporate name of Scribner & Co. has been changed to that of "The Century Co." The July issues of "Scribner's Monthly" and "St. Nicholas" will bear the new imprint, but we understand the title of the Monthly will not be changed until the close of the present volume.

Wit and Wisdom.—A sixteen-page quarto magazine, published weekly in New York City, under the title of "Wit and Wisdom," has made its appearance, and gives us a goodly share of the humorous sayings and witticisms of the day.

American Art News.—The Salmagundi Sketch Club, of New York, announces its fourth annual exhibition of black and white art for the first three weeks of December, 1881.—The Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts has issued a circular, from which we are informed that for its proposed exhibition in November and December, 1881, arrangements have been made which will insure a superior representation of the American artists in Europe, and that it is earnestly desired that our home artists should be equally well represented, and in a manner satisfactory to themselves. The collection is to be limited to paintings in oil, and it is suggested that each artist enter no more than two works; but within these limits every effort will be made to give a comprehensive view of the highest achievements of the American art of the present day. The expenses of transportation on pictures from New York, Boston, Pittsburg, and Baltimore will be defrayed by the Academy.—The New York Etching Club also contemplates holding an exhibition of etchings in conjunction with the annual exhibition of the American Water Color Society. The club desires to make this the most important exhibition ever held, and invites contributions from all etchers in the United States.

Prize Award.—In the three prizes in class X for black and white drawings for frontispiece in "Wide Awake Magazine," offered by Messrs. D. Lothrop & Co., its publishers, Mr. H. T. Lungren, of New York, was awarded both the first and second prizes.

Schools of Art in England.—Great attention is given in England to schools of art for the working-classes. At the Industrial Exhibition at the Crystal Palace, in London, in 1851, it was found that France and Belgium were far in advance of England in all manufactures which demand peculiar skill in combining beautiful forms and colors. They had schools of art in which workmen were trained, and it was seen that England would lose supremacy in manufactures unless similar schools were established there.

A department of the government was formed to devise measures for this end. It has acted wisely. Many schools have been established to give instruction in designing, and the elements of drawing were made a part of the course in parochial schools. Evening schools were also opened, with free instruction for all unable to pay, and in these schools special prizes are given to those excelling in drawing. The success has been very satisfactory. In 1851 the number of pupils instructed in art was only 3296, and now the number has increased to more than quarter of a million.

Artistic and Industrial Work.—The potent cause for the separation between artistic and industrial work was the rapid growth of the manufacturing system in Northern Europe. During the Middle Ages, the painter, the sculptor, and the wood-carver were all higher handicraftsmen, whose handicraft merged insensibly into that of the decorator,

joiner, jeweler, and potter. These lower grades still gave an opportunity for the display of individual taste, of artistic fancy, of that capricious quaintness which forms, perhaps, the greatest charm of mediæval workmanship. But, with the employment of machinery, the separation became broad and pronounced. Steam-woven patterns and calico prints have superseded the hand-made embroidery and rich brocades of earlier times. Cheap moulded crockery and stamped designs have taken the place of jars turned upon the wheel, and painted decorations. Wall-papers hang where tapestry hung before, and chintzes cover the chairs that were once covered by delicate needlework. Electroplate tea-pots, machine-made jewelry, and ungainly porcelain vases replace the handicraft of humbler Cellinis, unknown Ghibertis, or inglorious Palissys. Under the influence of this cause, industrialism became frankly cheap and ugly, while æstheticism retreated into the lofty upper regions of the three recognized fine arts. In proportion as the industrial system was more or less developed in each European country did the divorce become absolute. In Italy and the South, where the manufacturing spirit never gained a firm footing, individual workmanship survived and still survives. Florentine mosaics, Roman cameos, Genoese filigree work, Venetian glass, are all of them relics of the old artistic handicraft which has lived on unmoved among the quiet Italian towns. In France, more manufacturing than Italy, but less so (at least during the eighteenth century) than England, we find a sort of intermediate stage in Sévres porcelain and Gobelins tapestry, in Louis Quinze marquetry and Dieppe ivory-carving. But in England the gap was truly a great gulf. Between the Royal Academy and the Birmingham and Manchester workshops there was no common term. Most of our manufactures were simply and unpretentiously utilitarian. They had no affectation of beauty in any way. Whatever art-furniture existed in the country—mosaic tables or buhl cabinets in a few noble houses—was brought from those Southern lands where industrialism had not yet killed out the native art faculties of the people. A piece or two of Chinese porcelain, a stray bit of Indian carving, an Oriental rug or embroidered cushion here and there carried the mind away to Eastern countries where steam and factories were yet wholly unknown. But at home the stereotyped uniformity of manufacturing ugliness bore undivided sway, and if a solitary Wedgwood at rare intervals had originality enough to set up some attempt at artistic industrial work, his aspirations naturally cast themselves in the prevailing classical mould. From these tendencies two evil results inevitably flowed. In the first place, art came to be looked upon by the mass, even of the middle classes, as something wholly apart from everyday life. The æsthetic faculty was a sense to be gratified by an annual visit to the Academy, an occasional perambulation of the National Gallery, and perhaps a single pilgrimage during a life-time to Rome and Florence. For the lower classes art ceased to exist at all. Their few sticks of furniture, their bits of glass and crockery were all turned out on the strictly manufacturing pattern, with the least possible expenditure of time and money. Only the extreme upper class, the landed aristocracy and very wealthy merchants, could afford to live in an atmosphere of pictures and statues of Italian art-furniture and Oriental porcelain.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

The Power of "Society."—A New York paper illustrates the magical power of "Society" by the following incident which occurred at a New York dinner-party: A gentleman was requested to take down to dinner a lady, between whose family and his own a bitter feud, complicated with an expensive lawsuit, had existed for years. He and she went down together, and throughout a meal of sixteen courses entertained each other in the most admirable style. The host, at the close of the evening, after learning the mistake he had made, apologized to the gentleman.

"It is of no consequence, my dear fellow," was the reply. "I have taken that lady into dinner five times this winter, and we pass each other the next day without even a bow of recognition. In all probability the breach will never be healed, but we shall continue to amuse each other at dinner-parties as long as our friends persist in placing us side by side."

In any other relation in life these persons could not be brought together without striking fire in some way; but as members of the "best society," the sense of their awful responsibility was an all-sufficient restraint. Imagine the conduct of the same parties at a church sociable, or even within the sanctuary—if so be they are ever found there. But society is right in its teachings and requirements in this respect. Individuals have no right to bring their private differences and disagreements into a company of which they are a part. Any other course would be not only disrespectful to the host, but would render the company disagreeable to all present. How many a church quarrel would be avoided if this simple principle were acted upon oftener in church societies!

Was genuine gallantry ever better described than in the following words in which Mr. Trevelyan, in the early history of Charles James Fox, shows clearly why it was that the brilliant statesman was so greatly admired and loved by ladies? "His notion of true gallantry was to treat women as beings who stood on the same intellectual table-land as himself; to give them the very best of his thought and his knowledge, as well as of his humor and his eloquence; to invite and weigh their advice in seasons of difficulty; and if they ever urged him to steps which his judgment or his conscience disapproved, not to elude them with half-contemptuous banter, but to convince by plain-spoken and serious remonstrance."

Good Manners.—

"For Manners are not idle, but the fruit
Of loyal nature and of noble mind."

Hardly a person but numbers among his friends some ladies that are always the favorites of the circles in which they move. About them you will always see a group of animated people, listening to their words, contributing to their comfort, basking in their smiles.

Swiftly and pleasantly glide away the minutes that you pass in their society. You leave them with regret. In some unconscious way virtue has passed from them into you. You feel that you are better, that life is sweeter and brighter. You are sure, for a few minutes at least, that life is worth living. All the pessimistic tendencies of your nature are vanquished and put to rout.

And yet, if you tried to explain to yourself or others the strange and wonderful influence you have felt when with such a person, you would find it extremely difficult to analyze its causes and discover its secret. You recall her words, and are surprised when you reflect how little they really contain of superior wisdom. Almost any other lady of your acquaintance might have said them, and yet, for all that, there seemed a wisdom and grace in them beyond expression as she uttered them. There was such sweetness of manner, such sympathy of tone, such unconsciousness and forgetfulness of self. It was the deep interest she manifested in you and your affairs which lent such a charm to her words. And you feel perfectly sure, from her quiet, unobtrusive way of showing it, that it was no mere affectation of the moment, but that it was the sincere and genuine sentiment of her heart. Indeed, you are convinced that kindness and sincerity are her most striking characteristics. Ah! then you are getting some insight into the causes of her influence. You are unconsciously explaining the sources of her power to charm you. It is her real interest in you, it is the sweet kindness of her manner, the tender sympathy of her voice, the perfect sincerity of her character manifested clearly by all she says and does. She is oblivious of self. Whether she is winning admiration or attracting attention does not enter her thought, any more than the lily of the valley or the moss-rose seeks consciously for admiration. You never think whether she is fair or plain. Her features, however commonplace or unattractive, are transfigured by a light from within. You feel that perfection of character and loveliness of soul are more precious than the dimpled chin and "faultily faultless" features of a self-conscious and exacting beauty.

Of all the famous French women who are remembered for their influence in society and over men, no one probably ever exerted a more powerful fascination over all who came within the sphere of her attraction than Madame Recamier. She was called beautiful; but the portraits we have of her hardly justify the use of so strong a term. She could not be compared, in this respect, with many women of the time who were far less charming. And when she became an aged woman and all charms of person were gone, her sway over the hearts of others was no less powerful than before.

Wherein did the magic of her influence consist? Simply in her sincere and unaffected interest in the fortunes of her friends; in her power of entering fully into their purposes and plans, and of sympathizing with them in their success and in their failure. She wrote no books, nor had she, indeed, much literary power and discrimination; but authors

brought their books and read them to her. She was not an artist; but painters brought their pictures for her opinion. And statesmen came to her with their projects and were influenced by her counsel. She felt the deepest, truest sympathy with the work of her friends, and really cared for their success. They were sure of the kindest consideration and the fullest sympathy. Is it to be wondered at that her influence was so great?

Her wonderful success should lead ladies, and especially young ladies just entering society, to study her methods and learn her secret. Not to attract attention and win admiration, but to make people happy, is the secret of real success in society. True politeness is simple, unaffected kindness. A beautiful face and a splendid toilet cannot make a selfish, self-conscious, imperious woman either loved or admired.

"Howe'er it be it seems to me
'Tis only noble to be good."

And it is just this goodness which is the basis of all good manners.

The Bloom of Age.—A good woman never grows old. Years may pass over her head, but if benevolence and virtue dwell in her heart she is as cheerful as when the spring of life first opened to her view. When we look upon a good woman we never think of her age; she looks as charming as when the rose of youth first bloomed on her cheek. That rose has not faded yet; it will never fade. In her neighborhood she is the friend and benefactor. Who does not respect and love the woman who has passed her days in acts of kindness and mercy,—who has been the friend of man and God,—whose whole life has been a scene of kindness and love and a devotion to truth? We repeat, such a woman cannot grow old. She will always be fresh and buoyant in spirit, and active in humble deeds of mercy and benevolence. If the young lady desires to retain the bloom and beauty of youth, let her not yield to the sway of fashion and folly; let her love truth and virtue, and to the close of life she will retain those feelings which now make life appear a garden of sweets, ever fresh and ever new.

Idle Young Women.—One of the still widely prevalent ideas for which we are indebted, no doubt, to the false notions of chivalry which regarded women as the mere ornaments and playthings of life, is that which makes work and gentility or respectability incompatible in the case of young women. "Oh, she works for a living!" fixes in too many minds at once the social status of the person of whom it is spoken. In the case of the extremely wealthy, it is not expected that either sex will do much work. They can make a business of amusement and pleasure-seeking. In the lower ranks of society, all must work in order to live, and no thought or care is given as to what people may say or think. They do not make up "society"; they can do as they please and as they must. But between these two extremes there is an immense middle class, the majority of our people who are neither rich nor yet poor, but who, through the savings of past years and the efforts of fathers and brothers, manage to get on in comparative comfort from

year to year. It is among this class that the feeling too often obtains that the young women cannot engage in work without at once losing caste. The young men, on reaching a suitable age, are, of course, put to doing something, by which they can make their own way in life. But their sisters idle away their time without object or aim or pursuit, save to make the most of their opportunities for dress and society, and to wait, too often with that hope deferred which maketh the heart sick, for the appearance of that kindly creature in male attire who shall dispel the ennui of their purposeless existence with the magic wand of an offer of marriage.

Happily this absurd feeling or belief is constantly losing ground, and people are more and more coming to see that those who have no aim or object in life, while others around them are toiling and making sacrifices for their support, fall far short, not only of the glory of life, but of true comfort and enjoyment. Surely it is a selfish soul indeed that can accept the necessities and comforts of life without offering to share in the labor of their production.

A recent book, by Phillis Browne, entitled "What Girls can Do," discusses this entire question from the English standpoint. Though the classes are much more sharply defined in England than with us, yet, after all, the conditions of life and society, for the great majority of people, are so nearly the same in both countries that social studies applicable to the one cannot help but be valuable to the other.

"No one," writes this author, "who has gone through the world with eyes open, can have failed to see that a great many girls lead idle lives, and that a great many mothers permit them to do so. I believe, however, that nobody is more painfully conscious of this condition of things than the girls and the mothers themselves, and that they would be very glad to listen to any one who would point out to them a way of escape from the misery of it, provided only that the 'way' indicated was possible and within their reach. The problem of to-day with both mothers and daughters is not 'Shall I work?' but 'What can I do?'" And so it was "with the desire of helping them in this difficulty" that the book mentioned was written. And no earnest mother or dissatisfied daughter but will find it full of valuable suggestions. Under the general heads, "Work for Duty," "Work for Pleasure," and "Work for Necessity," are pointed out "some of the directions in which girls who do not need to work for a livelihood may do good service for others, and engage in pleasurable work on their own account," and "to those who wish to work for a living" many hints and much practical advice are given.

The evil effects of the life of idleness led by too many girls after their school-days are over are clearly portrayed.

"The day," she says, "that a girl leaves school—'finishes her education,' as it is called—is one of the greatest importance to her. It is the dividing-line between two periods: the one in which she has been guided by others, and the one in which she is to a great extent to be a guide to herself. Her character for life will be largely determined by the course she pursues during the next few years. Many hundreds of girls at the present time are being ruined simply for the want of something to do. This is by no means entirely their own fault. They have not been put to anything by their

friends, and they have not sufficient energy and determination to make a beginning for themselves, and so their lives are wasted. They work hard enough when they are at school; but when they leave it they have no particular object in life. They dawdle through the mornings, dress themselves up and go out in the afternoons, and either visit or go to some place of amusement in the evenings, and so get through the months and years. Of course their characters suffer. They grow selfish, and small, and narrow-minded. They delight in gossip, care for nothing but show and admiration, and look upon marriage as the crowning object of life. Sensible people of both sexes despise them, good people mourn over them. They are said to do nothing, but really they do incalculable harm. They degrade the name of woman, which ought to be a refining and elevating influence, and make it a by-word and a scorn."

Upon a nature so blunted and narrowed, effort in others' behalf, earnest, unselfish work, acts with magical effect.

"It has power to convert the thoughtless, foolish trifler into the earnest, reliable woman. When once a girl comes to feel that others are dependent upon her for happiness or comfort, that she is doing good work no one else can do so well, she begins instantly to respect herself, and to act as if she did. The powers grow with the use of them, her nature expands, that which is small and frivolous becomes uninteresting to her, while that which is useful and real takes its right place."

Whether under the necessity of working or not, every young woman should have regular occupation of some sort; that is, some worthy object of some sort which she is regularly pursuing. Music and literature and art and works of benevolence and charity open endless fields for effort for those who have no need to work. By such means they can constantly add to their own culture, to the refinement and adornment of life, or to the comfort and well-being of the needy. When the family circumstances are not such that the daughter's assistance is unnecessary, she should not hesitate in bearing her share of the household burdens, or by teaching, or the performance of any other honest and honorable work to contribute to her support. The important thing is to have regular and rational employment. For the mind occupied with trivialities or nothing, becomes trivial or inane. And the girl who looks to marriage as the end-all of her existence is the least worthy to assume its holy duties.

ANNA M. B.

Thought Indestructible.—Few of us, till we advance in life, can fully realize what a terrible power the memory is. The Christ, with his divine insight, said, "Every idle word that men shall speak they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment." Doubtless this must be so, for our words are the outcome of character.

We need only listen to half a dozen words of a stranger to know his mental and moral character. The tone, the intonation, the tendency of thought, proclaim the man. If all this be true in our limited observation, how much more must it be true in those eternal issues in which we believe, and in view of which we shape our aspirations.

The soul is the ineffaceable tablet on which is written the *alphabet of character*. What we are, what we have said,

what we have done, with what motives, make up the sum total of character.

Persons insane of fever often experience a sudden revival of old experiences, and shock their friends by unexpected revelations; and the testimony of persons partially drowned is to the same effect, that mental experiences are never obliterated. Thought cannot die.

Often have I heard my mother tell of my father's narrow escape from drowning. His sensations just before losing consciousness afford strong confirmation of the point I am urging. He had attended religious services on shore in the evening, and on returning to the vessel of which he was captain, did not observe that the rising tide had caused it to drift away from the wharf. Springing lightly on board, as he supposed, he fell between the ship and the wharf. Fortunately his fall was heard, and a boat instantly launched for the rescue; but when taken up life seemed extinct. Consciousness was at last restored, and he related his experience, often saying that as he fell there was the thought, "What dreadful news my death will be to my wife!" But he felt no pain, rather sensations of pleasure. He said:

"I saw, as on a written page, not only all I had ever done and said, but thought. Little childish pleasures and misdemeanors, youthful vagaries, and the aspirations, joys, and experiences of manhood. All was there. I felt no pain, no surprise; had no sense of merit or demerit. It was like reading a book—but the book was the record of my life."

This is surely full of suggestion. Some scientists of our day have doubted the truth of statements like the above, but there is no doubt of their authenticity in this case.

I suppose that in any death the severing of the thread of life is devoid of pain. It is not the turning of the face to the wall that fills the soul with trembling, but after death, the judgment which seems to be pronounced by ourselves upon ourselves, when the book shall be opened and the uneffaceable record brought to light.

Mrs. Muloch-Craik gives us in graceful language this same thought in the little poem, "The Flower of a Day," when she speaks of the archangel

"That day by day writes our life chronicle,
And turns the page, the half-forgotten page,
Which all eternity will never blot."

But a moment's reflection teaches her that it is not even "half forgotten." She proceeds:

"Forgotten? No, we never do forget;
We let the years go: wash them clean with tears,
Leave them to bleach, out in the open day,
Or lock them carefully, like dead friends' clothes,
Till we shall dare unfold them without pain,—
But we forget not, never can forget."

E. O. S.

Flowers.—In the East, flowers are alluded to as the language of love, when the tongue is forbidden the story of the heart; and we know of no more beautiful medium of communication between youth and beauty than these fragrant and fragile gems of color and odor.

POT-POURRI.

The proverbs of a people are often illustrated by or take their rise in stories of a humorous character, and Arab proverbs are no exception to the rule. Here is an instance: There was a certain shoemaker named Honein, and an Arab came to purchase a pair of shoes at his shop. The usual bargaining began, the cobbler asking twice the proper price, and the Bedouin offering half; the son of the desert, however, was impatient, and before the proper mean had been arrived at, gave up the game of haggling, and went off in high dudgeon. Honein resolved on revenge, and, hurrying forward on the road where he knew the Arab would have to pass, he threw down one of the shoes. Presently the Arab came up, and, seeing the shoe, said to himself:

"How like this is to one of Honein's shoes; if the other were but with it, I would take them."

Honein had in the meanwhile gone on farther still, and thrown down the other shoe, hiding himself close by to watch the fun. When the desert Arab came to the second shoe, he regretted having left the first, but tying up his camel, went back to fetch it. Honein at once mounted and rode off home, well satisfied with the exchange of a camel for a pair of shoes. When the Arab returned on foot to his tribe, and they asked what he had brought back from his journey, he replied, "I have brought back nothing but Honein's shoes."

And the saying became proverbial for a bootless errand.

Another is told of a certain El Mehdi, who, being out hunting one day, came upon the hut of an Arab, who set some simple fare before him, but supplemented it with a bottle of wine. The caliph drank a glass, and said, "Oh, brother of the Arabs! do you know who I am?"

"No, by Allah!" was the reply.

"I am one of the personal attendants of the commander of the Faithful."

"I congratulate you on your post," said the other.

Tossing off another glass, El Mehdi repeated the question, and the Arab reminded him that he had just told him that he was one of the caliph's suite.

"Nay," said El Mehdi, "but I am one of his principal officers."

"I wish you joy," said the Arab.

After a third glass, the caliph again began:

"Oh, brother of the Arabs! do you know who I am?"

"You say that you are one of the commander of the Faithful's chief officers," answered the Arab.

"Not so," said El Mehdi, "I am the commander of the Faithful himself!"

The Arab, on hearing this, quietly took the bottle of wine from the table, and put it away with the sententious remark:

"If you were to drink another glass, you would declare that you were the Prophet himself!"

The following anecdote is related of a sentry at Wool-

wich dock-yard, England, on a certain important occasion when the public were rigorously excluded. A gentleman in plain clothes was about to pass the gate, when the sentinel barred his approach and said he had orders to let no one pass in. "But I am Admiral Mundy," expostulated the other. "I can't help it," replied the faithful sentry, "if you are Admiral Tuesday week!"

Something came from the interchange of civilities between Nelson and Benjamin West, the painter. Just before the famous admiral left England for the last time, West sat next him at a dinner in his honor. Conversing with Sir William Hamilton, who sat on his other side, Nelson lamented his want of taste for art, but said there was one picture the power of which he felt, for he never passed a print-shop where "The Death of Wolfe" was exhibited without being stopped by it; and turning to the gratified hearer on his other hand, he asked why he had painted no more pictures like it.

"Because, my lord," replied the artist, "there are no more subjects. But I fear your intrepidity will yet furnish me with such another scene, and if it should, I shall certainly avail myself of it."

"Will you, Mr. West?" cried Nelson. "Then I hope I shall die in the next battle."

Trafalgar realized the hero's hope, and West redeemed his promise by painting "The Death of Nelson."

Many ludicrous circumstances lent variety to the court life of George III., and gave vivacity to the conversation in the home-circle. Thus, when a mayor and alderman were admitted to the honor of a presentation to the queen, and the mayor advanced to kiss her hand:

"You must kneel, sir," said Colonel Gwynne.

"I can't, sir," said the mayor.

"You must bend the knee; you must kneel," insisted the colonel.

But instead of complying with the colonel's directions, the mayor seized the queen's hand and carried it to his lips with much more of loyal heartiness than of courtly refinement. The worst of it was that all the aldermen followed suit, supposing their chief had done the right thing. As the mayor was retiring, the colonel indignantly interfered.

"You ought to have knelt, sir."

"I could not do it," said the mayor.

"Everybody else can kneel," declared the colonel, supposing no doubt that here was a French republican on English soil.

"Yes, sir," returned the mayor; "but I have a wooden leg!"

From the following, taken from an English exchange, it appears that our Continental friends can appreciate a good thing when they hear it:

An American druggist's apprentice during his master's absence became very voluble to a customer. Said the apprentice, half in soliloquy and half in narrative, "The drug business is terrific. These porous plasters. The old man has a national reputation for them. He makes 'em out of old sun-bonnets, old hats, and glue—cuts up the sun-bonnets and smears on the glue; and when you get one of his plasters on your back it is there for life. There's a man comes in here most every day to swear at the old man because he put on one of our plasters for a lame back in 1848, and as he couldn't get it off, the skin grew over it like the bark of a tree, you know. That plaster has worked further and further in, until now it's gone to his lungs, and it pulls at his left lung in a way to set him crazy. He is a very remarkable chemist—the old man. I do believe he could make paregoric out of umbrellas, and boil down an illustrated weekly paper into attar of roses. He has a most remarkable ingenuity. You wouldn't believe."

The following excellent story is related of an able officer in the late war of the Rebellion, who had a winning way of making himself disagreeable to the boys who were volunteers, and did not like the red tape of the "regular." The gallant colonel was one day riding along his picket and guard line to see how the men performed their duties. One of the sentinels failed to give him the customary salute, and Colonel D—— proposed to the guard to take his place and instruct him. The colonel dismounted, took the private's gun, and assumed the duties of a sentinel; the private, mounting his commander's charger, rode away, wheeled around, and advanced on the line, and as he approached, the "commander of the brigade" assumed the position of "present arms," our high-private returning the salute in the most approved military style, and rode on and into camp, some four miles distant, and it required some hours to relieve the officer in his distress. When relieved, he proceeded direct to headquarters and discovered the man in his tent, blouse, and slippers, and outside of an unknown quantity of the colonel's whisky, who wanted to know what in the — he was doing there, and received the reply, "I'm Colonel D——."

"The — you are; you're drunk!"

"Well," was the bewildered reply, "how could I be Colonel D—— if I was not drunk?"

There must be something wrong about the family government when a four-year-old boy is overheard praying:

"O Lord, take all the naughty out of Johnny, and all the scold out of papa, and all the punish out of mamma. Amen."

No doubt the little fellow fell asleep after that in a blissful confidence that life was going to be brighter for him.

The *Wall Street News* has the following squib, which seems to us, for wit and satire, to be worthy of a more enduring abiding place than the ephemeral newspaper:

"You see that man just crossing the street?" remarked a Chicago man to a New Yorker, whom he was towing around to see the sights. "Well, that man sold pop-corn in this city for twenty-two years, and he is worth \$150,000." "Did he make it selling pop-corn?" "Oh, no. He made his

pile buying lake-front lots." Pretty soon the guide called his attention to a man standing in the door of a bank, and added: "That man opened the first Bible house west of New York City. Thirty years ago he was rat poor. To-day he runs that bank." "Did he make his money selling Bibles?" "Oh, no. He bought prairie land, and held on to it." In the course of ten minutes a big building was pointed out as belonging to a man who reached Chicago nineteen years ago with only fifty cents in his pocket. He opened a night-school and now reveled in wealth. "Did he make it all teaching school?" asked the New Yorker. "Oh, no. He went into the dray business as soon as he had money enough to buy a horse." After several more like cases had been referred to, the visitor asked, "Have you one single man in Chicago who has made money in the business he first started into?" "Have we? Let's see. Let's see. Yes, we have. I know a man on State street who went into the whisky business twenty years ago, has stuck right to it and is worth a hundred thousand dollars. If he'd only been sharp enough to turn around after ten years and open an undertaker's shop and bury his customers, he'd now be a millionaire!"

A San Francisco journal reports the following precious information:

"An 'old tar' has recently prepared a hand-book of nautical terms for the use of persons who intend to follow the sea. In order to correct popular belief, our author gravely asserts that the berths on board ship do not necessarily add to the census. The hatchways are not hens' nests. The weigh of the ship is not the extent of her avoirdupois. The boatswain does not pipe all hands with a meerschauum. The ship does not have a wake over a dead calm. The swell of a ship's side is not caused by dropsy, nor is the taper of a bowsprit a tallow candle. The hold is not the vessel's grip. The trough of the ship is not dug out of the ship's log. The crest of a wave is no indication of its rank. The buoy is not the captain's son. The men are not beat to quarters with a club. Ships are never boarded at hotels. The bow of a ship is no evidence of politeness. A sailor's stockings are never manufactured from a yarn of his own spinning. The sails of a ship are not made by an auctioneer, nor are the stays constructed by a milliner."

The story is told of Baron Steuben, that on one occasion he happened to hear some one speak the name Arnold. He cried out, "Who bears that traitor's name?" A soldier stepped forward, saluted the general, and said, "I do, sir. I have no other name." "Why, here is mine," instantly returned the Baron; "it is at your service. Take it." So Mr. Arnold became Mr. Steuben, and at his death the woman-hating old baron left his name-ake a large tract of land.

The following capital story is told of Grant when in Paris:

"When M. Grevy, now President of France, came to see Grant, he threw such a compliment in the general's face that Grant said in English to somebody beside him, 'How in the devil is a man to reply to a speech like that?' But

his interpreter, without the least change of countenance, said to Grevy that the magnificence of his compliment had quite shaken the general's modesty, and that he could only say that France must come to the perihelion of her glory under such rulers as Grevy. The Frenchman received the compliment back as graciously as he gave it."

Many amusing stories have been told of the ignorance or unsophistication of Congressmen, perhaps none more so than the following:

On one occasion a question involving some biblical information came up as a topic of discussion among a party of members of both houses. One accused the other of not being posted, which resulted in a wager of ten dollars that the other did not know the Lord's prayer. The money was placed in the hands of the stakeholder, a musty old Senator. The congressional biblical authority unbuttoned his coat, expanded his lungs, and shaking himself with a sense of becoming reverence and importance, began, "Now I lay me down to sleep." Number two, surprised, exclaimed, "That's enough. I give up; hand him the money." In passing over the funds the stakeholder observed, "Well, I would have gone ten dollars better that he did not know it." "That's true," said the winner, putting the money in his pocket, "but you see there's nothing like the Sunday-school. What you learn there you never forget. You see the young mind grasps better. I learned the Lord's Prayer there, and I have carried it, with many other treasures of religious learning, with me through life."

Among the letters from distinguished statesmen to Panizzi, given in his life by Fagan, recently published, one from Lord Clarendon is particularly amusing. In it is set forth, in a few lines, Thiers's estimation of England in the days previous to the Franco-German war. Lord Clarendon writes as follows of the great French statesmen:

"He really flits about Europe like a flash of lightning, and if he means to know anything about this country and its inhabitants, he ought not to come only for a week at the dearest time of the year; though, to be sure, that is only in harmony with his usual system. Don't you remember his famous note to Ellice when he (Ellice) was Secretary of the Treasury?

"MON CHER ELLICE: Je veux connaître à fond le système financier de l'Angleterre; quand pourrez vous me donner cinq minutes?"

[MY DEAR ELLICE: I wish to understand the financial system of England; when can you give me five minutes?]

Nowhere in quaint New England have more characters abounded than in the out-of-the-way by-ways of Rhode Island. Quaint stories of the departed generations are handed down to us in all their creaminess, even as the peculiarities of this will be told to the as yet unborn successors.

Many are the tales told to this day of Major Nat and his worthy wife. We fear they will appear tame in print.

Upon one occasion Major Nat was with much dignity filling the honorable and responsible position of tyler at a Masonic lodge. No one passed his drawn sword unless properly vouched for, if not personally known to him.

"Rap, rap, rap."

"Who goes there?" asks Major Nat, in a properly dignified manner.

No reply is given, but still, "Rap, rap, rap."

The major, doubtless fearing a spy, assumes a brave and warlike attitude, which plainly said, "Woe be unto any intruder."

He thinks he hears a stealthy step, his sword is raised, his lips begin to move as the intruder stealthily makes a dash before him, bent upon making an entrance to the inner lodge. The major, determined to do his duty, brings his sword down with fearful force upon the spy, at the same time fiercely demanding, "By the eternal, who vouches for you?" but the gray veteran, quivering with the force of the blow, replied not. The inquiring Masons found the major excited, his sword bloody, and a large dead rat at his feet.

There are those yet living that will with keen pleasure tell of the major's worthy wife, and of the lively times when she, too, was excited. Then it was that Major Nat would, in a sweet, husbandly tone of voice, that could not have been heard more than a mile away, say to her kindly (?): "For mercy's sakes alive, woman, shut pan, shut pan!"

To this day country people quote this for the benefit of some feminine limber-tongued scold.

Mr. and Mrs. Major Nat kept a tavern upon a much traveled stage-route. Looking out always for the possibilities of the good catches that the stage might bring to her large family of girls, it is said that, as the distant rumble was detected by her watchful ears, the major's wife would shout: "Gals, gals, the stage's a-coming, wash your faces, put on your white aprons, and run up-stairs!"

One day a solemn-looking young man descended from the stage, and seeking our eccentric but genial tavern-keeper, introduced himself as having been sent there on missionary duty, and therefore he desired to stay a few days.

"I have been appointed itinerant missionary for the interior of Rhode Island——"

The major, with sparkling eyes, interrupted him.

"Missionary to the *inferior* of R. I.? You have made a mistake in the place; it's Burrillville where they wanted you to go!"

In another Rhode Island town there is a clannish people that have lived for many generations in the same spot and moved in the same groove. One of these, who was born without a dollar and tenaciously held his own, leaving as little behind him when he made his exit as he brought with him when he made his entrance into the world, left a surprise for all, in the shape of a will, written by one accustomed to writing such instruments, and duly signed and witnessed. The probate court was fully attended, and the listeners were surprised that each of the supposed mendicant's numerous family was willed five thousand dollars! But later the finale was read: "I am perfectly willing that they should have that amount, hope they will; but they must see to getting it."

This farce was perfect in form, and all the legal minutiae necessary for a will. It was not contested.

My Elongating-Double-Action.—It's my experience that the more you allow yourself to be put upon, the more people will put upon you. I am awfully good-natured, and all that sort of thing, but sometimes good-naturedness becomes downright monotonous, and then I get mad. I don't say it's right, but I get mad, all the same. Let me give you a case in point.

The coasting at Foxtown last winter was just splendid. The track was long and steep, about twenty feet wide and as smooth as glass. I had a sled of the ordinary size, say four feet long and two and a half wide. Unfortunately, it was pronounced "the best coaster in Foxtown," and its popularity made life a burden to me. I can't remember more than three occasions when I enjoyed the right which every lover of the noble sport of coasting values so highly,—that of booming down the hill on my sled all by myself,—and then I had to steal away in the dead of night when the gang that infested the day was asleep. Twelve or fifteen self-invited passengers was a moderate load for my sled; I am sure it never carried less. How they hung on I can never tell you, but they did it, and looked, as they went down the hill, like a ragged bunch of heads, legs, and feet. I once ventured to protest in a mild way that it was hardly the fair thing to monopolize my property in that fashion, but, bless your heart, I never did it again, for my preposterous suggestion shook Foxtown from its cellars to the weather-beaten old rooster that perched on the top of its court-house steeple.

It had come to this, then, that I must give up coasting, or call on my inventive genius to rig up a sled that would accommodate itself to the demands made upon it. I could have built one large enough to hold the entire gang comfortably, but that would have been a tame affair, and as I was an inventor of some pretensions, I saw a chance for doing something famous. I determined to get up an extension-elongating-double-action coaster, with all that such a name implies. I made two runners four feet long by six inches wide, and then sliced them lengthwise into three sections each. The seat was attached to the outer section on each side, and the inner sections were so arranged that you could draw them back when desired, just as you would extend a telescope. By an ingenious and hitherto unknown device, the sections then adjusted themselves behind each other, forming a straight runner twelve feet long on each side. That ingenious device I shall keep to myself, for an inventor can't tell everything he knows—he might as well shut up his shop. A coil-spring was attached to each runner, which extended as the sections were drawn out, and served to hold them firmly in position. There were extra cross-pieces under the seat, which could be taken out and fitted on the extended sections as seats for the gang. There had been a good deal of talk around Foxtown about my sled—people will talk about a new invention, you know, no matter how hard the inventor, in his well-known diffidence and modesty, may try to keep it quiet, and on the afternoon fixed for the trial three-fourths of the population came out to the hill to see it. It was like a kite-flying day in Japan. Conspicuous among the lookers-on stood the parson and the school-master, and I determined that they should have the honor of the first trip—it would give my elongating-double-

action a good send-off. They accepted my invitation after some persuasion, and many assurances on my part that there was no danger.

Oh, my unprophetic soul, how you missed it! With the aid of two small boys I pulled out the sections, adjusted the seats, and told my distinguished passengers to take position—the school-master just behind me, and the parson at the rear end.

It required a good deal of skillful packing to get the school-master's feet stowed away snugly, for his legs were fearfully long, and his shoes measured fifteen inches from heel to toe. At last we got his legs twisted into a sort of double bow-knot, and his feet so disposed as to give me just room enough to sit down.

"Are you ready, gentlemen?" I cried.

"Ready!" they answered, rather faintly, I thought, for grown-up men, and away we went, bounding over the slippery course with a speed that would have put a cannon-ball to shame. I had just time to hear quick gasps for breath behind me, and then muttered prayers for deliverance, when the school-master's legs became untwisted in his excitement, one of his mammoth feet slipped under the runner, and my elongating-double-action collapsed like a clap of thunder, making the liveliest bit of havoc of that coasting-party that Foxtown ever saw, or ever will see again. Those fatal coil-springs! I had too many things to think about and too much to do at that supreme moment to notice particularly what followed, but as I have heard nothing else for the last four months, I now know all about it.

The rear section of the sled went from under the parson as clean as a knife, and left his two hundred and fifty pounds of flesh on the seat of his pantaloons, in which unique position he continued the trip to the bottom of the hill, where, after making the best time on record in Foxtown, he brought up in a heap of snow, a speechless, shivering, miserable man. It is credibly reported that when the baker remarked, a day or two later, "Well, parson, you would have your trip out," the parson straightway instructed his wife to have none but home-made bread in future.

The school-master did one of the neatest bits of ground-and-lofty tumbling ever witnessed off the sawdust, and lodged, head down, in snow four feet deep at the side of the track. Nothing remained visible of the unfortunate man but his fifteen-inch shoes sticking like a pair of upturned tug-boats set on poles above the snow's surface. The Foxtown Academy was closed for eight days—the master was laid up for repairs.

And I—but let that pass. My extension-elongating-double-action coaster hadn't exactly established my fame as an inventor, but for all that it was the best piece of work I ever did. Not one of the gang was bold enough to go near it, and therefore I reveled in coasting in my own way.

D. B. W.

Theodore, King of Abyssinia, is so weary of recognizing the bowing of his subjects that he has forbidden it, putting at the entrance to his throne-room the same command that is familiar at the exit of so many civilized rooms, 'Don't salaam The door!'

POTTER'S AMERICAN MONTHLY.

VOL. XVII.

AUGUST, 1881.

No. 116.

A MIDSUMMER RAMBLE.

By MAURICE M. HOWARD.



THE HARVESTERS.



"Don't you want to take a ride?" asked a reporter on a city daily, whom I chanced to meet on the shady side of Chestnut street some days ago.

"Where to, and for what purpose?" I asked in surprise.

"Why, away from these sweltering streets—out among the sweetly-scented clover-fields, and through the breezy rustling woods, where the——"

"Easy now, my dear fellow, easy; that is plenty. Tell me, now, for what purpose?"

"I don't know what you mean. Do you want to be paid for going?" he asked.

"Most assuredly I do; though not necessarily in cash. Other coin will answer as well. I want the worth of my time. I am tired of going aimlessly about 'studying human nature.' I can study that anywhere, and there is plenty of coun-

try in the Park for that matter. Yes, I want my price, and it must be a specific one," I retorted.

"I am almost inclined to let you drop, old friend," he replied, but the expression of his face indicated the contrary, the hard task lines there dissolving away into a genial look of boyish anticipation as he continued smilingly, and confident of an easy victory, "but I'll buy you up this time, if I do have to give you more than you are worth."

"Well, what shall be the price?" I asked.

the shoulder, and, whirling me "about face," said: "Here is a car."

We were aboard and *en route* in less time than it takes to tell it.

Heaven bless the man who invented the open or summer street-car! Though it was oppressively warm outside the shadow of its roof, the fresh breezes we gathered within as we bowled along West Walnut street, free from dust, with the delightful water airs from the Schuylkill when cross-



PENNSYLVANIA UNIVERSITY.—COLLEGIATE AND SCIENTIFIC DEPARTMENT.

"What say you to seeing scores of maidens coy, all dressed in spotless white?"

"Ah! that is cool and refreshing. What else?"

"Why, we shall have a good deal that is poetical, some little that is philosophical, with a modicum of the politico-economical, and as our old friend Polonius might add, 'considerable of the historical, a measure of the original, and much of the quotational.'"

"I have solved your riddle," I replied. "It's a college commencement. I see it all before me—a fresh and charming scene—proud fathers—fond mothers—admiring friends—everybody happy, especially the graduates. I am with you, and ready for the ride."

My companion almost instantly caught me by

ing the Chestnut street bridge, made the ride to the West Chester depot both pleasant and agreeable.

"Just think of it," remarked my friend, "in a few weeks more you can take the Philadelphia and West Chester trains at Fifteenth and Market, and go whirling out to your country home over the elevated road. Won't that be a grand and decided improvement?"

I thought it would, and so expressed myself. It is very evident that before long the impetus which rapid transit will give to improvements and settlements along the suburban lines of our railroads will be marked. There will be springing up around every station along these lines a multitude of little villas and unobtrusive shade-shel-

tered homes, where thousands of families can live cheaper and better than in the crowded thoroughfares of the city.

At a quarter past ten o'clock we took the "special" for Swarthmore. The West Chester and Philadelphia road, we noticed, has made some very decided improvements in its rolling stock, and has added many new and elegant coaches. The road-bed is also being heavily ballasted, and

"You are speculative. I have often thought you were touched with the German way of thinking. What is the use of pondering over forces that you cannot measure? Of course, the University, to look at the thing in a common-sense way, is a good school, and its usefulness as such is great because it is a large school; but boys come out from there with about the same training we had ten or fifteen years ago."



PENNSYLVANIA UNIVERSITY.—LIBRARY BUILDING.

laid with a double track of the best steel rails. This is owing to the fact, as we are informed, that a new and liberal policy has been inaugurated by the new management under whose control the road has lately passed.

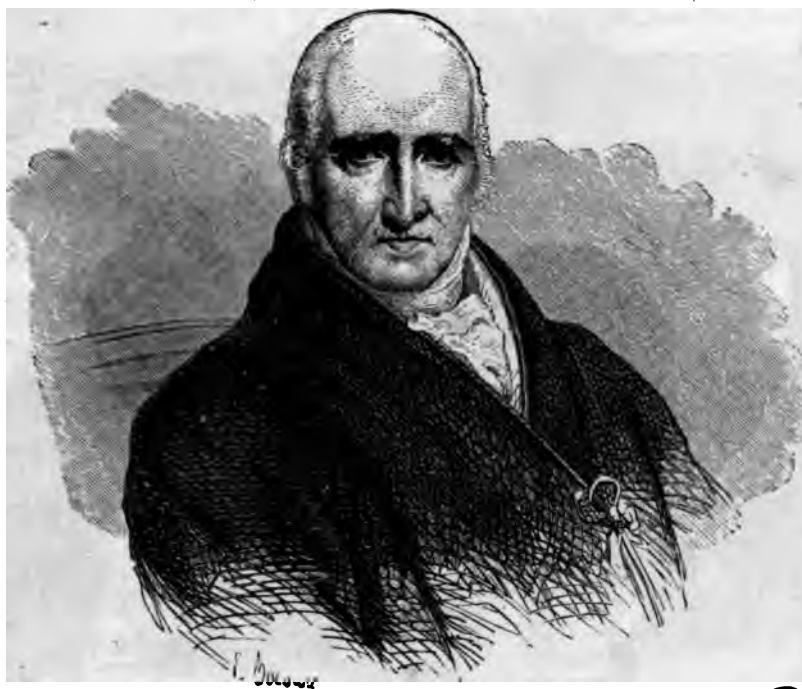
"Do you know of any group of buildings which combine more beauty with commanding effect than those?" asked my friend, pointing to the University buildings on the right, as we passed out from the depot.

"I cannot say that I do; yet, when I look at them, their mere beauty is lost upon me, for I look through them, as it were, and find myself pondering over the mighty forces of usefulness that are generated within their walls," I replied.

"There you are mistaken," I said. "It is true that the several departments are designed mainly to give that comprehensive and liberal culture, and to secure that mental training and discipline, which was until recent years the sole aim of the best-known American colleges. The methods by which these objects are sought have been enlarged there by the adoption of a carefully arranged elective system, by the introduction of new subjects of study (notably the modern languages), and by giving greater prominence to certain old ones. But especially in all departments of science there has been as much improvement in 'methods' in the art of instruction as in other useful arts. New methods have given

vitality and practical utility to the old didactic systems; in other words, boys coming out of that school can apply what they have learned and turn it to greater advantage than we could, even after we had supplemented our training with years of experience. Then consider, if you will, the great desideratum in having so many extensive libraries, a long list of distinguished and eminent professors,

chiefly through the influence of Dr. Benjamin Franklin and Dr. William Smith. Dr. Smith was the first provost, and he is conspicuous in American college history as having established here, in 1757, the curriculum of study which was adopted substantially by all the colleges of later foundation, until scientific departments were attached to them. The college of Philadelphia was



Ben^d West

of having medicine and law, a department of arts and a department of science as practically applied, all together on the same ground; in other words, a university, the money spent in which does more than ten times the amount of good than that frittered away on a hundred minor schools. And are you aware of the fact that it is also the oldest college in the United States?"

"Oh, yes. I can tell you all about it," replied my friend, the reporter, as he drew forth a voluminous note-book, from which he proceeded to give me the following facts: "The University of Pennsylvania is the outgrowth and successor of the College of Philadelphia, which was founded

chartered in 1755, and is therefore the sixth in order of succession of American colleges. The medical department was established in 1765, that of law in 1789, the auxiliary faculty of medicine in 1865, the Towne scientific school in 1872, the department of music in 1877, and the dental school in 1878. There you have it all."

"True; but I can tell you some things which probably you have not noted there. If not, you had better make a mem. now. There is not a trust in the United States, or in the world, which has been more judiciously administered. There is not one which can show greater results or better fruit, to put it familiarly, for the amount of seed

sown. For these reasons it is a gratification to give money to this institution, for one is sure it will be strictly applied to the purposes intended. It is a matter of surprise to me that there are but four endowed professorships among a list of some forty or fifty that ought to be. One of these was endowed by the late Colonel Thomas A. Scott, and the others by Hon. John Welsh, Asa Whitney, and Mrs. J. Rhea Barton, and I trust that the example of these liberal-hearted individuals will soon be followed by others, and by their generosity identify their names with the progress of the institution."

Passing Fernwood, Morton, and other stations in their order, we were delightfully charmed with the lovely aspect presented by the country upon all sides. The clustering villas, hid amid green foliage, and vine embowered, together with the lovely expanse of interlying country, formed some most delightfully charming and picturesque views to the passing traveler.

Emerging from the depth of a dark-green woods, my friend, the reporter, observed that we were now approaching Swarthmore. Looking to the right, as directed by him, we beheld the college capping the brow of the swelling hill, the building



SWARTHMORE COLLEGE.—FRONT VIEW.

"A stranger, to hear you, would surely think that you were one of its alumni," retorted my friend.

The University buildings having passed out of view, our attention was drawn away from the subject to that of another—the hotel Blockley. This establishment, we were informed, meets greater success as a winter quarters than as a summer resort; and as its accommodations are said to be somewhat circumscribed, it cannot become a very popular resort with summer travelers.

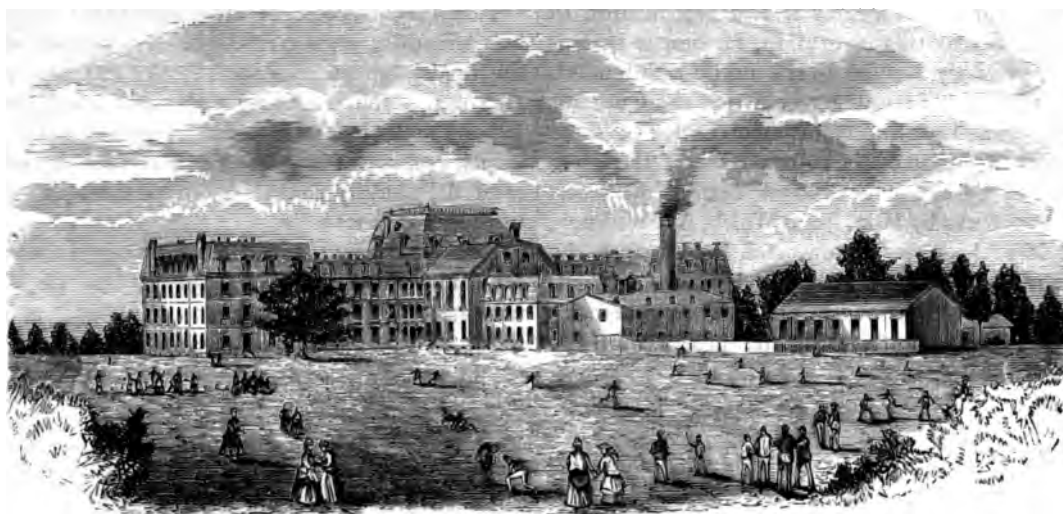
Just after passing the picturesque Woodlands Cemetery, and Cobb's Creek beyond, we had our attention directed to a modest little institution, and of which we had never heard before. This was the "Home for Friendless Colored Children," a charity, certainly, which should commend itself to our kindly consideration.

quite commanding in its prominence, and crowning a site that is unexcelled anywhere. Our train had been crowded with expectant fathers and mothers, sisters and brothers, and friends from all parts of the country, both far and near, going to witness the commencement exercises of this excellent institution. Throughout our brief journey I had not failed, either, in eyeing askance the imposing array of white dresses, flowers, and spring bonnets; inwardly enjoying all the appreciable happiness which prevailed, while pretending to listen to the prosy talk of my companion.

At this juncture my eyes wandered to the rear end of our car and alighted upon a lady friend.

"Excuse me," said I, "I am going to join a lady."

"Come, now, that is not fair," was the energetic reply, as my companion drew me back into



SWARTHMORE COLLEGE.—REAR VIEW.

the seat. "I have bought you and intend to hold you fast."

"But, my dear fellow," I argued, "although I greatly appreciate your company, what would be the enjoyment of this occasion except in the companionship of a lady? For instance, who can draw my attention to all the beauties of the exhibition we are about to witness, half so well as a lady, and besides, my friend is alone. I must join her."

"I acknowledge the force of your last argument," said he, "but Swarthmore is not to be the end of our sight-seeing."

"Of course not."

"There is the birthplace of Benjamin West."

"Yes, we must see that."

"Then, further up the road, we will inspect how the famous Delaware and Chester County gilt-edged butter is made."

"Yes."

"And visit the farm where the fine Jersey cattle are."

"Very good."

"Then we will go on to the charming little city of West Chester, where we will dine."

"Better still—the dining part."

"Then, there is the battlefield of Brandywine, with its historic old Meeting House, the centre of the fight; and there are many other things I will tell you about as we proceed. Meanwhile, I shall have no objection to your escorting this lady

through the commencement, if you will make me one of the party."

It would have been bad taste to disagree with this proposition, so we all left the cars together and sauntered across the green lawn to where the celebrated painter, West, was born and reared.

Here the newspaper man began to air his knowledge of the subject, and told us how Benjamin was born upon the spot before us in 1738, and how he grew up under the careful training customary among the Friends.

"The place was called Springfield in those days," he continued, "and the surroundings of this little dwelling were not so peacefully picturesque one hundred and forty years ago as at present. Large forests abounded on every hand, and for many years afterward the forest of the noted 'thousand acres,' through which the Strasburg road passed leading from the city westward, loomed up to the north of the hamlet. Over this thoroughfare wagoners pursued their way with loaded muskets, and it was considered very unsafe for single travelers to venture through the sombre shadows of these woodlands in the daytime, even if well armed. Thence, stretching away to the Delaware River, the dense forests along the King's highway to Chester and Wilmington afforded ample protection to brigands, who had their secret rendezvous within the darkest recesses. In speaking of West's early life, a recent

writer says: 'The early life of West was not cast in a bed of roses without plenty of thorns. His genius must therefore be regarded as purely native and original; for, with this state of the country and society, he could have no other advantages, no teachers of note, and but very few rude pictures for a study. Nature was his guide, and this he adhered to in all his after-life and fame.

"West's talent manifested itself in very early life. It is recorded that at the age of seven years he astonished his friends at the accuracy of his pencil drawings; that at nine years he produced a painting in colors that was deemed worthy of preservation, and which, we understand, is now in excellent keeping at the Kirkbride Institution, Philadelphia. In referring to these facts, and to the first crude specimen, we must not lose sight of the difficulties of the times in comparison with the present period, when the art of drawing, painting, etc., forms a noted branch in our popular schools.

"Young West passed his college life at a log school-house in the adjoining township of Newtown, where A B C's were conveyed to the understanding at the end of a hickory switch, rather than by experienced teachers; but he was equal to all the tasks imposed except arithmetic. This he got over by the exercise of his native talent.

While a school-mate did his sums for him, he returned the compliment by drawing birds, animals, and landscapes in his copy-book.'

"We know all the rest," I remarked, taking my lady friend's arm and turning toward the college. "At any rate, we can get the book when we go home."

The college as we approached was alive with visitors, and on entering the hall, which was handsomely decorated with evergreens and flowers, we found it crowded, but succeeded in securing fairly good seats. The exercises embraced the able treatment of many subjects, with a valedictory address by the daughter of the President; and after conferring the degrees on fourteen or fifteen graduates, President Magill read an address of the venerable Samuel Willets, of New York, President of the Board of Managers, who was present.

At the close of this, a bountiful lunch was provided for all assembled, and to those of us who were hungry it was a pleasing feature of the entertainment.

Swarthmore College was erected by the Hick-site branch of the Society of Friends some twelve or thirteen years ago, since which time it has steadily increased its facilities, and offers to students practical as well as classical courses of



VIEW FROM PORTICO OF COLLEGE.

study. It is very liberally endowed and ranks with the first institutions of the kind in this country or in Europe, while its corps of professors are men of well-known abilities. The admission of both sexes to a participation of its privileges is a special feature of this institution. The situation of the college is beautiful beyond conception, and the view from the front porch, or higher up, from the windows of the museum, is very fine. To the right and left a broad and smiling plain extends, rich in a luxuriant growth of green and bounded

through a deep and rocky glen to the southward of the college, furnishing both swimming and fishing for the boys, and on our way to Media.

Here we concluded to make a short stop to look about the charming little town which has many attractions that make it a summer resort for Philadelphians. The streets, houses, schools, institutions, and social features are evidences of neatness, education, and thrift. Indeed, Media, as well as many other pleasant places along the line of this road, is an agreeable place to live in at any time



RESIDENCE OF SAMUEL J. SHARPLESS, ESQ.

only by the circular sweep of the Jersey hills, a hazy wall of background full fifty miles away.

"What did you think of the commencement?" inquired the reporter of my lady friend, as we were *en route* for the cars.

"All that I am afraid of, sir," she replied, "is that those dear girls do not realize the great advantages they possess in such an education at such an institution, so greatly superior to those of even twenty years ago. Perhaps I should call it privilege, for a gracious privilege it certainly is."

And then we bade her a reluctant farewell and she left us on her homeward trip, while we continued our excursion.

There was no uncomfortable crowding on board the train, as the railroad company had furnished extra cars for the occasion, and we were soon whirled away across Crum Creek, which winds

of the year. Of course it is more pleasant for the six warmer months, and transportation to and fro is but little more than fares on the street cars; while in colder and more disagreeable weather the difference is between a comfortable steam-car and a comfortless street-car, with a warm and cozy shelter in which to wait for trains on the one hand, and a bleak corner with no shelter to wait for a street-car on the other hand.

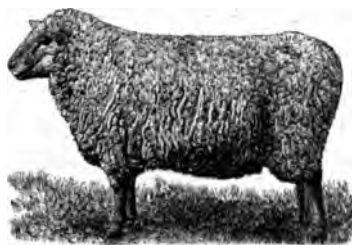
For those who wish to select a country home convenient to the city, and who would make a choice with good judgment, it would be well to seek along the lines of the West Chester and Philadelphia, and Philadelphia and Baltimore Central Railroads, running through magnificent stretches of country fair and beautiful to look upon.

At Media my companion received a dispatch

calling him immediately home, and as I had become thoroughly interested in the programme of our excursion by this time, I decided not to return with him but to continue the jaunt.

To go alone would be very dull, however, and so I concluded to scour the town for an acquaintance; and after wandering about the hotel and stores for an hour or more, I at last fell in with an old friend named John, who is something of an artist, somewhat of a dabbler in literary matters, and who has also a well-developed bump of self-esteem.

Capturing him by numerous inducements, I bade the reporter good-bye; we hurried aboard another train and soon were speeding rapidly over the "iron highway" past Greenwood and through Glen Riddle, where our attention was drawn to a large number of cotton and woolen mills. Nor was the eye relieved of such even when we had arrived at the next station, Lenni, where we were



"STALWART," PRINCE OF THE SOUTH DOWNS.

shown some factories of that gallant old gentleman, General Patterson, who sends large quantities of cotton and woolen cloths from his mills.

A short distance further on, in the neighborhood of Glen Mills, the aspect of the country is charming. Sparkling streamlets wind their way through narrow and devious glens, or down sunny slopes, while here and there the old gray rocks look out with rugged grandeur through the dense foliage; cozy farm-houses dot the valley and hill-side; and we long to climb an adjacent height and view the beautiful panorama of nature's loveliness.

We need not be told that we are in the midst of an important butter-producing country, for the eye catches continued glances of luxuriant pasture-land and hundreds of grazing kine.

We have been gradually working our way up a gentle incline, and by the time we have reached Street-road station we find ourselves in an elevated, open country, amid charming country-seats and

farms with their outstretching acres of pasture, tillage-land, and orchards. Agriculture is here



LENAPE, THE PRIZE BULL.

scientifically pursued by several gentlemen of means, education, and experience, both in the cultivation of the soil and in stock-breeding; and here, thinking to find some food for amusement, we concluded to stop.

It was in the cooler part of the afternoon that we strolled up the old Street-road, while friendly clouds passing ever and anon before the sun shielded us from its more vehement rays. After crossing Chester Creek, there lay spread before us for several miles on our right a sweep of lovely green valley descending and ascending from the crests on either side with graceful and modulated curves like the long swell of the ocean. On our left, as we reached higher ground, the well-trimmed hedges and substantial bordering walls with groves of drooping cedars and fragrant pines gave notice



ESTER OF LENAPE.

that we were approaching some gentleman's place, "where luxuriant nature was improved upon."



THE GOLDEN GRAIN.

Presently, at the end of an avenue leading through the trees and on the summit of a rounded hill, we came upon a residence almost buried in vivid verdure.

A pretty and simple relief to the prevailing color was furnished by troops of robins skipping over the smooth lawn and chirping in a merry fashion, making the grass-scented air alive with sweet sounds.

Possibly we had been about five minutes in walking from the station, but we were very warm, and therefore enjoyed to the utmost the cold spring-water forced from its source under the hill a quarter of a mile away.



The house, built in the villa style, of rough-hewn green-stone, had everything about it to accord with its surroundings. I was astonished at my friend John, who, affected by all this loveliness, instead of reclining for a short rest upon one of the rustic benches on the veranda, and puffing his cigarette leisurely while enjoying it to the full, began striding up and down the porch in a measured manner, as if he owned the place, and evidently in an imaginative mood.

"What is the matter now, John?" I asked.

to see; and there is a bull, especially, it would be well to keep upon the right side of."

"You need not think I am afraid, but I do object to these animals roaming about free. I suppose they are chained?"

"I hope so, John; however, we are furnished with excellent powers of locomotion, and can show our heels in case of danger."

We were soon out of sight of the house, and found the inspiration of so much beauty fittingly relieved by the consideration of practical utility to



STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, WEST CHESTER, PA.

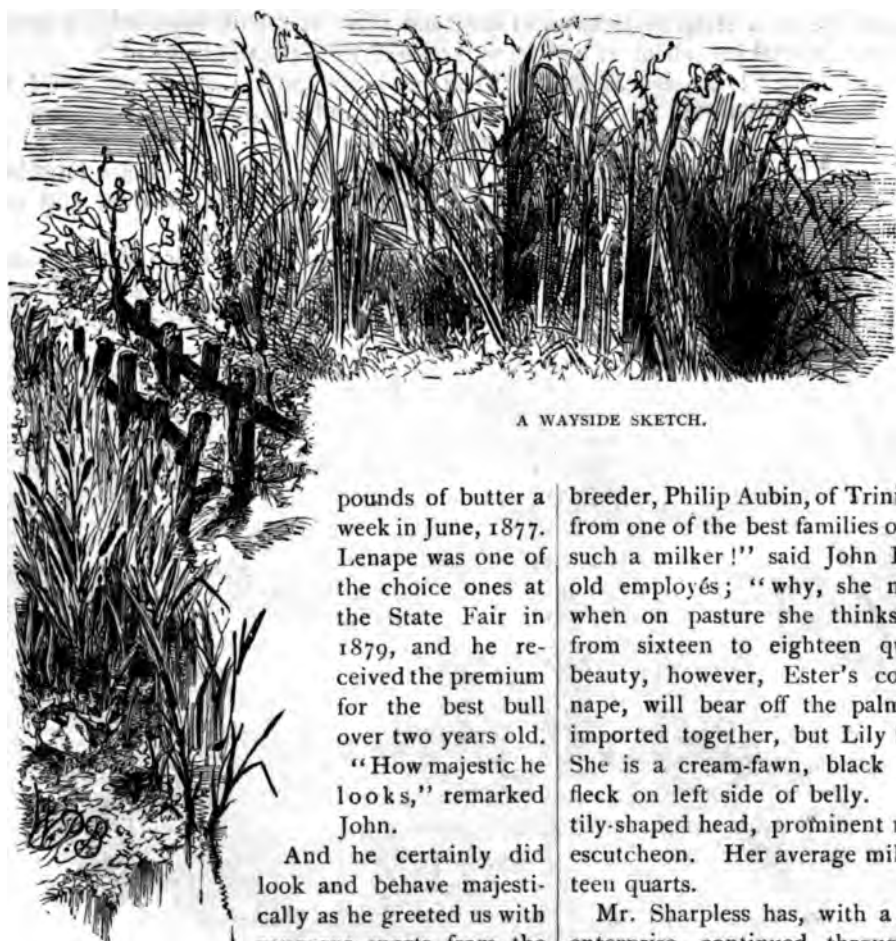
"You could not buy this place even if you had the money."

"Well, suppose I couldn't. What does it matter if I choose to put myself in the owner's boots for the time being! Just look around at the hills and meadows,—one glorious prospect of green as far as the eye can reach,—and imagine the happiness of the man who can say, 'I am monarch of all I survey.'"

"That is all very pretty, John; but if my friend Sharpless was to see you just now, I think he would be astonished at you waving your hand over his acres in such a patrimonial and familiar way; the housekeeper says he is at the stables, however; so suppose we join him there, only do not get too familiar with the horses or the rams we are about

be seen in the stables. An interest in the stock had prompted our visit, and the inspection proved ample reward for our trouble.

Every imaginable arrangement has been made and every device resorted to for securing perfect drainage, thorough ventilation, and comfort. By a plan of wondrous simplicity, the stalls are so provided that near neighbors can neither fight nor steal from each other nor disturb each other's rest at night. Here we were introduced to the monarch of kine—Lenape, a thoroughbred bull, four years old on April 5th. He is beautifully developed, of a fawn color, and with a fine head. He was born of a crack family, his father being the registered bull Vermont, and his mother imported Magna, a cow that made nearly sixteen



A WAYSIDE SKETCH.

pounds of butter a week in June, 1877. Lenape was one of the choice ones at the State Fair in 1879, and he received the premium for the best bull over two years old. "How majestic he looks," remarked John.

And he certainly did look and behave majestically as he greeted us with sonorous snorts from the depths of his proud swelling breast.

"I wonder what would happen if that ring through his nose would give way," said John; but upon this point his owner reassured us by approaching and making free with the dignified animal, who appeared very civil.

Beauclerc was another splendid-looking creature, solid colored, five years old, and while not showing the quality of Lenape, is yet quite a desirable bull in the herd. Heavy and compactly made, very deep in front and in good order, no bull has better breeding. His mother was the famous butter cow, imported Niobe, that took the prize awarded by the American Jersey Cattle Club as the *best* cow at the Centennial. Our inspection of the bulls ceased with him; for after seeing the Czar we did not care to inspect the Grand Dukes.

One could scarcely fail to note the neat forms and coats of the cows. Ester of Lenape stands indisputably at the head of the herd. Ester is

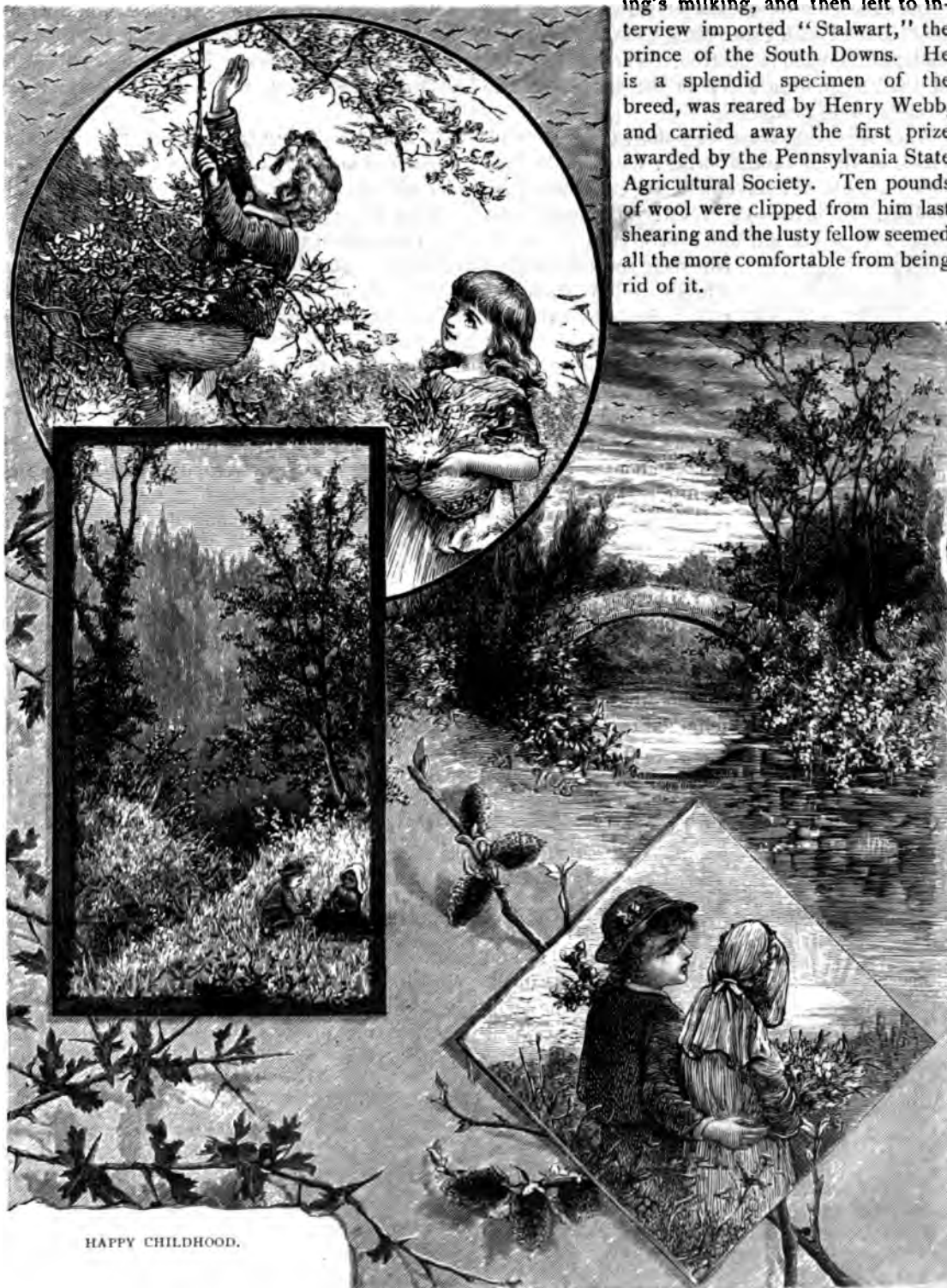
four years old, a dark-fawn color, with four white fetlocks, and a small marking on the left rump. Apart from her milking qualities, she is a neatly built cow and was awarded the first prize as the best cow between three and four years, at the State Fair in 1879. She was bred by the famous Jersey

breeder, Philip Aubin, of Trinity, and is descended from one of the best families on the island. "And such a milker!" said John Brannan, one of the old employés; "why, she never goes dry, and when on pasture she thinks nothing of giving from sixteen to eighteen quarts a day." For beauty, however, Ester's companion, Lily Lenape, will bear off the palm. Both cows were imported together, but Lily is a month younger. She is a cream-fawn, black switch, with white fleck on left side of belly. She possesses a prettily-shaped head, prominent milk vein, and good escutcheon. Her average milking capacity is sixteen quarts.

Mr. Sharpless has, with a success equal to his enterprise, continued through a long period of years a course of really able management in the rearing of fine stock—cows that will give eighteen to twenty quarts of milk a day, and bulls that bear comparison with any in the country.

On such a farm men from the west and south find what they need when possessing a true idea of stocking their places and can secure that which will do them credit. Scattered about over the meadows were many true-blooded Jersey cows, and at the milking hour a lively sight may be witnessed as they take their places in the milking-shed, which is kept as clean and pure as a dining-hall. The milk yielded here so plentifully gives a rich yellow cream which is churned into the golden prints of butter, styled "gilt-edged," so well known to epicures.

In the spring-house, supplied with constant flowing streams of pure water, we surveyed the long array of well-filled pans and the rich yellow prints, partook of a deep draught from the morn-



HAPPY CHILDHOOD.

ing's milking, and then left to interview imported "Stalwart," the prince of the South Downs. He is a splendid specimen of the breed, was reared by Henry Webb, and carried away the first prize awarded by the Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society. Ten pounds of wool were clipped from him last shearing and the lusty fellow seemed all the more comfortable from being rid of it.

Over the fields were scattered perhaps a hundred full-blooded South Down rams, ewes, and withers; the latter intended for mutton. The South Downs are the best mutton sheep in the world and also excellent wool producers.

After surveying these for a short time, we took a look at the Berkshire swine; fine hale-looking porkers, jet black, and almost too good to eat, we thought, on beholding a litter of young ones about four weeks old and worth even at that in-

fant stage some five dollars a head. Still we could not refrain from the reflection that spring lamb is scarcely as delicate or appetizing a dish to the educated taste as roast pig—richly stuffed and with the savory odor of sage about it.

Of all the breeds, the Berkshires are foremost, and at the head of the porcine colony stands the boar, imported Eddystone IV., bred by the celebrated breeder Russell Swanwick.

John was not as much delighted with the pigs as with the other animals.

"There is no poetry about pigs," he remarked.

"I think there is a great deal of poetry about roast pig," I replied; and he conceded that this was a phase of the matter worthy of consideration. Then he said rather irrelevantly, "I wonder what they will give us to eat in West Chester."

This reminded me that we must continue our journey; so, thanking Mr. Samuel J. Sharpless for his kindness and courtesy in showing us about his beautiful stock-farm, we took our departure for the station.

The sun was sinking over the western hills when we arrived at West Chester, bathing the cozy little city with its dying rays.

Here we partook of a bountiful supper in which the rich cream, the sweet golden butter, and the red-ripe raspberries formed a prominent feature. Afterward, as we sat on the hotel-porch in the cool of the evening, thinking of all these things, John startled me by saying:

"I must leave you to night."

"Why?"

"Well," he replied, "you are a bachelor, but with me it is otherwise. I am married, and there is a voice in my ear now, saying, 'John, it is time to come home.'"

"Indeed, you astonish me; this is very sudden."

"True; but my wife is an energetic woman, and when I hear that voice I always feel like doing something sudden."

"Very well," I replied, "I will go with you, and in the morning I will take the Baltimore Central Road at the junction, and prospect along it until I stand on the banks of the noble Susquehanna. I found myself in a different frame of mind, however, when seated in the train. John immediately commenced to arrange himself for sleep.

"You are not going to sleep, are you?" I asked.

"Indeed I am, for I'll not get a wink to-night."

"Why?"

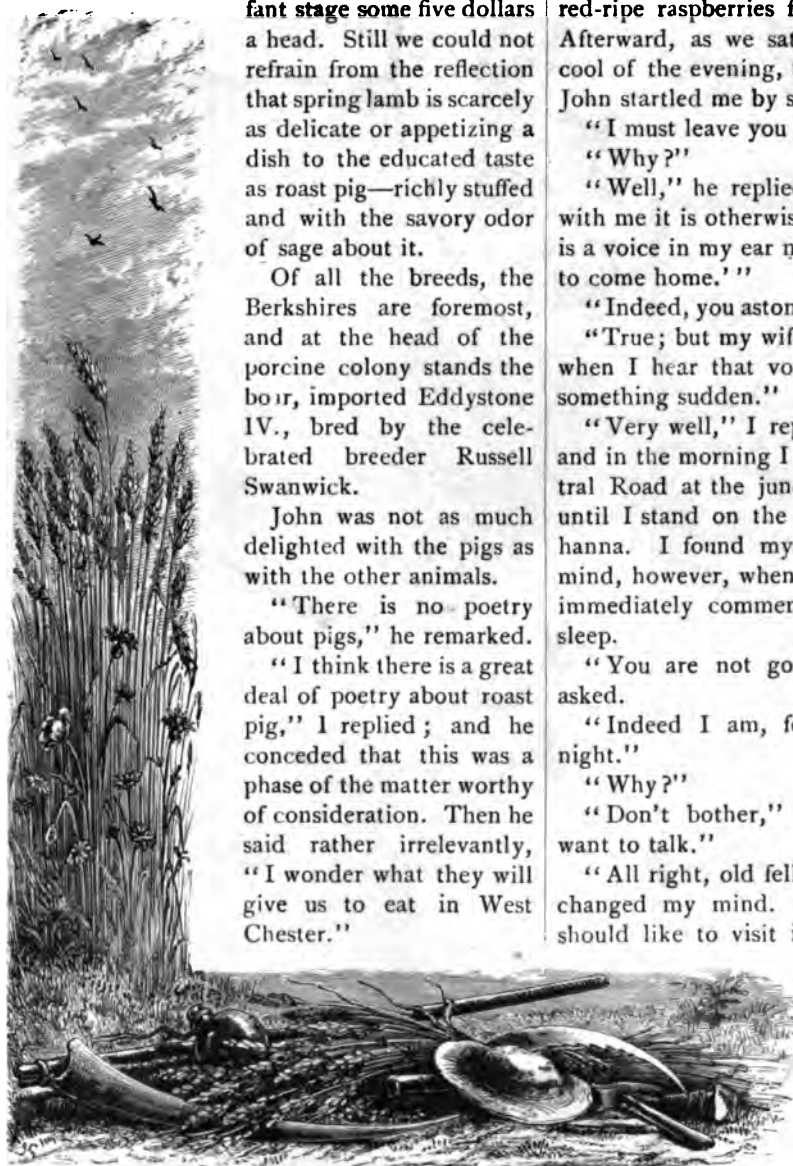
"Don't bother," he said crossly, "I don't want to talk."

"All right, old fellow," I responded, "I have changed my mind. There are several places I should like to visit in West Chester which quite escaped my recollection, so I will stay."

"I am glad of it," he yawned. "Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

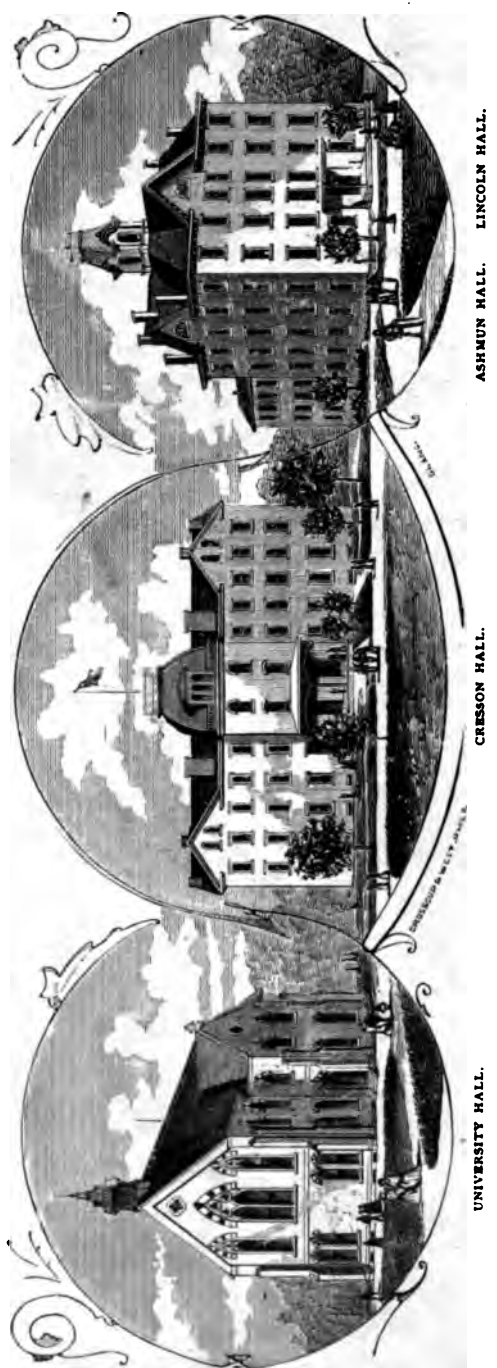
Then I left my artist friend to seek his Caudle lecture, and got out of the car.



SCYTHE, SICKLE, AND JUG.



TEMPTING THE LITTLE FISHES.



ASHMUN HALL. LINCOLN HALL.

CRESSON HALL.
LINCOLN UNIVERSITY, NEAR OXFORD, PA.

UNIVERSITY HALL.

Early the next morning I walked over to the State Normal School, about half a mile southward of the borough.

The building is a handsome one, built of stone, *about two hundred by one hundred and twelve*

feet, and four stories high, with a basement. The elevated grounds on the summit of which it is situated are some five hundred feet above tide-water. They are neatly laid out in drives, walks, croquet and ball grounds, and ornamented with trees, shrubbery, and flowers. The school is for both sexes, and ruled with discerning wisdom. Self-government is regarded as the only true government; nothing will be required except that which a true sense of honor and self-respect would naturally demand from the individual, and any pupil whose influence is found to be vitiating will be at once removed from the school.

The course of instruction for the State Normal Schools of Pennsylvania, approved by the State authorities, embraces two distinct courses of study: the elementary course and the scientific course.

In pursuing the study of the sciences in a practical manner, a new laboratory has been provided, rendering the facilities for analytical chemistry very complete; the department is under the charge of a practical chemist, who has devoted years to this important branch. A full course in qualitative analysis, blowpipe analysis of minerals, etc., is given each term. The institution is also supplied with philosophical and chemical apparatus of the most approved kind, a large addition having been made within a year.

Lectures on natural science are given weekly throughout the course, and the museum contains a large and valuable collection of specimens, illustrating every department of this branch. It was commenced in the year 1826, and has been annually enriched with contributions from every portion of the world. The justly celebrated "Herbariums" of the late Dr. William Darlington and David Townsend, now in this museum, are conceded to be two of the most accurate and extensive private collections ever formed in this country.

A large room, thirty-six feet in length by thirty-two feet in width has been fitted up for the display of this valuable collection, which will hereafter be more accessible to special students of science and natural history.

My time was limited in going over this institution, and with great reluctance I hurried away to the station, arriving just in time to catch the train for the Baltimore Junction. The farmers were harvesting their grain, stacks of sheaves dotted the closely-shaven fields on each side of the track,

while far away over the hills half the surface of some swelling slope would be golden yellow with the ripened grain while its other half was clothed in luxuriant green. It might have been warm in the rays of the sun outside, but on the whirling train, with windows and doors wide open, we enjoyed a refreshing breeze spiced with the perfume of fragrant fields.

Passing Concord, we stopped for a moment at Chadd's Ford, on the Brandywine. Here the unlucky battle was fought and Knyphausen amused our army with feints of crossing the ford until his chief had thrown the main body by detour upon our right at Birmingham. The outline of the works for defense may still be seen.

A short ride further on brought us to Fairville, and certainly a fair, thriving country surrounds this little ville. In about ten minutes more we reached Kennett Square, the chosen home of our great traveler, scholar, and poet, Bayard Taylor, who died not long ago. "Cedarcroft" is the name of the country-seat he loved so well. The mansion is a handsome one and the situation and surroundings are of great beauty. Here the widow of Mr. Taylor still resides.

Some of the views along this route are astonishing for their beauty, and the broad green valleys are dotted with ferns. Passing Avondale, West Grove, and Penn, we stopped a minute or so at Lincoln University Station.

The Lincoln University was established for the higher education of colored men and is a noble undertaking worthy of patronage. Many persons have a singular yet natural prejudice against the colored race, and these will therefore see no use in such a project, but let such reflect upon the lines of Robert Burns:

"Then let us pray that come it may—
As come it will for a' that—
That sense and worth o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that.
For a' that and a' that,
It's coming yet for a' that,
That man to man the world o'er
Shall brothers be for a' that."

The site of the building is well chosen among beautiful and fertile hills, easy of access by the Baltimore Central Railroad from all parts of the land, only a short distance from the northern borders of the Southern States, from whence so many of their students come, yet not so near the

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old slave associations and depressions as to hinder the maturing of modest self-respect and manhood.

The president and professors of the institution, seven in all, do all the instruction, and, living on moderate stipends, their work is a labor of love and of hearty sympathy with the cause. The courses of study are varied and calculated to give to these young men a thorough collegiate education and a well-developed mental training, exerting over them a positive moral and religious influence, though free from sectarian bias, and aim at the highest possible elevation of the colored man. It is a laudable purpose, and as want of sufficient means is hampering its extended usefulness, the generous public should lend a helping hand.

From here I continued on to Oxford, and from Oxford it is less than a half-hour's ride to Port Deposit,

"On Susquehanna's shore."

To see Port Deposit is well worth the ride. It is strung along one main street on the margin of the stream, with a precipitous and rocky palisade towering high in the rear and above and below it for many miles; while the unbroken view, over the deep blue waters a mile or so away to the other side, of the rich, rolling hills of Harford County, clothed with dense woods, green meadows, and growing crops, is like a sight of enchanted land.

The gray granite quarries above this town supply the stone for Belgian blocks that pave Philadelphia streets; the stone-work of the Girard avenue and Chestnut street bridges is from them, the corner-stone of the Masonic Temple in one solid block was hewn here, and large quantities are also shipped to Baltimore and other places. I saw several schooners being loaded with this granite at the wharves.

Some of the residences in the town are very fine, notably one belonging to its principal banker, built of the granite hewn out of the palisade at its rear. The excavation made is terraced up to the top of the steep in walks and steps, and gardens and pleasure-houses without number. A large amount of money has been spent upon this residence and grounds, which occupy but little observable space, and one can hardly help wondering why such a magnificent home was not placed upon one of the many beautiful prospects near by.

After a considerable rest and a good dinner,

which a sharp appetite and a bountiful spread of good things made enjoyable, I chose between Mount Ararat, at the southern end of the town, and the "Lover's Leap," a rocky eminence near by, concluding to ascend the latter.

It was a pretty tough climb on a sunny afternoon, but by easy stages I reached the height and was amply rewarded for my trouble.

There, under the shady network of overhanging foliage, with the fresh western breeze playing around me, I gazed out upon the splendid view; across to the hills and valleys of the other shore and down the magnificent reach to where the Susquehanna enters the Chesapeake.

It is not astonishing that such a scene should have effect by inspiring my thoughts to things more grand and noble than the commonplaces of every-day life, and I found myself unconsciously repeating some lines from Campbell's "Gertude of Wyoming," in association with the beautiful river so far beneath me, flowing gently toward the sea.

"On Susquehanna's side, fair Wyoming!
Although the wild flower on thy ruined wall
And roofless homes a sad remembrance bring
Of what thy gentle people did befall;
Yet thou wert once the loveliest land of all
That see the Atlantic wave their morn restore.

Sweet land! may I thy lost delights recall,
And paint thy Gertrude in her bowers of yore,
Whose beauty was the love of Pennsylvania's shore!

Delightful Wyoming! beneath thy skies
The happy shepherd swains had nought to do
But feed their flocks on green declivities,
Or skim, perchance, thy lake with light canoe,
From morn till evening's sweeter pastime grew,
With timbrel, when beneath the forests brown,
The lovely maidens would the dance renew;
And ayè those sunny mountains half-way down
Would echo flageolet from some romantic town."

There, on my lofty eminence, I fell into a dreamy abstraction over these verses, and perhaps would have been sitting there yet but for some warning clouds that were fast creeping across the sky, indicating an approaching storm. Being averse to a wetting, I immediately scrambled to my feet and began the descent, which was accomplished with less labor than the ascent, and just in time to escape the shower which came first in pattering drops and then in a deluge. Seeking convenient shelter until the rain had ceased and the sun once more shone out through a watery haze, I then concluded that I had seen enough pleasuring for the present; so, boarding the first northward bound train that came along, I was soon *en route* for the sweetest of all spots, "home."

SINGING.

BY HENRY BURTON.

SINGING from the mountain spring,
As it gurgles over;
Through the heather and the ling,
Through the grass and clover;
Singing, laughing all the day;
Laughing, singing all the way.

Singing through the leafy dells,
Where the shadows linger,
And the wild-flowers ring their bells
To the merry singer;
Rippling, laughing all the while;
Singing, rippling all a-smile.

Singing round the mossy stone,
'Neath the hazel bushes;
Singing when it's all alone,
Stealing through the rushes,
Happy as the day is long,
Never speaking but in song.

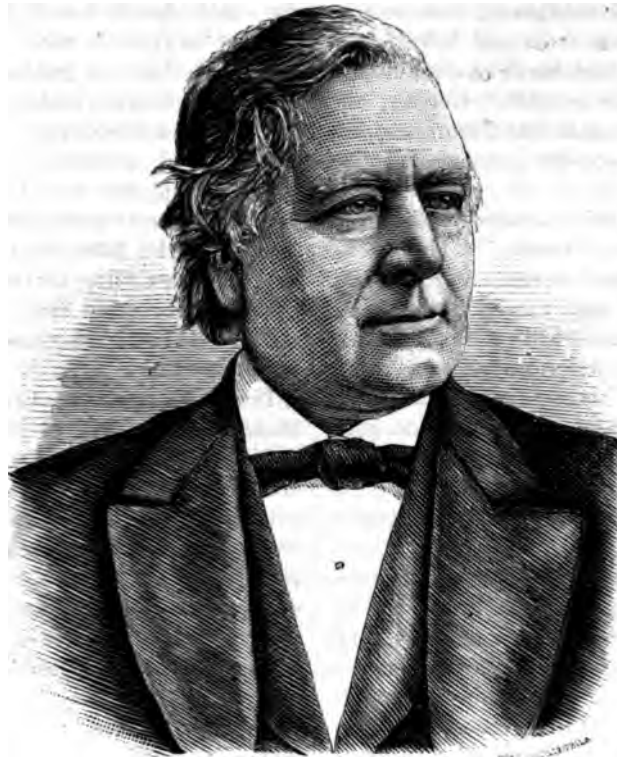
Singing at the morning's dawn,
When the day is breaking;
Singing when the light's withdrawn,
And the stars are waking;
Watching, singing through the night;
Singing, waiting for the light.

Singing in the April days,
When the clouds are weeping;
Singing through the summer haze,
When the men are reaping;
Singing through the autumn's chill,
Through the winter singing still.

So, my soul, take up the song,
Yield not to repining;
Clouds can never linger long—
See their silver lining!
Sing on, sing on, all the way;
Sing on till the break of day!

ROBERT COLLYER.

By J. CLEMENT AMBROSE.



ROBERT COLLYER.

"Do you know 'Bob' Collyer, sir?" familiarly inquired one Sunday evening passenger of another in a North Side Chicago street-car a few years since.

The querist was an animated countryman spending the Sabbath in the city; and, reckless how the rest of the day spun through his fingers, at the hour of worship he was on the zealous hunt for religious curiosities. He recognized the garb and air of the city about his fellow-passenger, and inferred that he, of course, would know something of Mr. Collyer.

"F. P." turned his head and eyed the stranger, with a grain of astonishment; for Western absence of formality does not extend to familiarity between strangers in Chicago street-cars—not as a common luxury, at least. Still, he slowly replied, "Oh, y-e-s; I know 'Bob' p-r-e-t-t-y well."

"Heard him preach, I s'pose?"

"Y-e-s, quite a number of times. My family have a pew in his church."

"W-e-ll, mister, please, what do you think of him?" pursued the pump-handle.

"*Think* of him! Humph! Not so much as some folks profess to. Still, I don't wish to say anything against him. He's always been kind to my wife and children. He's a pretty fair sort of preacher, too, after all; and he behaves himself through the week like a gentleman, never getting drunk nor into jail."

"Anyhow," concluded the stranger, "I'm going to hear him to-night. I've been told such great things of him, as the chap who quit shoeing horses to go a-preaching, that, seeing I'm in town over Sunday, I'll try him on."

"Very good, sir. I hope you may like him; he doesn't always please me, though."

Town and Country stepped from the Clark street car together, crossed the little open park at the east, and entered Unity Church. The one was seated by the usher. The other, now becoming broad with ill-concealed merriment, took his rolling gait to the end of the aisle, and helped himself to the wide-armed, high-backed pulpit chair.

The countryman heard "Bob" Collyer, and stopped at the close to say he liked him; and the jovial Robert will tell you the story with a relish for two.

Not long before he left Chicago, I asked him why his name had no "handle." He replied that no school had ever been rash enough to "handle" him, and he didn't know as he should submit to the weld, if one made him a tender of the theological trinket. He is no "doctor"; but he is "Robert Collyer," the manner in which he is commonly spoken of, and is popularly addressed as "Mr. Collyer." He cares not to run away from the phrase of plain people. He is not displeased to know even that the unreverential often refer to him as "Bob."

If Robert Collyer shall have a place in history, it will be as the leading Unitarian divine of Chicago and the West through a score of years. He began there when the city was comparatively small ('58), and he was but the seed of his present self. The two grew together, and each filled a large space in public importance. His career is identified with hers. He cannot so graft himself upon New York and the East. He was more than the pastor of Unity Church; he was a distinguished citizen of Chicago, alive to aid her every good interest. Why did he leave the West? In a more than orthodox confession at parting, he said that he was in search of a new people to preach old sermons to. But to the observant about him there appeared a desire to be where he had no past for unfavorable comparison with the present. No man enjoys the wane, like the crescent, of fame. Events had combined to advertise local "stars" of later rising as shedding a brighter light, and he lost the transient, stranger throng, which is always enthusiastic before a popular pulpit—a source of cheer that he seemed to deeply miss, as would any man of large heart.

Come back with me two or three years to see if some symptoms of loss do not appear. As I look

up from a pew in his great audience-room and listen to accents so like some grand woman's, am enrapt with sacred solos, and watch an Indian-summer sun project through the window scenes down upon the people, I wonder that not all these inviting pews have even fair-day friends. For, of the sixteen hundred sittings, it is very generous to say that half are in use. Yet, five and ten years earlier his lines of Sabbath carriages were uniformly the longest, and his aisles occupied. Was something of this change the preacher's mistake? Many of his parishioners felt thus. They said they lost appetite for stale sermons. And, indeed, the honest gentleman told the writer as no secret, that his habit was to compose but one sermon weekly, culling for the evening from what he thought "forgotten lore." But his steady-goers murmured that, having once heard his work, they forgot it "nevermore."

Let us call upon Mr. Collyer in the elegant and home-like home he had in Chicago. There he is unique, if not peerless, as husband, father, host. We meet a man of splendid frame, one that might still lay hammer to hot iron and not weary, full in breast and broad in shoulder, tall enough, and strong of limb, innocent of a day's sickness, ignorant of a stomach, yet a modest consumer, though scaling two hundred and forty. In the closely-shaven face of ruddy-brown hue sit princely good nature and great heart. We need not watch for these benisons there; the face is their perpetual playground. Keen, but kindly, blue eyes look quickly through surrounding men and things, exposing the soul that is loving toward all that is lovely, and tolerant toward much that is not. Speaking of his nine children, he explains that four of them are awaiting him in heaven. He is early up and early in bed. He frolics with the little folks, is social with all who know him, is a Samson in conversation with a few friends, and the life and digestion of the dinner-party.

He delights in a specially pleasant Sunday dinner, graced with a congenial guest or two. To such he once invited Lawrence Barrett and several members of the Chicago press. The ladies sought to so lay the plates that the strangers should each be flanked by members of the family. Returning from church an hour before his friends arrived, Mr. Collyer was led into the dining-room and instructed in the sandwiching plan. And to assist his local memory of men and china that he might

not mis-seat the company, bits of paper bearing their names were laid by the plates. Like an overgrown school-boy, he stood and took his task in silence. But no sooner was the company comfortably seated than he very innocently remarked :

"If any of you find a slip of paper by your plate with your name on, it doesn't mean anything ; it's not a handwriting on the wall ; but the ladies love to see your name in writing."

The gentlemen kept in countenance as the solemn false-face put on by their host left them to doubt if he spoke jest or fact ; for the mnemonic slips had, of course, been removed. But some of the ladies blushed, and then the guests began to feel awkward indeed. The host couldn't hold the strings longer ; he tore off his mask with a laugh. Everybody felt better, but the strangers looked still as if there was an uncracked conundrum in the room. Then the host recounted the table drill he had been put through as the poor fellow not master in his own castle. This gave license to the ladies' tongues, and they mercilessly told of his table blunders till he appealed to his guests for pity and protection. After the social ice was thus shattered, all that was mental melted, and everybody felt at home. This is one of Mr. Collyer's ways. Subsequently, Mr. Barrett remarked, "I'd rather be guest to Collyer than to the king."

His home by the lake gave its latch-key to all intimates to come and go at pleasure. All traveling Englishmen of note called upon him, as well as many curious or admiring Americans ; and few declined to break bread with him. Fully three hundred days of the year his house gave hospitality to passing friends.

Suppose, now, we walk back to Unity Church to see and hear Robert Collyer through with the thirty-minute sermon we lately saw him opening. He begins worship with the prayer of the Son to the Father, and his first soprano follows his sermon with the same in song. His original prayer is addressed wholly to the Father, and is the affectionate, familiar request of child to parent. But when he reads the Bible I am surprised that he gets so little out of it ; that he makes the Word of the Father so small a factor in ninety minutes of worship. For he hurries carelessly through the chapter like a boy in grammar school. This is the only unpalatable cutlet he hands down to the

pew. It is garnished with no sprig of rhetoric or of reverence.

I say this kindly, and not with harshness ; for runs not his caution thus : "Do me modestly, and tie a napkin over no fault" ? I take him at his word. He who cannot be so taken is not great.

In prayer his right hand grips the edge of the desk, while his left toys with one corner of the open Bible. He speaks upward, his face beams, and the rapid swaying of his body, coupled with his countenance of hope, suggests a sort of love-wrestle with the Lord.

His sermon, Mr. Collyer reads with an enthusiasm all his own. It is now that, in the pulpit, he is best, and uses to an advantage that is fascinating just a sweet hint of that rude dialect of Yorkshire his tongue was born to. Save in haste, his voice swells out full and smooth. His gestures from the shoulder are few and heavy, with arms bent and hands clenched—the habit of the hammer still upon them. But with his head and complete person he beats very regular time, standing and swinging upon one predestined little flower in the carpet. His eyes vibrate rapidly between paper and people. His utterance quickens. His perennial smile in speech illuminates him. He leans over the desk, throwing hasty glances hither and thither, till each listener thinks he is personally spoken to. And I epitomize his pulpit manners as those of the enthusiast favoring a group of friends with a good story.

Mr. Collyer's discourse is very pleasant entertainment ; but it is not supreme preaching. In it is much of heart, but little of the heroic. It is an array of bright banners and burnished steel on peace parade, not the resolute column men follow in the battle of life. Men are not inspired by it, and their Enemy takes his ease under its wing. He does the agreeable of oratory well, but will his client get the verdict ? His spirit is as gay and glad as the affianced maiden's, becoming the bridal more than the burial—the aurora rather than the sunset of life. His discourse is fragrant with flowers wild and tame, plucked from many arts and a wide range in literature ; it showers you with the incense of a rare personal presence, a vocal charm, wit and anecdote in profusion ; and, at Unity, it was bracketed between anthems worthy of an hour's walk in a storm. But it deals lightly in logic and the unpleasant truths of Scripture ; it does not convict you of mistakes, nor

start you on campaigns in original thought; it does not fertilize your fallow moral spots. It is too loyal to things as they are. Amid pansies and poetry of its strewing, it finds the present a garden so full of satisfaction that to look beyond looks idle. It is wise to keep the Commandments; but then God is good—all goodness; he is your Father; don't trouble yourself about your future state; He will care for you then; He loves you too much to bolt the door against you forever. Thus, Mr. Collyer. Indeed, he privately assures me that he has but one theme—the Fatherhood of God; that he finds all religious else growing from this root; and that its interpretation to men is the one aim of his teaching.

"Give God that service," says he, "which gladdens you most. If my best friend thinks he can be happier with worshiping in yonder Romish cathedral than here, I will give him hearty benediction at parting."

"What is your age, please, Mr. Collyer?"

"Guess me."

"Fifty-five, or six."

"Fifty-seven next birthday. But some guess me sixty-five or over; and then my Yorkshire metal is edged, for, though a grandfather, I am still a boy."

Nor is his full, fresh, frank, smooth face wholly unlike a well-fed boy's at twelve. And good health's thick aftermath of iron-gray that covers his large head is left long and much to itself—another mark of boyhood, perhaps.

You would hardly think him bashful. But he says blushing at trifles and before beauty was the plague of his young life. And now he is diffident, shrinking from strange surroundings and dreading surprises. At such moments he is likely to say, or do, the most untimely and awkward things. And this explains conduct sometimes unaccountable and even painful to all but intimates.

The year before the great fire his people accorded himself and wife a long vacation for a visit to England. On the evening before their departure a farewell gathering filled the church parlors. Suddenly, in the midst of pleasant social chat, the ubiquitous church committee confronted them with grave formality of words and elegant gifts to each.

"How will Mr. Collyer get out of this?" thought a bystander, who knew his weakness.

He stood blushing, hunching his shoulders and

gripping his embarrassment with both hands, a most unlikely-looking selection for a great man. A response redolent of thanks was anticipated. But this was all: "If wife likes it, it's all right."

It was that, or play the baby and break down trying to say more, he afterward intimated. At such times his extreme sensibility, his womanly delicacy of feeling, unmans him; and as he does something ridiculous, people think he might do very much better. Hence, some of his blunt, harsh words that wound.

But come into Mr. Collyer's study, please, and chat with him a moment among his books. It is aloft in the church, large, light, and its appointments pleasant. Here, I think, was the finest collection clerical in the Garden City, though his father's library could muster but four books. Many of his volumes are brands from the burning in '71, having been hustled from the study to the park opposite. Their charred bindings he touches affectionately, remarking, "I will never have these old friends rebound; I wish them to fall to the children in their old, scorched clothes. Their theology has repelled fire well." And then he adds, "The books I read for love, I keep at home."

It is Thursday morning, and he has but now begun turning soul and ink into sermon. But he smiles at interruption, brushes aside the moist pages and assumes neither acidity nor greatness. Here he sits, tilted back in his easy-chair, a plain, hearty, genial, happy man, smoking a fragrant cigar, and wearing a salt and pepper coat that looks as if it had kept his books company through the fire.

Sometimes he dictates his sermon to an amanuensis. And if he tires in the midst of composition, he has that Napoleonic command of his nerves whereby, dropping upon a sofa, he falls asleep to order, and, twenty minutes later, comes up fresh as the morning-glory.

Mounted before a window is the oddest-looking bit of library bric-a-brac you would care to see—the large, two-horned anvil, whereat, for twelve years, worked young Robert Collyer, the village blacksmith of Ilkley, England. Yes, it does look queer; but it's a piece of the man. One of his Chicago parishioners paid a visit to the old shop, and paid two new anvils for the old one. Its conspicuous presence among his books marks the man's iron love for things, as well as persons, that

have been his friends. It also marks his willingness to own his humble origin.

Mr. Collyer reads much; and much of his reading is fiction. Among the philosophers, he cultivates a few pets, especially Mr. Emerson. On nationality of authors, he prefers American. He says they are bolder, challenge you to dare think for yourself; their spirit is more prophetic, sculpturing the future into form, not forever whitewashing the tombstone of the past; not so tied to old institutions as are the Germans; not so careful as the English of what the Reviews may say. He has himself planted several modest slips of authorship; but they give no sign of coming great cedars. Rather are they little evergreens beside life's every-day garden-walk.

"Mr. Collyer, will you tell me why you dropped Wesley's hand to take Channing's?"

"Well," says he, "a little, great woman, and the African, had much to do with my swapping workshops; that is, Lucretia Mott and the slave. Two years in England I had been a Methodist local preacher, and the same eight or nine years in this country, working in the hammer factory near Philadelphia through the week, and speaking religiously to the people on Sunday. I preached because I loved the cause, not for money. I think all I ever received as a Methodist preacher aggregated \$7.50. Mrs. Mott lived near by. She came to hear me preach; she came into our little lyceum and spoke for emancipation. I thought her grand, and I grew in favor with her; I was made the welcome guest of herself and husband. We talked much on the nature of the atonement and future punishment. I came into new views of these great issues. But as I became also a convert to immediate emancipation, perhaps half the motive to change was that I was ashamed and confounded, in those years just before the war, that my Methodist desk was not high enough for sermons against slavery and for liberty, but that the Unitarian was. I thought Christ stood beside the slave, and I turned toward that light."

"But you do not cherish cruel thoughts toward your early pulpit home?"

His response, done in his mellow Yorkshire, falls on my ear as quaint and very beautiful: "If I were not married to my wife, I would go back and live with my mother."

Soon after his second conversion, the kindly commendations of Dr. Furness prevailed upon

the Missionary Union to send Mr. Collyer to Chicago in charge of Western mission interests. He organized Unity Church with seven members—"and the people heard him gladly."

They so heard him for a long time, many always. But some will tell you that in his later ministry he became too much a law unto himself, shunning advice, though bent on giving it; that he insisted on the luxury of finding fault as an exclusive perquisite of the pulpit.

And this lies close to his counsel at the recent installation of his Chicago successor. His part was "the charge to the people," and he said: "If you have fault to find with your pastor, do not tell him on Monday, for then he is blue; nor on Tuesday, for then he is pulling out; nor on Wednesday, for then he is getting ready for his sermon; nor on Thursday, for then he is writing it; nor on Friday, for then he is finishing it; nor on Saturday, for then he is getting ready for Sunday. And if you don't tell him before Saturday night, you'll not tell him at all."

On that occasion, too, he seemed to give complexion to the theory of the querulous that he is prone to privately disappointing people—accepting invitations to parties, then failing to appear.

The installation occurred on Wednesday evening. Mr. Collyer then announced that on Thursday evening a reception would be given in the church, that he wanted to see everybody, and that all Unitarians in the city were invited. Many went miles to meet him; but at 3 P.M. of Thursday, with no apparent cause, he took the train for New York, and, if he had any apology, carried it with him.

He often drops thoughtless remarks that hurt some friend. Always manifesting in the pulpit a deep anxiety for those who are absent, a faithful attendant, who missed a Sunday, met his pastor on Monday and began: "Brother Collyer, I wasn't at church yesterday"—and was about to tell him why, when Mr. Collyer broke in with, "Who cares!" A year later the two were discussing empty pews, and the layman said, "Well, I don't care whether folks go to church or not, since you told me you didn't care when I was absent."

"Did I say that?"

"Of course you did."

"I didn't know it; but if I said it I ought to be whipped."

And there were those who thought he put too much time into lectures.

But in spite of his few faults, the body of his people loved him well. It lay in their plan to advance his salary, though he assured me they paid him all he earned. They also were about to provide him a lieutenant, let him preach at his leisure, and pension him when too old to preach at all. Having tarried in the West, possibly it was a mistake that he let go Chicago's Unity to take hold of New York's Messiah, in the fall of '79. Still, he is one of the largest digits, not the ciphers, on the Knickerbocker slate.

By way of ending biography where the subject began,—at the small end,—the boy Robert merits a type or two, though the record is familiar. His grandfather, if you care to turn back so far, fell beside Nelson at Trafalgar; and, thereupon, his father became heir to the London poor-house. But soon a Yorkshire worker in iron picked him out for "a bright un" and led him thither, where he worked hard, married a gracious orphan girl, and reared Robert—service enough to the world.

All of Robert's days in a school-house lay between his fifth and ninth years. After that he was a good student at the forge, lunching on books while he blew the bellows or switched the flies from a customer's horse. At fourteen he left Keighley (his birthplace) to become apprentice at Ilkley. There he grew, labored, and borrowed books in sight of the Brontes' Haworth home and the house where Heber had composed many hymns.

There, too, at twenty-four he took his first text. And two years later he took a wife and emigrated to America. On this side the sea, as a man among Americans, I trust you now know him fairly well.

Let us leave Robert Collyer with an incident in proof that his self-culture to the chorus of his Yorkshire anvil was wise, and placed him far above the average common people of his county. Directly he reached this country, he addressed us well in our own words. Yet, about that date, a Yorkshire farmer was summoned into court at Liverpool, only thirteen miles away. His rude patois could not be understood, and an interpreter had to be called.

LORA.

BY PAUL PASTNOR.

EIGHTH MOVEMENT.—PREMONITIONS.

HIGH on the sand-bar were breaking the cold autumn billows,

Gloomy and sad was the sky, and the wild gulls were screaming;

Yet was the cottage of farmer Laroix never brighter:

Lora at last had returned, and her presence was sunshine.

"Child," cried the meek, wond'ring mother, "how queenly art getting!

Six changeful weeks at the tavern have made thee a woman."

Also her father, when home he returned in the evening,
Bowed to the beautiful lady—then knew her, and kissed her.

"Who brought thee back?" he inquired, in his practical man's way.

"Or didst thou drift with the wind, like a leaf from the oak-top?"

"Nay," answered Lora, her hazel eyes dropping before him,

"One of the guests brought me down—in poor Oliver's carriage."

Then fell a gloom and a silence, as Lora intended.

So the days passed for a week, and the maiden was busy,—
Even more skilled than of old in her humble home duties.
Still she gave time to the children; she decked them with trifles,

Taught winning ways to her sisters, and gallantry's graces
Unto her brothers; she told them love-stories by twilight.
Ofttimes Gillaume, the prince of her brothers, the eldest,
Nearly as tall as his sister, and looking toward manhood,
She would beguile to the orchard, and there fill his bosom
With the fond secrets of maidens, the little love-fancies,
Which he would certainly win! said his proud, smiling sister.

Then up and down, through the ranks of the ugly gray tree-trunks,

Twisted and old and uncouth,—out of tune with love-prattle,—

They two would walk, arm-in-arm, not as brother and sister,
But with the ardent conceit of another companion!
Bareheaded thus, with the sunlight ensnared in her tresses,
Lora was strolling, one late afternoon, with her brother,
Pensively quiet, and pressing more close to his shoulder
Than was her wont, when the gliding of wheels filled the orchard.

"Oh, it is Luke!" cried the maiden; and straightway her brother

Felt the wild leap of her heart, on his shoulder escaping,
Also her billowing breast, like the sway of a curtain,
When the glad captive has lifted its edge, and departed.
Up through the gnarled, twisted trees flew the light-footed maiden,

Fair as a baby's first dream from the cavern of Pluto!

"Lora—my love!" cried Luke Gleason, in happy amazement.

"Am I enchanted, like one who woke up in a palace,
Found all he wished at the beck of his half-dreaming fancy,
Or are you truly so fond that you run thus to meet me?"

Answered the maiden no word, for her lover was mystic,
Spake like a wonderful prince, and her heart was delighted.
Only she stood by the wheel, and her dark silken lashes
Spake for her eyes, with an eloquent rising and falling.
Therefore he kissed her ('twas mellow as fruit, and the branch shook)!

Leaned o'er and kissed her—because all the stars swept to kissing!

Meanwhile, the wondering boy, in pursuit of his sister,
Came to the bounds of the orchard, unnoticed, unthought of,
Marked with amazement the thrice-given kiss of the stranger,
And with light steps stole away to impart the dread secret!
Farmer Laroix he espied, from the furrow returning,
Wrapt in the glory of age, and a halo of sunset.

Peacefully calm were the father's reflections; and, smiling,
He with his spirit communed, as he drew near the cottage:

"God's way is best, for He knoweth the future of all things.
Harsh though it seem, still the end of his wisdom is kindness——"

"Father!" the echoing voice of the boy interrupted;

"Lora is out in the road, and a man has just kissed her!"
Straightway the sun hid his face in the hills to the westward.
And the old man seemed to reel on the edge of the shadow.

(To be continued).

THE DAILY PAPERS.

By ELEANOR MOORE HIESTAND.

IN spite of our blatant boasting, is it not an unfortunate fact that American journalism has fallen upon evil days? A superficial observer, misled by the number and size of our papers, their comprehensive and exhaustive contents, and by what we call their enterprise, might, perhaps, feel called upon to resent such an imputation; but would he be justified in so doing? This query, of course, does not apply to those holiday publications which appear only once a week, or once a month, and which are enriched with the mature thought, adorned with the fine rhetoric, of men of letters, who, as compared with the humdrum, overworked editor of a daily, the commonplace journalist, are gentlemen of elegant leisure. Our complaints and our praises are alike reserved for those courier sheets which are served up every morning with breakfast, and which we digest with our coffee and rolls.

News getting in this country amounts to a mania. I have often thought how aptly a certain observation of Dr. Goldsmith's concerning the English people of the last century might be applied to us. In the character of a Citizen of the World, he wrote to that august but mythical personage, Fum Hoam, as follows: "An Englishman not satisfied with finding, by his own prosperity, the contending powers of Europe properly

balanced, desires also to know the precise value of every weight in either scale. To gratify this curiosity, a leaf of political instruction is served up every morning with tea; when our politician has feasted upon this, he repairs to a coffee-house, in order to ruminate upon what he has read, and increase his collection; from thence he proceeds to the ordinary, inquires what news, and treasuring up every acquisition there, hunts about all the evening in quest of more, and carefully adds it to the rest. Thus at night he returns home, full of the important advices of the day: when lo! awaking next morning he finds the instructions of yesterday a collection of absurdity and palpable falsehood."

Without lingering over the sharp but delicate satire couched in the amusing epitome of the daily news which follows close upon this quotation in one of the famous Chinese Letters, we cannot help wondering, if such were the *naïve* comments of the distinguished Lien Chi Atlaugi upon English quidnuncs, what would he say to the temper and conduct of American newsmongers?

A taste which we have not been at any pains to suppress, a habit confirmed by indulgence, has increased our faculty for absorbing news. We have a growing appetite for the cream of the telegraphic advices, and our daily papers are

skimming the four corners of the earth to satisfy this abnormal craving. We are not, however, ourselves entirely responsible for this gluttonous curiosity. The papers first aroused in us this greed for news. They tickled our intellectual palates with telegraphic tidbits till they engendered an appetite, and we, thinking no harm could come from such an innocent indulgence, abandoned the curb. Our literary taste, hitherto delicate and discriminating, thrived upon this fare better than it was expected to. It grew in strength and voracity, in arrogance and impudence, till the foolhardy journalist found himself at the mercy of the monster he had been harboring. To-day he is groaning under the pressure of a heavy contract. He is bound to furnish news in quantity and quality acceptable to this omnivorous appetite, or else submit to be broken on the wheel of public opinion. The only circumstance in his favor is that we have a stomach like an ostrich.

It seems, too, that there can be no limit placed upon this growing demand for news. The popular opinion is that it is incompatible with progress for us to rest content with the same quota of news that satisfied us ten years ago. As we reach a higher pitch of civilization, we expect our journals to change their form and substance to suit our altered condition. This would be rather commendable than otherwise, if the demand were only for better selected matter, for items of graver import and less sensational character. But the cry is an indiscriminate one for more news, and the cable, the telegraph, the telephone, and the post are pressed into harder service. In order to meet the multifarious requirements of popular taste, our newspapers have felt it incumbent upon them to present contents of an unbounded variety and of a most exhaustive character. They have to do it, or they will lose patronage and support. If they didn't, their reputation would be forever blasted by the damning accusation that they were wanting in enterprise, the *sine qua non* of journalistic success.

But is there not something surfeiting in so much news? Is it not a diet apt to cloy on one's palate occasionally? Do we not often experience a sort of *embarras de richesse*? For myself, I confess I often have a feeling of repugnance for the typographic monster who enthrones himself at the breakfast-table. Moist from the press, and reeking with printer's ink, it falls like a wet blanket

on my curiosity; its very volume takes the edge off my appetite for its contents. I am like an invalid who relishes some not over-abundant dainty, delicately served, but whose caprice revolts from a vulgar superabundance, however excellent the viands. My piquant solicitude for the world's welfare receives a rebuff. In traveling up one column and down another, holding up the skirts of my fancy as I step over leads and quads, I meditate upon that trite old paradox, "The longest way round is the nearest way home." I feel much as though, in response to a kind inquiry for his health, my friend had treated me to a diagnosis of his disease, had made the egregious blunder, in short, of supposing that I was deeply interested in all the complicated details of the malady from which he is suffering.

The chances are, too, that as my eyes wander through the labyrinth of incidents and accidents on the pages of my paper, I encounter the announcement that the enterprising publisher contemplates increasing its area by a column or so, and that hereafter he will issue a double sheet on certain days of the week. Heavens! I ejaculate. More "news?" Perhaps he has a fertile fancy,—or a long exchange list, which is much the same thing,—and means to pad his telegrams with "punjaub," *i. e.* snake and fish stories, sailors' yarns, reporters' vagaries, bad poetry, and worse jokes! I am utterly undone.

Why do you read the papers if they offend you so? my friend inquired, not without reason. He don't understand me, though. I am quite as eager for news as he is; but I want news, and I refuse to be satisfied with anything else. I do not want persiflage and poetry, scandal and claptrap. I would like to have pithy and pungent telegrams, pertinent observations "boiled down" and left to simmer. My friend suggests that there are plenty of those in our daily papers. He instances the *Twinkler*. I know all about the *Twinkler*. It is a very good paper in some respects—ah! that saving clause! It shares, alas! the common fault. Its merit is too widely diffused. Its pages are filled with the rank vegetation of the sanctum. To get at the news I must wade through a reportorial marsh which almost swamps me. Yet I feel obliged to read every word in the *Twinkler*. I have some personal pride, I would have you know, and I choose to protect myself against embarrassing inquiries. It

may be that I am an unfortunate wretch; but this I know, that as sure as I skip a column, a paragraph, or even one of those dispiriting puns, my friend accosts me, and says in a suggestive manner: "I suppose you saw Thundergun's latest in the *Twinkler* this morning?" My shame-faced negation astounds him. He stares blankly, and so pities my dullness, my mental inertia, that he undertakes to tell me the whole thing with much verbiage!

If Mr. C—— enlarges the *Twinkler*—and he will—I shall have to read its extra columns and its double-sheet edition with stoical persistence, or reconcile myself to the ignominious position of a person who is "behind the times." If the newspaper editors and proprietors would only give us less to read, would store the grain, but send the chaff adrift, how enviable would be the lot of their subscribers! Conversely, if the public taste were more uniform and more correct, if only two people would hold the same opinion occasionally, how easy would be the task of getting out a good paper!

Mr. C—— observes that he has taken warning from the awful fate of the man who tried to publish a paper that would please everybody. That man has degenerated into a babbling idiot. Ah, me! But all the same, I sigh for a paper bristling with terse observations delivered in a clear, incisive style, arranged in a compact and convenient form, not spread in a thin layer over so much space. A few editions of the *Twinkler* would pad a good-sized carpet, and I must cut it up in sections if I want to read it on the street-cars, or else beg the privilege of spreading it like an afghan over my neighbor's kness. Above all, I want a paper which I can read in less than a half a day. I am a person of comparative leisure; but, if I undertake to read the *Twinkler* every day, not to speak of the *Dazzler*, which appears in the afternoon, I have not much time to spare. What chance, then, I ask you, has the ordinary man of business to gain the most casual acquaintance with general literature, if he reads his paper carefully?

I suppose that if it were to be conceded that our papers are too voluminous, the question of reducing their size would incite many a quarrel. How the general public would deride the suggestion that we should have no more editorials! Yet would not that be a desirable contingency? It seems very clear to me that our present system of editing a paper tends to create less independence

of thought than is desirable. What proportion do you suppose of the readers of our daily papers take the trouble to think out for themselves any knotty question of finance or economy? Do not the vast majority of them accept their opinions ready-made from the press? Unfortunately, the average individual is not a person of such broad intelligence, nor is he fired with such an inextinguishable purpose to get knowledge, that he can wholly resist the temptation, or at least escape the influence, brought to bear upon him by a protracted series of editorials. He finds in it what seems to him a free discussion of the subject at issue, but what is really in most cases a purely partisan view; he sees an imposing array of arguments, he absorbs conclusions promulgated with a finality which seems to preclude his right to enter the realm of thought on his own account. Unconsciously he allows his opinions to be formulated on the plan before him. He reads but one paper, unfortunately, and by constantly adopting its principles he grows one-sided. He is an unsymmetrical man. He has put on his ideas like a cloak, forgetting that their particular fabric only fits him for one kind of weather, that they are after all the fallible opinions of a man and not the inspired utterances of an oracle. Such is the strange deference with which the press ever surrounds itself. Thus, by the subtle sophistries of an interested editor, are we enticed into a habit of superficial thought and inconsequent reasoning.

The idea that the daily newspapers set up for autocrats and educators is little more than a beautiful fallacy. The most independent of them all is a mere parasite on the body politic. It is a repository of opinions, an exponent of public taste, and no one but a fatuous theorist would expect it to be anything else. We recognize in our newspapers the agency of men of business, seeking favor and subscribers. If in a moment of lofty indignation we deplore this prostitution of the press in high-sounding phrases and dolorous complaints, let us remember that we have contributed our influence to the formation of its character.

It would not require a Herculean effort to eliminate the grossest faults that now mar the effectiveness of our papers. It would not, for instance, be a difficult matter to disabuse the journalist's mind of that odd idea that he secures a stronger hold upon the public by discarding the last vestiges of that scholarly style which formerly

distinguished his fraternity. It would indeed be unjust for us to expect irreproachable diction of a man who is forced to grind out "copy," in the mood or out of it, with hardly leisure enough to read over what he has written, much less revise it. We expect no rhetorical miracles. We do not ask the editor to mend his style, but we beg him to refrain from mutilating it. It is distressing to notice the apparent paucity of expression that hampers the pens of our journalists. They have reared a new family of words and phrases, squalid and sickly, the progeny of vulgar colloquialisms. They have immersed their editorials in a fountain—a river—an ocean of slang. It is such a convenient thing with which to round a period! It has force if it has not elegance, and then this bizarre style of writing is the fashion. What a strange defense! No one adopts the lingo of a prize-fighter as his model in drawing-room conversation. No one talks slang in the *beau monde*. These loose-jointed words are the relaxations we allow ourselves occasionally when we chat with an intimate friend. We are forced to forego them in public. How is it that the editor whose utterances are the cynosure of every eye indulges himself with impunity in such verbal license simply because he can hide his personality behind the screen of his paper?

American newspapers, while they are in many respects peerless and above reproach, have faults peculiarly their own. They are astute, far-sighted, sound in logic, quick of wit, not without appreciation or devoid of taste, and, above all, full of enterprise, and of an indomitable determination to keep up with the times. But these qualities fail to elicit their meed of commendation, because they are shorn of their greatest glory, pure diction and fine phraseology—also because they are tainted with that sensationalism which is the bane alike of our literature and art.

It would, perhaps, seem as though we were pushing our prerogative if we ventured to decide what was to be tabooed and what was not. It cannot, however, be taken in bad part if we suggest that our papers are too deeply steeped in gore. It is not the most desirable thing in the world to have the coming generation brought up on blood and thunder. The evils of such a system of nourishment were very strongly suggested to my mind by an occurrence of a few days ago. A lad of about fourteen years of age, whose parents are poor,

unlettered people, asked me if I would not give him a certain copy of the *New York Herald* which I had. The request surprised me. He had never asked for the paper before, and I knew that he took more kindly to the *Clipper*. Upon inquiry, however, I discovered that he was anxious to obtain the *Herald* because he had been told that it contained a most minute and graphic account of the late murder in Hoboken! And here I may observe that I have been very much gratified by the intelligence that a bill has been introduced into the Michigan Legislature imposing a fine of \$1000 and imprisonment for a year on any person publishing an account of a murder or hanging.

Very few thoughtful people presume to deny that the tendency of this charnel-house literature is to increase the percentage of crime in our midst. I can easily comprehend the verdict of that New York jury which ascribed the late suicide of a young girl in that city to an overwrought fancy worked up to the fatal pitch by brooding over current accounts of similar acts of desperation. The melo-drama of our newspapers is too vulgar to exert any influence over older and more intelligent persons; but its effect upon the young and unreasoning mind can easily be understood by one who is sensible of the subtle power wielded over the most refined and cultivated by a certain class of writers. I cannot conceive of a more effective stimulant to morbid tastes than the stories of Mr. Edgar Poe. I should not like to be held responsible for their effects upon the mind and conduct of any one who was given to their constant perusal. Yet the carefully worked up accounts of tragic *denouements* which appear in our papers from day to day are even more insinuating and seductive to some persons, and they are more widely circulated.

This gratification of a morbid fancy for horrible details is, of course, the worst phase of sensationalism; but the same spirit crops out in a hundred ways. One of the shallowest and most ridiculous devices of the newspapers to attract attention partakes of this character. I have in mind the headline mania. A journalist once told me that it was much more difficult to write a headline than to write an article. That depends, I think. If it is to be a simple, unassuming title, it will spring up of itself; if it must be an illustrated index and table of contents with preface attached, it will need to be carefully cultivated. I can understand

how embarrassing it would be to be called upon to furnish frequently any such alliterated and hydra-headed titles as the following, which I clip from a paper of good standing, and which appeared over an unpretending article:

TIME-TESTERS AND BURDEN-BEARERS.

BEAUTIFUL BEASTS BROUGHT OUT
AND BESTRODE BEWILDER AND
BEWITCH BIG BODIES OF
BEHOLDERS.

DECIDED DIFFERENCE IN DISCRIMINA-
TION AND DISCUSSION AS TO DEVEL-
OPMENT DEFINITELY DETER-
MINED.

CAUSES CONSIDERED.

Here is a fault so patent that a blind man could almost see it. It is, however, comparatively harmless, though certainly indicative of very poor taste. I would pass it in silence, if I could secure thereby a promise that we should be treated to less vulgar humor. I have no words in which to express my disgust and loathing for the vile and indecent "jokes," the broad innuendoes, the outrageous *double-entendres*, the indelicate chaff with which our papers are filled.

Not long since I observed, with regret, that a certain popular paper was publishing a set of stories worthy of Fielding and Smollett. I was

surprised, because I knew the editor to be a man of refined tastes. In defense of his action, he said that the low price at which the paper sold—one cent per copy—extended its circulation among the poorer classes of society, to whom, as a rule, reading of that kind was particularly acceptable; that it was, in short, a poor man's paper, and designed to cater to his tastes. What do you think of that defense?

You will never get a journalist to acknowledge that he is pursuing a wrong policy. If you disparage anything that goes into his paper, he says, in a patronizing way: "Yes, I know it is below proof. But, my dear sir, you do not understand this business. We do not exercise our own discretion in these matters. We put in what we know will please the people. The public has no opinion, no mind of its own. It is a creature of impulse and prejudice. We understand that perfectly."

There is real humor in the situation, when we consider that at the very moment when the editor is making these remarks, society is saying, with poignant regret: "Oh, these journalists are so degenerate! They have no conscience at all, much less principle. It is surprising that they have managed for so long to retain their respectability."

You see how it is! Who shall say where the main fault lies? A trite old Latin proverb runs, "*Vox populi vox dei est.*" If that is the truth, the editor of the *Twinkler* and his "esteemed contemporaries," to steal some journalistic "taffy," have very slim chances of preferment either here or hereafter.

A REBEL EXPLOSIVE.

By M. S. D.

DURING Sherman's immortal achievement in the march through Georgia I fell sick, and being unable any longer to sit my horse, I was left behind about fifty miles inland, at a small farm house belonging to a Confederate farmer. Here I fell in with a young lieutenant from a Vermont regiment—Ephraim Baxter by name—who had been badly wounded in the head, and consequently incapacitated, like myself, from keeping up with the army.

We both felt down-hearted enough as we saw the last straggler, and heard the last bugle-call of

our comrades die away in the distance, leaving us behind, sick, wounded, and unprotected, in the enemy's country.

However, we tried to make the best of matters, swearing eternal friendship over our pipes, and forming a firm compact to stand by each other to the death. I soon found out that my companion's wound made him extra nervous and even flighty at times when the pain in his head was very bad, and this irregularity of imagination took the form of extreme suspiciousness of everybody and every-

thing, a phase that was anything but comforting, situated as we were.

"Hurrah! hurrah! we'll shout the jubilee,
Hurrah! hurrah! the flag that set you free,"

he sang at the top of his voice, tapping his pipe viciously on the sill of the farm-house window. "Anything to keep one's spirits up; I could knock out the little brains the bullet left behind in my noddle, to think of it all. It's just my confounded luck all through. No one to talk to here but the old man and woman and that sulky nigger. I am hungry as a catamount. I'll go in and hurry up the tea and fixings." So saying, he began to pound at the bolted door, by no means in the sweetest of tempers, for his wound was just then paining him a good deal.

"If I had my pistol here, I'd darned soon blow in this door and fetch 'em."

"The old man's coming, I hear him shuffling," I said. "Don't get impatient, Baxter; the old folks are deaf, and I dare say no more pleased to have us here than we are to be obliged to stay. It's in our interest to keep them sweet."

"Oh, you're too civil to them by half, cap'n. I've been a prisoner once over yonder in Libby, and I know 'em, darn their rebel skins. I wouldn't trust 'em an inch from my nose. Shuffle, shuffle—I hear him. Come 'long here and open this door," he shouted, loud enough to waken the seven sleepers.

"Why, I declare, I hear horses' hoofs," I said, listening again.

"That's some reb trick—get your pistol ready, cap'n."

"Nonsense," I replied, as the door of the farm-house this moment flew open, and a rough-looking, sinister-faced man in ragged dress, slouch hat, and long boots, came out leading a horse. His saddle-bags were stuffed full of something, and he carried a pistol and bowie knife in his belt, while a horn slung back over his shoulders. He scowled at us as he leaped on his horse.

"What have you got in them bags?" asked Baxter.

"What's that to you, mud-sill?" answered the man, looking down at his pistol in a menacing manner. "Who was your nigger last year?" And saying this, he struck spurs in his horse, blew his horn loudly, and dashed down the road out of sight.

"Didn't I tell you, cap'n, it was an all-fired

reb," cried the lieutenant excitedly. "By golly! I wish I'd shot at him with my six-shooter!"

Just then the farmer, a beetle-browed, sour-looking old man, with a week's stubble on his chin, came past us, looking down the road as he shaded his eyes with his hand.

"Who are you looking for?" I inquired.

The old man's eyes twinkled maliciously as he turned slowly round, replying, "I'm lookin' fur my friends to come."

"There, durn him, didn't I tell you so, cap'n. He's looking for the rebs, and we shall be cut into apple sass," cried Baxter feverishly. "Now look here, old skunk," he went on, turning sharp on the astonished old man, and laying a heavy brown hand on his shoulder, "we're officers of Uncle Sam's army, and we insist on knowing who that fellow was who has just galloped off so slick."

"That man with the saddle-bags?"

"Yes."

"The varmint with the blue coat and ——?"

"Yes, yes."

"What! the fellow that blew the horn?"

"Yes, you pesky old coon."

"Him that come out just befo' me?"

"Yes, I tell you. Come, no more sliding about—answer."

"That? Why that's the Slopercreek postman, that is," said the old man, cackling and exploding with a vexatious laugh. "Wal, I reckon you is the queerest Yanks I ever see in these parts."

"What! that the postman, and carries pistols?"

"Yes; 'bliged to, the roads is so full o' these snakin' thieves who 'tend to b'long to the army, and do nothin' but rob and steal, and murder honest folks—hang 'em!"

"Look here, you venerable coon," said Baxter, "you just keep a civil tongue in your shaky jaws, or I'll soon settle your hash for you. We don't intend taking none o' your sass. Jump round quick now and get us some supper."

Some way my better judgment was overruled, and I began to regard the old couple with the same suspicion which my comrade had toward them, his mistrust infecting me in spite of myself.

That night when we went to bed—we slept in the same room—Baxter broke out again. He was very feverish and restless. All at once he bounced out of bed.

"Look here, cap'n," said he, "I can't sleep here nohow. Depend upon it, there's some mis-

chief brewing; that old skunk is too quiet. There's some confounded plot to blow us up, and these darned cans" (here he kicked a row of cans at one end of the room) "may be full of nitroglycerine, for all we know. Then here's this pesky cupboard" (trying the door) "that's locked as tight as a clam at high tide; who knows what's in it, or where it leads to?—some trap to push our dead bodies into, I'll be bound."

"Come, come, old boy, don't kick up such a row this time of night," said I soothingly.

"Oh, no! and have a lot of rebs spring through that door at us to cut our throats, or be burned in our beds; I guess so!"

"Those are only oil-cans."

"Yes, and what feeds fire better than oil."

"Well, if you will hunt around at unearthly hours for *causas belli*, for gracious sakes keep your suspicions to warm your own imagination. I don't care a rap, so you'll let me sleep."

But it was all of no use. The lieutenant was half-crazed with anger and mistrust.

Opening a window he began rolling the cans toward it, and lifting them cautiously, tossed three or four out into the court-yard below. It was useless trying to restrain him.

Presently we heard the voice of our host shouting up for us to stop.

"Here, strangers, here," he cried, "none o' them tricks; you're spillin' all the oil the carrier left here for Sy Peck's stores at Slopercreek, and I'm answerable for 't."

"Didn't I tell you," said my irascible companion, turning to me red in the face from tugging at the cans, and throwing another out, "he's going to set fire to the house, and this is to make it go slick. I've a mind to set the whole darned concern going myself to pay him out."

"You'll do nothing of the kind, if I know it," I said quietly. "You're crazy, to be going on like that."

"Look here, liftenent," shouted the old man, "if you'll only lay by till me and the old gal kin dress, we'll come up and tote them ile-cans that seem to sorter rile you."

Satisfied with this diplomatic arrangement, Baxter yielded, and soon the obnoxious jars were carried away by the old people and their negro.

Nevertheless my comrade refused to sleep unless I kept guard, so we agreed to take our rest by turns, portioning the night off into different watches.

The next morning at breakfast the old couple were very sullen, and the rheumatic old negro who kept slouching about with an axe in his hand once more aroused Baxter's suspicions.

Drawing his six-shooter and laying it beside his plate on the table, the touchy Vermonter remarked: "I don't mean no harm, old folks, but if that nigger o' yours keeps loafing about behind my chair with that axe kinder handy, I'll make the tallest corpse of him to be seen in these diggin's, sure as there's wattles on a rooster; so he'd better look out."

In the afternoon we were lounging on the grass in the orchard, out of sight of the house, and were just dozing off, being much fatigued after our broken rest of the previous night, when a horrible and unearthly noise roused us. It was like the clatter of a dozen mill-wheels going off at once, together with a score of burglar-alarms and a perfect medley of watchman's rattles.

"That's a signal," said the lieutenant anxiously; "come along, cap'n; draw your sword, for we're in for it now, and if we don't get a shy at the rebs and scare them a bit, I wouldn't give three strips of a louse for either of our lives in this darned place."

We dashed over the fence, racing along in the direction from whence came the infernal racket, until a gap from a second orchard into the corn-field was reached, where the noise was positively deafening.

"Double-quick it," shouted Baxter; "we'll drop slick on their sentinel before the main body comes up."

We were quickly round the corner of the stack, and there we found the enemy; a little sun-burned sly urchin, who was stuffing his mouth full of doughnuts with one hand, while with the other he sprang a great flapping bird-scarer's rattle.

I screamed with laughter; not so my nervous friend, however, who was inclined to take the joke *au sérieux*. He gave the youngster a sounding box on the ears, grimly confiscating the rattle, and, more out of temper than ever, turned and left.

That evening at tea we were soundly berated by the old couple, who were most indignant at our treatment of their grandson—the innocent rattle-springer—and of our suspicions, and our behavior generally. They wanted to do their best by us, they said, and make the best of the reverses of war, but we still remained mistrustful and arbitrary.

If it were to go on this way, they would give up the house, fixings and all, to us, and go right away to their married son's at Slopercreek. "I don't mean no harm, and I want to get along smoothly," said the old farmer; "but there don't seem to be no ways o' satisfyin' you Yankees. You seem to think we're all trash and thieves down here in Georgia, because we don't go in for your old rail-splitter 'stead o' Jeff Davis."

Despite our host's harangue, however, we were by no means reassured when we retired that night. We spent a long hour talking, discussing the danger, and resolving, if surprised, to die fighting; for with one of us wounded, and the other weak from long sickness, escape would be out of the question. "And if the time does come," remarked Baxter, "I'll just keep my last shot for that old skunk down-stairs. He shan't get off scott free if I can help it."

The great brilliant harvest-moon was shining like a gigantic yellow lamp over the mottling corn-fields as I got into bed; for my sleep was first that night. About half-past three o'clock I awoke and took my place in the tumble-down arm-chair by the window near the bed, and opposite the locked cupboard which had already roused my comrade's fears.

"The everlastin' firmament," he grumbled drowsily, as he turned in between the sheets, "I am pesky sleepy." And in a minute or two his pipe dropped from his mouth on the floor, he murmuring the while his favorite lamentation over the "rebs."

The night was feverishly hot and close. There were mutterings of thunder in the air, and the sky was black, sullen, and starless. The moon was quite extinguished in huge masses of vaporous clouds, and as I opened the window the silence was almost oppressive. No sound of night-bird or insect reached my strained ears, but only the occasional uneasy and distant growling of the coming storm.

It could not have been very far from daybreak when, overcome with fatigue and a dull pain in my head, brought on by the thunder heat, I fell asleep. My dreams were none of the pleasantest. I thought I was still gazing out of the window on the black night, when the rifles of a whole rebel regiment suddenly pointed at me through forked flames, which broke into a blaze of light, disclosing the old farmer's sniggering face cackling

over my discomfort. I awoke fancying I heard the sound of hoofs, and imagining the rebel cavalry had already gotten on our track. But I soon fell asleep again, this time dreaming the old couple had poisoned us, and as we lay twisting and writhing in our horrible death agony they came to our bedside gloating over us with faces distorted with malice and revenge and taunting us with being so easily fooled.

The sharp, clear report of a pistol awoke me. There was no mistake now, and I hurriedly seized my sword and roused Baxter. My first thought was that the old man had crept into our room and murdered the Vermonter as he slept, and that the next barrel would fetch me. But I was mistaken, and I felt, when I was thoroughly awake, that the shot must have been fired at one of us through the open window.

It was gray dawn, and light enough to see everything in the room, and as we stared at each other, uncertain from whence an attack might be made on us, Baxter, with a ghastly look of terror that seemed to turn his face to stone, pointed to the cupboard door. There, from beneath, was creeping slowly and sluggishly out a winding stream of thick crimson blood, which, widening over the floor, in a moment had almost reached our feet, rooted in horror to the spot.

"Some one has been murdered in there," I faltered. In another moment I flew at the door and tried with might and main to break it open. There was a heavy crash within as of some one falling, but no reply to our muffled cries. Baxter, always more hot and passionate than myself, cut the knot summarily. Placing his revolver at the key-hole, he blew the door open with a single shot.

It was but a brief moment's work to drag down the planks, and we beheld, not a man weltering in his blood, but a huge broken bottle of preserved currants, which, newly corked, had fermented with the heat and had exploded in the alarming manner I have described, while the thick red juice under the door might have alarmed persons with less reason to be suspicious than ourselves.

I am happy to say this was the climax which solved all after-doubts, and the remainder of our stay with the old couple was harmonious and friendly, for in the clear light of common sense they proved to be the most harmless people in the world.

KITH AND KIN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FIRST VIOLIN."

CHAPTER XVII.—"GODEN ABEND, GODE NACHT!"

HE crossed the farm-yard and went into the garden, under the old archway, and then, just as he was about to enter, he heard a voice singing, and was arrested. The window of the large room on the right was open, and a glow of fire-light warmed the background. From it came the sound of a piano being played, and of a woman's voice accompanying it. Aglionby trod softly up to the window and looked in. The fire burnt merrily. Judith Conisbrough sat at the piano, with her back to him, softly playing; her voice had ceased, and presently the music ceased also. Then she began again, and sang in a contralto voice, sweet, natural, and strong, if uncultivated, a song which Aglionby was surprised to hear. He would not have expected her to sing foreign songs—if this could be called foreign. He folded his arms under the window-ledge and gazed in and listened, and the music, after all the other strange and dreamful incidents of that day, sank into his inmost soul.

"Oever de stillen Straten,
Geit klar de Glockenslag.
God' Nacht! Din Hart will slapen;
Un' Morgen is ook een Dag.

Din Kind liggt in de Wegen,
Un' ik bin ook bi' Di';
Din Sorgen un' Din Leven
Sind allens um uns bi'.

Noch cenmal lat uns spräken;
Goden Abend, gode Nacht!
De Maand schient up de Däken
Uns Herrgott hält de Wacht."¹

¹ "Clear sounds adown the silent street
The bell that tells the hours.
Good-night! Thy very heart sleep deep!
To-morrow is also ours.

Thy child within its cradle sleeps,
And I am by thy side.
Thy life—its cares and hopes and loves
Around thee all abide.

Again the words of peace we'll speak,
'Good-even, love, good-night.'
Each quiet roof the moon-beams streak,
Our Lord God holds the watch."

Aglionby was not a sentimental man, but he was a man intensely sensitive to simple pathos of any kind. None could jeer more cruelly at every pretense of feeling, but none had a keener appreciation of the real thing when it came in his way. And this little German dialect song is brimming over in every line with the truest pathos. Sung in these surroundings by Judith Conisbrough's rich and pathetic voice, her own sadness heavy upon her and in her heart, it was simply perfect, and Bernard knew it. Like a flash of lightning, while the tears rushed to his eyes at this song, he remembered last Sunday evening, and Miss Vane warbling of how they had "sat *by* the river, *you* and *I*," and he shuddered.

There was a long pause, as she laid her hands on her lap—a long pause, and a deep sigh. Then she slowly rose. Aglionby's impulse was to steal away unobserved, even as he had stolen there, but he feared to lose sight of her; he longed to speak to her, to have her speak to him; to tell her, if she would listen to him, something of the pure delight he had this day experienced. So he said, still leaning into the room:

"May I thank you, Miss Conisbrough?"

He saw that she started, though scarce perceptibly; then she closed the piano, and turned toward him.

"Have you been listening to my singing? I hope it did not annoy you. It was for mamma. It soothes her."

"*Annoy* me!" he echoed in a tone of deep mortification. "You must take me for a barbarian. It did even more than you intended. It soothed *me*. Perhaps you even grudge me that?"

"Oh, no!" said Judith calmly. "I am glad if it gave you any pleasure."

She stood not far from the window, but did not approach it. Inside, the fire-light glowed, and threw out the lines of her noble figure and shabby dress, and flickered upon her calm, sad, yet beautiful face.

"Are you going up-stairs just because I have appeared upon the scene?" he asked, with a slight vibration in his voice. "You have ignored me

all day, now you are about to fly my presence. You certainly snub me sufficiently, Miss Conisbrough."

Judith at last came nearer the window, and held out her hand, which he took with a feeling of gratitude.

"I think you are very ready to invent motives for people's conduct," she said, "and those motives most extraordinary ones. I was not even thinking of going up-stairs. I was going into the other room to have my supper, at Mrs. Aveson's orders."

"Were you?" exclaimed he, with animation. "Then, if you will allow me, I will come and have mine at the same time, for I feel very hungry."

"As you like," replied Judith, and if there was no great cordiality in her tone, equally there was no displeasure—she spoke neutrally.

Bernard hastened to the front door, and met her crossing the passage.

"I think we had better fasten it," he remarked. "It is growing dark."

"We have no thieves in these parts," said Judith a little sarcastically.

"But there is the cold," he replied, with a townsman's horror of open doors after dusk; and he shut it, and followed her into the house-place where this evening the supper-table was laid.

Judith walked to the fire-place, and stood with her hand resting against the mantel-piece. She looked pale and tired.

"Have you not been out to-day?" he asked.

"No. I have been with mamma. She was nervous, and afraid to be left."

"I have been out-of-doors almost the whole day," he said.

"Have you? Exploring, I suppose?"

"Yes, I have been exploring. It is a beautiful place, to me especially, who have been all my life cooped up in streets and warehouses. I daresay you can scarcely believe it, but I have hardly seen any country. My mother was always too poor to take me away—allow me!"

Judith looked up quickly, as he uttered these words, and placed a chair for her at the table. She laid her hand on the chair-back, as she said:

"But you had friends who were wealthy, had you not—other relations?"

"My grandfather, Mr. Aglionby, was my only rich relation."

"But your mother—Mrs. Ralph Aglionby—had rich relations, I think."

"If she had, I never heard of them. Indeed, I know she had none. Her relations were very few, and such as they were, were all as poor as herself. Her sister, Mrs. Bryce, is the only one who is left. She is a good woman, but she is not rich—far from it."

"Then I was mistaken," said Judith, in so exceedingly quiet a tone that he said abruptly, as he did most things:

"I really beg your pardon for boring you with such histories. Here is the supper. May I give you some of this cold beef?"

He helped her, and noticed again how pale her face was, how sad her expression. He poured her out some wine and insisted upon her drinking it. Every moment that he spent with her deepened the feeling with which she had from the first inspired him—one of admiration. In her presence he felt more genial, more human and hopeful. He scarce recognized himself.

As for Judith, the simple question she had put, respecting his rich relations, and the answer he had given her, had filled her mind with forebodings. A dim, dread suspicion was beginning to take shape and form in her brain, to grow into something more than a suspicion. As yet, though it was there, she dreaded to admit it, even to herself. She had a high courage, but not high enough yet to give definite shape to that which still she knew, and which oppressed and tormented her. She must never speak of it. If she could prove herself to be wrong, what terrible repentance and humiliation she would have to go through; if right—but no! It could not be that she would be right.

At the present moment, she strove to put down these feelings, and exert herself to be at least civil to this young man who had so strangely stepped into her life, whom she had already begun to study with interest, and who, if her as yet unformulated suspicions should prove to be true, was one whom she could never know on terms of cordiality or friendship, even though all he said and did went to prove that he was no bragging heir, no odious hectorer over that which had suddenly become his.

"Were you at church this morning?" she asked.

"I?" He looked up quickly. "No. Ought I to have been?"

"I really don't know. Perhaps you are not a churchman?"

"I am not. And I suppose that almost every one here is."

"Yes; I think that all the gentry go to church, and most of the working people too."

"Miserable black sheep that I am! I realize from your simple question, that I ought to have presented myself, in the deepest mourning——"

"Mr. Aglionby," she interrupted, almost hastily, "pardon me, but you speak of your grandfather as if you felt some kind of contempt for him."

"Not contempt, but I should lie most horribly if I pretended to admire, or even to respect him. I do consider that he showed himself hard and pitiless in his deeds toward me during his life-time, and that finally he behaved toward Mrs. Conisbrough with a cruelty that was malignant. And I can't respect a man who behaves so."

"But it was not so," said Judith, pushing her plate away from her, clasping her hands on the edge of the table, and looking intently at him.

"Not so?" He paused in the act of raising his glass to his lips, and looked at her intently in his turn, in some surprise. "I don't understand you."

"I cannot explain. It sounds odd to you, no doubt. But I have reason to think that when you accuse my grand-uncle of vindictiveness and injustice, and then of malignant cruelty, you are wrong—you are, indeed. He was passionate. He did all kinds of things on impulse, and if he believed himself wronged, he grew wild under the wrong, and then he could do things that were harsh, and even brutal. But he was not one of those who cherish a grudge. He was generous. His anger was short-lived——"

"My dear Miss Conisbrough," said Bernard, with his most chilling smile upon his lips, his coldest gleam in his eyes, "it is most delightful to find what generosity of mind *you* are possessed of—and also, what simplicity. But don't you think you appeal more to my credulity than to my common-sense, when you affirm what you do—and expect me to believe it? Have I not the experience of my whole life-time—have I not my poor mother's ruined life and premature death from grief and anxiety—to judge from? And did I not only yesterday hear the will read, which has brought on your mother's illness?"

He tried not to speak mockingly, but the conviction of Judith's intense simplicity was too strong for him. The mockery sounded in his voice, and gleamed in his eyes.

"If I were in my usual crabbed temper," he added more genially, "I should say that you were quixotic and foolish."

"No, I am neither generous, quixotic, nor foolish. I told you I could not explain. All I can say is, that when I hear you speak in that half-sneering, half-angry tone of him, I feel—I cannot tell you what I feel."

"Then I am sure you shall never feel it again. I promise you that, and I beg your pardon, if I have wounded you," he said earnestly, and, hoping to turn away her attention from that topic, he added:

"But you said something about going to church. Do you think the neighbors expected me to be at church this morning, instead of rambling around the lake, and talking about the fells with the farmers' boys?"

"I daresay people would be a little surprised, especially as it was the day after Mr. Aglionby's funeral. These small places, you see——"

"Have their *lex non scripta*, which is very stringent. Yes, I know. I ought to have gone. I would have done, if I had thought of it."

"Are you a dissenter?" asked Judith; "because there is a chapel—Methodist, I think—at Yoresett, and a Quakers' meeting-house at Bainbeck."

"I am not what you call a dissenter, I suppose, but a free-thinker: what it is now fashionable to call an Agnostic—a modish name for a very old thing."

"Agnostic—that means a person who does not know, doesn't it?"

"Yes. At least, with me, it does. It means that I acknowledge and confess my utter and profound ignorance of all things outside experience, beyond the grave; beyond what science can tell me."

"But that is—surely that is atheism—rank materialism, isn't it?"

"Scarcely, I think, is it? Because I don't presume, or pretend to say, that those things which believers preach do not exist—all those things in the beyond, of which they confidently affirm the existence—I do not deny it; I merely say that for me such things are veiled in a mystery which I cannot penetrate, and which I do not

believe that any other man has the power to penetrate. My concern is with this life, and with this life alone. I have a moral law quite outside those questions."

"Have you? Then you do affirm some things?"

"One thing, very strongly," he answered, with a slight smile, "a thing which partly agrees, and partly disagrees with what you affirm—I am supposing you to be a Christian."

"And what is that?" asked Judith, neither affirming nor denying her Christianity."

"This: that to use the words of the Old Testament, 'The sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation,' ay, and a good deal beyond that; and that, in our system of belief and disbelief—whichever you like to call it—there exists *no* forgiveness of sins. That is all. It is not an elaborate creed, but I think any one who really comprehends it and accepts it, will find that he must lead a life, to come up to its spirit, as stern and as pure as that which any spirit of theism can offer to him."

"*No* forgiveness of sins," faltered Judith, more struck, apparently, by his words than seemed reasonable. "That is surely a hard lesson. Not even by repentance?"

He shook his head. "I don't see how even repentance can bring forgiveness," he said. "'The soul that sinneth, it shall die,' and 'the wages of sin is death.' There is no getting out of it, is there? The man who leads a sinful life does not do it with impunity, I think. If he seems to escape pretty well himself, look at his children—his children's children. Look at the punishments that are transmitted from generation unto generation 'of them that hate me and despise my commandments.'"

"That is God," said Judith.

"I know you call it so. To me it means the laws of science and nature: reason, morality, righteousness, clean hands and a pure heart."

"And you think that would be sufficient to deter people from doing wrong and wicked things?" she asked, still with an absorption of interest in the theme which surprised him, for after all it was a very old and hackneyed one—a subject which had been disputed thousands of times, and he had certainly not thrown any new light upon it by his words.

"I do not know," said he, "I am an Agnostic

there, too. It is to be hoped that if it were not efficacious now—which it hardly would be, I dare say—it may become so in the course of time, as the world grows what I call wiser, what you denominate more skeptical, I suppose. At any rate the fact remains, which no theologian can deny, that the sins of the fathers *are* visited upon the children daily, hourly, inevitably; and that if a man wish his descendants to escape punishment—if he wish to escape it himself—he must walk circumspectly: he can't be a drunkard or a profligate all his life, and by repenting on his death-bed wipe out all the consequences to himself and others; despite all that is preached about its being never too late to mend, and never too late to be forgiven, he cannot do it. He has sinned, and the effects are there. Surely you will own that?"

"It cannot be denied."

"Well, and a man or a woman cannot live a dishonest life—cannot go on with a lie in their right hands—without consequences ensuing. They may repent, sooner or later, in dust and ashes, and may swear, like Falstaff, to 'eschew sack and live cleanly,' but it takes two, at any rate, to tell a lie or to act one; the effects spread out in rings—none can know where or how they will end. It cannot be escaped. Some one must be punished."

"Then those who come after—is it of no use for them to try to expiate the sins of their fathers?" she asked, with the same anxious, eager intentness; "or, would it not be natural and right for them to say, 'Since my parents left me with this blight in my life, I'll even live recklessly. No repentance will cure it. There is no justice. I will get what pleasure I can out of my maimed existence, and the future may look after itself?'"

"I told you the creed was a hard one," he said. "We have no God of mercy to go on our knees to, for forgiveness. What we have sowed, we must reap, God or no God. It is open to us to do as you say—'Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow thou shalt die.' Or, it is open to you to take your stand as firmly as may be, to *do without* the cakes and ale; to say, 'Whatever I may suffer for my parents' sin, none shall have to suffer for mine,' and to live righteously."

"And the reward?" asked Judith, looking at him eagerly and intently, even anxiously.

"There is no reward, that I know of, except the one which Christianity says is not sufficient to keep a man straight—the conviction that you have

done right and been honest, cost what it might, and that whatever you have suffered from others, no others shall suffer by you. That is all that I know of."

"Then do you recommend this creed to others?"

"I recommend it simply as I would recommend truth, or what appeared to me to be truth, before a lie—as I would recommend a man setting out on a journey to fill his wallet with dry bread, or even dry crusts, rather than with macaroons and cream-cakes."

She leaned her head on her hand, in silence, and at last said:

"It is a hard doctrine."

"Yes, I know. It is the only one that I ever found of any service to me in my life."

"It seems to me that it might be good for strong spirits, but that it would altogether crush weak ones."

"Then, Miss Conisbrough, it should be good for yours; it should be the very meat to sustain it," said Bernard involuntarily and eagerly.

Judith smiled, rather wanly.

"You imagine mine to be a strong spirit?" she asked.

"I am convinced of it."

"You never were more mistaken in your life. I am a faint-hearted coward." She rose slowly, and paused near the fire. "I think, Mr. Aglionby, that there is a great deal of reason in your Agnosticism. I wish people—some people, I mean—had known of it and realized it a long time ago."

There was a dreary hopelessness in her tone, a blank sorrow in her expression, which went home to him. Like many a strong soul which has been scarred in battle, he shrank from seeing others exposed to the ordeal he had gone through. He thought she was going, all desolate as she was and looked. He could not endure the idea of sending her comfortless away, and he strove to detain her yet another moment.

"Do you mean," he hastily asked, and in a low voice—"do you mean about my grandfather? Because, you know, I try to live up to my convictions. He did wrong, I know—and those who come after him must suffer from it more or less; but I have elected to take the side of not letting others suffer by me, and——"

"I was not thinkin of my great-uncle at all,"

was the unexpected reply. "You are harping on the way in which he has left his money. And you would like to make it right. You cannot. I never realize until now how utterly impossible it is. Yes, the sins of the fathers *shall* be visited upon the children. But you have committed no sin. Do not trouble yourself. If it were merely money—though I am nearly a pauper, I never felt to care so little for money as I do now. It seems to me to make so little difference. I think I shall try your creed, Mr. Aglionby; it seems to me to be a manly one." She held out her hand.

"But you want a womanly one," he urged eagerly, yet not too boldly.

"No; I want as strong, as masculine, as virile a creed as I can find. I want a stick to lean upon that will not fail me, and I believe you have extended it to me this night, though I will not deny that it has a rough and horny feeling to the hand. Good-night."

"I am greatly concerned," he began, and his face, his voice, and his eyes all showed that concern to be profound.

"Do not be concerned. I thank you for it," said Judith, smiling for the first time upon him. Aglionby hardly knew what the feeling was which seemed to strike like a blow upon his heart, as he met that smile, exquisitely sweet and attractive, like most smiles of grave faces. He could not speak a word, for the emotion was altogether new to him. Passively he allowed her to withdraw her hand, and to walk out of the room.

He sat with his elbow on his knee, his chin in his hand, gazing into the fire, and would have sat there till the said fire had expired, had not Mrs. Aveson at last wonderingly looked in to ask if he had finished supper.

"Yes," he answered abruptly, and the words of the song came tenderly into his mind:

"Noch eenmal lat uns spraken;
Goden Abend, gode Nacht!
De Maand schient up de Daken
Uns Herrgott hält de Wacht."

CHAPTER XVIII.—DANESDALE GOES TO SCAR FOOT.

ABOUT noon the next day, Sir Gabriel Danesdale and his son, riding down the hill behind Scar Foot, left off a lively discussion on politics, which had hitherto engrossed them, and turned their thoughts and their conversation toward the house which had just come in sight.

"I wonder how we shall like him," observed Sir Gabriel. "At the funeral, I took good notice of him—you were not there."

"No, I don't go to them, on principle."

"That is a mistake," said his father; "there is never any harm in occasionally confronting in another what must sometime be one's own end. When I fairly realized that it was old John who was being laid under the ground there, my own contemporary, and the friend of my youth, I assure you that the things of this present, the roast and the boiled, the lands and the houses, seemed to shrink away into remarkably small compass. It puts things before one in another light."

Sir Gabriel spoke with a tempered cheerfulness, and Randulf replied, "I never thought of it in that way; I have no doubt you are right."

"You are young, it is no wonder you have never thought of it in that way. But, as I was saying, I took remarkably good notice of this young fellow, and it was strongly borne in upon my mind that if he and old John had been much together, the roof of Scar Foot must have flown off under the violence of their disputes. He is not one of us, Randulf; not one of my kind, though he may suit your new-fangled notions."

"Did he look like a gentleman?"

"Upon my word, I can hardly tell. Not a finished gentleman, though he had some of his grandfather's pride of bearing. But everything about him tells of the town, any one would have picked him out as belonging to a different world from ours."

"Are you obliged to call upon him?" asked the young man.

"No, I suppose not, but I choose to do so, though I am sorry for Mrs. Conisbrough and her daughters. If I find the fellow is amenable to influence, I shall let him see that the whole place would approve of his sharing his inheritance with them."

"I hope you won't burn your fingers," said his son skeptically. "For my part I am very glad not to have made the acquaintance of this redoubtable 'old John,' for, from all I can hear, he seems to have been a most odious character, and to have behaved disgracefully to these ladies."

"Well, I'm afraid there is not much to be said for him, in that respect, but after all, a son is a son, Randulf, and I can pardon a man almost

anything when it is done for a son, or a son's son."

Randulf made no answer. He had been glancing aside, occupied in looking for the spot where he had found Judith Conisbrough, weeping. He had seen and recognized it, and with the sight of it came the remembrance of her face. Unknown "sons and son's sons" appeared to him insignificant in comparison with a woman whose sorrow he had beheld, and whose individuality had profoundly impressed him.

They rode into the court-yard at the back of the house.

"I hope he won't be away," said Sir Gabriel with an earnestness which amused his son. "It has been an effort to me to come, and I don't want to have made it for nothing."

He pulled a bell, and while they waited for a man to come, Judith Conisbrough walked into the court-yard, having come from the front part of the house. Neither Sir Gabriel nor his son knew of the presence at Scar Foot of Mrs. Conisbrough and her daughter, and were therefore proportionately surprised to see her there. She was going past them, with a bow, but Sir Gabriel, quickly dismounting, shook hands with her, and wished her good-day. She gravely returned his greeting.

"Are you—are you staying here?" he asked, at a loss to account for her presence.

"I am, at present, with my mother, who was unfortunately taken ill here, on Saturday."

"Dear, dear! I'm sorry to hear that. Then I fear we shall not find Mr. Aglionby at home?"

"He is at Scar Foot—Mr. Bernard Aglionby. Whether he is now in the house, or not, I have not the slightest idea," replied Judith composedly.

"Ah! I hope Mrs. Conisbrough is not seriously ill," pursued Sir Gabriel, uncomfortably conscious that the young lady looked careworn and sad, and with a sudden sense that there might be more circumstances in the whole case than they knew of, complications which they had not heard of.

"No, thank you. I hope she will be well enough to be moved in a day or two. She is subject to such attacks. As you are going to see Mr. Aglionby, I will not detain you any longer."

She bowed to both father and son, and was moving on. Randulf's horse had been taken. He returned Mrs. Conisbrough's bow, and made a step after his father, in the direction of the house. Then, suddenly turning on his heel, he

overtook Judith, raised his hat, and held out his hand.

"You looked so stern, Miss Conisbrough, that at first I thought I had better go after my papa, and not say anything to you, but—see, allow me to open this gate for you, if you are going this way—are you?"

"Yes," replied Judith, repressing a smile, "but if you are going to call upon Mr. Aglionby, do you not think you had better follow Sir Gabriel?"

"Directly—no hurry; I never expected I should have the good fortune to meet you, or I should have ridden here more cheerfully. My father was wondering how we should get on with this man here. You know, he has the kindest heart in the world, has my father; he thinks Mrs. Conisbrough has been treated badly. There!" as Judith's face flushed painfully. "I have said the thing I ought not to have said, and offended you."

"No, you have not, but I think we had better not talk about it."

"Well, we won't," said Randulf, deliberately pursuing the subject. "But everybody knows that the aged r—rascal who lived here——"

"Hush, hush, Mr. Danesdale!"

"I beg your pardon—he behaved scandalously to Mrs. Conisbrough. Have you had speech with this new man? What is he like? Is he horrible?"

"Oh, no! He—I like him."

Randulf was scrutinizing her from under his sleepy eyelids. After this answer, he did not pursue the subject further. Judith asked him to open the gate, and let her go for her walk. He did so, and added, with a slower drawl than usual, "and, Miss Conisbrough, how is your sister?"

"Which sister?" asked Judith, surveying him straightly from her large and candid eyes.

"Your sister Delphine," answered Randulf, leaning on the gate in a leisurely manner, as if he never meant to lift himself off it again.

"I have not seen her since Saturday. I had a note from her this morning, though—I want her to meet me. I won't have her come here, and that reminds me," she added, "that I want to find Toby, the farm boy, to take me a message——"

"I am going home that way. Couldn't you intrust the message to me?"

"I'm afraid it would be a bore," said Judith,

who perhaps saw as clearly out of her open eyes, as did Randulf from his half-closed ones.

"I never offer to do things that are a bore," he assured her.

"Well, if you really don't object, I should be very glad if you would call and tell her that if it is fine this afternoon, she must set off at half-past two, and I will do the same, and we shall meet at Counterside, just half-way. I want very much to speak to her, but you can understand that I don't care to ask any one into this house, unless I am obliged, nor to send Mr. Aglionby's servants on my errands."

"So you employ your own most devoted retainer instead," said Randulf composedly, but unable to repress a smile of gratification, "I will deliver the message faithfully. Now the gate stands open. Good-morning."

Judith passed out at the gate, and Randulf hastened after Sir Gabriel, the smile still hovering about his lips, and inwardly saying, "I'm glad I turned back. It was a good stroke of business, after I'd racked my brains for an excuse to call there, without being able to find one."

Mrs. Aveson received him with a smile and words of welcome, and ushered him into the state parlor where already his father and Aglionby were together.

Certainly three more strongly contrasted characters could hardly have been found than the three then assembled in the parlor at Scar Foot. Each, too, was fully conscious of his unlikeliness to the other. There was a necessary constraint over the interview. Sir Gabriel spoke in high terms of the late squire. The late squire's successor listened in courteous, cool silence, bowing his head now and then, and smiling slightly in a manner which the candid Sir Gabriel could not be expected to understand. Aglionby did not protest, when this incense was burnt at the shrine of his grandfather, neither did he for one moment join in the ceremony. When, however, Sir Gabriel remarked that Mr. Aglionby had been hasty and inconsiderate sometimes, the newcomer rejoined, "I am quite sure of it," in a voice which carried conviction. Then Sir Gabriel remarked that he supposed Mr. Aglionby had not lived much in the country.

"My fame seems to have preceded me, in that respect," replied Aglionby, laughing rather sarcastically. After which Sir Gabriel felt rather at

a loss what to say to this dark-looking person, who knew nothing of the country, and cared nothing for country-gentlemen's pursuits, who could not even converse sympathetically about the man from whom he had inherited his fortune. Mrs. Conisbrough was a tabooed subject to Sir Gabriel. And he had just begun to feel embarrassed, when Randulf came in, and afforded an opportunity for introducing a new topic, and a powerful auxiliary in the matter of keeping up the conversation, for which his father could not feel sufficiently thankful. He introduced the young men to each other, and Randulf apologized for his tardy appearance.

"I wanted to speak to Miss Conisbrough!" he said, "and stopped with her longer than I meant to. She had an errand for me, too, so I stayed to hear what it was."

"It seems to me that you and Miss Conisbrough get on very well together," observed his father good-naturedly.

Bernard sat silent during this colloquy. What could Judith Conisbrough or her friends possibly be to him? Had he not Lizzie at Irkford? His forever! Yet his face grew a little sombre as he listened.

"Do we, sir? Well, it is but a week to-day since I made her acquaintance, but I think that any man who didn't get on with her and her sisters—well, he wouldn't deserve to. Don't you?" he added, turning to Aglionby, and calmly ignoring the possibility of any awkwardness in the topic.

"I know only Miss Conisbrough, and that very slightly," said Bernard, very gravely. "She seems to me a most—charming——"

"You are thinking that charming isn't the word, and it is not," said Randulf. "If one used such expressions about one's acquaintances in these days, I should say she was a noble woman. That's my idea of her; exalted, you know, in character, and all that sort of thing."

"I should imagine it; but I know very little of her," said Aglionby, who, however, felt his heart respond to each one of these remarks.

Sir Gabriel found this style of conversation dull. He turned to Aglionby, and said politely:

"I believe you have always lived at Irkford, have you not?"

"Yes," responded Bernard, with a look of humor in his eyes. "I was in a warehouse there. I sold gray cloth."

"Gray cloth," murmured Sir Gabriel, polite, but puzzled.

"Gray cloth—yes. It is not an exciting, nor yet a very profitable employment. It seems, however, that if my rich relation had not suddenly remembered me, I might have continued it to the end of my days."

"Rich relation?" began Sir Gabriel; "I thought——"

"That I had others, perhaps?" suggested Bernard, while Randulf listened with half-closed eyes, and apparently without hearing what was said.

"Well, I certainly have a vague impression—I may be quite wrong—I suppose I must be."

"It is an odd thing that Miss Conisbrough also accused me of having rich relations the other day," said Bernard, and then carelessly changed the subject. The guests sat a little longer. The conversation was almost entirely between Aglionby and Sir Gabriel, but secretly the young men also measured one another with considerable eagerness, and the conclusion left in the mind of each concerning the other was, "I don't dislike him—there is good stuff in him."

At last they rose to go, and with wishes on the Danesdales' side to see more of Mr. Aglionby, and promises on his part to return their visit, they departed.

Bernard looked at his watch, paused, considered, muttered to himself, "Of course it is all right," and ringing the bell, asked Mrs. Aveson if Miss Conisbrough were out, and if she had said whether she was coming in to dinner.

"She went out for a walk to Dale Head, sir, and she didn't say when she would be back," responded Mrs. Aveson.

"Thank you," said Aglionby, and with that he went out, and, by a strange coincidence, his steps, too, turned in the direction of Dale Head.

But he was not successful in meeting Miss Conisbrough (if that were the intention with which he had set out). He saw no trace of her, though, as he passed along the beautiful road, catching occasional glimpses, here and there, of the lake, his lips parted involuntarily now and then, in the desire to utter to some companion-shadow what he thought of it all. But it is thin work, talking to shadows, as he felt. He returned home, found that Miss Conisbrough had come in, and was going to dine with him, and that a messenger

who had been to Yoresett had brought him a letter from the post-office of that metropolis, addressed, in a sprawling hand, to Bernard Aglionby, Esq. Rapture! It was from Lizzie!

CHAPTER XIX.—LOOKING FORWARD.

AFTER she had said good-morning to Randolph, Judith walked along the rough, stony lane, with its gaps in the hedge, showing the rugged fells in the distance, and her gaze had lost some of its despondency. Indeed, she felt cheered by the little interview. She distinctly liked young Danesdale (though to her, old in care and sorrow, he seemed more like a very charming boy than a man grown, with a man's feelings), and she was conscious, with a keen thrill of sympathetic conviction, that he liked her, liked her sisters, liked everything about her. It was a delightful sensation, like the coming of a sudden, unexpected joy in a sad life. She dwelt upon his words, his manner, his gestures, from the moment in which, with the languor gone from his eyes, he had overtaken her, to his last delighted expression about her sending her own devoted retainer on her messages, instead of Bernard Aglionby's servants. It was perhaps rather a cool thing to say—at least it might have savored of impertinence if some people had said it. From Randolph Danesdale it came agreeably and naturally enough.

She would see Delphine that afternoon—an interview for which she longed greatly; she had gratified Randolph by allowing him to give her message about the meeting, and Delphine would be pleased to learn her sister's wishes from such a courier. Altogether, things looked brighter. She presently turned off to the right, into a little dell or gorge, and wandered along some paths she knew, half-woodland, half-rocky. She had come out for her health's sake, but remembering the walk in prospect in the afternoon, did not stay very long, and was utterly unconscious that at one moment, just as she was standing beneath a faded beech-tree, whose foliage was yellow and sere, and holding in her hand some variously-tinted autumn leaves which she had picked, the footsteps which she heard in the road below, and not far distant, were those of Bernard Aglionby.

Returned to the house, she went to her mother's room, who still lay white and weak-looking, though free from pain and breathlessness, upon her bed.

"See, mamma, here are some lovely leaves

which I found in the clough this morning." She put them in a little glass, and placed them near her mother.

"Thank you, Judith. . . . What were all those voices I heard below? I am sure I feel as if I ought to know them."

"Sir Gabriel and Mr. Danesdale come to call upon Mr. Aglionby."

"You do not mean it?" exclaimed Mrs. Conisbrough, with animation, and then, after a pause, "Really to call upon him? To welcome him?"

"I suppose so, mamma. I don't know why else they should have come."

"No doubt! 'The king is dead: long live the king!' It would have been the same if we had been in possession," said Mrs. Conisbrough, in an accent of indescribable bitterness.

Yet she had ceased to speak of Bernard with the passionate indignation and resentment which she had at first expressed. Perhaps reflection had convinced her that opposition would be folly. Perhaps—with women like Mrs. Conisbrough, many perhapses may have an influence.

"As you seem so much better, mother, I have asked Delphine to come over to Counterside, and I shall go and meet her, so that we can have a chat this afternoon. Then I can tell her how you really are."

"As you like," responded Mrs. Conisbrough, rather peevishly. "I am aware that you and Delphine cannot exist apart, or think you cannot, for more than a day, without repining. In my young days, girls used to think less of themselves."

"If you do not wish me to leave you, I will send word to Delphine not to come."

"On no account stay in for me," was the logical and consistent reply. "The walk will do you good. Did you say you had seen Mr. Danesdale?"

"Yes. It is he who has promised to call at our house, and ask Delphine to meet me."

"Ah, I see!" said Mrs. Conisbrough, in a tone so distinctly pleased and approving, that Judith could not but notice it. She turned to her mother with parted lips, then, as if suddenly recollecting herself, closed them again, and took up her sewing, at which she worked until Mrs. Aveson came to say that dinner was ready.

"Thank you. Is Mr. Aglionby going to dine now, do you know?"

"Yes, he is, Miss Judith. If you'd prefer me to bring yours up here——"

"Oh, no, thank you. I am not afraid of him," said Judith, with a slight smile.

"I should think not, Miss Judith. If there's any cause for fear, I should think it would be more likely on the other side."

"Why, I wonder?" speculated Judith within herself, and her mother's voice came from the bed, as Mrs. Aveson withdrew.

"Just straighten your hair, Judith, and fasten your collar with my little gold brooch. It will make you look tidier."

"I'll straighten my hair, mamma, but as for the brooch, I really don't think it is necessary. If you could see the careless, and I might say shabby style in which Mr. Aglionby dresses, you would know that he did not think much about what people wear."

She had made her beautiful brown hair quite smooth, and without further elaboration of her toilet, she went down-stairs.

Bernard was standing in the dining-room, waiting for her.

"Mrs. Aveson told me I was to have the pleasure of your company at dinner," he said, with the graciousness and politeness which, when he was with her, seemed to spring more readily than other feelings within his breast.

"I am going out at half-past two," answered Judith.

"Are you? and I at a quarter to three. I am going to Yoresett to see Mr. Whaley."

"Indeed. I have a sort of message for you from mamma; she did not send it to you in so many words, but when I suggested it, she agreed with me, and that is, that after to-day I think we need not task your kindness any further. My mother is so much better that I think she will be fit to go home."

"Oh, do you think so? She must not on any account move before she is quite able to do so without risk. I would not be in any hurry to remove her."

"You are very good to say so. But if you will kindly allow us to have the brougham to-morrow afternoon——"

"I am sure you had better say the day after to-morrow. From what Dr. Lowther said, I am convinced of it. I—I don't think I can spare the brougham to-morrow afternoon, though I really

wasn't aware that there was such a carriage on the premises, or anything about it. But I shall be sure to want it to-morrow afternoon."

His dark eyes looked at her very pleasantly across the table, and there was a smile upon his lips, all playfulness and no malice. Judith met the glance, and thought, "How *could* I have thought him hard and stony-looking? And if only all these miserable complications had not come in the way, what a very nice relation he would have been!"

But she said aloud:

"You are very kind, and since you really wish it, I accept your offer gratefully. The day after to-morrow, then."

"That is a much more sensible arrangement, though I call even that too soon. But I like to have my own way, and I have really got so little of it hitherto, that I daresay there is some danger of my using the privilege recklessly. However, since I have prevailed so far, I will see that all is ready when you wish. And—Miss Conisbrough!"

"Yes?"

"Do you think Mrs. Conisbrough will strongly object to my seeing her?"

"You must not speak to her on any matters of money or business," said Judith hastily.

"I had not the slightest intention of doing so, though I still hope that in time she will fall in with my views on the matter, and I hope, too, you have not forgotten your promise to help me in it."

Judith said nothing. Her eyes were cast down. Aglionby paused only for a moment, and then went on:

"What I meant was, that perhaps you would prefer ~~to~~ she might be very angry if I put in any appearance ~~when~~ when she goes away. In plain words, do you think ~~to~~ she still so strongly resents my presence here, that it would be unwise for me to pay my respects to her, and tell her how glad I am that she is better?"

"No," said Judith; her face burning, her eyes fixed upon her plate. "She has considered the matter while she has been ill. I think—I am sure you might speak to her, only please do not be offended if——"

"If she snubs me very severely," said he, with a gleam of amusement. "No, indeed, I will not. Whatever Mrs. Conisbrough may say to me, I will receive submissively and meekly."

"Because you feel that the power is on your side," said Judith rapidly, involuntarily, almost in a whisper, her face burning with a still deeper blush. "It must be easy to smile at a woman's petulance when you are a man, and feel that you have the game all in your own hands."

She had not meant to say so much. The words had broken from her almost uncontrollably. Almost every hour since the moment in which she had seen her mother cower down before Bernard's direct gaze, her sense of his power and strength had been growing and intensifying. Hours of brooding and solitude, apart from her accustomed companions; long and painful meditations upon the past and present, and thrills of dread when she contemplated the future; these things, broken only by her two or three interviews with Bernard, and with him alone, had strengthened her feeling, until now, though she was neither dependent, clinging, nor servile by nature, the very sight of Aglionby's dark face, with its marked and powerful features, made her heart beat faster, and brought a crushing consciousness of his strength and her own weakness. Had he been overbearing or imperious in manner, all her soul would have rebelled; she was one of those natures with whom justice and forbearance are almost a passion; the moments would have seemed hours until she could break free from his roof and his presence; but he was the very reverse of overbearing or imperious. The strength was kept in reserve; the manner was gentle and deferential—only she knew that the power was there, and she would not have been a woman if she had not had a latent idolatry of power. The combination of strength and gentleness was new to her; the proximity to a man who wielded these attributes was equally foreign to her, and all these things combined had begun to exercise over her spirit a fascination to which she was already beginning, half-unconsciously, to yield.

Aglionby's only answer at first to her remark was a look, slow and steady; but he had looks which sank into the souls of those at whom they were leveled, and haunted them, and it was such a glance that he bestowed upon Judith Conisbrough now. Then he said:

"That remark shows me very plainly that 'petulance,' as you are pleased to call it, forms no part of your character; but I guessed that some time ago. I am glad to have you on my side."

Judith wondered whether he was saying these things on purpose to try her to the utmost. She was glad that at that moment she perceived, on looking at the clock, that she had only a few minutes in which to get ready, if she were to set off at the time she had appointed with Delphine. Making this an excuse, she rose.

"Are you walking?" he asked. "I am sure you ought not to walk so far."

"Oh, thank you, I have been accustomed to it all my life," said she, going out of the room, and slowly ascending the stairs.

"Child, you look quite flushed," cried her mother. "What have you been doing? Quarreling with Mr. Aglionby?"

"No, mother. It would be hard to quarrel with Mr. Aglionby. No one could be more considerate . . . but I wish we were at home again. By the way, he will not hear of your going until the day after to-morrow."

"I shall be very glad of another day's rest. I feel dreadfully weak."

Judith made no reply, but put on her things and went out, just as the big clock on the stairs notified that it was half-past two—that is, it said half-past three, as is the habit of clocks in country places—a habit which had perfectly bewildered Bernard, who had tried to get Mrs. Aveson to put it back, but had been met by the solemn assurance that any such course would result in the complete *bouleversement* of all the existing domestic arrangements. Indeed, he saw that the proposition excited unbounded alarm and displeasure in Mrs. Aveson's mind, and he had to admit that in a Yorkshire dale one must do as the natives do.

It was a fine afternoon. Judith walked quickly along the well-known road, and in her mind she kept seeing Bernard's eyes directed to her face, after her own hurried remark about woman's petulance. She could not satisfy herself as to what that look meant, and sighed impatiently as she tried to banish it from her mind.

At last she came to the dip in the road, which, with its shade of overhanging trees, its quaint, nestling old houses and cottages, and tiny white-washed Friends' Meeting House, was known as Countersett or Counterside. Half-way down the hill she saw something which banished egotistic reflections, and caused a smile to break out upon her face: a slim girl's figure, with the shabby old

gown, which yet always looked graceful, and the thick twists of golden hair, rolling from beneath the ancient brown straw-hat. That was no unusual sight, and her heart leaped with joy as she beheld it; but the figure with that figure—not Rhoda's slender height, not her audacious, Irish-gray eyes and defiantly smiling young face—not a girl at all, but Randulf Danesdale. Surely there was nothing to laugh at, the meeting was a simple one enough; yet on the faces of all three as they met there was a broad, irrepressible smile, which soon became a hearty laugh. Instead of saying anything, the three stood still in the wooded road, and laughed loud and clear—light-hearted laughs. The young people of the present day are generally too learned and careworn, too scientific or æsthetic, to laugh very heartily; but in some country districts there are still left a few rustics who can and do laugh loudly at nothing in particular.

It was Judith who first ceased to laugh, and said: "Why are we behaving so absurdly? Surely there is nothing to laugh at!"

"Yes, there is," said Delphine, her golden-brown eyes dancing. "There is Mr. Danesdale to laugh at."

"Who is too happy to make himself useful in any way," he murmured.

"He hates walking. Coming up this hill he has been so exhausted, that I am glad Sir Gabriel could not see his degenerate son. He came, Judith—Mr. Danesdale presented himself at the Yoresett House, and said you had desired him to give your love, and to say that he was to stay to lunch, and see that I set off at half-past two, as you had no trust at all in my punctuality, I thought it rather odd, but allowed him to remain. And then he said that part of his commission had been to come with me until we met you, as you know my habit of loitering on the wayside. Rhoda said she didn't believe him, and it was an insult. What I want to know is, Did he tell the truth?"

Here the sound of wheels just behind them caused them to turn. Coming down the hill was a dog-cart, which Bernard Aglionby was driving, his man sitting behind him. His piercing eyes glanced from one to the other of the group, till they rested upon Judith. Randulf and Judith returned his salutation. Then the dog-cart flashed past, and disappeared round a bend in the road.

"Who is that?" asked Delphine, in surprise.

"Our new cousin, Bernard Aglionby," responded Judith, in a sharp, dry tone. At this juncture Randulf remarked that he would not detain them any longer. He wished them good-afternoon, and took his way back to Yoresett. The girls were left alone.

Arm-in-arm they paced about the tiny square court-yard of the equally tiny Friends' Meeting House before alluded to.

"Well!" said Delphine, pressing her sister's arm, with a quick excited movement, which the other at once remarked, "what is it? I suppose you would not ask me into that man's house, and quite right too. He looks a stern, hard creature, with his dark face and frowning eyes. How has he treated you?"

"Most kindly. His appearance is a little against him, I think. But had he known that I wished to see you, he would have offered to send a carriage for you, I know. I think he has behaved admirably!"

"Really, Ju! You astonish me! How would you have had him behave? He has got all uncle Aglionby's money and property. The least he could do was to behave with courtesy toward those whom he had supplanted."

"Well, you know, when the will was read, mamma's behavior really was enough to try a saint, let alone a young man with a sharp temper, as he has."

"You seem to know all about his temper very quickly."

"I've had opportunities, you see."

Judith then told her sister all about that most unpleasant scene, and her mother's behavior throughout, and how well, as she thought, Mr. Aglionby had behaved.

"You know I did feel inclined to hate him. One does long sometimes to be able to feel one's self an unqualified victim and martyr. And I did then. If I could have sat down, and on surveying my past life and future prospects, could have found that I had been wronged and ill-used all along, the victim of oppression and injustice, I should have been positively glad, because then I could have railed at every one and everything, and refused to be comforted. But you know, Del, it is a fatal fact that there are almost always two sides to a question."

"I don't see how there can be another view of

this question. Surely, Judith, you will not try to make it out to be a just will. If he had never led us to expect—never cheated my mother into the belief——”

“True, my dear. All that is true on the outside. But there is another side to it, and a most miserable one, for us. If what I think is true, it is not we who have to complain. I can’t tell you what I think, until I am more certain on one or two points. Delphine, I have something to tell you that is not pleasant, I believe I am on the brink of a discovery: if I find myself right, I shall tell you of it, and no one else. Our life will then be still less smooth for us than it has been hitherto, but mamma will make no further opposition to our working, if we wish to do so.”

“You are very mysterious, Judith.”

“I know it must sound both odd and unreasonable. Well, if, as I expect, I find myself right (I don’t know how I can speak so calmly of it all, I am sure), I shall then explain to you, and I am absolutely certain of your agreeing with me that it will be best, not only for you and me to go away and try to find some work, but for all of us to leave Yoresett—sell our house, go to a town and work—even if the work were plain sewing or lodging-house keeping.”

“Judith!” exclaimed Delphine, and there was a tone of horror in her voice.

“You will own that I am not in the habit of saying things without good reason?”

“Oh, yes!”

“Then think about this, dear. It would be painful for many reasons to leave Yoresett.”

“It would be awful—ghastly,” said Delphine, with a shudder.

“Why, Del, that is a new view of the case, from you,” said her sister, suddenly, looking keenly at her. “You always used to be more ardent than even I was about it.”

“Of course I should be as willing as ever to go, if it were proved to be the best thing. But we should miss so many things, the freedom, the country air, and——”

“Freedom and country air may be bought too dear,” said Judith, with so sad and earnest a ring in her voice, that Delphine was fain to acquiesce, with a prolonged sigh of reluctance.

“I will not tell you now what I think,” said Judith; “I will give myself time to find out whether my conjecture is wrong, and if so, I will

indeed repent toward the person whom I have wronged, though Mr. Aglionby holds strange views about repentance. But if I am right, you and I, Del, will be glad to hide our heads anywhere, so long as it is far enough away from Yoresett.”

Delphine made no answer to this. There was a silence as they paced about under the trees, now thinned of their foliage, while the shriveled, scattered leaves rustled beneath their feet. Scarce a bird chirped. The sun had disappeared; the sky was gray and sad. The inhabitants of the hamlet of Counterside appeared all to be either asleep or not at home. Up and down the little paved court-yard they paced, feeling vaguely that this quiet and peace in which they now stood was not to last forever, that the tiny square Friends’ Meeting House, where the silence was disturbed, it might be once a week, perhaps not so often, by a discourse, or a text, or an impromptu prayer from some Friend whom the spirit moved to utterance of his thoughts, that this was not the kind of arena in which their life’s battle was to be fought. This was a lull, a momentary pause. Delphine at last broke it by saying:

“You say Mr. Aglionby has strange notions about repentance—how do you mean?”

“Oh, it would take too long to explain. We were talking together on Sunday night—we had supper together——”

“You had! Then you are not at daggers drawn?”

“Dear Delphine, no! If you had been placed as I have been, you would understand how it was impossible for me to remain at daggers drawn with him, besides the disagreeableness of such a state of things. We dined together to-day. He thinks his grandfather’s will was very unjust and——”

“Mr. Danesdale said he was not half bad,” said Delphine reflectively. “Then I am to like him, Ju?”

“How absurd!” cried Judith, in a tone of irritation most unusual with her. “As if you could like or dislike a man whom you did not know. He wishes to repair the injustice if he can; to get mamma’s consent to some arrangement by which she should receive an allowance, or an income from a charge on the property—or whatever they call it; I don’t know whether it will do, I am sure.”

"I don't see how it can be prevented, if mamma chooses to enter into such an arrangement, Judith."

"Oh, I do, though. I should prevent it, if I thought it wrong."

"You, Judith!"

"Yes, I, Delphine. I think I shall have to prevent it."

"You speak somehow quite differently," said Delphine. "I do not understand you, Judith. I feel as if something had happened, and you look as if you had the world on your shoulders."

Judith looked at her, strangely moved; Delphine was the dearest thing she had in the world—her most precious possession. To-day's interview marked a change in their relations to one another, an epoch. For until now they had always met on terms of equality; but this after-

noon Judith knew that she was holding something back from her sister, knew that she stayed her hand from inflicting a blow upon her—which blow she yet felt would have to be dealt.

"I feel as if I had a great deal on my shoulders," she answered, trying to speak carelessly.

"And now I must go, Delphine, or mamma will grow uneasy, and darkness will overtake me. And you must run home too."

"Then the day after to-morrow, in the afternoon, Judith?"

"Yes. Mr. Aglionby has promised that we shall have the brougham. Give my love to Rhoda, and good-night."

The two figures exchanged a parting kiss in the twilight, and went their several ways.

(To be continued.)

ARTISTIC HOMES.

By H. Cox.

ALTHOUGH our artists' homes are so constantly cited as great examples of what may be accomplished in the way of decorating habitations so that they may become "palaces of art," rather than mere commonplace dwellings; yet happily the knowledge and appreciation of true art, viz, perfect form, exquisite symmetry, and harmonious color, is not confined to one small section of the community alone. Many persons who would in former times have left the painting, papering, and, to a great extent, the furnishing of their houses in the hands of the decorator and upholsterer, now prefer to bring their own individual taste to bear on their surroundings; and the highest perfection is assuredly secured when, without following blindly the prevailing fashion, each one chooses for himself the style best suited for his purpose, and carries it out artistically, considering no thought, labor, or time lost which he expends on making his rooms beautiful and at the same time characteristic of his tastes and feelings. As a library that has been formed by the owner, and not merely inherited, at once reveals the bent of his mind and suggests to us the studies in which he engages; as an artist's studio gives us an insight into the school he loves best to follow; so a home, which is such in the true sense of the

word, should discover to us somewhat of the characters, the tastes, the pursuits of its inhabitants. The word "artistic" brings us to the consideration of what really constitutes true art in decoration. It should be borne in mind that from the bringing together beautiful things, however lovely they individually are, will never be evolved an agreeable whole unless they are suited one to another and suitable for the purpose to which they are put. A house built in the Gothic style must be decorated in a suitable manner; but not in this alone must fitness be regarded. Rooms should be decorated and furnished so as to insure the greatest possible amount of comfort, repose, and pleasure, compatible with the uses for which they are designed: a dining-room should be arranged so that it may appear to advantage in artificial light, and present a warm, solid appearance; while a drawing-room may be more lightly and elegantly furnished. Then, again, harmony is another distinctive feature in decorative art. If a good scheme of coloring is faithfully carried out, a satisfactory and pleasing effect will be the unfailing result. A third point of no less importance is the due recognition of true proportion. All decoration is worthless if it is not perfectly adapted to the space it is intended to embellish;

the design also must be on a scale proportionate to the size of the panel it occupies. But a brief passing notice is given to these three fundamental points, the object of the present paper being to offer some practical hints for home decoration; but they will be alluded to, perchance more than once, as necessity requires.

The several portions of entrance-hall and rooms, the floors, walls, ceilings, etc., first call for attention; we will afterward consider the house as a whole, and suggest a scheme or two that may be of assistance to our readers. The hall flooring may be laid in plain marbles, or patterned in mosaic work; this style is more uncommon, but, unless evenly and well laid, is no improvement on the tiles that are so fashionable at present. Either pavement is desirable on account of the ease with which perfect cleanliness may be maintained. The designs on tiles suitable for halls are so numerous that choice of the prettiest is rendered a difficult undertaking, the one great objection to their use being the noise occasioned by every passing footstep. Plain oak or parqueterie is charming for a hall, presenting, as it does, with one or two Oriental rugs laid down, a rich, warm appearance. The polishing process keeps it as clean and free from dust as the tile pavement, and it possesses this advantage over the other, that it gives back but a subdued echo, whereas the tiles ring out each successive footfall clearly and sharply. All floors in a house may be laid either with oak or parqueterie, or the borders only may be of ornamental wood, the centre covered with a carpet.

For wall decoration we have various methods and materials offered us. Woven or painted tapestry, silk, satin, cretonne, are among the textile fabrics suitable for hangings. They afford the depth and richness necessary to suit the prevailing taste. Walls either flatted or done in distemper are preferred by many to other modes of ornamentation. They can be more easily cleansed, and will not hold the dust, as do the above-named fabrics; they can be made to look warm, cool, rich, sombre, light, dim, or glowing, according to the colors the artist pleases to lay upon them, and may thus be brought to form fitting backgrounds to the furniture of any known period, and to enhance by good contrasts the colors of chair-coverings and carpets. Paper-hangings, though some would relegate them to the bedroom floors, are cool and bright-looking, and, when artistically

designed and harmoniously colored, are worthy of decorating some of our choicest rooms. Entrance-halls may be painted, tiled, hung with embossed leather or Lincrusta Walton. The mention of walls brings us to the consideration of dadoes. And first as to height. A dado cannot in any case be allowed to be of such a height that the wall is thereby divided into two equal parts. The usual plan is to raise it somewhat higher than the chair-back; but it may be carried up as high as the top of the door with advantage; this gives an odd yet picturesque appearance, eminently suited to old country houses, where there is plenty of light. In town houses, closely surrounded as they are, the light obtainable is so small in quantity that it is oftentimes requisite that the walls should be as light in tone as possible, in order that they may reflect all the natural light and diffuse it around. This is especially needful in houses where the back windows are of necessity filled in with stained glass, that the outlook, which is often none of the pleasantest, may be hidden. While a rich old oaken dado cannot be rivaled for beauty, durability, and fitness, yet the many other methods of forming dadoes are good and effective in their several degrees. Matting forms a useful lower covering for a wall; it is held in place by a wooden moulding, both at top and bottom. Dark paint, a geometrical-patterned paper, leather, tapestry, are all suitable for various classes of decoration. In color they should be darker than the rest of the wall, as they occupy the lower portion. The wainscoting is generally seen to be deepest in tone; then follows the dado, which may be rather lighter, the wall filling still lighter, and then the frieze. This plan gives the appearance of solidity and strength to the room, the several gradations leading up pleasantly to the ceiling above. It is a plan, however, that is by no means invariably followed, and one that may well be departed from under a clever artist's directions; it is not, for instance, always desirable to have a light-colored ceiling. A surbase, or rail of moulded wood, divides the dado from the wall above; this is sometimes made wide enough to hold valuable pieces of old china. Or, if a paper dado is used, a border of paper may take the place of the wooden moulding. Again, if paint alone is used, a pattern is often stenciled above the painted dado border on the upper wall; this effectually does away with the abruptness that

may be too pronounced if the dado is dark and the wall space light in color. When there are many pictures to adorn a room, a painted wall is the background best adapted to set them off to advantage; but, if paper is employed, it should be chosen of some tertiary tint, powdered with geometrically-arranged conventional flowers and leaves. If tertiary tints are not approved, a design into which are introduced in minute portions the primary colors, will produce a warm, rich effect, and will yet be free from even a suggestion of vulgarity, provided only that the colors are well-balanced. As walls must be considered merely as backgrounds to the objects in the rooms, obtrusive patterns of fruit and flowers are objectionable; for, in so far as they become prominent and conspicuous, they detract from the objects they are intended to set off. Fitness is one of the great principles to be regarded in selecting a wall paper. Thus, if a ceiling is low, a light-toned paper is appropriate, as a dark one would cause it to appear still lower. If a room is small, the walls should be plainly painted, or a small-patterned paper should cover them, as a large design will have the effect of still further diminishing its size. A frieze may vary in width from five or six inches to three feet, according to the height of the room and the depth of the dado. It may be of paper, tapestry, leather, or a design may be stenciled or painted on the wall itself, or on canvas. If the painting is of real value, it is best that it should be executed on canvas, as it can then be removed at pleasure. Quotations from favorite authors are affected by some for illuminating friezes; others adopt something from *Aesop's* fables, or arrange a design with some of Walter Crane's inimitably life-like figures; but Mr. Atkinson offers a charming suggestion when he tells us in one of his interesting papers on "The Influence of Art in Daily Life," that he has "long had a favorite idea that the poetic and graceful designs of Flaxman, such as he made for Wedgwood, might, with suitable modification, work effectively as friezes or panels for our rooms." In many houses ceilings have, until late years, been treated simply to a coating or two of whitewash; no trouble has been taken to make them anything more than clean. The generality of decorators seemed to consider that with the walls all ornamentation must cease, and when at last the idea dawned upon them that more was re-

quired at their hands, it was the cornice that first attracted their attention. This was consequently picked out in all varieties of colors, and still the ceiling remained a dead white, cold, and unpromising. The decorations of a room, like a picture, will be judged as a whole, and as a whole it is incomplete, until the ceiling space has been so utilized that it may contribute its full share to the color gradations of the general scheme. The several ways in which it may be brought to bear out the artist's conception claim therefore a slight notice. In rooms where the use of much gas is indispensable, the surface should be one that can be easily renewed. This probably is one of the reasons that whitewash has been so generally used. The addition of a little chrome to the white will, however, form a cream tint that is far preferable to the dead white; it will carry on the tones of the cream wall tints, and yet be subject to no objection on the score of cleanliness, the renewal of a cream or gray-blue tinted ceiling being as easy as that of a crude white. If the cornice is picked out with colors, the rule to be observed is that blue should be used on concave surfaces, yellow on convex, and red on the flat portions or undersides of the mouldings, the colors being separated by white. When ceilings are papered, simple patterns are most suitable; if too elaborate, they do not show well. The ground may be cream color, light, dark, or gray blue; or a paper in which the primary colors are so combined in small quantities that a radiant glowing effect, after the Persian style, is produced, may be advantageously employed; in this case the design will of necessity be rather more intricate. But the difficulty that meets us in the way of following out such a decoration is, that these "bloomy" papers are very seldom to be obtained, although they are now becoming by slow degrees more fashionable; the soft, subtle sage and olive greens, the indescribable shades of bronzes and grays, beautiful as they are, pall upon the observer when every house he enters bears the self-same dull tones, and more brilliant colors are gradually taking their places. If each one would boldly strike out a path for himself, instead of lazily imitating a neighbor's ideas who happens to know what is in vogue at the moment, a charming conceit, a novel design, a quaint fancy, or a successful combination of hues, would continue to be viewed with pleasure for a much longer period than is

now possible; seeing it less often we should not so soon weary of it, and discard it for something newer still. But it is in painting a ceiling that the artist has the greatest scope for showing his powers. A centre ornament affords him an opportunity of arranging his colors, so that a splendor of magnificence lights up the whole room, shedding a glory of color and gold around, and recalling visions of the radiance and brilliance of old Arabian art. Or it may be that the surrounding tints require a tender, softened tone to complete the harmony; then he will so balance and apportion his colors that they shall cast down a quiet, subdued glamor, suggestive of chords struck in a minor key, that will create and sustain satisfied feelings of repose and peace. If the painted centre occupies a large portion of the ceiling, no corner ornaments are needed, a pale delicate tint covers the remaining space, and the cornice is decorated; but should the centre be small, it requires corner pieces to equalize the decoration. When such is the case, the cornice may be picked out in various shades or colors, or simply treated with the flat tint of the ceiling.

The wood-work of a house should harmonize with the color of the walls, etc. In former times, in going over an unfurnished house, it was easy to tell, by the color of the wood-work alone, which room was destined for the drawing-room, which for the dining-room, and so on; but all that is changed now. Our ideas have been somewhat revolutionized of late, and though the present style of decoration has most decided advantages over the old, when one house could scarcely be known from its next-door neighbor, and every house was ornamented after the same pattern, yet there is no denying that at the first glance it does seem rather odd; and we wonder what our grandmothers would have thought of it when we pass through a dining-room with the wood-work painted in the palest and most delicate shade of cream, the walls hung with a paper embellished with wonderful flowers after the Japanese type; into a drawing-room where the doors, shutters, and mantel-piece are of darkish sage green, tapestry covers the walls, and low tones generally prevail. It is, without doubt, of great assistance, in composing a scheme for the decoration of a house, to possess not only what is known as a good eye for color, but also a knowledge of chromatics—the laws of contrast, the principles of harmony. The

former is, happily, natural to many, if not to all; the latter is easy to acquire, and, once learned, can never be forgotten. An intelligent observation of Nature in all her moods in all seasons, and also the study of the works of art executed by the great world-renowned masters, will enable us to appreciate the infinite varieties of shades and hues that meet us on every hand. A perfect harmony can alone be created by the presence of the three primaries—yellow, red, and blue; they may be pure or combined, but all must be apparent. Red and green, blue and orange, yellow and purple, produce harmonies. In the first red is the primary, green is a mixture of yellow and blue; in the second blue is the primary, orange is composed of yellow and red; in the third yellow is the primary, and purple is formed of blue and red. The secondary colors are found by combining two of the primaries, and thus orange, green, and purple are produced. The hues are formed by pairing the secondary colors; orange and purple produce russet, purple and green produce olive, green and orange produce citron; these are termed tertiaries. In the secondary colors one may be in excess of the other, and thus in green a yellow-green or blue-green is obtained according as the yellow or blue predominates; the same with orange, a yellow or red-orange may be produced, and with purple a red or blue-purple. A good contrast is formed when colors not only harmonize, but improve one another by their juxtaposition. A light color placed beside a dark color will cause the latter to appear still darker, while the dark color will serve as a foil to the light; yellow and purple will act thus on each other, and will also harmonize; red and green, on the contrary, will harmonize, but will not contrast, therefore a design of green leaves on a red ground will require outlining. Although we fully concur in Mr. Crace's opinion, quoted by Mr. Collings in his instructive descriptions that accompany the sketches published in "Suggestions in Design," "that an experienced artist can bring any two colors together," yet we copy the following list of pleasing contrasts that he gives, believing that it will be welcome to many who cannot lay claim to such a distinction, but nevertheless desire that the coloring of their rooms shall be in accordance with the rules which an artist would follow—black and warm-brown, maroon and warm-green, violet and pale-green, deep-blue and pink, violet and light rose-color, choco-

late and pea-green, deep blue and golden brown, maroon and deep-blue, chocolate and bright-blue, claret and buff, deep-red and gray, black and warm-green. In drawing out a scheme for the decoration of a house, it is important to remember that although each room must be perfect in itself, it at the same time must not be at variance with the remaining rooms, but each should lead on agreeably to the next, and should bear its share in carrying out the general idea. The entrance-hall and staircases should be kept subordinate to the reception-rooms; if the richest colors are lavished on their decoration, the rooms will suffer by comparison; this, however, does not hold good in houses where there is an inner hall, as the latter is often decorated in an elaborate style; but then it is regarded almost in the same light as a room, and consequently may be treated as such.

Now let us consider a scheme or two as we proposed. The wood-work of the outer hall is of ebonized oak; the dado of russet paper, with a large, rather set design covering it, the upper wall is covered with a flowered paper of chocolate and blue, the frieze is chocolate, with a bold blue pattern on it; the ceiling warm-cream color. The inner hall shows the wood-work of tawny-brown; the dado of purplish-gray, the walls of soft, delicate green, of just such a hue as that with which Leighton loves to clothe his fair ideals, relieved by white, leading up to the greenish-yellow-tinted ceiling. Tiger skins lie on the tessellated pavement, and the sun's rays streaming through the exquisitely-painted windows deck it as with brightest jewels. A high oaken dado surrounds the dining-room, above this the walls are painted Pompeiian red, enriched with an illuminated border in which black and gold predominate, the frieze is of red and gold; the paneled oak ceiling is inlaid with Oriental blue, the lines and chamfers on the brackets being touched up with red, black, and gold. Thick rugs, in which deep-toned blue and orange intermingle with black, lie on the oak floor. The oak chimney-piece is decorated with rich blue tiles; and on black corner brackets glow vivid, orange-colored china vases, giving point and brilliancy to the whole. The doors are painted dead-black, relieved by polished black; subjects taken from some of the Greek fictile vases are outlined in red on black panels. The walls of the drawing-room are covered with a textile fabric, the prevailing tint being orange of a yellow

shade; a running pattern of low-toned foliage softens and neutralizes the effect of the ground-color. The doors and shutters are painted bronze-green, the panels bearing a design of brilliant orange-colored lilies. The ceiling tint is soft gray, tinged with blue, but the centre ornament, painted in varied shades of purple, green, and orange, extending to within a short distance of the cornice, leaves but little clear space visible. A red purple color exists largely in the curtains, and in the principal chair coverings. In cases where the owner does not possess a large number of books, shelves fixed round the lower half of the library walls are most convenient. They are of light oak, the lowest raised at least a foot from the ground, being supported by brackets and finished off with a carved ornament; this obviates the necessity of the would-be reader going down on his knees, and giving himself a headache, in trying to find a volume on the last shelf. The walls are of the palest shade of blue, a tapestry border placed just over the book-cases is illumined with quotations from favorite authors, above and beneath which runs a continuous pattern of laurel-leaves. Portraits of the most famous writers and poets are painted in medallions at certain intervals on the tapestry frieze, which is about a foot and a half in depth; the medallions are separated with crossed branches of laurel. The doors are of sage-green, the panels a somewhat lighter shade of the same color; the centre of each panel is left clear, but is bordered with laurel-leaves. The architraves are black. For a library, quiet tones should have the preference; startling effects have no place in a room set apart for reading and study, and whatever tends to distract the thoughts and disturb meditation should be excluded. The staircase that leads to the boudoir is of light oak and sage-green. The boudoir itself is as charming and elegant a retreat as can well be imagined. A dado of dead-gold is carried to within three feet of the ceiling; the wall, being considered as a frieze, is of lemon-yellow, on which is painted a tasteful design of butterflies and flowers. The ceiling is soft blue, with a suspicion of turquoise in the tint; the corners are decorated lightly with flowers, while dainty, mischievous, laughing cherubs on rose-tipped golden cloudlets float in the centre. The doors of bright polished black are ornamented with golden branches, a gaudy butterfly here and there settling on the flowers,

while others coquette around, undecided where to rest. Curtains, in which turquoise and old-gold blend, bear a plain turquoise frieze, and a deep-colored blue velvet dado, which shows almost black within its folds. Eastern embroidery, mounted with blue velvet, covers the low lounge-chairs; the furniture is of dead-black ebonized wood. Turquoise and orange-colored vases stand on the black over-mantel. The ornaments, costly

and precious as they are, are not weighed down by virtue of their value into heavy, massive, ungraceful shapes, but are light and elegant, their beauty dependent on their exquisite workmanship, delicate carving, pure color, and perfect symmetry. Refinement and true artistic taste are evinced in every detail of the room, which forms a fitting bower to the fairy who reigns as queen within its precincts.

SILK AND SILK CULTURE.

BY A. G. FEATHER.

THE culture of raw silk as an American industry is now exciting far-spread interest all over the United States. The growing demand in our home market for the raw materials is yearly on the increase. New silk-mills are springing up everywhere. At the present time we have no less than two hundred silk-mills in daily operation, whose product during the past year consumed 1,599,666 pounds of imported raw silk, at a cost of \$10,000,000. The silk manufacturers of the United States paid in wages alone over nine millions of dollars. The amount of capital invested is nearly nine millions. The value of finished goods for the year ending June 30, 1880, was thirty-four millions four hundred and ten thousand four hundred and sixty-three dollars, and their manufacture gave employment throughout the year to a large number of persons, the highest number employed at one time being thirty-four thousand four hundred and ten.

The raw material to keep these great industrial establishments in operation is almost entirely imported from Japan and other silk-rearing countries; but it has been pretty conclusively demonstrated during the past few years that our American silks are better than the imported, because they are purer. And in this particular we have the secret and success of our American silk. Silk culture in our country, as an industry, is as yet in its inception. The silk-weavers and the "cocoon"-raisers are not as yet in as full relation with one another as are the weavers and the wool-growers. But the time is rapidly approaching when our silk manufacturers will take all that can be raised for years to come—when instead of sending our

cocoons to Marseilles, France, to find a market, they will find a ready market at home. And the realization of this fact will give this industry an impetus which will in a very few years place it on an equality with our other textile industries, if not in advance.

Already very many persons in the States are devoting their time and efforts to the culture of the silk-worm, and are meeting with excellent success, while much has been and is being done toward calling public attention to the industry by the "Women's Silk Culture Association of the United States," under whose auspices and enterprise its peculiar advantages are prominently developed. It is as easy to raise cocoons as sheep—easier. The intermediate stages between the cocoon and the factory have yet to be undertaken, but cocoons and eggs are both raised, for sale and export, in many of the States. These intermediate stages comprehend the perfect reeling, throwing, and spinning of the silk, in which respects there are yet some difficulties to be overcome.

For an extended business the great filatures are needed, where American cocoons can be reeled at home, by machinery, the only thing that can come into competition with the cheap day-labor of the Italians, French, and Japanese hand-reelers. A young American engineer is at this time in France, experimenting on the reeling of silk by electricity, which is the motive-power destined to lighten labor as well as to light the streets. This one missing link supplied, and the chain between Horstmann's fringes and ribbons and the New Jersey silk dress goods and handkerchiefs, the

Connecticut sewing-silks, etc., and the cocoon racks in American farm-houses, will be complete.

It is observable that the four great classes of textile fibres employed for the production of clothing, viz., cotton, silk, wool, and flax, are essentially different in their origin. They are all delicate filaments, but they present little in common as respects their formation. Cotton and flax are of vegetable growth, one proceeding from the seed-pod, and the other from the stem; wool and silk are of animal growth, one proceeding from the outer covering of the animal which produces it, and the other elaborated by a little insect from a glutinous substance within its body. That substances so dissimilar should all alike be brought within the power of the loom, and employed in the formation of beautiful cloth, is a fact strikingly illustrative of man's ingenuity, and seems to point to the probability that increased resources will be laid open to those who seek among the natural riches presented to our use.

The little silk-producing animal—first a worm and then a moth—requires close and careful attention, in order that the produce of its industry may be made available to man. It is to the Chinese that we owe the knowledge of this art, among whom it has been practiced from very remote times. Long before the inhabitants of Europe knew that silk was produced from an insect at all, the manufacture of silk goods was common among the Chinese. The early Greek writers spoke of the lustrous beauty and brilliancy of the Asiatic robes; and in more than one passage alluded to China (or Seres, as it was then called) as the place whence they came. One of these writers, supposing that silk was a vegetable production, spoke of it thus:

"Nor flocks nor herds the distant Seres tend;
But from the flowers that in the desert bloom,
Tinctured with ev'ry varying hue, they cull
The glossy down, and card it for the loom."

Of the introduction of silk-rearing into Europe and how it was brought about, it is hardly necessary to refer to. The received version of the story is too well-known at this date to need repetition in this article.

This department of industry was for more than six hundred years confined, so far as Europe was concerned, to the Eastern or Byzantine Empire. It was not till about the time of the Crusades that

it spread westward or northward. In the twelfth century silk-rearing began to be practiced in Sicily, in the thirteenth century in Italy, in the fourteenth in Spain and France, and in the fifteenth in England.

China, India, Italy, Southern France, and Turkey, however, by reason of their climate, together with their cheap labor, have thus far been the chief silk-producing countries, to which our manufacturers are indebted for their supply of this material.

That the industry can be made a success commercially on this continent is already pretty well established. The climate in certain sections is peculiarly adapted to the purpose, and as the occupation is one that is singularly fitted to the deft skill of many of our thrifty housewives and women who may seek an industry that will remunerate them handsomely, it affords an interesting pastime for their leisure hours; and, although the difficulty of proper reeling may be as yet a stumbling-block to its otherwise rapid progress, the new industry bids fair to thrive and flourish. Native ingenuity will yet devise means to overcome this difficulty, and that in proper season. That accomplished, and silk-rearing will become as much a source of commercial activity in this country as is now that of cotton or wool.

As many of the readers of the MONTHLY may be in ignorance of the methods pursued by the Chinese in rearing the silk-worm, we propose to give, in this article, a brief account of this branch of Chinese industry. This we shall follow with the course of treatment announced by the "Women's Silk Culture Association of the United States" (Philadelphia), an association which has paid considerable attention to the subject of silk-worm culture, and been very successful in its efforts in that direction.

Much attention is bestowed by the Chinese on the artificial rearing of the insects. One of the principal objects of care is to prevent the too early hatching of the eggs, to which the nature of the climate strongly disposes them. The mode of insuring the requisite delay is, to cause the moth to deposit her eggs on large sheets of paper; these, immediately on their production, are suspended to a beam of the room, and the windows are opened to expose them to the air. In a few days the papers are taken down and rolled up loosely, with the eggs in them, in which form they are

hung up again during the remainder of the summer and through the autumn. Toward the end of the year they are immersed in cold water, wherein a small portion of salt has been dissolved. In this state the eggs are left for two days; and on being taken from the salt and water are first hung up to dry, and then rolled up rather more tightly than before, each sheet of paper being afterward enclosed in a separate earthen vessel. Some of the cultivators use a ley made of mulberry-tree ashes; and they also place the eggs for a few minutes either in snow-water or on mulberry-trees exposed to snow or rain, where the climate permits of this being done.

These precautions are taken to prevent the silk-worms from being hatched before the season when the mulberry leaves (their proper food) are in a fit state for them. When the proper time for the hatching has arrived, the rearer takes the rolls of paper from the earthen vessels and hangs them up toward the sun, the side to which the eggs adhere being turned from its rays, so that the heat may be transmitted to them through the paper. In



A FRENCH COCONERY.

the evening the sheets of paper are rolled closely up and placed in a warm situation. The same plan is followed on the next day, when the eggs assume a grayish color. On the evening of the third day, after a similar exposure, they are found to be of a much darker color, nearly approaching to black; and the following morning, on the

papers being unrolled, they are seen to be covered with worms. In the colder latitudes the Chinese have recourse to the heat of stoves to promote the hatching of the eggs.

The apartments in which the worms are kept are in dry situations, in a pure atmosphere, and apart from all noise, which is thought to be annoying to the worms, especially when they are young. The rooms are made very close, but with adequate means of ventilation. Each chamber is provided with nine or ten rows of frames placed one above the other; on these frames rush hurdles are placed, upon which the worms are fed and kept. A uniform degree of heat is constantly preserved, either by means of stoves placed in the corners of the apartments, or by chafing-dishes, which from time to time are carried up and down the room. Flame and smoke are carefully avoided. The most sedulous attention is paid to the wants of the worms, which are fed during the night as well as the day. On the day of their being hatched they are furnished with forty meals; thirty are given on the second day, and fewer on and after the third day. The Chinese have such a strong opinion that the silk produced depends on the quantity of food eaten, that when the appetite of the worm flags, from temperature or other causes, they contrive means to stimulate it artificially.

The quicker the worm arrives at maturity, the greater is the quantity of silk produced; and hence every care is taken to hasten its development. The changes which the little animal undergoes during this time are most remarkable. In the first place, the egg from which it is produced is about the size of a grain of mustard-seed, and the worm itself, when first hatched, is a little slender thread about a quarter of an inch long. During its growth it will wander about in search of food; but if mulberry-leaves be supplied to it in plenty, it will remain stationary, occupied during the early days of its existence almost wholly in eating. When it is about eight days old, its head enlarges and the worm becomes unwell; it remains three days without food, and in a lethargic state. In fact, its growth has been so enormous, that its skin is too tight to enclose its bulky body; and this sickness seems to indicate the period when the old skin or envelope is abandoned, and gives way to a new one, more consonant with the increased size of the animal. The process is a most extraordinary one, for the insect literally creeps out of

its own skin head foremost; lucubrating its body to assist the extrication, fixing the skin to a mulberry-leaf by filaments of silk spun from its mouth, and making its escape by slow degrees. The operation appears to be a painful one, for the little animals are observed to rest several times during its progress, and to be much exhausted on its completion.

When nature has given it a more easy-fitting coat, the busy silk-worm proceeds to eat with great voracity, and increases to the length of half an inch in five days. The second coat has become by this time too small for the wearer, and is abandoned in the same manner as before. In its third stage the worm keeps on eating as before, increases in five days more to three-quarters of an inch in length, and then requires a third molting or enlargement of the skin. Another period of five days elapses, a further enlargement to an inch and a half in length takes place, a fourth sickness supervenes, and for the fourth time the worm, finding its skin too tight for its bulky body, creeps out of it altogether, and enjoys a freer existence. This is now the fifth stage of its existence as a worm, and it proceeds to eat so voraciously (mulberry-leaves being still its favorite food), that in ten days it attains a length of two inches and a half or three inches.

The time now approaches when the silk-worm, having received so much food from its attendants, yields more than an equivalent in the form of silk. The worm ceases to eat, appears restless and uneasy, seeks about for some place to spin its silk, and forms a sort of resting-place in some nook or corner. The body of the worm at this time contains a secretion which afterward constitutes silk; it is a fine yellow transparent gum, contained in two slender vessels in the stomach. The worm spins or expels this gum from two small orifices in the head, uniting the two into one thread by a peculiar action of the mouth, and laying the silken thread thus formed in such a way as to build a hollow ball, nest, or "cocoon." The little spinner remains within his prison-house, building up around him a silken wall, and spreading and arranging the thread with his front feet in waving lines around him. In this way each worm spins about four hundred yards of delicate silken filament, which is arranged into a hollow egg-shaped mass, measuring about an inch and a half long by an inch in diameter.

When the cocoon is formed, the insect smears the inner surface with a peculiar kind of gum, which is also used to make the silken thread cohere in making the cocoon. The animal has become by this time wasted and wrinkled, and then throws off its caterpillar state, assuming the form of a chrysalis. It remains as a chrysalis during a period of from fifteen to thirty days, and seems during this time to be preparing itself for its final stage of existence as a winged moth. When this stage is attained, the moth softens the gummy interior of its house, and gradually works for itself a hole through the cocoon, emerging at length into open day as an active but short-lived moth.

It will thus be seen that the silk-worm goes through many remarkable changes. It is first confined within its egg, then it emerges as a worm, then casts its skin four different times, to accommodate its increasing bulk; envelopes itself in a silken nest, then changes to a chrysalis, the intervening stage between the worm and the moth; and lastly assumes the usual appearance of a winged insect. Their increase in size, and the quantity of food devoured by them, are quite remarkable.

Fifty thousand silk-worms, when just hatched, weigh only an ounce; there are only four thousand to an ounce at the period of casting the first skin; only six hundred at the time of the second molting; only a hundred and fifty at the time of the third; only thirty-five at the time of the fourth; and when just ready to spin, six of them weigh an ounce, so that in the period of five or six weeks the silk-worm increases in weight nine thousand-fold! Their voracity may be thus illustrated: the worms proceeding from one ounce of eggs will consume six pounds of mulberry-leaves before their first molting; eighteen pounds between the first and second; sixty pounds between the second and third; one hundred and eighty pounds between the third and fourth, and more than a thousand pounds between the fourth molting and the period of spinning their silk, thus consuming, in six weeks, twenty thousand times their own weight of food!

If the moth be left to itself, it will live within its cocoon till a proper time, and then make for itself a means of escape; but when man chooses to appropriate the silk to his own use, he puts the little hard-working prisoner to death before its

time. The cocoons are exposed to the heat either of the mid-day sun or of an oven until the insect within is stifled. This being done, the external soft envelope is removed from the cocoon, the former constituting *floss-silk*, afterward brought to the state of yarn by spinning, and the latter being afterward manufactured by silk-throwing.

The three or four hundred yards of filament forming each cocoon are agglutinated together by a sort of gum applied to them by the insect; and it is necessary to soften this gum before the filament can be unwound from the egg-shaped ball. To effect this, a number of cocoons are thrown into a vessel of hot water, and there allowed to remain till the gum is softened. The reeler, or person employed, then takes a whisk or kind of brush made of fine twigs, and presses its end gently on the cocoons. One filament from each cocoon adheres to the whisk, and is made to commence the process of unwinding. In this manner the person reeling gets the thread of several cocoons between the fingers, ten or twenty in number, and attaches them all to the reeling machine. They are grouped into parcels containing three or four threads each, then these are again combined, then two of these larger parcels, and so on until all are combined to form one thread very much thicker than the individual filament, but still an exceedingly fine thread. This thread is wound on a reel or hollow frame, the reeler replacing the spent cocoons by new ones, and having the water of such a temperature as to soften the gum just as fast as the silk is required to be wound. When the silk, after being wound on the reel, is removed from it, it forms a *skein* or *hank*, which is fastened up in a convenient form to send to market.

The number of insects required to produce any considerable weight of silk almost exceeds belief. Supposing each cocoon to yield on an average three hundred yards of silk, it has been estimated that the original silk filament, as produced by the insect, would require nearly five hundred miles of length to weigh one pound! Two hundred and fifty average-sized cocoons weigh about a pound, and eleven or twelve pounds of cocoons yield one pound of reeled silk, the other eleven-twelfths being made up of the weight of the chrysalis, floss-silk, waste, dirt, etc.






















An excellent authority upon this subject remarks: "The quantity of silk material used in















England alone amounts in each year to more than four million of pounds weight, for the production of which myriads upon myriads of silk-worms are required. Fourteen thousand millions of animated creatures annually live and die to supply this little corner of the world with an article of luxury! If astonishment be excited at this fact, let us extend our view into China, and survey the dense population of its widely-spread region, whose inhabitants, from the emperor on his throne to the peasant in the lowly hut, are indebted for their clothing to the labors of the silk-worm. The imagination, fatigued with the flight, is lost and bewildered in contemplating the countless numbers which every successive year spin their slender threads for the service of man."

As we have already observed, few persons rear the silk-worm and manufacture the silk; the breeder sells the cocoons, and the manufacturer superintends the future processes. The industry in the United States is, therefore, at present simply confined to the rearing of silk-worms and the culture of the cocoon. As the market is near and the demand great, this industry alone offers the most tempting inducements for persons to engage therein. It is especially adapted to women, who may desire to employ their leisure moments, with a view of adding a suitable competence to their usual income, and is, moreover, a pleasant and agreeable occupation, requiring little more labor than mere attention to the little workers.

The industry, we are pleased to state, is rapidly increasing, and much interest is being paid to its full and proper development. The liberality and enterprise of many of our leading silk merchants and manufacturers are enlisted in the industry, through the proper dissemination of correct modes of treatment in the rearing of the silk-worm, and to stimulate healthy competition very handsome cash premiums are being offered for the display of the best cocoons. The "Women's Silk Culture Association of the United States," the most prominent factor thus far in the promotion of this industry, has just announced the holding of a fair in the city of Philadelphia, during the third week in October next, for the best displays of silk cocoons. The cash premiums offered are four in number, and for the best four grades of silk cocoons, to wit: First premium (best lb), \$200. Second premium (second best lb), \$150. Third premium (third best lb), \$100. Fourth premium

(fourth best lb), \$50. The amount thus to be distributed is the contribution of Messrs. Strawbridge & Clothier, of Philadelphia, a firm com-

No. of Days or Crops.		AGES.		CHART SHOWING THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE SILK-WORM.		TEMPERATURE.	No. of MEALS A DAY.
1					HATCHING.	70° to 75°	
2							
3							
4							
5						75° to 80°	
6							
7	1st Day				FIRST AGE.		10
8	2d "					75° to 80°	10
9	3d "						9
10	4th "						9
11	5th "						6
12	1st Day				SECOND AGE.		8
13	2d "						8
14	3d "						7
15	4th "						5
16	1st Day				THIRD AGE.		6
17	2d "						7
18	3d "						7
19	4th "						6
20	5th "						5
21	6th "						5

22	1st Day		FOURTH AGE.	4
23	2d "			6
24	3d "			6
25	4th "			6
26	5th "			6
27	6th "			4
28	1st Day		FIFTH AGE.	5
29	2d "			6
30	3d "			7
31	4th "			7
32	5th "			7
33	6th "			8
34	7th "			8
35	8th "			4

70° to 80°

posed of liberal and enterprising gentlemen, and who have at all times manifested a very deep interest in the subject of silk-rearing in this country.

The indications are that the silk-rearers of the United States will be well represented at this exhibition, and the displays of cocoons be both creditable and excellent. The Association is actively engaged in the work of disseminating information on the subject, and has had prepared under its auspices a chart containing general instructions for the benefit of silk-rearers throughout the United States. For the benefit of the readers of the MONTHLY we quote them in brief:

DIRECTIONS FOR THE MANAGEMENT OF A COCOON-ERY.

Hatching.—The eggs are usually kept at the temperature of ice until hatching time. When removed from the ice, put in a cool place two or three days, so that they may be brought gradually to the temperature of the air. As soon as the mulberry leaves have begun to open, spread the eggs on clean white paper; an ounce will require a square foot of surface. The temperature should be about 70°, and may be gradually increased 1° or 2° a day, to 75° or 80°. They will hatch usually in five days, but the higher the temperature the sooner the hatching. The worms will commonly hatch out in the morning, for three or four successive days. When the hatching begins, spread over them musquito-netting or perforated paper, and when the morning's hatch has crawled through, remove to the frame or platform, marking, and keeping each day's hatch separate. Better use the net for the first age, and the paper afterward.

Feeding.—The worms should be fed as soon as hatched and removed, by sprinkling young and tender leaves over the net or paper; repeat the feeding every two or three hours during the first age, and afterward every three or four hours. In general, give the first feed at 5 o'clock in the morning and the last at 10 or 11 at night. Before each feeding, spread a net or paper over the worms and place the leaves on it. About every two days, lift the net with the worms to a new frame and remove the litter. The space must be increased as the worms grow, so as to avoid crowding. They will need double space the second day. To accomplish this, in feeding, when about half the

worms have come through the net or paper, remove, and place a second paper with leaves for the remainder; in the same way the space may be trebled by removing one-third at a time. The leaves should be spread evenly, so that the worms may get the same amount of food and keep together in their growth, as it is important to have them molt together.

The leaves must be fed *fresh and dry, never wet or wilted*; leaves wet with dew are especially injurious. Gather the leaves in the evening, for the next morning's meal, and when rain threatens, gather a day ahead and keep in an airy, cool place, stirring occasionally to prevent heating and fermentation, which will ruin them. If only wet leaves can be had, dry them by shaking up before a fire, or in a breezy place. When food is scarce, lower the temperature of the room, and the worms will eat less.

For young worms, gather only the small leaves. After the second age, small twigs or branches may be cut with the leaves. For this purpose use a knife, or better, clip with pruning-shears. Gather in a basket, or better, in a bag tied about the waist.

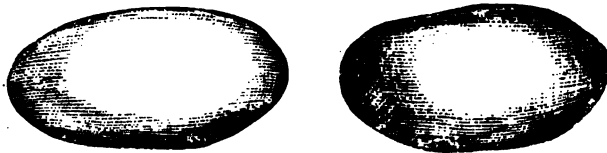
The quantity of food consumed increases very rapidly. The worms are said to consume their own weight of leaves daily. The worms from an ounce of eggs will require about one pound of leaves the first day, two pounds the second, three or four the third; after that the quantity diminishes as the time of molting approaches.

After the second or third age, the net (or paper) and frame may be discarded, and the leafy twigs or branches with the worms may be placed on the platforms directly. The successive feedings of twigs are spread evenly on the old ones until the mass is piled up four or five inches to the next tier of pins or nails, then lay a new set of five bars or sticks, with the food, on these, and when the worms have ascended, drop out the lower tier with its litter and remove.

In using a second or third tier over the first, as C, C, C, C, Fig. 1, it is necessary to place beneath, on a couple of bars, B, B, B, B, cloth or boards to catch the leaves and litter from above.

The utmost cleanliness being necessary, the litter should be removed often, especially during the last three ages, as well as all dead and sick worms. The consumption of food is enormous

during this age, the hatch from an ounce of eggs requiring about fifty pounds the first day, and by the fourth one hundred and fifty, and double that



COCOONS.

amount the fifth, sixth, and seventh, after which the quantity falls to about one hundred pounds for the eighth day; but the quantity depends on the vigor of the worms, and the temperature.

During this last age the closest attention is necessary and the amount of labor is greatly increased. During the earlier ages a woman or half-grown child can attend to the worms, and a man or boy in one or two hours, two or three times a day, can supply the leaves required for the worms from an ounce of eggs; and even during the last age, one person is sufficient in the cocoonery, and one to gather the leaves for the hatch of half a dozen ounces of eggs, or more, with the apparatus above described.

Molting.—When the time for their sleep approaches, the worms lose appetite, and raise their heads with a waving motion. When any of the worms of a batch are seen in this state, give a light fresh feed to hurry up the tardy ones. During their torpor they eat nothing. As soon as their skin is shed, their activity and appetite return. This process is usually over in about thirty hours. No food should be given until about all of the batch are through the molt and ready to make an even start; or, if the least are much delayed, give a light feed to the first, and feed the last more copiously, and keep them warmer



CHRYSALIS.

for a day or so, that they may overtake the first. This rule need not be observed after the fourth molt.

After molting, the space will generally need to

be doubled. If the worms come out of their torpor in a feeble state, with little appetite, especially in the younger ages, cut the leaves for the first feed or two with a sharp, clean knife, like shredded tobacco.

Spinning.—When ready to spin, which is eight or ten days after the fourth molt, the worms cease to eat, become restless and empty themselves, diminish in size, becoming transparent, beginning at the head. When any of them are observed in this stage, give a light, fresh feed to bring forward the laggards. And as soon as they begin to emit silky fibre, take the frames (Fig. 2, that were used to hold the young worms), tie together two-and-two, bottom to top, set upright on their edges, A, A, A, or B, B, B, with the slats of one opposite the intervals of the other, upon the platforms among the worms. They will use these as ladders and crawl up between the slats to spin. Or instead of these, dry branching twigs, two or three feet



FEMALE.

MALE.

MOTHS.

long, or broom-corn or weeds may be used, setting them upright among the worms, and interlocking them in arches above. If any of the worms fail to mount, remove them on the leaves or twigs to which they are attached, lest they be soiled by droppings from above them.

The spinning is finished in three days. As the worms begin to spin, see that no two of them spin too near each other and make double cocoons, which cannot be reeled.

To sum up, the points requiring special attention are:

1. Keeping the worms of a batch in a uniform state of progress, so that they will all molt together.
2. Abundance of fresh, dry food, except during the molt.
3. Plenty of room, so that the worms shall not crowd each other.
4. Plenty of fresh air.
5. Uniform temperature, as nearly as practicable, and avoidance of

sudden changes. 6. The utmost cleanliness at all times.

Gathering and Sorting the Cocoons.—In eight or ten days after the commencement of the spinning the cocoons are ready to gather. Separate the frames or arches of brush carefully. Remove first all discolored and soft cocoons, keeping these separate from the firm, sound ones; if kept together, the latter would be discolored and depreciated much in value. Tear off the loose (floss) silk which envelopes the cocoon.

Choking, or Stifling the Chrysalides.—In 12 or 15 days from the time the worm began to spin the moth will issue from the cocoon, and in the process the strands of silk will be cut and spoiled. To prevent this, the chrysalis must be killed—*stifled*. This is commonly and best accomplished by steaming; but as that is troublesome, and difficult without proper appliances, in our climate the stifling may usually be effected by exposing the cocoons to the hot sunshine from 9 o'clock till 4, for two or three days. A longer time is needed if there is much air stirring, or the sunshine is not strong. And the process is surer if conducted in a shallow box under glass, with a crevice for the escape of moisture. In either case, guard against ants. The stifling should be attended to as soon as the cocoons are gathered, lest cloudy weather should intervene. In this case (and perhaps in any case), the result may be reached by packing the cocoons in a barrel carefully lined with paper, so as to be nearly air-tight, with alternate sprinklings of camphor, roughly granulated in the hand, beginning with camphor on the bottom, then 3 or 4 inches of cocoons, again camphor, and so on, finally closing the barrel for 2 or 3 days; using about a pound of camphor to the barrel.

After 3 or 4 days, spread the cocoons on boards or shelves to dry in an airy room or attic, stirring frequently the first 2 or 3 days, and afterward occasionally, for about two months, when they will be thoroughly dry and may be packed for market. Guard must still be kept against rats and mice, ants, and smaller insects, which will penetrate the chrysalides and injure the silk. The latter may be expelled by a sprinkling of camphor or other insectifuge drugs, or by the bark of sassafras-root, or chips of red cedar, tobacco-stems, etc.

Reeling.—This process cannot be readily understood without instruction with a reel or *filature*. The price of the silk is doubled by reeling, and as

there are whole months of idle time of women and children on an ordinary farm in a year, which might be turned to good account in this way, it is very desirable that the machinery and the process should be generally understood.

Egg-raising.—There is at present more profit in raising eggs for the markets of France, Italy, and this country than in making cocoons of reeled silk. The female moth lays 300 to 400 eggs, and an ounce will be produced by every 200 to 250 moths. The worms from an ounce of eggs, which, as has been stated, will yield 100 to 125 pounds of cocoons, at \$1.25 to \$2 a pound, will produce 100 to 120 ounces of eggs at \$3 to \$5. But this requires much care in raising and preserving, and more detailed instruction than can here be given; and moreover it requires a *special selection of eggs* to begin with.

Markets and Prices.—There is a good market in this country for reeled silk, at Patterson, New York, and elsewhere, and of cocoons and eggs the Women's Silk Culture Association will take all that are sent them, and pay regular market rates for the same. The price at present is \$1.25 to \$1.50 a pound for dry cocoons; it ranges from this up to \$1.75 and \$2; for pierced cocoons, \$1 per pound.

A gentleman in New York, however, has recently invented a new process of reeling, of which there are great hopes, and which, if successful, will revolutionize the silk industry of the world, and establish this as one of the leading occupations of our people. This gentleman promises to erect a machine as soon as enough cocoons are produced to supply it. Information will be given from time to time of the progress and success of this invention.

GENERAL INFORMATION.—THE SILK-WORM.

1. *The Egg.*—An ounce of eggs contains 40,000, and this number of worms will produce 100 to 120 pounds of fresh cocoons (or one-third of that weight of dry). An ounce (or even a quarter of an ounce) is sufficient for a beginner, for an experiment. They are readily sent by mail. The cost is about \$5 an ounce.

2. *Ages.*—The silk caterpillar casts its skin four times, at intervals of 5, 4, 6, 6 and 8 days, after a short sleep or rest; this change of skin is called *molting*, and the interval between two molts, an *age*; the life of a worm, from hatching to spinning,

is about thirty days, a few days more or less, according to the decrease or increase of temperature and supply of food.

On the approach of the sleep or torpor, the

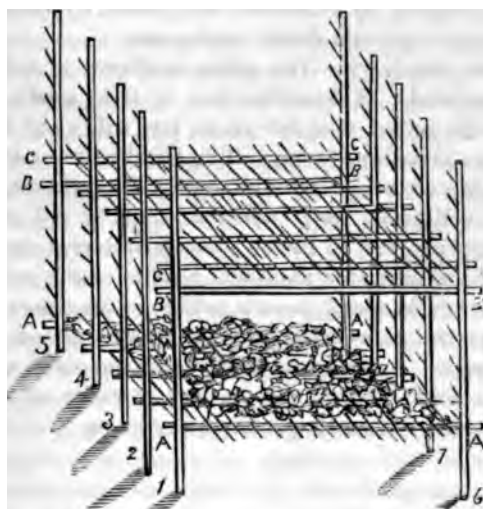


FIG. 1.

worm ceases to eat and becomes motionless, with raised head.

Food.—The silk-worm eats and thrives on a great variety of food; the leaves of the lettuce, common (or black) mulberry, the osage orange, etc., but the white (often miscalled "English") mulberry furnishes the best silk.

Room.—Any sort of house or room may be used as a *cocoonery*, for hatching and raising silk-worms, provided it is well lighted, well aired, and can be kept tolerably uniform in temperature by a stove; fire will be needed on cool nights and rainy days. Direct sunshine should be excluded, which may be done by tacking white paper or cloth over the sash on the sunny sides of the room. For a small crop, a room on the north side of the house is better, for avoiding excessive heat. Ventilation should be secured from the upper part of the room, to avoid direct drafts upon the worms. A close, hot air is injurious, and any sudden or great change of temperature. Cleanliness is very important. Rats and ants must be excluded, as they are very fond of the silk-worm larva. *The odor of smoke and tobacco is fatal.*

Apparatus.—Both room and apparatus should be arranged to secure, as nearly as may be, the same conditions which the worm finds on the tree. Any frame or platform or structure, there-

fore, which will allow the freest circulation of air, *from below*, as well as on all sides, and the ready removal of litter and stale leaves, will answer. Perhaps the best appliance in use for this purpose is that represented by the accompanying diagram, Fig. 1. For information about this improvement we are indebted to Mr. E. Fasnach. It has been recently adopted extensively in France, from the Italian silk culturists of a little province (Frioul) on the North Adriatic, near Trieste. To the floor and ceiling (or joists) are fastened a succession of parallel sets of five uprights, bars or sticks (which may be $1\frac{1}{2}$, 2, or 3 inches thick); two of these sets are represented as touching the floor at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, etc. The uprights are about one foot apart in the sets, and the sets running the length of the room, about 5 feet apart, and the whole should be not less than two feet from the wall. The uprights have sloping pins or nails driven into them $4\frac{1}{2}$ or 5 inches apart. On these, as at A, A, A, A, and C, C, C, C, are laid a series of five bars or sticks, and across these, little rods or straight twigs; the first of these platforms may be 5 or 6 inches from the floor, and the next, C, C, C, C, say 2 or 3 feet above that, and so on as high as one chooses to go; but two are as many as can be easily managed without steps. On these platforms are placed the papers or frames containing the young worms, up to the third (or fourth) age, and after that, the twigs or small branches of mulberry leaves with the worms. Note that all the timber of both room and apparatus must be *seasoned*.

The papers containing the young worms may

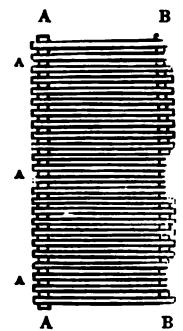


FIG. 2.

be laid on these platforms directly, but it is perhaps better to use frames like that represented in Fig. 2. The bars A, A and B, B are three-quarters of an inch thick, the cross-slats or laths, A, B, are

half an inch thick, an inch (or less) wide, and an inch apart. It is better to make these frames two and a half feet by five, so that two of them will occupy, crosswise, one platform of Fig. 1.

The only additional apparatus needed is per-



FIG. 3.

forated paper, as seen in Fig. 3, and netting (mosquito or other) about the size of the frames, for the younger stages of the worms. The paper should have some strength and stiffness, so that it

can be lifted with the worms on it without huddling them. A good quality of merchants' wrapping-paper will do. The perforations of the size and distance apart shown in Fig. 3 may be made rapidly by a common belt-punch, by folding the paper ten or a dozen thicknesses.

The Mulberry.—The white mulberry is easily propagated. It flourishes best in light sandy or gravelly soils. One full grown tree will yield 200 to 300 pounds of leaves. Two hundred trees may be planted on an acre of land. In three years they will yield, under fair conditions of soil and cultivation, ten to twelve pounds of leaves each, or more than two thousand pounds to the acre. Eighteen hundred pounds suffice for an ounce of eggs; that is, will produce 100 to 120 pounds of cocoons. At seven or eight years the yield will be tenfold. Plants can be had at many of the nurseries, and cuttings almost anywhere.

THE SILK-WORM AND HOW IT IS RAISED.

BY NELLIE LINCOLN ROSSITER.¹

[As a fact of no little importance, and to which we refer with much pleasure, is the circumstance attending the display of an excellent quality of silk exhibited at the last Pennsylvania State Fair, held in Philadelphia, at the Permanent Exhibition building, October, 1880. The silk was raised by Miss Nellie Lincoln Rossiter, of Philadelphia, then but thirteen and a half years of age, and for which she received a diploma as a special premium. This young lady, now but fourteen years old, has made the rearing of silk-worms a thorough study, and her experience shows with what success. Presuming that the views of Miss Nellie on the subject might be of interest to the readers of the MONTHLY, we kindly requested her to favor us with a brief article on the subject. This she very promptly and courteously complied with, and we have the pleasure of giving it a place in our columns.—ED.]

Of the many silk-producing worms found in America, the *sericaria mori*, or mulberry silk-worm, is the one most sought after, on account of its uniting strength and fineness in its silk in better proportions than any other of its species. During the hundreds of years it has

taken to domesticate and cultivate it, it has acquired many useful peculiarities which make it more valuable. When compared with the wild of its species, the results of domestication can be plainly seen. Its want of desire to escape when well fed, its white color, and the moth having no power to fly, are some of the peculiarities undoubtedly to be attributed to cultivation.

Many of your readers remember, or have been told of, the great excitement in some parts of our country about silk-growing and *morus multicaulis* raising. This became such a gigantic speculation that, when in a short time the bubble burst, many who had invested their all in planting the trees, and in their cultivation, with the expectation of making a fortune, were ruined. It had been predicted that the United States would become a great silk-growing country, and this no doubt was partly the cause of the wild excitement of that time, resulting in disastrous failure.

Now in this country the raising of silk is becoming a regular industry. In Nevada, California, Louisiana, and many other States, the work is becoming one of prominence. I have this spring filled orders for eggs and worms from

¹ Miss Rossiter resides at 2824 Goldbeck Street, Philadelphia, where she would be pleased to have the reader call and see her silk-worms at work. It will afford her much pleasure to give any information required on the subject of silk culture.

Ohio, Indiana, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, and other parts of the country where the people seem to be taking hold of the work in a very different manner from that of thirty-five or forty years ago.

From the days of the colonies we have accounts of silk-raising in this country. It is reported that this industry was thriving moderately in Virginia in 1656, and that some "loyal" persons sent to Charles the Second a "royal robe woven from silk raised in that colony." It was also tried in Georgia in 1732, and in 1759 "ten thousand pounds of silk were sent to England from Savannah and brought a large price." South Carolina was not long in following the example of the other States, and Connecticut was the first Northern State to try what it could do, but we have no accounts of how it succeeded.

The difficulties that were encountered after the subjection of Persia by Alexander the Great in introducing the secret of silk-raising are well known. The emperor brought to Greece immense quantities of silks, believed to be its first introduction into that country. The Persians also supplied the Romans with silk until the exorbitant prices asked for it by the merchants so angered one of the emperors that he determined to get at the secret of raising it. After many devices to get some of the eggs, two pilgrims concealed a few of them in the hollow part of their staffs, and also brought directions for feeding the worms and reeling the threads. In this way silk was first introduced into Italy, now a great silk-growing country.

The silk-worm exists in four stages: the egg, the larva or worm, the chrysalis, and the moth. It is composed of two distinct classes: the annual, or one-crop worm, and the bivoltin, or two-crop worm. The first-named gives its crop of silk, and the egg does not hatch until the following spring; while the latter, in two weeks after the formation of the cocoon by the egg of the first crop (May to June), is reproduced, and raises its second crop of silk in July and August. While there is little or no difference in the quality of the silk produced by the two classes of these worms, the addition of the second crop by the bivoltin doubles its pecuniary value.

In raising a large number of silk-worms, the principal difficulty is encountered during the first week of their life; they being so small,—not

unlike an ant,—and throwing out their silk, as they do, from the time they leave the egg, it fastens them to the dried leaves, which makes it difficult to remove them from the refuse, which it is necessary to do every day to insure good health; and as handling is injurious, particularly when the worms are so small, a camel's-hair brush can be used to advantage in changing them. In what is called cleaning or changing them, musquito-netting is used for two or three weeks, which is laid over the worms, leaves and all, and fresh leaves are sprinkled on them, when the worms will come up through the meshes to feed; after which the refuse is thrown away. After that time, the worms becoming too large, all that is necessary is to sprinkle leaves over the worms, when they will soon cover them, and they can then be removed. From this time to the spinning, care must be taken in cleanliness, feeding, and proper temperature.

During its existence the worm changes its skin four or five times in regular periods. The time between these molts is called an age, and is usually divided as follows: 1st period, 5 to 6 days; 2d period, 4 to 5 days; 3d period, about 5 days; 4th period, 5 to 6 days; 5th period, from 8 to 10 days, when spinning commences. When molting is about to take place, the worm ceases eating, fastens itself firmly by its hinder legs, erects its body and remains motionless for about twelve hours, when it casts off its old skin; during this time it should be undisturbed. When about to molt, the worms become of a dirty yellow color, which must not be mistaken for sick ones, which they somewhat resemble. In molting, the new head is first freed from the old skin, which is gradually worked back until it is entirely cast off.

This process is repeated until the fourth or last molt, when, after eight or ten days' feeding, it will be ready to spin. The spinning occupies from eight to ten days, and if the silk of the cocoons is needed for reeling, they must be baked or stifled in an oven, at a temperature of about 200°, or they can be stifled or choked with dry steam. This is to destroy the life of the moth which would otherwise cut its way out from the cocoon and render it unfit for reeling.

The cocoons from which the moth is allowed to cut its way out are called "pierced" cocoons, which are sold among the waste silk, to be carded and spun. Each cocoon contains from 300 to

600 yards of silk in one continuous thread, but it is so fine that it takes from four to six combined strands to form the staple thread of commerce.

The moth, shortly after leaving the cocoon, commences laying her eggs, which work is completed in about four days. The eggs from the "first crop" of worms are laid aside for about twelve days, when they are brought to the hatching-room prepared for the second crop, which in its turn is completed by the formation of the cocoon in from thirty to forty days. At the close of the second crop enough moths only are allowed to escape from the cocoons as may be wanted for seed. The "firmest and best" cocoons are to be set apart for this purpose—the "size" is not to be taken into consideration. The eggs are then placed in a tin box to prevent the ravages of insects, and hung up in a cool dry place, at a temperature of 40°, for the winter. Cold, and even freezing, does not affect the eggs, but heat will cause them to hatch before their food is ready for them. It is often necessary in the spring to place the box of eggs on ice to prevent premature hatching. The eggs are brought out about the 1st of May, if the season is favorable, from the wintering place at 40°, gradually, to hatching-room at 75°, when the process before described is gone through with. Constant feeding, cleanliness, an even temperature of 75°, and plenty of pure air will reward the raiser (if his stock is good) with a return of beautifully colored cocoons of natural silk for the labor and time he has expended.

The male cocoon is distinguished from the

female by being smaller—pointed at the ends, and having a depression around the centre. An equal number of each, male and female, is retained for seed. 200 or 225 cocoons are generally set aside to produce one ounce, or 40,000 eggs. Each female lays from 200 to 400 eggs. The moths do not eat anything during their short life of from four to eight days, neither do they fly.

This work of silk-raising is well calculated to add to the income of thousands of families in the United States, and is particularly adapted to the young and aged members of the family who have no other particular employment for their time. The industry should be encouraged in every possible way. If we have more silk-raisers, we will have more silk-mills in operation here, thus preventing immense amounts of money from leaving this country to enrich others. There is no doubt that silk goods can be manufactured in this country fully equal to that of foreign nations. There is no such word as "fail" among us.

Those not wishing to enter into silk-raising as a business, but who take an interest in nature's wonderful works, should raise silk-worms in small numbers for the sake of watching their habits. Day by day as they grow, it is a most interesting and beautiful study. So short is the life of this industrious creature, that no lover of nature and her mysteries can possibly tire of watching its rapid growth: its constant feeding, day and night, its preparation for its final work for the benefit of mankind, and then, covering itself with its silken shroud, disappearing from our sight forever.

DAISIES.

BY DORA READE GOODALE.

THE hills are faint in a cloudy blue
That loses itself where the sky bends over;
The wind is shaking the orchard through,
And sending a quiver through knee-deep clover.

The air is sweet with a strange perfume,
That comes from the depths of the woodland places;
The fields are hid in a wealth of bloom,
And white with the sweep of the ox-eye daisies.

And farther down, where the brook runs through,
Where the ferns are cool in the prisoned shadow,

We still may see, through the morning dew,
The swell and the dip of the daisied meadow.

And then when the wind across it blows,
And the wavering lines of silver follow,
We catch the gleam of her heart of gold,
While over her skirts the fleet-winged swallow.

Clear and simple in white and gold,
Meadow blossom of sunlit spaces,
The field is as full as it well can hold,
And white with the drift of the ox-eye daisies.

A PROBLEM FOR SOLUTION.

BY F. F. FOSTER.

IMMEDIATELY that I had graduated, I decided to go to Germany, confident I should find there others interested in those peculiar intellectual pursuits—the occult sciences and speculative philosophy—which occupied my mind, aware that association with persons of congenial tastes would afford a stimulus that must be wanting if I remained in my own country, where I should be surrounded by those not only not in sympathy with my thoughts, feelings, purposes, but who deemed them the wildest, most profitless vagaries.

I selected Leipzig as my place of residence, on account of its time-honored university and prolific libraries. There was no especial need that I practice economy; but I knew the novel features of a foreign life might tend to disorganize the best-laid plans, unless all contingencies were provided against. So I obtained apartments in a crazy old building in the outskirts of the city, thinking thus to reduce the provocations to laxity to a minimum.

A few days sufficed to remove all sense of strangeness, to make me feel most thoroughly at home in my retired quarters, and then I resigned myself to the studies of which I was so passionately fond. To say I was superlatively happy would be no exaggeration, for I found my suppositions with reference to the students, if possible, more than verified: that most of them were interested in the subjects for which I had so decided a predilection.

Having rooms directly over mine was a young man, Hermann Kreitzel by name; and though we were the sole tenants of the building, and lived in such contiguity, so severe was the seclusion in which he kept himself,—the majority of students in German universities are noted for their “gregariousness,”—I seldom saw him, except as, entering or going from the building, I passed him; and then he never noticed me so much as with the slightest inclination of his head. Nor did any of the other students know aught of him, save that they knew absolutely nothing.

He was, perhaps, twenty-five years of age, of the medium height, rather slim than otherwise. He had sharp, clear-cut features, a finely-shaped

nose, and lips that indicated a refined, sensitive nature. His forehead was high and broad, and surrounded by a mass of light-brown, curling hair. His complexion, in correspondence with his hair, was pale; his eyes, in direct contrast, intensely black. His residence in Leipzig antedated mine some eighteen months. Evidently of studious habits, he never attended lectures. For hours he would sit in one or another of the libraries, his chin resting in his hands, and earnestly scan the pages of some volume placed before him, printed in characters intelligible to none of the other students; and when through with it he would restore the book to its proper place and quietly go out, seemingly conscious of nothing outside his thoughts, his fingers working nervously, as if he were trying to grasp some idea not quite within his reach.

Several times in my life, when standing on a dizzy eminence, I have felt the strongest impulse to hurl myself therefrom; and as, with strained eyeballs and throbbing brain, I peered over the brink, down, down into the black space below, I would cling to any object presenting itself with frantic grasp, lest, in a moment of unusual weakness, I yield to the malign influence at work upon me, which I was able to resist only by the utmost mental exertion; conscious of the madness it was to remain, but powerless to withdraw from the spot.

This paradoxical sentiment was operative with me in reference to Hermann Kreitzel. The first time our eyes met, a shiver ran through my frame, and a vague precognition was mine that an intimacy with him would work me harm; yet I was, thenceforth, possessed of the most intense longing to become acquainted with him. I could devise no means for bringing about such a result; but it was finally effected in the following manner:

Certain of us students had formed ourselves into a club, for the purpose of discussing metaphysical and psychical problems, and these discussions were proving more popular than at their inception we supposed they would be. Our club was neither cliquish nor distinguished by any colors, as are most student corps in Germany.

The meetings, held weekly in our various rooms, were open to all; therefore the *coterie*, somewhat circumscribed at first, gradually increased in numbers,—a grave professor now and then condescending to grace and dignify our company with his presence, who met with us as familiarly as professors and students gather around the *Bier-tische*.

One evening, when the meeting was in my room, Hermann Kreitzel was present, greatly to our astonishment; and, when the others had concluded their remarks, he arose and spoke as I never before, never since, have heard any one speak. I do not remember his language, and if I did, an English version would fail of the weird strength it had in German. His closing sentence was a masterpiece of rhetoric and logic, and was followed by a silence that has its only counterpart in the hush of death.

He remained in my room after the others had departed, and drawing near and fixing his eyes upon me, he said:

"Your views coincide with mine;" not interrogatively, but as one asserts an irrefragable fact.

"I hardly know," I replied. They are novel to me."

"I can claim no originality for the ideas I advanced; merely assert them as more reasonable than any that can be adduced *per contra*."

"I was interested in your presentation of the subject, and should be pleased to learn your views at greater length."

"I shall be glad to consider this or any other subject with you whenever you will favor me with a call."

"Thank you. I have long desired to form your acquaintance."

"And have been restrained from overtures in that direction through fear of my displeasure. I know I am considered misanthropical," with a smile; "but it is not so. I came here to study, and, having no time to devote to them, have made no acquaintances. When may I expect to see you in my room?"

"When will it be convenient for you to receive me?"

"At any time you please."

"Will to-morrow afternoon, at four, be agreeable to you?"

"Perfectly. Good-night."

"Good-night."

It is safe to say my rest that night was in no slight degree disturbed by my thoughts of the man himself and my prospective call upon him.

He received me at the appointed hour with a greater cordiality than I had anticipated; but, entering his room, I was amazed at what I saw. Everything therein wore an air of such antiquity, it seemed to me I must have been relegated into the far past.

"Well!" said Kreitzel, perceiving my look of surprise.

"I am in doubt, almost, whether I am myself, or a something belonging to an ancient era."

"You wonder at my surroundings, but all here pertains to my own particular study—philosophy."

"I do not think I comprehend you."

"I start with the fundamental proposition,—incontrovertible, I believe,—that philosophy, not the philosophical, has for its object not only the learning the laws by which phenomena are governed and the relation of causes to effects, but the comprehension of the reason for the reason—the initial motive; in other words, the Divine Purpose. Man, a finite being, is, of course, unable to gain a thorough cognition of the infinite; however, the further we attend our researches into the past, the nearer do we approach to the primal, and proportionately the more correct will be our apprehension of the Deity.

"Among the antiques which I have collected is not one but clearly discloses certain distinctive traits of him from whose hand it emanated, and of his age. The gems, in their cutting; the images, in their sculpture; the ornaments, in their engraving—all most graphically reveal the thoughts of a period by far proleptic to the earliest in which any language, whose traces archæologists can discover, existed."

"Between the remotest period of which you can thus acquire any knowledge and the beginning of creation there must be an impassable gulf of time where you cannot but drift at random," I ventured.

"The gulf *is* there; and, at that point, my only resource is calculation."

"How can calculation avail you?"

"Let me illustrate astronomically. The discovery of the planet Neptune constitutes one of the most wonderful mathematical triumphs ever known, and marks a notable era in physical investigation. How was it brought about? Uranus,

situated at the extremity of the solar system, was found to be affected by certain perturbations, explicable in no way save on the hypothesis that another planet, exterior to all then known, did exist. It would seem a hopeless problem—the groping through space and determining the *locale* of such a planet; but it was attempted by M. Le Verrier, of Paris, and Mr. Adams, of Cambridge, and solved so accurately that, when actually discovered by Dr. Galle, of Berlin, it was less than one degree from the position assigned it by Verrier, and only about two degrees from its place as calculated by Mr. Adams.

"Similarly, I perceive that some of the thoughts which I have traced out by means of my delicate instruments, *relics*,—they sustain the same relation to the subject under consideration that the telescope bears to astronomy,—are not in harmony with other synchronous thoughts, and I know their perturbations must have resulted from the influence of thoughts exterior to the realm to which my observations are restricted. Reasoning *a posteriori*, I find the modifications, so clearly discerned, necessitate the existence of a particular class of thoughts, and I unhesitatingly conclude that such have been. Thus, by a continual retrogression, I approximate more and more closely to the great first thought, never quite comprehensible for the reason heretofore given."

I have detailed thus much of our conversation, because the course of reasoning he therein adopted fairly typifies Kreitzel's argumentative method on all occasions, so far as I know.

Discontinuing the subject, he became discursive, astounding me by the boldness of his ideas, the extent and profundity of his erudition, though there was no evidence of pedantry on his part. I thought, at the time, I had never seen a more sociable person; but a subsequent consideration of our interview convinced me "sociability" was a misnomer, as he had done nearly all the talking, while the listening had mostly devolved on me. I realized, too, that a vein of cynicism—faint but decided—had pervaded his remarks, that a certain levity had characterized his treatment of things which I regarded sacred, and the realization rasped my feelings. The remembrance of his lustrous eyes, which, in the semi-darkness of his room, had seemed to emit flashes of phosphorescent light, caused a dismal, oppressive sensation that remained *alta mente repostum*, despite my endeavors to throw it off.

From this time Kreitzel constantly associated with me, though he kept aloof from the other students as persistently as ever. I always experienced the same feeling of disquietude when in his presence, and the "seeming" of his eyes haunted me for hours after we had been together. He rendered me valuable assistance in the prosecution of my studies; for, clear-headed and familiar with those branches to which I was giving attention, he comprehended their subtlest points, and his exposition of them was terse, vigorous, perspicuous.

His views were, in many instances, so antagonistic to those I had previously held, I could not, at first, adopt them. They were, however, presented so earnestly, with such evident self-conviction, they appeared unquestionable, and I gradually became a proselyte to his sentiments on all matters. His cynicism and lurking contemptuousness infected me more and more as the months rolled on, till my entire nature was metamorphosed. Formerly joyous and social, I grew morbidly melancholy and avoided companionship with any save him. The sense of discomfort, ever perceptible when in his presence, was one of absolute fear when I was away from him. I fully realized that he was rapidly, purposely, and completely gaining the mastery of my mind; why he desired to do this, I could not conceive.

Confident the only preventive of the mental demoralization threatening me—which, possibly, might merge into insanity—would be found in a departure from Leipsic, I, with an almost superhuman effort, burst my fetters and, without having signified my intention to any one, in early summer left the city—uncertain whither or how far my wanderings would extend. I resolved to make a purely pedestrian tour, and to avoid all largely-populated places.

At first my spirits refused to rise from their depressed condition, but by degrees they assumed a more healthy tone. The blithe joviality of German country-life inspired me with a vigor of mind and body to which I had for a long time been a stranger; and my gloom and moroseness were supplanted by a feeling of perfect serenity. Quite by accident, I directed my steps toward the Rhine, which I reached at a point near the northern extremity of the Black Forest Mountains; and, determined to enjoy whatever was enjoyable, so leisurely did I move, it was past the middle of July when I arrived at Lake Constance.

One afternoon, as I reclined on the velvety greensward fringing the shore of the lake, I was suddenly impressed with a vague sensation of impending danger. Turning half round on my elbow to shake off the uncomfortable feeling and at the same time to assure myself there was no cause for it, whom should I see but Hermann Kreitzel!

He stood only a few feet away, his hands clasped behind his back, his eyes fastened upon me. His features were paler than was their wont, thin and attenuated; and one cheek was disfigured by a broad, red cicatrix. His eyes, hollow and sunken, were circled with heavy, purple rings, and appeared to be overcast with a corpse-like film.

"So here you are," he said, advancing toward me.

"Yes, here I am," I replied, rising from my recumbent posture and taking his outstretched hand. It felt like a piece of marble, and I continued: "You are cold. Are you ill?"

"I am entirely well."

"May I inquire why you have come to this place?"

For a reply he looked at me. It was as if he had said, "You were here." At least I thus interpreted the expression of his countenance; and, in the firmest tone at my command, I asked:

"How did you learn my whereabouts? I advised no one of my intended departure from Leipsic, nor was I certain to come here till I arrived."

"I am cognizant of all your purposes—your motives also. I know you left Leipsic from fear of my power over you."

"Why, then, do you persist in inflicting your presence upon me, when you know it is not agreeable to me?" I inquired angrily.

"You were once very anxious to form my acquaintance," he quietly returned.

"I remember it, to my sorrow."

"But I benefited you."

"In what respect?"

"Forcing you to leave Leipsic, I compelled you to renounce your vain and harmful investigations; vain, because mortal can never comprehend the mysteries of the Unknown; harmful, in that they take one's mind from all save his own unsatisfactory thoughts. Now, having lost sight of self and contemplating the author of all mysteries in his munificent largesses to the human family,

you are becoming a true man. Indirectly, therefore, I did you an inestimably valuable service."

"Your views have changed since last I saw you."

"Radically. Why? I was suddenly made conscious that the years I had devoted to speculation concerning the divine purpose—with which I had nothing to do further than to accept everything as wisely ordered—were worse than wasted. Moreover, I was stricken with remorse, fully realizing the evil I had done in assisting to lead you astray; that, merely to gratify my selfish desire to, so far as possible, gain control over your mind, I had driven you to the verge of despair.

"I came here to tell you this, and to express my contrition for the pernicious influence I formerly exerted over you. I have left Leipsic forever, and you can return to that city without fear of further persecution from me. We shall never meet again till in the great hereafter. *Leben Sie wohl!*" And with another grasp of my hand he was gone, ere I had sufficiently recovered from my astonishment to make reply.

I continued my wanderings a few weeks longer, then returned to Leipsic, where I was cordially welcomed by the students. Several of them gathered in my room the morning succeeding my return and asked me various questions in reference to my abrupt departure. I answered all, then said:

"Kreitzel has left you."

"Yes, poor fellow, he has gone," very seriously.

"I presume he was, to the last, as uncommunicative as usual, and informed no one why or where he was going?"

"Don't you know he is dead?"

"Dead?" I repeated.

"He was killed by lightning in the forenoon of July twenty-sixth."

"My God!" I exclaimed, not profanely; for it was the afternoon of that day when he visited me.

"What is the matter?" asked one of the students, and I related what the reader already knows.

Yes, I saw him, took him by the hand, conversed with him, at a time when he lay dead in a city many miles from where I then was. Doubtless the cicatrix visible on his cheek was caused by the bolt that killed him. No wonder he was pale, attenuated, cold; that he was completely at

rest; that he could clearly perceive the errors of his life. Imaginative, my seeing him? It was as real as anything I ever knew!

May it be the rapport existing between us was so strong that his spirit, when freed by death from the restraint of the grosser material elements, was

able to communicate with mine! Thus Kreitzel would have explained similar phenomena. The impartation of his sentiments to me might, perhaps, be accounted for in this way; his presence, tangible as well as visible, never could be, I am positive. Can any one solve the latter problem?

THE LEGEND OF MAONA.

By ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

"There was a maid,
The fairest of the Indian maids, bright-eyed,
With wealth of raven tresses, a light form,
And a gay heart. About her cabin door
The wild old woods resounded with her song,
And fairy laughter all the summer day."

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

PERSONAL beauty involves perils in no slight degree in this our age of partial civilization, and in the earlier development of the race they were of a more expressed character, often involving the very existence of a people. A beautiful woman was liable to be kidnapped by viking or freebooter, Greek or Sabine, and whole tribes rushed to arms to resent the indignity, and recover some marvellous piece of God's handiwork too precious to be lost. And so it should be, for a lovely woman is the most wonderful and exquisite thing in creation, too sacred to be so lightly esteemed as in our day, where she may be cast forth as among the vilest of all created things.

The laws of society doubtless grew up mainly from considerations of the position of woman in a community. The lawless chief of a clan had to be taught at some time that he could not appropriate the most beautiful of the sex because she pleased his fancy—that others were not blind, and that the woman would most likely have a choice of her own and a will of her own, which he would have to learn to respect or bide the consequences; hence men combined and associated themselves for mutual help and the protection of themselves or others.

The kings or chiefs of Greece agreed to protect Menelaus in the possession of the transcendently beautiful Helen, and when she was abducted by Paris of Troy they flew to arms, not only to resent a marital injury, but in accordance with the com-

pact which demanded of them such action. This species of usage which makes the epic of Homer a world-wide subject of interest must have been the growth of all peoples who had reached a similar degree of development. Even the savages of this country bound themselves by a contract similar to the ancient Greeks under similar circumstances, and which left the woman free to choose for herself the object to whom fealty should be given, the right of choice being one of the earliest assertions of woman. The story I will relate is history more than fiction, and the usages described belong entirely to the realm of fact.

Even in communities of a low grade of civilization it sometimes happens that a happy combination of the elements leads to the production of a man or a woman quite beyond the average standard of those about them, as in the case of Red Jacket, Pontiac, Osceola, and many others that might be named not only in modern, but classical records. Among women the idea of chastity allied to maternity and the family relation would seem to have been an inspiration of some gifted woman who was quite beyond the abject, servile, or sensual women who made up the majorities of her sex. Men and women had long worshiped an invisible unknown power, which we call God, before the social moralities were evolved—this second table of the law.

Maona was one of the kind to which we have hinted above. Her father was chief of the Patchogue tribe of Indians living on the south side of Long Island, on what is now known as Peconic Bay, to which he gave the name. He was an enterprising, warlike man, who chafed at the ascendancy of the Mohawks, who lived nearly two hundred miles to the north, and had, partly by

force of arms and partly by policy, succeeded in subjugating all the clans on the south side of the island. The method of doing this grew out of the natural products of the localities involved.

The natives of the Mohawk region found it difficult to procure shells for the manufacture of those exquisite belts called wampum, so essential in the ratification of treaties, and as insignia of honor. What the seal is to a treaty, and the star and garter to the knight of prowess or man of eminent service, the wampum belt was to the aboriginal chief.

On the other side, the Patchogue and other tribes of Long Island were rich in shells, but poor in the flint-stones for the manufacture of arrow-heads, and they in process of time negotiated such measures as resulted in the exchange of commodities. Shells for wampum were prepared on Long Island, and arrow-heads made on the banks of the Mohawk, and thus the symbols of peace and the necessities of war were amicably adjusted, and, accordingly, arrow-heads, or celts, are now picked up on the shores of Peconie Bay, the geology of which must be found on the banks of the Mohawk.

But the warlike tribes of the Six Nations, which included the Mohawks, finally usurped power over all less stalwart peoples, and at length exacted a tribute of wampum where originally they had made exchange of commodities. The fine bay, now known as Peconie, was every season alive with canoes that had come down the Hudson River, traversed the sound, and rested paddles among this and other tributaries, not only to collect dues, but by right of power to hunt the deer and fish in the waters which rightfully belonged to others.

Peconie felt himself powerless to resist this presumptuous intrusion, and felt himself still more aggrieved by the bold manner in which the head of the Mohawks, Ongadoc, proposed to take his daughter, Maona, to wife. Now the fame of the girl for beauty and intelligence had covered a larger space than that of Helen of Troy, and suitors of power, redoubtable warriors, subtle chiefs, and enthusiastic young braves, were not wanting to fill up the measure of her triumphs.

Maona was wise as she was lovely, and by no means ready to leave the wigwam of her father for the doubtful felicity of a new home, most especially one like Ongadoc's, who, though brave in war and

skillful in the hunt, was known to already have one wife to plant his potatoes and cook his venison. When, therefore, Peconie reported to his daughter the wishes of the Mohawk chief, she smilingly answered :

"Maona neither cooks nor plants; she would be only a burden in his wigwam. Ongadoc is too great a chief to marry into our poor tribe."

But to her mother she said: "I have many suitors. I will not marry one to bring upon my father the malice of all others. It is folly to go to war with the odds of a thousand to one. Maona can paddle her canoe where the gull finds a rock and the eagle a nest."

To which her mother replied: "When the mother of Maona became the wife of Peconie, she chose a great chief in the presence of brave men, who, when they saw her hold her hand to him, covered their faces and went forth never to return. Maona shall be no withered stick on her father's threshold, nor shall she go unbidden to the Great Spirit."

"It shall content me," whispered the girl, who well knew that her mother was peerless among the women of her tribe, and who thus had brought about the right claimed by the beautiful to do according to her own will in the matter of her marriage.

CHAPTER II.

"With look like patient Job's, eschewing evil;
With motions graceful as a bird in air,
Thou art, in sooth, the veriest devil
That e'er clutched fingers in a captive's hair."

HALLECK.

WHEN Peconie returned from the chase with Ongadoc, he spoke to him as of a thing of little moment about his daughter, saying :

"Maona is like a bird fond of the old nest."

"The eagle ejects the young who loiter too long under the branch. Maona is wise as she is beautiful; she must wed a great chief, and in time sit at the council-fire with the wise women of the tribes."

But Peconie saw that the brow of Ongadoc lowered with rage, though his voice was soft.

From Montauk to Peconie the waters of the south side of Long Island were gay with the canoes of warriors and hunters and fishers, for it was the hunting-moon, and the island was full of game, and the waters with fish of every kind, and

celebrated then as now for the excellence of its oysters. More than this, the word had gone forth that the beauty of Peconie would publicly take to herself an husband, and many a young brave who had dared to lift his eyes so high would at least show that he could estimate the beautiful though it might be beyond his reach.

It was, as I have shown, the custom of the aborigines, under the peculiar stress of great beauty combined with intelligence, making it difficult to dispose of a woman by ordinary means, to summon together all who aspired to her hand, and it was her province to decide among the claimants, and this involved a solemn compact on the part of all others to protect the favored lover in the possession of his rights.

A bower of branches ornamented with wild-flowers and ripened berries was built under a lofty pine-tree, which still may be seen on the south side of the main road of West Patchogue. A lake slumbered amid the overhanging woods, where disported the speckled trout, while the grape hung in heavy festoons from tree to tree, and presented alcoves of rare loveliness to the eye. The ground heaved in swells of verdure, and the work of the beaver had created a natural esplanade under the tall pine, and given a slight fall to the stream that made its way from the lake to the waters of the bay.

Here, under the ancient pines, was enacted a rite akin to that of the Greeks at the choice of Helen. A screen of leaves concealed the entrance of the cabin which shielded the beautiful Maona. In a semicircle reclined the lovers, each in his finest mantle of skins and his decorations of eagle-feather, plume, or shield, at once indicating the rank he might rightfully claim.

A gentle wind whispered in the pines; the sun glinted the bright waters of the lake; the boom of the ocean beyond the reef of sand which skirts the bay was a deep monotone blending with the splash of the little stream below, and the occasional out-gush of the thrush with its mellow notes; all else was a breathless silence. Many minutes elapsed, and there was no stir from the bower upon which all eyes were turned. Peconie sat like a statue of stone, while a smile of triumph played about the lips of his wife. Ongadoc had seated himself like the humblest brave to bide the feat of beauty.

Slowly the leaves were turned aside, and the softened sunlight encircled the beautiful head of

Maona like a halo of glory, while a murmur of admiration arose from the lips of the assembled women. A moment she stood with downcast eyes, her two hands lightly clasped, and falling below her girdle; then she walked onward where sat the assembled chiefs. She made the circle in utter silence, and no smile upon her lips. Returning she lifted her eyes smilingly, and extended her hand to the no less beautiful than herself, Syonet, chief of a neighboring tribe, who with dignity arose and placed himself at her side, at which every suitor, veiling his face in his robe, slowly arose and turned himself seaward. Ongadoc had, like the rest, veiled his face, but it was to hide the rage that distorted his features, and he did not leave the place where he was seated.

After a brief space, Syonet approached Peconie and laid a beautiful belt of wampum at his feet, then he turned to the stream where his canoe swung beneath the bank, followed by the lovely maiden who had selected him above all others to be the head of the wigwam.

The group of discomfited suitors stood together on the bank of the stream, and it would seem that the delay of Ongadoc to leave the circle with the rest had not been unobserved.

Suddenly, with a fierce, angry yell, the Mohawk chief sprang to his feet, and rushing forward, seized Maona in his arms, and with the fleetness of the desert stag cleared the distance between the bower and the sea, where his canoe was guarded by his trusty followers. Now it was that the fell passions of the untutored men burst forth in all their savage ferocity. The presence of Ongadoc had aroused the suspicious hatred of his rivals, and it was now seen that the lovers of Maona had each one come to the tryst armed with bow and arrow hidden beneath his robe.

No sooner did the chief bearing Maona in his arms appear upon a reach of meadow which lay between him and his canoe, than arrow after arrow cut the intervening space and lodged in the shoulders of the fugitive. Fleet feet were upon his track, for now all the violent passions of the uncultured men were roused to intensity, and even those who would have acquiesced in the choice of the maiden no sooner saw this decision violently cast aside, than with a wild cry for vengeance they lost all sense of the hazards to which she was herself exposed by the flight of their deadly weapons. More than this, the sight of

her in the arms of the abductor served to inflame even a rage against the innocent cause.

At length Ongadoc was seen to reel and sink to the earth; in a moment he was up and rapidly approaching his canoe, while his trusty followers in great numbers hastened to his aid. A moment more and he fell heavily to the earth, while the fierce cries of friend and foe filled the air.

Peconie drew his mantle about his face and leaned against the old pine in silence. Slowly Syonet approached, bearing the beautiful Maona in his arms, and laid her dead at the feet of the father, and veiling his face he seated himself by her side; one by one the suitors approached, and again the circle was made in front of the flowery bower; but there was now gloom and silence where had been expectation, if not hope. Ongadoc was dead, and there were loud cries for vengeance, restrained even by savage men in this hour of sorrow, for rarely had the wil-

derness furnished such beauty, intelligence, and grace.

A cry of wailing arose from the women bearing the luckless maiden within the bower which had so recently been the witness of her triumph, and many a wildwood nymph scattered blossoms around her, and in simple rhythmic cadence told how the soul of nature pined at the extinction of such loveliness.

They made her grave under the pine-tree of which I have spoken, overlooking the lake, and there for many years was seen a noble chief coming at intervals when there was no moon in the sky, who, wrapped in feathery mantle, seated himself by the little mound that marked the last resting-place of Maona. It was Syonet, who, having roused the tribes to avenge her death, had seen them overpowered and exterminated by numbers, and he, the last of his tribe, died at length on the grave of Maona.

LATE TO CHURCH.

BY MAY W. MILLS.

ALONG the road, on either side,
The elder-boughs are budding,
The meadow-lands a rosy tide
Of clover bloom is flooding;
The sunny landscape is so fair,
So sweet the blossom-scented air,
That when I went to church to-day
I could but choose the longest way.

Loud sang the bobolinks, and round
The milk-weed flowers the bees were humming.
I sauntered on, but soon I found
Behind me there was some one coming.
I did not turn my head to see,
And yet I knew who followed me
Before Tom called me, "Kittie! stay,
And let me share with you the way."

We did not mind our steps grew slow,
Or notice when the bell stopped ringing,
Or think of being late, but lo!
When we had reached the church, the singing

Was over and the prayer was done,
The sermon fairly was begun!
Should we go in, should we stay out,
Press boldly on, or turn about?

Tom led the way, and up the aisle
I followed—all around were staring—
And here and there I caught a smile;
I tried to think I was not caring.
And yet I blushed, I know, and showed
A face that like a poppy glowed,
For every one seemed saying, "Kate,
We all well know why you're so late!"

Another Sunday, come what will,
I mean to be at church in season;
But to regret this morning still
I trust I never shall have reason;
For should I wear a wedding-dress
A year from now, perhaps you'll guess
What Tom had said to me the day
We walked to church the longest way.

NOVELTIES IN FANCY-WORK.

BY MARIAN FORD.

THE August number of the MONTHLY will doubtless find many of its readers settled in summer quarters, with ample leisure to follow any "suggestions for summer-work" that may chance to suit their fancy. It is hoped that in the variety offered in this article something may be found to please every taste.

Japanese fans, or some similar quaint design, are usually chosen, where only the corners are ornamented. Both red and blue cotton are sometimes used in the same pattern, but the red is more certain to endure frequent visits to the laundry without fading.

A very beautiful and artistic cover is of un-

TABLE COVERS.

Table-linen is constantly becoming more and more ornamented, but a novelty in style is illustrated in Fig. 1, which is intended to be placed in the centre of a polished wood table, and will be found very handsome for the purpose.

The material is white linen, sufficiently coarse in texture to allow the cross-stitch pattern to be embroidered directly upon the fabric, without the necessity of bast-ing canvas on it. The middle portion is thirty-seven inches long and nineteen and a half inches wide. The corners are cut slantingly, as shown in the illustration, and each measures six and a half inches in length and width. The strips of drawn threads which cross the cover are three-quarters of an inch wide, and may be worked according to fancy. Numerous pretty patterns have already been given in the MONTHLY. The cover is edged with guipure lace.

A favorite method of decorating cloths is to make a drawn-work border about three inches from the edge. The table is then covered with red damask, over which the white cloth is laid, the bright color showing with charming effect through the interstices of the drawn-work.

Ecrú linen cloths are often trimmed with a border of cross-stitch worked with Turkey red cotton, or a design in each corner, embroidered in Kensington outline-stitch. Griffins, dragons,

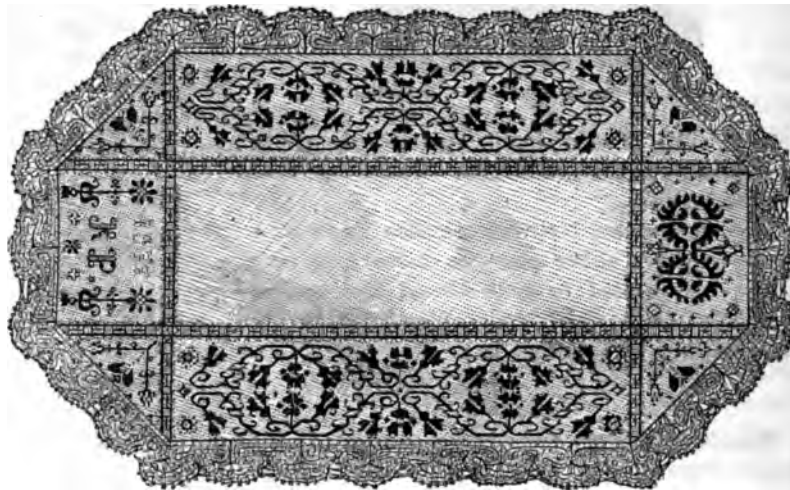


FIG. 1.—TABLE-COVER.

bleached linen, self-fringed. Above this is a drawn-work border, headed with another border in Kensington work representing shaded brown cat-tails and their straight sword-like leaves. Here and there a dragon-fly is embroidered, poised above them.

Napkins are decorated in various styles to match the table-cloths, and certainly no prettier or more acceptable gift to a housekeeper could easily be devised.

SMALL FANCY TABLE-COVER.

Fig. 2 illustrates a pretty cover for one of the innumerable tiny tables that now dot every drawing-room.

The foundation is a piece of coarse white linen, eight inches and three-quarters square. Each of the four sides is ornamented with a triangular *appliqué* of dark-red velvet attached to the material by a narrow border of embroidery, wrought

with gold thread and pale-blue silk. The designs for this embroidery are given in Figs. 3 and 4. The middle portion consists of tambour-work in



FIG. 2.—SMALL FANCY TABLE-COVER.

colored silk. The arabesque pattern can easily be copied from the illustration. The fringe is of dark-red zephyr.

Very pretty small covers are also made of a square of plush, either plain, or ornamented with a spray of painted or embroidered flowers, and finished with a border of satin of some contrasting color finished with antique lace.

RUGS.

Somebody's clever thought has resulted in the manufacture of very pretty rugs for use in bathrooms and chambers, from one of the cheap gray blankets hitherto sold for horse-blankets and ironing-blankets. For this purpose it is cut in half, bound with red braid or coarse red flannel, and trimmed with *appliqué* figures or a monogram of red flannel. If a more decorative effect is desired, the blanket can be embroidered with coarse wools in sunflowers and reeds, or daisies and



FIG. 3.—EMBROIDERY DESIGN.

grasses. If not sufficiently heavy, the rugs may be made thicker by lining with old carpet or bur-laps, or by merely doubling the blanket.

KNITTED PETTICOAT FOR LITTLE GIRLS.

Fig. 5 shows the pattern for a comfortable garment, which many mothers will doubtless be glad

to have for their little ones. The material is white wool, the length seventeen inches and the width forty-seven inches. It is knitted in five separate pieces, that are afterward crocheted together on the right side, leaving a slit six inches long in the middle of the back. Cast on fifty stitches for the front breadth, thirty-six for each

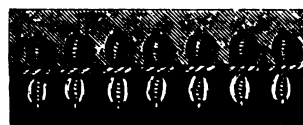


FIG. 4.—EMBROIDERY DESIGN.

side breadth, and forty for the two back breadths. Knit and seam two stitches alternately for six rows, and then transpose the pattern. The lower border is knitted separately and crocheted to the skirt. A crochet lace edges the bottom.

SATIN SACHET.

A very pretty sachet of novel design is composed of two square pieces of card-board, seven inches and a quarter in diameter, joined by a bias strip of rose-colored satin five inches and three-quarters wide and fifty-six inches long, gathered on one side and set between the upper and under layers of the satin intended for the covering of the bottom. On the upper edge the strip is folded on the wrong side for a hem a quarter of an inch wide, through which rose-colored silk cord is run. Cover the card-board lid with a square piece of rose-colored satin cut bias and shirred at intervals of half an inch. Finish it with a band of pale-blue or white pinked flannel,



FIG. 5.—KNITTED PETTICOAT FOR LITTLE GIRLS.

embroidered in some pretty design or merely feather-stitched with a contrasting color, and under the outer edge set a box-plaited ruffle of

rose-colored satin ribbon seven-eighths of an inch wide. The lid should be covered with an interlining of perfumed wadding before the shirred satin, embroidery, and plaiting are added. Fasten the back of the lid to the rim.

TRAVELING-CASE.

Useful articles should not be left wholly out of

silk bag with a drawing-string, to hold the wet article, the second is intended for a brush. These

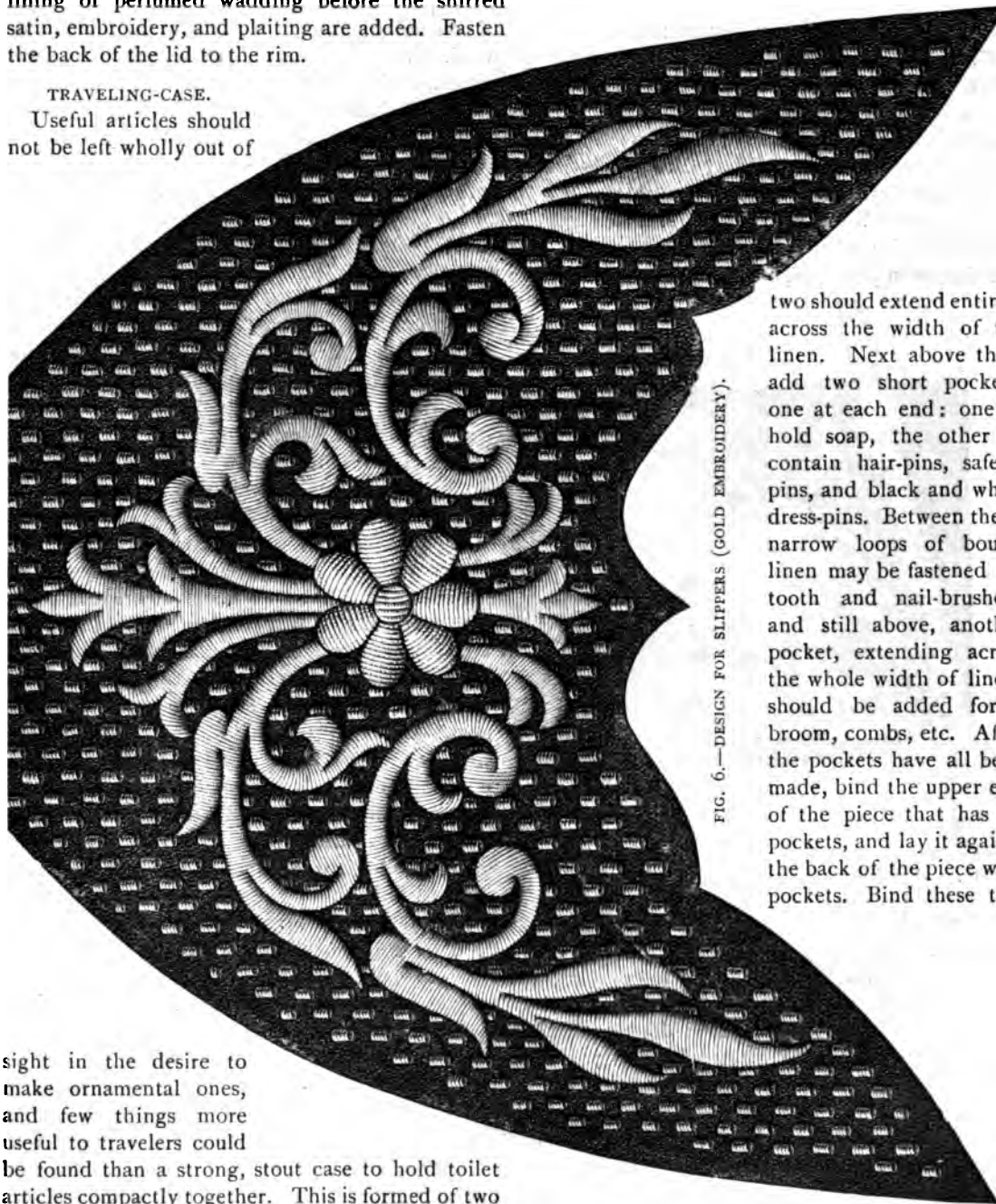


FIG. 6.—DESIGN FOR SLIPPERS (GOLD EMBROIDERY).

two should extend entirely across the width of the linen. Next above these add two short pockets, one at each end: one to hold soap, the other to contain hair-pins, safety-pins, and black and white dress-pins. Between these, narrow loops of bound linen may be fastened for tooth and nail-brushes; and still above, another pocket, extending across the whole width of linen, should be added for a broom, combs, etc. After the pockets have all been made, bind the upper end of the piece that has no pockets, and lay it against the back of the piece with pockets. Bind these two

sight in the desire to make ornamental ones, and few things more useful to travelers could be found than a strong, stout case to hold toilet articles compactly together. This is formed of two pieces of linen crash, each three-quarters of a yard long and three-eighths of a yard wide. Across one, place two large pockets of linen bound with braid. The lower one is for a sponge and contains an oil-

parts together, leaving the upper end open, thus securing one large bag the entire size of the crash, where soiled handkerchiefs, collars, cuffs, stockings, etc., can be placed. Sew braids to the upper

corners of the case, to tie it firmly when rolled together.

GOLD EMBROIDERY FOR SLIPPERS.

Gold embroidery is very rich and beautiful in effect, but difficult to execute by those unskilled in fine needle-work. With the help of the accompanying illustrations, however, any one tolerably versed in ordinary embroidery can readily work the elegant design for slippers given in Fig. 6.

The pattern is first drawn on the material, then the various figures are cut out of card-board. As the figures in this design are intended to be very

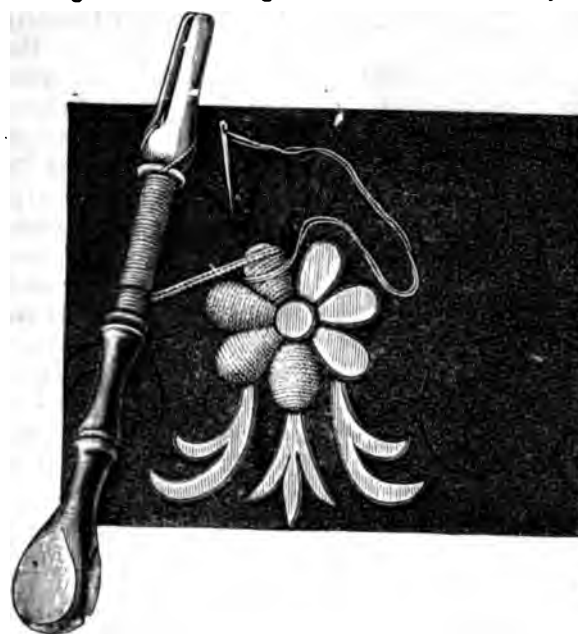


FIG. 7.—INSTRUMENT FOR HOLDING THE GOLD THREAD.

much raised, six layers of card-board are required for each. These layers are carefully pasted on the material without covering the traced outlines of the pattern, as they must be kept perfectly clear. The gold thread is taken double, a small fork-like instrument, illustrated in Fig. 7, being used for holding it. The needle, threaded with a waxed gold-colored silk, is tightly drawn between the gold threads that closely cover the pasteboard figures, and passed from the upper to the under side of the work, firmly fastening the gold threads to the material. Some gold spiral cord, cut in small pieces and sewed over the velvet, as shown by the illustration, produces a very rich and glittering effect.

TOBACCO-POUCHES.

Slippers seem naturally to suggest their usual accompaniment, tobacco, and many pretty styles of pouches are made as receptacles for the fragrant weed. The materials are various, kid, silk, satin, velvet, and even chamois-skin being employed with very charming effect. Embroidery and even painting are not seldom called into requisition for their decoration.

A pretty style is composed of five pieces about an eighth of a yard long and two and a half inches wide, pointed at the bottom and cut straight across the top. Each of these pieces—which are of kid—may be embroidered or painted, then sewed firmly together. The satin lining is cut in gores to fit and slipped inside the pouch, after which a satin top is joined on. This has a running near the upper part, through which the drawing-cord is inserted to form a frill and close the pouch. Three tassels are fastened to the point of the pouch by way of finish.

Another more elaborate design has the five parts made of ticking, with gold braid sewed down each blue stripe and an embroidery in fancy stitches with colored silks between. The gores are bound with narrow silk ribbon the color of the top before being sewed together, and the bag is lined with oil-silk to keep the tobacco moist.

Still another variety is composed of chamois-skin. Cut a square bag the size desired, then round off the two lower corners. Embroider on one side an initial or monogram, and on the other a butterfly, flower, or any other design that fancy may suggest. Face in the top to the depth of an inch and a half, or two inches, and make two runnings to hold the drawing-cord, which should be finished with two tiny tassels. This style is much liked by gentlemen, who wish to carry their tobacco in their pockets; the other is generally used for bags to be hung in the room.

HANGING-BASKET.

A new way of using the wooden platters in which grocers send out butter has recently been invented. They are cut in two and placed with the curved sides downward. Holes are then bored opposite each other through the centre of the curving bottom, and at each end of the straight top. Through these holes ribbons are passed and tied in a bow, and from the bows at the sides of the top a band of ribbon is passed by which to

suspend the basket. A spray of flowers or some other pretty ornamental design is painted on the side of the basket.



FIG. 8.—SOFA PILLOW.

SOFA-PILLOW.

The design for a sofa pillow, illustrated in Fig. 8, is recommended as excellent for a detachable cover, since it can be frequently washed and again basted on, looking "as good as new," an invaluable quality in articles destined for rooms in constant use. The foundation is ecru linen, embroidered with dark-red crewel-wool. If preferred, however, it can be made of cloth or satin, embroidered with filoselle silk. In that case the choice of colors must be left to individual taste. The color of the lining, cord, and tassels must correspond with that of the embroidery.

HAND-BAGS.

The fancy for carrying bags in the hand has led to the invention of a great many designs for these useful and pretty articles.

One, whose effect is very quaint, is made from an oblong piece of greenish-gray straw doubled in half and lined with dark-red or olive-green silk, which forms a puff at each side and is gathered together with silk strings. The straw is then embroidered with crewels, or painted to suit the owner's taste.

Another favorite pattern is made of a strip of Macramé lace, lined with silk or satin of any shade that pleases the maker, and drawn up at the

top with strings in a bag, which should be about one-third the depth of the lace.

A handsome bag is also made of satin in two colors, dull-red and pale-blue being a pretty combination. A square bag is first made of dull-red, the ends and top being pale-blue; shirr the square piece at each end, and the top to form a ruffle, then run another shirring through the middle to drape it gracefully. The pale-blue satin ends are slightly gathered and sewed on in an ordinary seam, while the top after being sewed to the gathered top of the square bag has a drawing-string inserted to close the top, leaving a standing frill. A ribbon passes over the shirring through the middle of the square red bag, passing on to the top of the pale-blue bag, where it finishes in a bow. If preferred, the square bag can be made of brocaded material, and the top and sides of plain silk or satin.

WORK BASKET WITH COLORED EMBROIDERY.

The beautiful work-basket illustrated in Fig. 9 is made of fine white wicker-work, and is four and a half inches high, twelve and a quarter inches long, and eleven inches broad. It is lined with wine-colored velvet. The sides and bottom are slightly interlined with wadding, and show the filoselle silk embroidered border. A strip of yellow congress canvas ornamented with red



FIG. 9.—WORK-BASKET WITH COLORED EMBROIDERY.

stitches and small figures of trees in olive-colored crewel edges the border on both sides at the bottom. Plaited lace of yellow or gray tint two

and a half inches wide and a border two inches deep form the outer trimming. The handle has

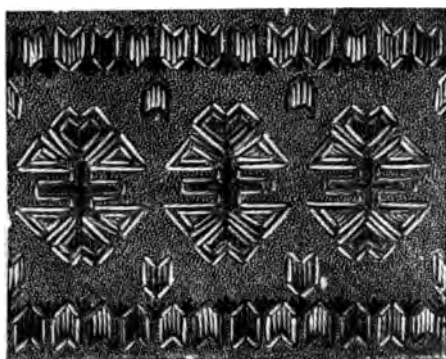


FIG. 10.—BORDER PATTERN FOR FIG. 9.

two bows of satin ribbon. The pattern of the border is given in Fig. 10.

Another pretty wicker-work basket of square shape rises to a point on each of its four sides. The lining is dull-red satin, with a spray of flowers embroidered or painted on each of the four points. Border the lining with a ruche of satin ribbon, and sew a dainty little bow at the top of each point. Fasten double loops of satin ribbon to the lining to hold the thimble, scissors, and other sewing utensils. Trim the upper part of the basket on the outside with dull-red "moss trimming," the shade of the lining; and if the basket has handles, ornament them with tassels.

JAPANESE PARASOL SCRAP-BAG.

The bright-hued paper Japanese parasols can be converted into scrap-bags sufficiently strong to hold bits of paper and light material by twisting a bit of fine wire into a ring, catching it to the partly-opened parasol with thread, and fastening a gay ribbon to the handle. The patch of bright color on a dull wall has a very attractive effect.

ROUND PILLOW FOR CHAIR OR COUCH.

A round pillow, suspended by a cord and tassels to the back of a large arm-chair, may be made a very ornamental as well as comfortable article; and an extremely pretty design is composed of four embroidered strips, two of light-blue Java canvas, and two of maroon cloth. The canvas stripes are each three inches and a quarter wide and twenty-four inches long, and are embroidered in cross-stitch in the Greek key pattern in navy-

blue silk. The cloth stripes are two inches wide and twenty-four inches long, and should be embroidered in a running pattern of leaves and flowers, the leaves green, the flowers tiny pink and white rose-buds. When the embroidery is finished, join the strips, letting the ends project for a distance equal to their width, thus forming points, which, when the cover is closed, are fitted into each other and joined. Having finished the cover, fasten it on a round cushion stuffed with curled hair, and add a cord the length required to suspend it at the height desired. Sew this cord at the ends in two or three loops, fastened flatly to the cover to conceal the joining, and finish with tassels.

TIDY IN CROSS-STITCH EMBROIDERY.

Fig. 11 shows a tidy of ecru-colored linen with a woven design and self-fringed, such as may be purchased at any embroidery store. Each little square has a woven figure in the middle, and is embroidered with crewel in red and blue alternately. The filling of the ground figures is done with light-green filoselle silk, and the outlines are worked in a darker shade. Fig. 12 gives the pattern in full size.

INFANT'S KNITTED AND CROCHETED BOOT.

Infant's socks are always in demand, and the



FIG. 11.—TIDY IN CROSS-STITCH EMBROIDERY.

readers of the MONTHLY will find those made by the following directions exceptionally pretty. The

material is white zephyr wool, and steel needles of medium size are used. The top and front are

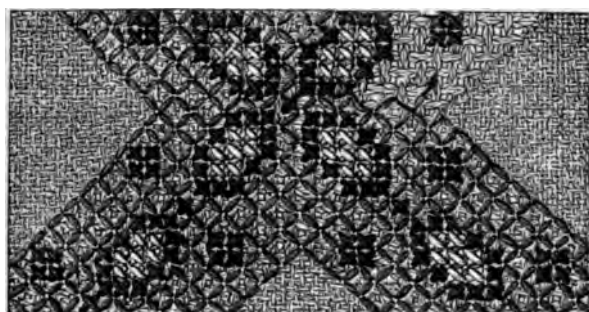


FIG. 12.—DESIGN, IN FULL SIZE, FOR FIG. 11.

trimmed with crochet-work. Begin at the sole by casting on a foundation of seventy stitches, then work in rounds, going back and forth as follows: 1st round. Knit plain. 2d round. Seam. Repeat first and second rounds eleven times. In the last of these rounds, on both sides of the middle twelve stitches, cast off twelve stitches each, and on the first and last seventeen stitches work the heel seventeen rounds high, going back and forth, and working always alternately three stitches knit plain and one stitch seamed, taking care that the centre stitch of every three stitches knit plain on the right side comes on the stitch which appears knit plain on this side, and consequently was seamed in the preceding round. Besides this, on the side nearest the front, in every second following round to the eighth inclusive, narrow one stitch. On the middle twelve stitches knit for the front thirty-six rounds in the design of the heel, but fasten the last stitch of each round to the first vein of the corresponding stitch, cast off, then fasten to the heel. For a row of holes (through which a cord finished with tassels is run) work on all the tassels stitches, always going forward alternately t. t. o. (throw thread over) and two stitches plain. Next follows one round seam and one round knit plain. For the upper part of the boot, work thirteen rounds in a ribbed

design, always alternately two stitches knit plain and two seamed, then three rounds knit plain, and finally five rounds composed of alternately one round knit plain, one round seamed; then cast off.

Fold the last eight rounds on the outside, and crochet from the wrong side as follows:

1st round. Always alternately two d. c. (double crochet) on the next stitch of the last round (catching the edge stitch at the same time), two d. c. on the next two stitches of the preceding round; finally one s. l. (slip-stitch) on the first d. c. in this round.

2d round. * 1 s. c. (single crochet) on the next stitch in the preceding round, five d. c. on the third following stitch, pass over two stitches, and repeat from *; finally one s. l. on the first s. c. in this round.

3d round. * one s. c. on the vein before the next d. c. in the preceding round, four times alternately two c. h. (chain-stitch), one s. c. on the vein before the next d. c., pass over two stitches, and repeat from *; finally, one s. l. on the first s. c. in this round.

Next crochet with white split zephyr worsted for a row of points bordering the front, on a foundation of suitable length, as follows: * one s. c. on the next stitch, four c. h., one d. c. on the first of these, pass over two stitches, and repeat from *. On the same stitch (folding down the points of the preceding round on the outside) work a similar round, and sew the points to the front of the boot, taking one stitch through each s. c. The row of points should be long enough to extend from the ankle down over the instep to where the *shoe* part of the boot commences, the



FIG. 13.—A SUPERB CHAIR-STRIPE.

fancy knitting representing the stocking and the plain the shoe.

After making one pair, it will be easy to vary the style, if desired, by knitting the shoe part and crocheted trimmings of colored wool and the stocking of white. The cord and tassels passed through the holes around the ankle should in that case match in color.

CHAIR-STRIFE.

Fig. 13 illustrates a superb chair-stripe in col-

ored embroidery with painted velvet *appliqué*. To work it, the outlines of the design are transferred to light pearl-gray, almost white, cloth. The flowers and arabesques forming the *appliqué* are velvet, painted by hand, and attached to the material with satin-stitch embroidery in filoselle silk, matching either the colors of the flowers or the colors of the cloth.

(To be continued.)

HOW I CAPTURED THE WIDOW.

By MAGNUS DWIGHT.

"AWAY for a ride through the forests green,
Away from the city's fierce heat;
Away for a breath of the ocean's breeze
Where the woods and the waters meet—
For a splash in the briny wave,
For the dash of a sail to sea;
Away for a brief but happy sojourn
In Atlantic sea city for me!"

In some such fashion my partner Jack was trolle-rol-trolling in a very unbusiness-like manner in the office, while polishing up the brasses on a dilapidated fishing-rod, which seemed nevertheless to have some character about it from the service it had seen.

"Now, Jack," I said, solemnly pausing from drawing my quill through a long list of bad accounts, "I know you're going to keep as sober as an alderman, and I know you're not going to be drawing money recklessly to spend like a goose in a mess of bad, headachy champagne; in fact, I know you're going to keep shy of all that set styled 'jolly fellows,' that it takes such a jolly lot of money to run with."

"Jest so, old man," assented Jack seriously.

"For you know as well as I do," I continued, "that if we want to pull through this year we've got to work it out on a line that will take all summer, or, to use less elegant language, my dear fellow, you know that your time and your attention, your industry and energy, will be required almost every day and almost all day during this whole sweltering summer."

And when I had thus finished I again went to scratching at the bad accounts, adding a few additional, perhaps forcible, remarks about some

of Jack's customers—who had failed to come up to time—by way of emphasis to what I had already said.

"Old man, look here," said he, commencing in that sanguine voice and manner so peculiarly his own, "let up on that kind of talk for a minute, and listen. In the first place, I've made arrangements to travel up and down for less money than it would cost me to run out to the Park, and in less time too, all things considered; I can go to and from the hotel where I've arranged to stop in but a little more time than is required to go to the Wissahickon or the Falls and back; and as for the intervening time, which is mostly night-time, the difference is between sleeping under a blanket, enjoying a refreshing and restful slumber, and kicking all night on top of a sheet and fighting the buzzing flies in the morning. Then, in going down and back, I can put in the time running over my memorandum books and the prices current. There are also several good fellows who will be going down and up on the same trains. Oh! you needn't raise your eyebrows in that fashion; these are all members of Young Men's Christian Associations, T. A. B's., salt water drinking societies, and all that. Then, there's the widow too; she's down——"

"The widow?"

"Yes; she'll be stopping down there all the summer."

"I'm very glad indeed, Jack, that you are so prudent in the matter, and intend to be regularly on hand and on time. Likely I'll take the run down with you occasionally. By the way, where did you say the widow was stopping?"

"Oh! She's stopping with a friend; but let me tell you how I've fixed things. I said to myself, 'Now, Jack, all other things being equal, in the first place choose the cheapest road to travel on.' I found that, of course, in the Narrow-Gauge; so when I had made arrangements at about one-half the rates of other roads, I said to myself again, 'Now, Jack, you've narrow-gauged it down in one thing, remember to keep on the same track and gauge it down narrow in all other things; for nothing will please the old man better!'"

I hardly liked the habit my youthful partner had gotten into, of calling me the "old man." A man of fifty is but little beyond his youth, and it is a great deal more sensible for a young girl or a young widow to pick out a steady, settled man of that age for a husband, than one of your young flyaway, dreaming boys who has not yet been brought down to his level. And the idea of Jack flirting with the widow A——, who is old enough to be his mother. Umph!

Jack kept running up and down regularly, and it had a wonderfully invigorating effect upon his health through the trying hot weather.

On one Saturday morning I concluded I would take a trip myself in the same train—though not with him—that I might observe the better what kind of company he associated with. It was eight o'clock on a bright and beautiful morning that I took the boat at pier 8, Delaware avenue, for Cooper's Point. The boat was crowded with gay excursionists, principally merry Sunday-school scholars, who were in glowing terms questioning and answering each other concerning the bathing, the fishing, the boating, and the glorious prospects of the day before them.

We were soon aboard the train on the other side, whirling along through green meadows luxuriant with growing grain, past numerous small lakelets, over tide-water creeks and through the region of Oakland, with its pretty country-seats dotted about here and there, while the fresh breeze, redolent with the perfume of blooming clover-fields, laved the heated brow through the open windows.

I had almost forgotten to take a look into the smoking-car to see what use Jack was making of his time. Slyly peering through the window from the platform outside, I could discern, through a cloud of smoke, either back or front, every man

it contained; but Jack was not among the number. What could be the matter? Where had he gone? But it was no matter where he had gone, I concluded, and felt inwardly relieved, as I might now enjoy my trip to the full, with the coast clear from obtrusive observation of my partner or anybody else.

In less than ninety minutes we had reached Pleasantville, having experienced no delays from switching off for passing trains, there being ample stretches of double track along the line. Here an old angler, sitting next to me, began to rig up his line. He was going for flounders, he said, and proposed to commence operations at the railroad bridge, and travel downward to the mouth of the Inlet.

"Why, I can come down here and fish all day, and the very best fishing at that too, for fifty cents the round trip. Don't that beat all?" said he.

He was about to give me an account of what little fighters and biters snapping-mackerel were, when we arrived at the depot on the main avenue in the city by the sea.

"Carriage, sir! Carriage!" greeted me from a dozen drivers, which first put it into my head that a carriage was the very thing I wanted. About the horses I found myself particular. So, after taking a somewhat critical look at the several teams, I at last selected a pair of spanking bays.

"Drive to the hotel H——," I said, as I entered the carriage.

Just then it occurred to me that I had not been particular about the price of the driver. What was the matter that I should feel so much like a harum-scarum boy again? Was it the salt air or the ocean breeze? For the life of me I couldn't divine, neither did I have any specified object in going to the hotel H——, unless I might find Jack there—heaven forbid!—or maybe somebody else I knew.

"No," replied the clerk to my inquiry; "Mr. Soarer is not here; he left suddenly last evening."

"Is Mrs. A—— stopping at this house?"

"Yes, sir."

"Will you have the kindness to send up my card?"

The card was promptly sent up by the clerk, and I soon had the inestimable pleasure of being seated by the girl I had loved when a boy—a girl no longer now, but a mature and lovely widow;

and how very thankful I felt I was a boy no longer like that harum-scarum Jack, but a steady and stalwart man.

"How very kind it was of you to come down at this time, Mr. Jones," she said.

"Hardly so kind as such a very great pleasure to myself, Mrs. A——," said I; "but I have so little leisure, and—excuse me—I took the very great liberty of hiring a carriage at the door; won't you take a drive about with me and show me somewhat of the place? I am altogether a stranger down here, though the railroad makes it so very near."

And the lovely widow acquiescing, soon had herself in readiness; and beneath the friendly shade of an intervening fleecy cloud we soon were driving along the broad avenues and past scores of beautiful cottages in that queen city on the beach.

"I am so utterly lonely without her, dear friend," said she sighing, as we were gazing upon the sublime prospect of sky and ocean.

"Without who?" I asked.

"Why, my ward, Mr. Jones. My poor dear husband's only daughter. How could you ask?"

"Is she drowned!" I was about to exclaim, when the widow continued:

"And to think of her running away to be married without even a farewell. Oh, oh! it's too much."

"Do not cry, my dear," I said sympathizingly; "it is no great matter. Young people will do such things. I wish we had done so, too, dear Alicia, twenty years ago."

"Oh! Mr. J-o-n-e-s!"

"I sympathize with you deeply," I said earnestly and tremblingly; "but you really must forgive me for being more interested in yourself than in your ward."

Nor did she resist my taking her little hand and pressing it warmly. The roar of the surf drowned our sweet converse from all but ourselves, while a

lonely part of the beautiful beach presented me the opportunity to declare that from my early boyhood days she only had been the idol of my heart. Need I, dear reader—as the novelists express it—lift the curtain from the delightful secrecy of what we said? Will it not be enough to tell you that before the sun had reached the meridian at noon the dear Alicia was my own; that, with all the eloquence of which I am possessed, I had persuaded the dear girl to agree to an early day, and that everything seemed propitious?

On returning to the city I found a letter from Jack, dated at Niagara Falls, in which he stated that he had unexpectedly been called away on business of the greatest importance, though what it could be at such a place, save some wild-cat scheme for utilizing its water-power, I could not for the life of me make out. I was glad, however, that he was away, and thus left me free from any impertinent remarks.

It was a lovely Fourth of July that Alicia and I were made one. I thought it but due to my partner to apprise him of the event, which I did, after the wedding, through a brief telegram. A few days afterward, and while on our bridal tour, I received the following very startling and impertinent, yet, on mature consideration, very satisfactory letter:

"DEAR POP: I am delighted with you, that you should have taken such a very wise step, and one which makes us so near and dear to one another. And then, *mon pere*, being partners, we can settle amicably, without any litigation over the estate. Mamie sends her love to mamma and papa. Accept my earnest assurances, dear sir, that I shall prove a dutiful son.

"Blessed be the tie that binds
In partnership our kindred minds."

"Affectionately,
"JACK."

ON, ON!

THIS life is but uncertain dreams
From cradle to the skies,
To some a dream of untold woe,
To others paradise;
And yet to all the hours are brief
And speed with rapid flight
From morning's dawn, with brightest glow,
To darkness of the night.

Man scarce begins his usefulness
Ere he is past his prime,
And then old age steals swiftly on
To bear him from this clime.
So if we all would be of use
There's little time to spare,
For death soon comes to take us home
To face our Maker there.

TITUS TUTTLE

CURRENT TOPICS.

Though living in an enlightened age, many superstitious people attach an ominous meaning to the appearance of comets, and aver that the late sad and almost successful attempt upon the life of President Garfield was amply foretold by the meteor so recently seen gyrating in the heavens. The basis for this supposition that comets forbode evil is founded on the fact that the war of 1812, the Mexican war, our late rebellion, and several other unfortunate eras in history have been preceded by the appearance of these banshees of the skies. Still, we are inclined to doubt if any connection exists between the wanderings of itinerant heavenly bodies and human affairs on this mundane sphere. Be that as it may, the catastrophe to our President, stricken down at his post of duty, is none the less to be regretted, and that popular sympathy is with him has been made clearly manifest; not by the number and spirit of the meetings for prayer in his behalf, but by the tone of private opinion which may be heard everywhere upon the open streets as friend meets friend. It is true, some few persons, with more malicious brutality than decent respect for other's feelings, have made offensive speeches; but where this occurred in public they received summary treatment, and deservedly so. Mr. Garfield is now on a fair road to recovery, and every true American heart will rejoice thereat; while the assassin, Charles Guiteau, in his prison-cell is lamenting that he did his work so badly.

Against men of this class there should be some protection afforded the President, and this protection can now be given by a severe sentence upon the present malefactor, which may deter other office-seekers from revenging their disappointed hopes in like manner; and if fewer positions were made vacant by party power at each succeeding election, it would also add greatly to the comfort of his office, perhaps to his personal safety. Under existing circumstances the President is continually harassed by applications for appointments, made through the mails, in person, and by proxy, day and night. This is decidedly annoying and gives rise to a suspicion that things are not properly conducted. Why must every one holding a public position be forced to resign that position when the reins of government change hands, whether faithful and competent or otherwise? If a man has proved himself capable of the duties incumbent upon him, and is in every way faithful to his trust, it is only reasonable to suppose that the public would be better served by his continuance in office than if another man of the opposite party was to take his place—a man, perhaps, not half so honest, and certainly lacking experience. There is no good reason why the affairs of government should not, in this respect, be conducted in the same manner as a well-regulated mercantile business; and if this was the case, the people would soon have servants less intent upon pilfering from the coffers in their care, than upon the faithful discharge of their duties.

The Commencement Season.—A most important

epoch in a young man's life is the transition from academic training to a position in active life. This is true under even the most appreciative recognition of a young man's capabilities and situation. But when he is regarded from a false stand-point by others, and does himself assume a false attitude with respect to himself, his training, and the world, his act becomes nothing short of suicidal, while the public who thus wrong him may be called in unvarnished terms accessory before the fact.

And yet such a false position with respect to young graduates is annually taken by the less fortunate—perhaps envious—self-made men who pretend to interpret public opinion on this subject.

It is, it seems, one of the duties of the younger men on some editorial staffs to compose a yearly tirade for the editorial page as a wholesome antidote to the deleterious dish of college news which is served up in another column. With our higher institutions full to overflowing with the sons of the best of our citizens, an almost incomprehensible fact stares us in the face on beholding the patient submission to this "public opinion" misrepresentation. The best answer to those who would decry the advantages of a liberal education is the fact that increasing numbers of young men swarm to our colleges and universities.

Some years ago these same tamperers with public sentiment set afloat the idea that to turn our country into an Arcadia all that was necessary was to give the young men a practical business education. "Teach your sons that which they will practice when they become men" was the utilitarian fallacy held up to the people for acceptance in the training of young men. At present we have grown beyond this crude and gross theory, and even those brought up under its earthly teaching have confessed its falsity and abandoned it for something better.

The hue and cry of our newsmongers still proceeds on the same stand-point. They cannot conceive how a mind can be trained unless it is made a store-house for all the learning of the past, truth and error alike. And presuming that a graduate should be or think himself to be a walking encyclopædia, they show by direct and conclusive evidence that this claim must fall; hence the uselessness of our college training.

When, however, they are dislodged from this position by a clear, frank statement that the collegiate course does not contemplate an opposition to established libraries, but aims merely at the discipline of the mental powers of the young, there is still another objection raised by the utilitarians. What can a young man do when he leaves his Alma Mater with (ah! me, that I must mention the horrid thing) his diploma? He is considered fit for nothing henceforth but to be trodden under foot of men.

College faculties are sufficiently justified in their prescribed courses by the increasing number of fond parents who stint and deny themselves that they may give their sons the privilege to qualify to be "good for nothing."

Another false standard by which the collegian is to be judged is his success in the world. And a man's success is to be measured by the frequency with which his name appears in public print, or by the number of flatterers and sycophants that constitutes his retinue. It is unknown to these intensely practical critics that more men have ruled the destinies of the world from the cloister, the school-room, or the study, than from among a parasitic crowd of adulating, cringing fawners. Besides, success is *not* the test of character, as victory is no criterion of the justness of an espoused cause. History has demonstrated that there is victory in defeat, success in failure, as it has shown by its greatest and central figure that there is life in death.

But if we read aright the signs of the times, the low, groveling ideals of the past are giving way to a loftier inspiration. There are evidences that a striving after self-culture is abroad among the people, and that may be the reason why colleges are looked upon with greater favor now than they have been in the more recent past. But even here, colleges may fail to justify themselves. The culture that is now popular is of too ephemeral a character, it is to be feared, and too artificial, to be of any benefit in the way of promoting the interests of the higher institutions. For what is called culture at the present day is the "turning for something stable and indispensable . . . to art." Just as if art were the end of life, and a Utopian realm would result from the æsthetic culture of the people. Say what we may about the "confusion of doctrine and the lessening of faith" as a justifiable cause for abandoning or undervaluing intellectual and moral culture and devoting ourselves with all our powers to the cultivation of the finer susceptibilities of our nature, the fact indisputably stares us in the face that we are only substituting the development of one faculty of our nature for another on the same plane. And it calls for no high endowment of prophetic gifts to foretell the consequences that await our embarking on this enterprise—the utter wreck of our fondest hopes. Futile and most grievously disappointing will prove the aspiration to find a Nirvana of rest among the ethereal refinements of æsthetic cultivation.

Uncaptivated by any of these glittering attractions by the wayside, the colleges of our land should hold the even tenor of their way, fixing a steady eye on their own lofty ideals, swerving from their course neither to right nor left, whether to pander to an artificial public taste or to justify themselves before a triunal lower and other than their mission. Only in proportion as they do this, seeking and accepting the truth amid even a chaotic confusion of doctrine, maintaining and encouraging a true and living faith to give the lie to the vaunted boast that a lessening of faith must result from an increase of knowledge; proving all things and holding fast to that which is good in art no less than in other spheres, making neither supreme and all-absorbing—only in the degree that our colleges do this can they hope to hold the confidence of the people and to merit their support.

Without question it is to the higher institutions, colleges and universities, that the civilization of to-day owes its character. Minds well disciplined, able to grapple with all questions in every sphere of life, whether of national policy

or of individual conduct, are not produced by denying or undervaluing the valid results of past labors. To become a man able to take a place among men, one must needs stand in a historical succession reaching from the earliest time to this, and, imbued with a spirit of the past, help to make and knit thereto the spirit of the present in one living process of development.

To do this demands that a foundation of a broad, liberal culture, well balanced, not one-sided or superficial, be laid in the formation period of a young man's life; and such is the end of college training. The young graduate should therefore be met and welcomed with cordiality—not looked at awry or regarded with envy or suspicion. Let him be greeted with a friendly grasp of the hand as a most interesting factor in the great result which history is working out of the thoughts, the passions, and the actions of men.

Is it, perhaps, indicative of the bent of mind on either side of the Atlantic, that while one of our American periodicals is devoting much space to the discussion of the Decline of Culture, an English paper should very seriously consider the Physical Deterioration of the English People as especially noticeable in the fact that "British heads are smaller than British heads used to be"? The reason for calling into question the culture of the American people seems to be the paucity of foreign literature that finds its way to the tables of our public; while England is alarmed about its present status because its hat manufacturers have to reduce the size of their blocks if they would fit the British head of to-day. Whatever may be said about the merits of either question, it is a matter for self-congratulation that our people are engaged with the worthier and loftier subject.

It is an honor to our people that they need no longer get their reading across the ocean. Foreign literature may be very entertaining and instructive, but it is foreign both in spirit and language. The English of England is not the English of the United States; nor is the English spirit the spirit that lives in the American people. The anthropological truism that the physical features of a country mould the spirit of its inhabitants is realized in America; and though we may be rendered better intellectually and socially by the infusion of a proper foreign element, our minds must assimilate this spirit and make it purely American. It is as much a manifestation of snobbishness to laud English periodicals unduly as to fawn on an English nobleman—and fully as disgusting. But especially is it an honor and glory to our nation to know that the supply of good literature need no longer be imported. The American magazines may not exhibit the pedantry of some foreign journals, but in point of promoting culture they are not behindhand. They are rather an advance, because they do not contemplate any one particular class of people, but exert their elevating influence upon all alike. And culture, if it is anything, is not to be confined to any class, nor to be considered the peculiar privilege of the gentry, while plebeians have no right to aspire thereto; but culture is to permeate all classes of society with the leaven of a higher, better, nobler life.

Whether the size of a man's hat is a legitimate criterion to estimate his scale in the rank of cultivated society, we are not prepared to say. But we fear the class of artisans

affected by erecting such a standard of judgment would strain a point in maintaining it. It cannot be doubted that the more room there is in a man's head the more brains it can accommodate; but quantity of brains is scarcely to be made a measure of cultivation. It would be humiliating to have some brutes excel us in rank. Still, all other things being equal, the man with the larger head is the better man. But before we lament a nation's deterioration on the complaint of the hat-makers, we should well inform ourselves as to whether diminution in size is accompanied by a corresponding decrease in capacity. The progress of the world seems to be from the ruder mass to a smaller and finer bulk. If the smaller head has more delicate organs, where is the loss, or why should we go into mourning?—because we need less material to dress ourselves with? There is, however, a limit to the smallness of the human body as well as to the delicacy of any of its organs. The brain may become too delicate and refined, and is then etherealized into imbecility. It must be this that scares the English press.

Female Suffrage.—The question of female suffrage, once so prominent and discussed with such acrimoniousness on either side, has of late somewhat dropped out of public notice. And this is the more worthy of remark since neither the advocates of the ballot nor the opponents of the strange innovation can score a triumph. Though their object has indeed not been fully attained, the agitators of the movement can congratulate themselves. Successful altogether in one of our Western Territories, and to a degree also in one of the progressive Commonwealths of the East, they may well be content to rest on their laurels for a season.

But the silence that has followed the storm is not a consequence of such partial victory, nor an abandonment of the contest. It is rather a transfer of the conflict from the two opposing ranks to a discussion in the camp of the aggressors. And what should the manly withstanders do but the very thing women asked for? She is invited to fill positions of public trust; the most dangerous weapons are put into her hands by some of the leading, sober old States of the Union. Not satisfied with the influence and labors of woman in the school-room, she is invited to occupy the director's official position and even to grace the superintendent's chair. And this deference to woman's ability and confidence in her honor is but a just due.

Still the discussion goes on; but, instead of resting her plea on the only solid foundation,—that of a right long denied, yet existing in virtue of her membership in the social economy,—the eligibility of woman for the ballot is generally based on merely economic or prudential reasons. These must always fail! If it cannot be maintained that woman, as woman, partakes of the rights and prerogatives of a citizen, she would only be insulted by heaping on her a burden she was not created to bear, and confess that she has nothing but her vanity to sustain her petulant demands. No amount of intelligence, no professional attainments, no social position, no income, nor any other qualifications, can acquire for her this distinction. Only an inherent right can secure the privileges female suffrage contends for; and only when that right is established can woman be allowed or obliged to exercise it.

And even then radical means must not be allowed to prevail over historical progress. A wrong long endured may be augmented by suddenly righting it. The present recognition of woman in entrusting to her exalted positions in the management of charities and schools, and in encouraging her in the various professional walks of life may be—is—an index of the deep consciousness of our people that woman has long, too long, occupied a very limited though eminently noble position in the world. This the suffrage movement has undoubtedly accomplished; and having done this, it may congratulate itself.

Art and Manufacture.—This compound term is employed to distinguish a certain class of manufactures of a scientific and ingenious nature from others which only require manual skill and dexterity. The line of demarcation between the fine arts and the manufacturing arts is undefined, and in many respects they blend together. From the period of the seventeenth century science and art have been drawn more closely together, and in later years have made rapid progress, each mutually assisting the other.

The establishment of Schools of Art in connection with manufactures is only of recent date in England; but the manner in which all classes have aided and supported the various Schools of Design and Mechanics' Institutions shows that the nation appreciates the value of cultivating manufacturing art. We see the same thing also in the great success which has attended the production of popular works on science in modern times. The discoveries of photography and electroplating no doubt tended to form closer ties between science and art; while the importance of the establishment of the Museum at South Kensington cannot well be overrated. By means of the institution and others of a like character the knowledge of science and art is disseminated among the workmen and workwomen of the kingdom.

Another step in the same direction is the appointment of eminent sculptors and painters in order to design models and patterns for manufactures. Although it is only recently that this country has turned its attention to the furthering of manufacturing art, European nations have long acknowledged its great importance. The Great Exhibition of 1851, by bringing English workmen into contact with foreign workmen and their work, gave a decided impulse to skilled workmen, and led to much healthy emulation and rivalry. In France more attention is paid to the artistic education of artisans than in any other country, and we see it reflected in all their handicraft. The Conservatoire des Arts et Metiers in Paris is a most remarkable institution. It consists of a number of large halls, each of which is devoted to some particular trade or branch of manufacture, and contains a perfect collection of the raw and manufactured produce, together with all the tools and implements employed in the process. Lecturers are appointed to the hall for the instruction of the people. It has been in existence more than seventy-five years, and was first suggested by the celebrated philosopher, Rene Descartes, in the seventeenth century. The Government is so convinced of the importance of this establishment that it supports it with an annual grant of 150,000 francs (\$30,000).

The selection and arrangement of the objects in these halls are very interesting, since by exhibiting the implements and machines that have been used from mediæval times up to the present day the gradual improvement can be noted at once. In one department, porcelain and china-ware in all stages of its manufacture can be seen; in another, the process of making clocks and watches. There are models of every variety of steam-engine and machine. One hall is devoted to chemistry and electricity, and displays all the apparatus employed, from the crude and clumsy objects of a hundred years ago, to the delicately-finished implements of the manipulator of to-day. Some of the rooms have the ceilings, floors, and walls decorated to illustrate ornamental art, and there is an excellent library in connection with the institution. Too much praise cannot be bestowed on such an undertaking as this. The usefulness of bringing together men of the same trade for the interchange of ideas is universally acknowledged, and it is now felt that if the workman receives sound instruction in science and art, it not only adds to his intelligence and comfort, but also secures the advance and prosperity of our manufacturing arts.

The Irish Question.—Affairs in Ireland and the attitude of England toward them continue in an unsettled condition. Ireland is in a state of turbulence provoked by the attempted eviction of tenants; and the English Parliament is keeping itself fully awake by discussing the question. What next? The land bill, with amendments and amended amendments, is unsatisfactory to all concerned. It has its faults: it is too liberal and too conservative, objectionable to both land-owners and tenants alike. It achieves a success to-day only to meet with a set-back to-morrow. Should it even finally be acceptable, the time elapsing until it goes

into force furnishes opportunity to complicate matters, so that affairs may be but little bettered by its adoption.

While London theorizes, the excitable nature of the Irish is inflamed by attempts at eviction, and Irish humor keeps exercising the process-servers, police, and even her Majesty's troops by feigned or open attempts at resistance. In nearly every instance (such is the Irish love for the bull) when a process is served on any one there is nobody found to serve it on.

The Land League has gotten itself into trouble by inciting resistance to due process of law, and haranguing the people that no human law can supersede the divine law of God, that the earth was given for the children of men. On this point we might sympathize with the people, did not such a feeling condemn ourselves when calling to mind the "children of the soil" in our own land. We are compelled, therefore, in self-justification, to wish England success in devising means to solve the problem which is becoming more involved and intricate every moment. Any solution that may be proposed can in the nature of the case be but partial, for the difficulty will only be shifted from one quarter to another.

But in the meantime Ireland will suffer most for any transgression of the law to whose authority it is subject. Defiance of law and order does not right any injustice, and, if retaliation be provoked, Irish blood will have to pay the penalty, however righteous its cause may be. Perhaps the best remedy for Ireland's troubles would be the return of its sons who have acquired habits of thrift and economy and liberal views abroad. If these could restrain themselves from falling into fanaticism, their influence upon their poor distracted country might relieve it of many of its oppressive afflictions.

LITERATURE AND ART.

Synnové Solbakken. By BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON. Translated from the Norse by RASMUS B. ANDERSON. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company, 1881.

The literary genius of a nation is the measure of that nation's culture. Repressed for a time because suitable means of expression are wanting, it treasures up its strength until its accumulated force breaks down all impediments, and then bursts forth with a freshness and simplicity seldom known among the writings of older and more cultivated, and hence often more artificial nations.

The book before us is an illustration of this principle. Norway's literary genius has become self-conscious, and we see its youth in the simple naturalness of Synnové Solbakken. How much of the unique excellence of the original work is lost in the translation, we cannot undertake to say. The translation reads well. It is no reflection on Mr. Anderson's

conscientiousness to assume that the finer and more delicate touches of the Norse do not appear in its English dress. The English language can, however, be but poorly adapted for the translation of Norwegian poetry; for the verses are of no credit to the author.

The novel itself merits our warmest commendation. In the delicate delineation of the simple, artless life of the Norwegian peasantry it is unsurpassed. It does not describe, it paints. The story goes right on; there is no need of long dissertation. The reader can comment for himself, and will do it just as the author intended. And there is something peculiarly attractive about the sturdy honesty, the simple piety and innocence, as well as the strong humanity of the characters portrayed, that will procure for the book many delighted readers. And, with the exception of the verses, many will doubtless not be satisfied with a single reading.

The History of a Parisienne. By OCTAVE FEUILLET.
Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

The heroine of this story, if heroine she may be called, is a Parisian woman of fashion, and is depicted in the first chapter as an angel. This angel eventually marries a certain Baron de Maurescamp, the choice of her mother, and like all such marriages contracted by other than the parties most concerned, it turns out to be a truly unfortunate affair. Upon awaking from her first blissful dream of love, and realizing that the gaudy bubble of her imagination has burst, the angel, whose name is Jeanne, begins to show signs of mortal attributes, and in the course of the story is transformed into a vindictive fiend by the brutal conduct of her husband, with whom it soon becomes apparent she has no sympathies in common. Having determined herself fully upon this point, she seeks that essential congeniality of disposition in the person of another man, and near the end of the book is discovered in an attempt on the baron's life.

There is nothing which could be called a plot in the story,—simply a thread of connecting incidents,—and its whole tendency is to palliate immorality, giving plausible argument for the commission of acts which circumstances scarcely justify. As in numerous French writings, the effect of reading such a work would be, upon many minds, extremely hurtful, if it even proved entertaining.

Hours of Fancy; or, Vigil and Vision. A Book of Poems. By ALDINE S. KIEFFER. Dayton, Va: Ruebush, Kieffer & Co.

The author of this volume appears to have been a soldier in the Confederate army, and with a Southerner's natural partiality for the "gray" has infused in many of his poems a sentiment for that color. This is more particularly noticeable in some lines entitled "Confederate Dead," to which is appended a dirge:

"Sleep, sleep, sleep,
And the April clouds shall ever
Weep, weep, weep
Tears of grief o'er those who never
Faltered when the storm of battle
Smote the hills with cannon's rattle;
But with hearts as proud as free,
Dared to die for liberty!"

The allusion to liberty sounds strangely; but aside from things of this nature the poetry is good, and the author has shown a keen appreciation of the beauties of nature, mingled with deep sympathy for the ills of life, which is very pleasing. Nor does he "gush" of "babbling brooks," with faint allusions to "hyacinth bowers," and all that. On the contrary, in many places a more thoughtful selection of words would have proved beneficial, but the majority of his verses are strong in their simplicity and common sense.

An instance of this may be found under the head of "Longings":

"For each sweet joy that dies, a pain is born,
As surely as the evening follows morn.

And pain lives longest in this world of ours,
As thorns survive the death of all the flowers."

No truer sentiment than this can be expressed in words,

and the stanzas following are all as good, but it is unfortunate that a little further on the printer should make Mr. Kieffer say:

"Fold back my dust within thy bosom warm,"

instead of *warm*, as he no doubt intended.

In some instances the rhythm seems somewhat strained, as

"The first to speak was Denville Dold,
Who in brief words his story told."

The name "Dold" in this instance seems very much as if it was selected to rhyme with "told" without reference to its beauty as a name. There are other minor points, which careful revision might have obviated, but as a whole, "Hours of Fancy" cannot fail to be looked upon with favor.

Among its principal poems worthy of note is the "Phantom Bride" and "Sir Fontaine's Ride," both New Year's stories, and dealing in ghosts extensively,—as most New Year's stories do,—the latter being on the order of Burns's "Tam O'Shanter," with the exception that Sir Fontaine is chief ghost of the procession.

Other poems, under the head of "Lyrics," are very sweet and pretty, and evince strong feeling upon the writer's part.

Nana's Daughter. A continuation of and sequel to "Nana." Translated from the French by JOHN STIRLING. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

The author of this work is not Emile Zola, and for which we feel thankful. Compared with the work of Zola, it is to be considered as highly respectable. While, in some respects, it may be deserving of criticism, it nevertheless points a moral, stronger than holy writ, that virtue ever finds its reward.

Whether or no "Nana" is again to be resurrected, we are not told, but we trust that the poor outcast will not be called on again by these French novelists to do duty in the resurrection line. Two deaths is one too many in the nature of things.

Puck on Wheels.—This diminutive, cherub-like individual, elevated upon his bicycle in a precarious attitude, but seemingly in nowise discomposed thereat, while scattering to the winds a wealth of fun and laughter, will be welcomed by many with his volume No. 2. The contents of this will be found extremely varied, and the information reliable, while many tales therein recited are affecting unto tears. For instance, "An Area Idyll" teems with pathos; such as,

"He was a poor and ragged tramp,
His hat was bad, his shoes were damp."

The reference to damp shoes is very touching.

Then the Sunday-school story of how a Dyak was converted by enthusiastic missionaries; and the narrative of "Caddie Corisande, the Courty Cash-girl of Chatham street," by the author of "The Poisoned Peanut," etc., and many others, all give evidence of brilliant literary talent; while the suggestion of ice-boating as a summer sport seems singularly *apropos*.

What is Art?—We are lost in the consideration of the above question, from the fact that there seems to be a general haziness or foginess existing as to what constitutes art, especially as we have tailors designating themselves "art-tailors." There is in the term art, when applied in a very wide sense, a latitude or all-embracing power, which includes in its range the whole of the arts of peace and war. Industrial art, imitative art, high art, and low art, plastic art, and constructive art, all these are terms which roll glibly off the tongues of the numerous preachers on art matters. The query at the head of this paper is, we think, a very pertinent question in these days, when dukes, lords, and commons are delivering fine speeches, orations, and diatribes on art on every convenient occasion; when everybody seems called upon to air their theories and dilate upon the canons of art; when schools of design abound; when multitudes of writers in the various professional journals are striving to indoctrinate the public with their individual and peculiar ideas on the subject; when book after book is being published upon art at home and art abroad, art in the work-shop and factory, art in and upon everything, until everything we use and wear must be works of art or nothing. According to these apostles of art, we must furnish our houses in accordance with the peculiar art-notions of this and that professor. One eminent teacher tells us that the patch-work style of Japan is the thing for us, and is so convinced by the fact, that he goes into a large way of business in order to be able to supply the articles he recommends. Another equally eminent man tells us that we can only prove true art in our home by following his particular ideas of art, and so *ad libitum*, but in all this we find no answer to our question as to what is art. Let us see if we can answer the question. One great authority tells us that art is the expression of man's delight in God's work. If we accept this doctrine, we must conclude that the nearer we approach nature in our efforts to produce art works the better the art; and that all good art must be natural in its form and expression.

Art is defined by another writer as having for its motive and end the giving of pleasure. While we acknowledge that the giving of pleasure to others is one of the purest and best pleasures we ourselves can enjoy, we can hardly accept this as the highest motive in the production of art works, nor indeed as a primary motive, for we are well assured that some of the greatest and most important works the world has seen have been done without a thought of what others would think about them. A real and true artist is and ever must be absorbed in his work, having no thought of what he or she will say. He has no room in his thoughts for such ideas, the whole powers of his brain and intellect are concentrated upon what he is doing. If this were not so, how poor that work would be; no doubt works thus created do give the keenest pleasure to the beholder, and the artist himself will derive pleasure from the success which elicits such expressions from others, there being but few of us who are insensible to praise or blame (replicas of Diogenes being exceedingly rare).

Another writer makes out art to be the science of the beautiful, and gives his reason that beautiful objects create feeling, hence the word *æsthetics*, which is ever at the tongue's-end of pretenders to art knowledge, who apply the

word, or rather misapply it, to objects having no connection with art whatever. Beautiful objects are produced by art, but this is simply one of the effects or results of art, and not art. The various writers on *æsthetics*, from Baumgarten, Schelling, Hegel, Metor Cousin, to Burke, on the sublime and beautiful; Allison, Jeffries, and others discourse most eloquently on the *æsthetics* of art, but we cannot gather from any or all of these what really constitutes art. They preach of association of ideas, Platonism, and all sorts of notions in connection with art, which are simply not art, but some of its effects.

We conceive art to be the active manifestation of the inventive and creative faculty in man, elevated and refined by intellectual culture, acting upon and controlling the imagination. Let us see how this applies.

Primitive art, as exhibited by savage tribes, is in its degree as true a manifestation of art as is the highest production of the most cultivated intellect. We say in its degree, for it will be evident that the savage can only carve or paint up to and not beyond the standard of his intellectual or imitative faculties; what he knows he can represent in his own way, but no more; and what he does he marks with his own individuality, the mind showing itself in the work, which is the vital test of all art. Skill in manipulation, while necessary, and, in fact, indispensable to art, is in itself but a medium for the visible rendering of the thought influencing the mind at the time. In carving his war-club or the prow of his canoe, in weaving the mats he wears or uses, or in arranging the shells, feathers, animals' teeth, and other objects with which he adorns himself, he no doubt follows, to some extent, the traditions and customs of his fathers, especially in those wonderful geometrical patterns which he produces with such exactness, interlaced in such intricate and labyrinthian form, leading us almost to the conclusion that there is an instinctive faculty of order implanted in the human mind, which impels even the most ignorant savage to arrange his decorative treasures in symmetrical forms, and, while possibly imitating to some extent what has been done before, gives to his work some sort of impress of his own individuality, which constitutes what is called art.

Rising in the scale of civilization, knowledge, and intelligence, we find the same principles in application, but in a higher and more intellectual form. The symbolism in the works of the ancient Egyptians, and their representations of the games, customs, and ceremonies, while retaining a general resemblance, are each and all full of evidence of true art; that is, individualism. Coming down still later, we see this principle more strongly and fully exemplified in painting, sculpture, and music. The greatest workers of the greatest artists of any age or country carry out this principle, and have written it in plain language on their works. We see in these works the motive, the feeling, and the inner mind of the artist, from whence the conceptive idea emanated and was perfected; we see in it the master mind and hand, the two being in perfect unison; the individualism is so marked that hundreds of years after, their works can be distinguished from all others. And when the material value of these works comes to be appraised, how soon do the judges apportion the difference in value of an original by a great master, and a copy of the same! In the one is the man as

he lived, thought, and worked, and in the other we see but a copy, and, however close that may be to the original, its value as a work of art is *nil*. No copyist can impart that indescribable charm which the original possesses; he can simply render what he sees, which is not his individualism, but another's, and is not art. The greater the mind, the greater the art. In the works of Michael Angelo we see evidences of power, vast, sublime, a towering majesty of mind, which is impressed in unmistakable language upon all he has done, written so large that all men who behold his works, high and low, the ignorant and the learned, are alike impressed with the grandeur and sublimity of the conceptions of his mind, which qualities are the essence and sum of all art. Where these qualities are absent, art does not exist.

Coming down to our own times, with whose art productions we are more immediately concerned, we find that the term art is being prostituted to purposes whose sole aim and end is money-making, therefore it is all the more necessary that we should understand what art really is.

The painter who from the unity of mind and hand creates is an artist (*i.e.* a creator of art). Whatever be the subject of his work, pictorial or decorative, in which he clearly and distinctly shows the motive which actuates and governs him, and which is imprinted unmistakably on all he does, then he is an artist; otherwise, he is simply a copying machine, and not an art-creator or artist.

We hear much nowadays of art manufactures; there is no such thing, nor can there be. We have been taught that engravings are works of art. The engraving itself, the work of the engraver on copper or other metal, may be a work of art, for although he may copy the work of some great master and engrave it, yet the very nature of his work necessitates a creative power, in order to give a faithful rendering of the painter's work. Here, again, while the manipulative skill is indispensable, and must be acquired by long practice and experience, it is nought without the mind to comprehend and control the hand which executes. Many of our great engravers have been and are true artists, but the copies taken from their works, which are called engravings, are not in themselves works of art, but are simply copies of a work of art obtained by mechanical means, and do not require the aid of the artist, but can be, and are, produced by persons not having one spark of artistic feeling in them.

The same principle applies if we take music, which is termed one of the fine arts. It is the composer, the creator, and not the singer, who is the true artist; it is he whose name goes down to posterity on the roll of fame. The singer may be, and often is, a truly artistic expositor of the great maestro's works, but after all he is but the expositor and not the creator, consequently holds but a secondary place in the temple of fame. The true artist is the originator, the inventor. We might as well say that the printer who prints the score is an artist; his is not a work of art, nor are the copies he produces works of art, and so it is with engravings.

Photography is not art; it is the result of scientific principles applied through and by the aid of light to the production of sun-prints, and is, in fact, reduced to a mere mechanical process. There is no trace of the artist's mind,

and hence the pictures are produced independently. He does not create them; he merely chooses his positions, supplies the means, the light does the rest. As a matter of course, there is in photography (as in all else) scope for the exercise of skill, taste, and knowledge, there being photographers and photography, but art is something different to this. There can be no art without originality; the degree of imagination and refinement pervading each manifestation of this originality or creative power will in a great measure depend upon the peculiar properties of the imagination possessed by each particular individual, being in its expression high or low, refined or coarse, according to the degree of culture, knowledge, and experience each individual mind is possessed of, apart entirely from manipulative skill. Hundreds of men can copy who cannot originate or create; these are not artists, nor art-workmen.

Let us enter one of the numerous so-called art manufactories, where so much of the sham cut furniture is made. We there see men employed making furniture in the prevailing style, whatever may be fashionable at the time. One man is making one part, one another, and still yet another part is being made by some one else, and in the aggregate reproducing mere fac-similes of what has been originated and created long ago. These men, with other workmen so engaged, are no doubt, so far as their manipulative skill is concerned, the best of their kind, but they are mere human machines, not allowed (even if they had the power) to depart one iota from their model. Labor is divided and sub-divided, and each individual workman is compelled to go on grinding away at a stereotyped pattern, *ad infinitum*, until it becomes almost impossible for him to get out of the rut or groove; his inventive or creative powers become blunted, or lost entirely. Now these men cannot by any stretch of language be called art-workmen, nor is the work they produce art-work. If a man adds to the article he makes anything of detail, either in form, color, or as a decoration, and that addition is entirely his own original idea, his own creation, that man produces art-work, poor and feeble it may be, but yet art, it being, however simple, a manipulation of the inventive and creative power possessed by that individual man.

This being admitted, let us get away from the cant of the day, and call a spade a spade. Art can invent and create, can construct and carve, can paint and draw, but art cannot be manufactured.

Notes.—We are in receipt of the "Mississippi Valley Medical Monthly," published at Memphis, Tenn., and edited by Julius Wise, M.D. It is a magazine devoted exclusively to the medical profession, containing lectures and essays on interesting cases, their treatment and cure. The copy before us is number six of the first volume, and as it is yet young the publisher has our best wishes for the success of his undertaking.—We are also in receipt of a pamphlet from the Department of the Interior, Bureau of Education, giving an interesting account of the progress of education in Belgium and Malta, and some statistics on illiteracy and crime in France. In reference to the latter, of over three thousand criminals arrested in one year for various crimes, only five hundred could read and write well.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Home.—No word in any language conveys so many pleasing memories or satisfying thoughts as this little word, Home. It whispers to our hearts of cheery firesides, and gently recalls those happy faces about the table when all the family-circle is complete. The father, with admiring smile, is listening proudly to his youngster's prattle, while mother darts her approving glances from behind the cozy tea-urn and now and then gives some advice to these, her dear ones, that will in after-years be light unto their feet.

And thus in such a home the youthful minds of good and great are framed and formed, so when temptations come they reap the good of such instruction and find the strength to battle with their tempter.

Strangely enough, a Frenchman has not at his command a single word that means home, nor any equivalent. He can say, "My house," or, "I will go to my wife," but he has no home, and the lack of this restraining influence has greatly affected the morals of French society.

In this country its blessings are fully appreciated, and every effort made to make home the abode of comfort—though not in comfort alone does the sweet influence lay, but in that invisible bond of holy affection which binds one member of a happy household to the other, and makes their intercourse one of perpetual enjoyment.

Let this element be lacking and all other attractions will sink into nothingness.

On the other hand, some homes are rendered distasteful by the prim and scrupulously exact appearance of every apartment, which the mother of the household feels it her bounden duty to maintain at all hazards. She will follow her husband or the children about and pick up every raveling they let fall, or straighten every misplaced chair, until the constraints of such a home are irksome, and this husband or children will seek elsewhere the freedom their natures require.

To obviate this it is essential not only that the fireside should be made comfortable, but that some amusement be also furnished to attract and keep ever alive the flame of this mutual love. A want which is chiefly supplied by literature.

Every home should be graced by some journal that will furnish sufficient reading; but great care must be exercised in the selection of that journal, since our opinions and impressions are formed by what we read, especially in youth.

A *perfect* home, then, is where its inmates have every freedom that is consistent with a proper respect and regard for one another, and where they may find, in pleasant intercourse and the enjoyment of innocent pleasures, the requisite recreation from daily labor.

It is with the idea of assisting to attain this object that *POTTER'S AMERICAN MONTHLY* is designed, and as issue follows issue, it strives to supply the great demand for pure and refined, yet entertaining literature.

Grandmother's Part in the Family.—"How old are you?" asked a small lad one day of an elderly gentleman.

"I am very nearly sixty," was the reply.

"Then," said the precocious interlocutor, "your best days are over."

"I hope they are still to come," answered the gentle philosopher.

These two views of old age resume all that has been said about it. A few look forward to the portion of years on the verge of life's last horizon as to a privileged span; the majority avert their eyes from it, as from a dreary space—chilly and desolate. The young, with their buoyant animal spirits, their gay dreams of existence, feel separated by what seems an impassable gulf from the time when pleasures will have worn themselves out; when hopes and passions will be chilled; friends and loves departed; strength and beauty fled. To those in the heyday of activity the thought of old age seems as unrealizable and remote as the thought of death itself. When the prime of life is past, for the first time, perhaps, the thought of old age rises like a cold monitor, and the heart's pulses get slackened and chilled by the contemplation. So many projects still remain unfinished that have been begun, or are only planned out in the brain; there is so much yet to be done; for the first time rises the question, "Will there be time to do it all?" The shock of beholding the shadow of old age coming across the waste of life is perhaps keenest to the dreamer. So many of these sit under the shadow of the hill of knowledge, listening to the whispers of those who have climbed the summit. Dreamers are imaginatively ambitious as a rule, and they have fondly hugged the thought that they, too, would climb, and talk on to the living after they are dead; and now, lo! old age is coming, and the great work is not begun yet that is to make them be remembered at the feast of existence when their place at it will know them no more. Of all revolts against the activity and chill of years, that of the old is the most depressing to witness.

"Oh! the joys that came down shower-like
Of friendship, love, and liberty
Ere I was old!
Ere I was old—oh! woeful *ere*!"

says Coleridge. It is probable, therefore, that the large part of the human race considers old age as an evil. But it is one, as the Italian proverb has it, that all men desire to have for themselves; and plentiful are the directions given by which this evil may be attained by the cultivation of a sound digestion, an equable temper, and the stern repression of undue sensitiveness.

In one of his witty *maxims*, where truth is uttered in a most delicate and compact form, that polite and smiling misanthropist, La Rochefoucauld, says, "Few men know how to age becomingly." Perhaps, if this art of understanding how to grow old were mastered, the saying of the sage would be justified who placed his best days in his declining years. It would then be indeed like the last act of a well-written play, to which it has been likened. The

climax is reached, the fate of the characters is decided; only here it is the portion of the passions and cares that have ruled life that is pointed out. This love is extinguished; this absorbing ambition is put away like a worthless care; that neglected aspiration is brought forward and placed in the very core of the heart. "It is, then, all the comfort that I find in my old age," says Montaigne in one of his immortal essays, "that it deadens many desires in me, and many cares that troubled life; care for the court and the world; care for wealth, greatness, science, health, for myself."

The old age of the domineering egotist—of the cynic whose mummified moral nature is embalmed in epigrams—is only one degree less degrading than that of the voluptuary, whose white-faced terror of death would be piteous were it not revolting. There is a loveliness and a charm in old age to whom accumulating years have brought wisdom and left the feelings young. Those dear, enchanting old people, who can enjoy nature and sympathize with youth, laugh at innocent jokes, and who have yet seen enough to understand pity—there is something of the priest and the patriarch in such characters. Their neighborhood to the next world gives a sacredness to their personality; their experience of this one makes them our surest guides in our perplexities. They have traveled over life's country, and understand the roads and the cross-roads thereof.

On the relation of the old to the young, Victor Hugo has treated in a poem entitled "*L'Art d'être Grand-père*." In those fresh and genial pages he has celebrated the delight a child can bring to the old man; the cheer, like hearkening to the chirpings of a nestful of birds, its babble gives—the pure thought its innocence suggests—the phantasies its vivid imagination kindles.

If the tie between the grandfather and child be so subtle, it would seem that the one between it and the grandmother would be many-sided.

On the continent, where families, especially in country houses, live in a more patriarchal manner than here, and where it not unfrequently happens that we find three generations living under one roof, the *role* of the grandmother is perhaps more definite. Her experience directs the young mother how to supply the first physical and mental needs of the child; her days of leisurely quiet, spent away from the bustle of life, give her greater opportunities of watching the little one at its games, of listening to its prattle, and entering into its interests; her experienced and more unprejudiced eyes may often discern the varied individualities growing up together in the family brood. And when the little maid steps from childhood into young girlhood, something, often like a mystic tie, unites her to the grandmother. To youth and to old age the present has little import. The attractiveness of life lies away from it. The calm anticipation, in a beautiful old age, of the life beyond the grave, exercises a singular power over youth. A venerable presence near the threshold of the other world is like an assurance of that other world to the young in the first fervor of religious enthusiasm.

The vividness with which the old remember the notable days of their past is one of the most touching characteristics of age. In Tennyson's poem, "*The Grandmother*," this

pre-Raphaelitic memory for details of the old is dramatically expressed. The love-story of a life related at its close is as romantic and vivid as if the turning episode of existence had all happened yesterday; and yet it may all have taken place, as the story told in that poem did,

"Seventy years ago, my darling, seventy years ago."

This appreciation of the value of days that, happening at rare intervals, yet resume, in the long run, all life, instinctively draw the young to confide to the old in the great crisis of their existence. Sometimes we fancy the absence of expressions of violent grief in the aged is due to the drying up of their sympathies. Has not Tennyson found a deeper and a truer reason for it when he makes the grandmother say, in the poem to which we have already alluded,

"But how can I weep for Willy? he has gone but for an hour—
Gone for a minute, my son, from this room into the next;
I, too, shall go in a minute; what time have I to be vexed?"

A witty Frenchman, M. Joubert, said that, "as in life there are four ages, so there are four corresponding loves. The child loves everything; the young man loves woman; then comes the love of order; lastly the love of God." Who will say that the days in which this supreme love is placed are not the best?"

A. C.

Growing Old.—"What is the secret of your long life?" asked Alexander, the young master of the world, of a peasant numbering a hundred and sixty years. The reply was significant, whether regarded as fact or symbol; it was simply: "Oil without and honey within."

A sweet soul breathing good-will and hyblæan kindness; an external, suave, genial, unctuous, smoothing the roughness of every-day contact, will of itself insure long years.

"Old age is unlovely," said the bard of Selma, to whom life was worthless except as filled with the clash of arms and the prowess of contending warriors; but there is no charm in our day in the ghastly crash of artillery and the deadly aim of a Minié rifle, against which the ancient shield and armor of woven steel are as the spider's web.

"The pitcher shall be broken at the fountain, desire shall fail, and the grasshopper be a burden," is a sorry picture of man in any aspect, and for ages children have pondered these paragraphs till they became ingrained, and cast melancholy shadows as the years lengthened.

When a child of eight or nine years old, I chanced upon a book of anecdotes, which seemed to me a treasure. I had early imbibed a horror for the wrinkles and disabilities of old people, who, it seemed to me, were neglected and solitary, while my own long-lived relatives never grew old, but were bright and intelligent to the last; and I attributed this difference to the superior colloquial powers of the latter; which was not a bad inference for a child. I explained to my older sister this philosophy in this wise:

"When most of people grow old, they are hideous; wrinkled, doubled up, and dull and disagreeable, I can't bear them. I mean to learn all I can out of this book, so that I may have something to talk about, and be funny sometimes."

My sister shouted with laughter, for she was wisely happy in the present. After all, it does require a good degree of philosophy to grow old, if such a thing need be. Even the genial Wordsworth felt this, and said :

" Thus fares it oft in our decay—
But still the wiser mind
Mourns less for what time takes away,
Than what he leaves behind."

We all have an ideal of ourselves which we ought to realize, and might do so, if we were not hindered and debased by the kind of mediæval-age teaching that calls us "worms of the dust," "born in sin," "tending to the grave," etc., while, at the same time, all the glory of youth, beauty, and strength of manhood are treated as misleading snares. Suppose they are; suppose that, now and then, something be done which a wise head or tender heart might wish otherwise; he who never made a mistake is a monster, and will lack human sympathy, for he is not akin to it. He is at best a miserable negation, who never shook a moral bridge like a traveling elephant, to see if it is safe before taking to the depths. We can all pardon actual sin easier than pretentious virtue; the hypocrite is respectable in conventional eyes, but nauseous to the eye of truth; therefore let us cherish the glowing impulses of youth, and if some discomforts arise therefrom, lend a helping hand to retrieve them. This brings us to the youthfulness of what is called old men, whose peccadilloes shock our moral sense, and well they may, if they grow out of a libidinous and depraved accumulation of years. Such may be in the condition of Macbeth, without the ambitious wife to tempt to crime :

" My May of life
Is fallen into the sere, the yellow leaf :
And that which should accompany old age,
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have ; but in their stead,
Curses, not loud, but deep."

No one is old whose heart is fresh and impulses noble. Such renew their youth like the eagle. A long life into the centuries is the right of a man who has good blood in his veins, but this need not be coupled with old age. The dew of youth may lie like a consecrated chrism upon the man or the woman of a hundred years, who has obeyed the obvious laws of life, for it is the breaking of these laws that curtails the number of years a man is entitled to live.

We hear of people talk of retiring from the pursuits of life and living at ease. A busy career necessitates action. The old blacksmith who kicked his anvil aside to live at ease on the profits of his labor found it impossible to sleep in his fine house, and stole out to sleep over the forge, where the sweet sleep of the laboring man came to him. The man or woman who has worked hands or brains through a long period is disqualified for rest, and their only safety is in continuous action. Brain and muscle must keep their habitual channel because all the forces of life are grooved to run in that direction, and there is no let-up from toil for them.

The old knights thought it shame to unbrace their armor while manly service could be done, and they rode in heavy

armor as long as the field of action was open before them. In our unheroic era men make the ultimate aim of life the accumulation of money, and they pine for a repose which they have not earned, and retire to their splendid houses and regale themselves with the singing of birds and the lapsing of waters—selfish creatures who are no better than so many enthroned spiders.

No man or woman can be said to truly live who is void of action that will benefit those around him on the great destinies of the race, and this negation of self is the fountain of youth in the search for which Ponce de Leon periled and at length lost his life.

The best patent of nobility is a long-lived ancestry. Tell us of a man's grandfather and we will write his history.

In our day we see fewer old men and women creeping about our cities than in the country, for the reason that in the city there is more to stimulate the faculties, and people have no time to grow old; they have something better to do, there is much to keep alive a harmless personal vanity. The Western boast of a man, "I can whip my weight in wild-cats," was not so bad; physical strength is a thing to be proud of, and physical beauty also, and to decry either is mere mawkishness. I would rather foster the vanity of years as a conservative element not to be despised.

The armor of the olden time was an excellent method of keeping the backbone straight. There could be no bent spine under the linked mail and heavy plates of steel; no contracted chest behind the stiff cuirass. A man was compelled to walk erect and wear a manly aspect, and thus he defied the encroachments of age.

" Stately stepped he east the wall,
And stately stepped he west ;
Full seventy years he now had seen,
And scarce seven years of rest."

There is no help for a man when he begins to round up the back. A stoop is the index to the "long bourne." Beware of losing the manly stride. Sing songs to the gods, to the morning bright Apollo, the ancients would say, which means keep young, don't fret. Do your duty to God and man, and you will live on to the centuries. In the words of the fine old fellow of the long ago, use "honey within and oil without."

Aspiration is the fountain of perpetual youth, to find which Ponce de Leon periled life and fame, not knowing that the alembic of the old chemists was only a symbol of what science has since revealed, that obedience to the laws of life is the elixir to preserve it.

Old men and women are the glory of the household; they invest it with sanctity. They tell better than a gallery of portraits of ancient worth and high endeavor; they tell of the good stock of the race, the pure blood in the veins of *mens sano in corpore sano*.

Women should rejoice when past the period of maternity, as the prelude to a nobler aspect of womanhood than that of sex. She may be fat, fair, and forty, and a most charming woman, but let her not degenerate into a croning, gossiping old woman, no days regarded except as she is to be wrapped in flannels—a sort of Spanish duenna or Salem witch. Let her be stately, with her aureole of white hairs; a guide to the

household, a noble exponent of what is wisest and best in womanhood.

Every period of life may have its peculiar beauty. We slide so imperceptably into white hairs, the bloom of the cheek so gently fades, and the glow of the eye so yields to a softened intelligence, that we hardly realize what time is doing for us, the sly old encroacher stealing from us one grace after another so adroitly; but we can stipulate that he shall not leave in place of what he takes any unwholesome, untidy, unlovely substitute. Let us be grandly beautiful when we are no longer sweetly, seductively beautiful.

E. O. S.

Mrs. Jellaby.—What type of womanhood will be the outcome of the countless influences now working in society, we have yet to learn. It will be a good while, no doubt, before we shall see a dominant type. Dickens has been censured, unjustly, I think, for giving the world the character of Mrs. Jellaby. It would not be difficult, it seems to me, to find her counterpart in our American life; nor should his presentation of her make us think any worse of women who are interested in philanthropy and literature, whatever we may think of those who would take an active part in politics. Mrs. Jellaby is a woman of remarkable strength of character. Such women are now becoming far more common than they were when Dickens invented Mrs. Jellaby. Go where you will, you find such women anxious to devote themselves entirely to the public. Let no woman of this class think that I shall say a single word against her doing so—if she wants to. Mrs. Jellaby is "earnestly devoted to the subject of Africa—with a view to the general cultivation of the coffee berry and the natives, and the happy settlement, on the banks of the African rivers, of our superabundant population." Her pet hobby is philanthropy, of the telescopic kind,—that is, of the kind which places the objects of its solicitude as far off as possible, to the infinite neglect of objects near at hand, as well as of all home duties.

The mention of Mrs. Jellaby suggests the possibility, nay, the strong probability, of a Mr. Jellaby, and, in speaking of him, I do not wish to excite any apprehensions as to the probable condition of husbands generally, should the time ever come when all women shall become remarkable for strength of character, and shall devote themselves to public affairs. Women remarkable for strength of character are not always favored with remarkable husbands, nor is Mrs. Jellaby. I think in his passive insignificance he must have been a cipher, but then let us be thankful that, in every-day life, a cipher of a husband, who keeps on the right side of a number-one woman, does help in a very humble way to form a combination that counts ten in the world's multiplication table. Mr. Jellaby must have resembled the husband of Madame Geoffrin, a Parisian lady, who kept her house filled with literary company. Her husband, poor man, when reading books in double columns, would read a line of the first column, and then pass directly on to the corresponding line of the second column. No wonder that, when asked for his opinion, he used to say that "the work seemed to him well enough, but a little abstract."

By and by he was missed from his seat at the table, and

when madame was asked what had become of that old gentleman who used to be so regular an attendant, she answered, "It was my husband; he is dead."

Somebody once asked what kind of a man Mr. Jellaby was. This was the answer: "I don't know that I can describe him to you better than by saying that he is the husband of Mrs. Jellaby."

"Is he a nonentity?" was the reply.

"I don't say that," said the person addressed. "I can't say that indeed, for I know nothing whatever of Mr. Jellaby. He may be a very good man, but he is, so to speak, merged—merged in the more shining qualities of his wife."

Can it be that we shall ever see the time when men, the long-time lords of creation, are to be merged in the more shining qualities of their wives? Will Smith ever cease to be known except as the husband of Mrs. Smith? And shall Brown fade into utter obscurity, unless he shines dimly by a reflected light as the husband of Mrs. Brown? Are we yet to speak of some harmless little man as the husband of our beloved pastor? Shall we ever see a woman in the United States Senate, her husband meanwhile acting as her private secretary?

Mrs. Jellaby's age is somewhere between forty and fifty. She will pardon me for making public what most ladies prefer to let people guess, if they can. She has handsome eyes that always seem to be looking at something a long way off. In fact, they can see distinctly nothing that is nearer than Africa. The floor of her room is generally littered with papers—the *débris* of her extensive correspondence. She hopes, progressive woman that she is, in one year more to have from a hundred and fifty to two hundred families cultivating coffee and educating the natives of Borioboola Gha, on the left bank of the Niger. De Quincey speaks of two kinds of dinners—real and reputed. It would be hard to determine which variety Mrs. Jellaby's dinners belong to. They certainly are not considered a success by her guests, though their deficiencies do not seem to trouble her at all. Her dish of potatoes will, somehow, get mislaid in the coal-scuttle, and sometimes as many as four envelopes will be seen floating upon the gravy at once. Her overwhelming interest in the prosperity of Africa interferes somewhat with her housekeeping.

In these days, when so much is said about culture and progress and education, and when there is such a commotion and clashing of opinions on all subjects that nothing seems firmly settled or ever likely to be, it may savor of old-fogyism to offer a plea for good housekeeping. Mrs. Jellaby was a good woman. She pitied the benighted Africans who were so unfortunate as to live in Borioboola Gha, on the left bank of the Niger. But her own home!—let us hope that its counterpart cannot be found in our American every-day life, even if it requires a faith strong enough to remove mountains to keep such a hope alive. Philanthropy and an interest in public affairs are all well enough in every-day life. I confess to a decided partiality for those women who can not only grace a tea-table with the charm of elegant manners and interesting conversation, but who, besides all that, can, if occasion requires, set their tables with food that their own hands have prepared.

Regarding the characters in the works of Dickens as

being very often types and representatives of whole classes of people, how shall we interpret Mrs. Jellaby? Have we any right to hold her up as an illustration of the natural effect upon all women of an interest in public affairs? There are two extreme views in regard to the position that woman should occupy. One view is shadowed forth in the famous apothegm of Thucydides, "that woman is best who is least spoken of among men, either for good or for evil." Lord Brougham evidently held much the same opinion. Once hearing the name of Harriet Martineau, he exclaimed, "I hate her." Being asked why, he replied, "I hate a woman who has opinions."

We smile at Thucydides and Brougham for thinking that woman can live without being spoken of, or that anything under heaven can or ought to keep her from forming opinions and expressing them. To these men, women were mere domestic ornaments, pretty and useful enough, but incapable of producing thoughts worth listening to. We are to-day confronted with the other extreme; viz., that woman should fill every place in public life that man fills, hold every office that he holds, and, relinquishing all claim to man's courtesy and consideration, enter the lists as his competitor, and go down, if defeated, in the squabble for place and power exactly as man does. This view of the case is represented by Elizabeth Cady Stanton and not a few others. I frankly confess that I am not one of those who

believe that the ballot would prove a sovereign remedy for all the real and all the alleged grievances of woman. I fear that in place-seeking she would become as unscrupulous of means as men are, would come to outstrip men in political intrigue and demagoguery as far as she now outshines them in purity and honesty. Dickens tells us that Mr. Jellaby was merged—merged in the more shining qualities of his wife. Women have always been merged in the shining qualities of their husbands—merged even when their husbands did not shine at all. Is the wish for a different state of things a womanly one? The fact that so many women openly express it renders the question what it is; viz., one of the great unsettled questions of the day. It has been said that "there seems to be an everlasting yearning on the part of women for an impossible career." Be this as it may, there are at any rate many women who, wisely or unjustly, are anxious to fill positions and assume responsibilities that by common consent have long been assigned to the men. Without attempting to discuss the question of woman's right to vote and to hold office, the desirableness of which I greatly doubt, I respect and admire the determination of woman to compete with man at school, in college, and in professional life, and would rejoice to see her become all that she is capable of becoming without giving up her womanhood and without becoming in real life what Mrs. Jellaby is in fiction.

E. L. B.

POT-POURRI.

A Unique Notice.—Several years since a rabid dog made his appearance in Weare, N. H., where he bit many animals, as was known; possibly others of which the inhabitants had no knowledge. Naturally, considerable alarm was felt with regard to the consequences, and, at a town-meeting, the selectmen were instructed to order the citizens to muzzle their dogs for an indefinite length of time. This was done. When, after a few weeks, the "fathers" of the town deemed it unnecessary that the muzzling continue longer, they issued the following brief "Notice":

"To the inhabitants of Weare.—All owners of dogs running at large may have their muzzles taken off."

The many ways to matrimony are indeed "passing strange," and a story illustrating this—"a tale of two cities"—comes from Milwaukee and Chicago.

The other day a Milwaukee gentleman was visited by a Chicago merchant and took him home to dinner. He was well acquainted with the family, and in a conversation with the charming daughter of his host rallied her on her continuance in a state of single blessedness. She replied that none of the Milwaukee beaux were to her taste, and in an indifferent way inquired if Chicago had any nice young men disengaged. Receiving an affirmative reply, she remained a minute or two in a brown study, and then, brightening up, said in a bantering tone, "Well, you are a commission merchant; send me down a nice young man and I will

allow you a commission of ten cents a pound." Nothing more was said, but the merchant did not forget his commission. He thought over the list of available young men, and made a mental note of the result.

Nor was that all. A few days later a handsome young man, one of Chicago's "best,"—and they do have some of the right sort in that city,—rang the bell at the door of the Milwaukee mansion, and presented a note of introduction to the belle of the household from her recent visitor. She was surprised, of course, but fully equal to the occasion. The visit was prolonged beyond the expectations of either, and was followed by another and others, and although all this has occurred since the first of January, the wedding-cards are out, and the Chicago merchant has received the first installment on his commission, based on an estimate of one hundred and ninety-five pounds.

There is no doubt that the truth always pays, and the *Detroit Free Press* has furnished an excellent case in point.

A few weeks ago a train over one of the railroads running west ran over a cow just beyond the Grand Trunk Junction. The matter was reported at headquarters, but the owner of the mangled bovine was not heard of until the other day, when he entered the president's office, and remarked:

"I guess we'd better settle up now for that cow."

"Ah! you owned that cow killed by one of our trains in November, did you?"

"I expect I did."

"And what did you value her at?"

The man scratched his head, hitched around on his chair, and finally replied:

"Well, I dunno. My brother-in-law said I had the company tighter'n blazes, and he told me to say she was a new-milch cow, and lay damages at \$70."

"Yes."

"But my wife said I'd better say that the cow was not worth over \$50."

"Yes. Well, how was it?"

"That's where the stick comes in, you see. I want all she was worth, and yet I don't want to swindle anybody. Fact is, she was an old cow, dry as a bone, and worth about \$15 for boarding-house beef. Yet, she was took away kinder sudden, and it made a bad muss around the place, and I reckoned you might add a little extra."

"Let us say \$25."

"That's plenty. I 'spose I might have had fifty just as well as not, but I didn't want to lie about it."

"No; never tell a lie."

"Oh, I wouldn't have lied, 'cause I knew you sent a man out there to git all the facts in the case!" replied the man, as he received an order on the treasurer for his check.

A story so full of filial affection as this seems too good to be lost: A Hebrew mother rushed to a Hebrew father with, "Abraham, the child has swallowed the silver coin you gave him, and is like to die." The father, true to his racial instincts, sought to comfort his better-half by saying, "No matter, my dear, it was only a gounterfeit."

Another, evincing a similar amount of consideration, is told in verse:

"Twas Harry who the silence broke:
"Miss Kate, why are you like a tree?"
"Because, because—I'm board," she spoke.
"Oh, no; because your woo'd," said he.

"Why are you like a tree?" she said.
"I have a—heart?" he asked so low.
Her answer made the young man red—
"Because your sappy; don't you know?"

"Why are you like a tree again?"
He scratched his head this time and thunk
And gave it up. "I'll tell you, then,"
She laughed, "because you both get trunk."

"Once more," she asked, "why are you now
A tree?" He couldn't quite perceive.
"Trees leave sometimes and make a bough,
And you can also bow—and leave."

Incredible Generosity.—The Abbé Regnier, secretary of the French Academy, was collecting in his hat from each member a contribution for a certain purpose. The president, Roses, one of the forty, was a great miser, but had paid his quota, which the abbé not perceiving, he presented the hat a second time. Roses, as was to be expected, said he had already paid. "I believe it," answered Regnier, "though I did not see it." "And I," added Fontenelle, who was beside him, "I saw it, but do not believe it."

Every baby knows by instinct that its mouth was intended to put its big toe in; the only difficulty is how to get it there. The infant mind perceives instinctively that the circle is the perfection of form, and strives to realize its ideal externally, in its own bodily shape. Adam, poor fellow! and good mother Eve are the only human beings who have not enjoyed this luxury. It's a great consolation in this hard world to feel that, during one period of life at least, you are able to make both ends meet.

Many poets have tried their hand—and possibly their lips also—at a kiss; but has any one of the later tribe surpassed old John Dryden in his description of it? Hear what he said:

"I felt the while a pleasing kind of smart;
The kiss went tingling to my very heart.
When it was gone, the sense of it did stay—
The sweetness clinged upon my lips all day,
Like drops of honey loth to fall away."

An amusing anecdote is related of General Washington, illustrative of the difference between true and false dignity. The corporal of a little company was giving orders to those under him relative to a piece of timber, which they were endeavoring to raise up to the top of some military works in process of repairs.

The timber went up with difficulty, and on this account the voice of the little-great man was often heard in regular vociferations of "Heave away! There she goes! Heave ho!"

An officer, not in military costume, was passing, and asked the non-commissioned officer why he did not take hold and render a little aid.

The latter, astonished, turning round with all the pomp of an emperor, said, "Sir, I am a corporal!"

"You are, are you?" replied the officer; "I was not aware of that," and taking off his hat and bowing, the officer said, "I ask your pardon, Mr. Corporal," and then dismounted and lifted till the perspiration stood in drops on his forehead.

When the work was finished, turning to the commander, he said, "Mr. Corporal, when you have another such job, and have not men enough, send for your commander-in-chief, and I will come and help you a second time."

The corporal was thunderstruck! It was none other than Washington who thus addressed him.

Wit has been the instrument of much good in many cases, but no better use can be found for it than turning threatened tragedy into comedy, as in the case of Judge Thatcher, a member of the United States Congress in its early days, who was once challenged to a duel by an angry opponent in debate, and refused to accept. The bearer of the challenge asked him if he chose to be branded as a "coward." "Yes, sir," said he promptly; "I was always a coward, and he knew it, or he wouldn't have challenged me." The general laughter, when the reply got out, of course spoiled the duel, and it completely cured the fighting man's wrath too.

It is said of Judge Dooley, of Georgia, that he laughed himself out of duels with an audacious wit that compelled even the admiration of his enemies. You remember he said, when

they threatened that if he didn't fight, his name would fill the columns of a newspaper, that he would rather fill ten newspapers than one coffin. Once he went on the field with a man who had St. Vitus's dance.

His opponent was standing at his post, his whole frame jerking nervously from his malady. Dooly, in the soberest manner, left his post, and cutting a forked stick, stuck it in the ground in front of his opponent.

"What does this mean?" asked his opponent.

"Why," says Dooly, "I want you to rest your pistol in that fork, so that you can steady your aim. If you shoot at me with that hand shaking so, you'll pepper me full of holes at the first fire!"

Then there was a laugh all around, and the duel was put off without a day.

To the rural minister, who depends largely upon the bounty of his congregation, it is often a hard matter to exist, since many think his wants are few, and regulate their contributions accordingly.

An amusing story is told of how a certain member of the church in a certain town, which shall be nameless, being somewhat close, was induced to become more generous.

It was the custom every winter for such of the men who had wood lots to give the parson a cord of hickory wood each, and thus make up to him a winter's supply of fuel. Squire McClellan, in particular, was always punctual in December with his cord of nicely-prepared hickory.

In that parish there was a man who had the reputation of being "snug," niggardly, and apt to shirk his due share of the burden of paying the minister. Indeed, his remissness in this matter had been a standing grievance in the place for many years.

One autumn there was a revival of religious interest in the place, and many members of the church were stimulated to earnest labor, and to live more strictly. Among these was the penurious man above alluded to, whom we may conveniently designate as Brother Z—.

Not a little to the astonishment of his neighbors, who had had ample experience of his miserly dealings, he arose in prayer-meeting one night and exhorted to liberal givings, not only to the parson, but to all benevolent objects. Waxing exceedingly earnest in language and tone, he declared, among other things, that he would that winter give the minister a load of wood. "Yea, brethren," he exclaimed, the Lord has opened my heart! I will give him a load of wood, and a big one. I will give him the biggest load you can draw from my woods to his yards!"

This unexpected outburst from so drouthy a source was the parish wonder for a week. Many thought that Brother Z— must be near his end.

"Truly," said Squire McClellan at the deacons' meeting, "the Lord must have opened Brother Z—'s heart; but," he added with characteristic Scotch shrewdness, "it may soon close and may never open again. It behooves us, in the parson's interest, to avail ourselves of it. Let us build a sled that will carry ten cords—and do it at once."

So thought the others. The monster sled was privately but expeditiously framed in a back yard, and early one snowy morning in December Brother Z— was amazed to

see drive to his door apparently all the ox teams in town, drawing the titanic sled, accompanied by a shouting throng of teamsters, and all the small boys in the parish.

The Squire was riding on the sled. "We've come for the parson's load of wood, Brother Z—," he called out. "You bade us haul the biggest load we could, and I am glad to hear that you have lately had a fine lot of hickory chopped."

Brother Z—, however, seeing the magnitude of the sled, tried to explain and to demur, but in vain. The crowd roared him into acquiescence, and with a wry face he finally led the way across the snowy fields to his freshly-corded tiers of hickory in the lot.

It is said that fully ten cords of wood were loaded upon the big sled, under the squire's supervision, and then, to the tune of a most vociferous gee-hawing, the enormous load was successfully sledded to the parson's doorway.

The worthy minister, equally amazed, but more agreeably so, issued forth to learn the cause of the uproar.

"Good people, good people," he cried, "what meaneth this? Have the windows of heaven opened?"

"Nay, nay, parson!" exclaimed the squire; "but the Lord has opened Brother Z—'s heart, and that so great a gift could have issued from so small a receptacle is one of the wonders of saving grace. Question not, but take it, and keep ye warm."

The minister had roaring fires that winter, but it was long before Brother Z— recovered his equanimity.

Many incidents have been cited to describe the character of the early Californians, but few succeed so well as the following:

A few years ago a steamer drew into the Bay of Naples with a lot of passengers, among whom were a small party of Americans. The night had been rough and the ship was behindtime. It was ten o'clock already, and no breakfast. The stingy captain had resolved to economize. A stout, quiet man, with a stout hickory stick, went to the captain and begged for a little coffee, at least, for the ladies. The captain turned his back, fluttered his coat-tails in the face of the stout, quiet man, and walked up his deck. The stout, quiet man followed, and still respectfully begged for something for the ladies, who were faint with hunger. Then the captain turned and threatened to put him in irons, at the same time calling his officers around him.

The stout man with the stout stick very quietly proceeded to thrash the captain. He thrashed him till he could not stand, and then thrashed every officer that dared to show his face, as well as half the crew. Then he went down and made the cook get breakfast.

This was an old Californian, "Dave Colton," as he was called when at home in the mines.

Of course, an act like that was punishable with death almost. "Piracy on the seas," and all that sort of offense was charged; and I know not how much gold it cost to heal the wounded head and dignity of the captain of the ship. But this Californian neither knew the law nor cared for the law. He had a little party of ladies with him, and he would not see them go hungry. He would have that coffee if it cost him his head.

POTTER'S AMERICAN MONTHLY.

VOL. XVII.

SEPTEMBER, 1881.

No. 117.

NEW AND OLD NEW MEXICO.

By COLUMBUS MOÏSE.



AZTEC RUINS.

OUT into the night, with a quivering motion, the through train of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Road rolled steadily on its trip to the heart of New Mexico, leaving the great depot at Kansas City and the many twinkling lights to

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slowly glimmer and fade away in the distance: and with their disappearance came those melancholy thoughts that bid adieu to many pleasant scenes of which the shining lights gave token.

I was bound for the heart of New Mexico, even

beyond the reach of the iron horse of civilization—a long and novel trip for pleasure; but with a prospect of much interest, and with the anticipation of coming enjoyment, I endeavored to banish all gloomy thoughts. Sitting cosily back in the cushioned seat, I stared through the open window into the darkness at the broad, fertile fields of Kansas, which I could not see, but through which we were passing, noting the savage snort of our engine, and endeavoring to fit a rhyme to the melody of the rattling car-wheels.

These musings were rudely interrupted by a shriek, the slamming of doors, and then a jar, and I was made unpleasantly aware of the country's republicanism.

We stopped to take on board a picnic party of darkies bound for home at Topeka. Thoughtless and noisy, with the boisterous merriment of their race, they entered and crowded into every seat, utterly regardless of any but themselves. There was a belle among the party,—a very black belle, —who seemed to be the centre of admiration, and who had a striking way of expressing herself. In describing an event of the day she said, "I laughed till I most went crazy; and when I couldn't laugh no mo' I hollered." Then they all sang, and with their singing came over me the dreamy memories of the sweet, warm, music-loving South; and when they filled the car with the melody of their peculiarly chiming voices, keeping symphony with their feet, my heart warmed with the sentiment expressed—a sentiment which ran something like this:

"Possum meat am good to eat;
Carve dat possum!
Possum meat am good and sweet;
Carve dat possum!
Carve dat possum, chil'en,
Carve dat possum, chil'en,
Carve dat possum, chil'en,
Carve him to de heart!"

I rather regretted this party leaving when they arrived at their destination.

In respect to the remaining passengers, there was the usual list of characters who *will* read by the light of one crazy lamp twenty feet distant, and go to sleep in the vain attempt; and a certain other class who promenade the aisle to the water-cooler about every half-hour, and then drink from a pocket-flask when they get there.

The next seat to mine was occupied by a woman

who had been a missionary in Louisiana, and talked temperance, and talked it loudly.

She very happily spoke of the people of Louisiana as having treated her with great politeness and consideration, notwithstanding her mission was for the instruction of the blacks. I imagine it would have taken some nerve to do otherwise, judging by the way she entertained us as we sped along.

On and on—a moving dream of progress—over the grassy plains of Colorado to the border line of New Mexico, at once the newest and the oldest section of America. Still bearing on her cliffs the vestiges of an ancient race of artisans, she has just been touched by the mighty Iron Finger of civilization, and the shriek of the locomotive has not as yet well awakened her people from their lengthened slumber.

Passing Fisher's Peak, which has an altitude of 9400 feet, we reached Raton Pass, through, or, rather, over which, a road has been cut.

The grade is very steep, and the puffing and labor of the engine in ascending is almost painful, though it is one of the largest of American engines, the "Uncle Dick," an iron monster weighing over fifty-nine tons.

Once beyond the pass, sweet, wild views meet the enraptured gaze upon every hand. How familiarly the mountains greet one who has lived amid their majestic grandeur! Their rugged trees, with here and there an oasis of green-growing grass, present some striking effects; and with an impatience born of the beautiful scenery I longed to be clambering high up their rocky sides.

Here and there over the landscape were the low mud-built and mud-covered houses of the native Mexicans, and about them the black-haired, swarthy people themselves. Cattle, sheep, and horses abounded in plenty, but scarce any evidences of cultivation.

Forty hours after leaving Kansas City we reached the town of Las Vegas, to-day the most promising and important of New Mexico's towns, with a strong and rapidly increasing American element and a fine geographical position. This town consists, as in fact do nearly all such places throughout the Territory touched by the railroad, of a new and an old town. The new one is American, the old decidedly Mexican; the houses being built in the old Spanish style with a court in the centre surrounded on all sides by rooms

built of adobe, plastered or unplastered, having small windows with broad sills. These houses are, as a rule, only one story high, very uninviting from without, but often scrupulously neat and clean within, and sometimes furnished with considerable taste.

Near Las Vegas are the Hot Springs, with an unvarying temperature of 140°. Several nice hotels are being erected here, and it bids fair to become in time a favorite resort. The scenery around about is romantic, and the Gallinas River, a clear, free-flowing mountain stream, passes within a few yards of the springs, and washes the base of the bath-house. This same river divides the old and new town.

Here for the first time we saw the adobe bricks in process of manufacture—a process simple enough. With a hoe a man mixes mud, water, and cut wheat-straw in the proper proportions to arrive at consistency, and then moulds it in a box about eighteen inches long by ten in width. The bricks are then spread in the sun to dry, and it is not unusual to see grass sprouting from them if the weather has been damp. From these the much-gazed-at adobe house is made, a structure capable (in the climate in which it is used) of enduring for three hundred years. The roofs of the ordinary adobes are almost flat, and made of mud spread on about six inches thick. There is a peculiarity about these roofs. When it rains, they seldom leak until a week after, for by that time the water has an opportunity of soaking through. This is convenient for the inmates, as the weather being then clear they can move out.

In this town of Las Vegas one meets the peculiar characters met with only in towns of a like description. One's landlord is on a par with his

banker; and *apropos* I had the pleasure of forming the acquaintance of quite a genius of this kind. He had lived in California in the early days, and confidentially imparted to me his belief



A SCENE ON THE CANADIAN.

that whisky was a better mine than gold. He initiated me in the mystery of making the beverage out of strychnine and tobacco, and said it was like the New Englander's razors—made to sell; nor did he ever indulge in any himself. He thought of retiring and emigrating to Mexico to practice medicine, and requested me to see if I

could purchase him a diploma in Philadelphia for a small consideration. I said I would meditate upon the matter.

This man, during my stay at his establishment, was very attentive, but he did one thing for which I shall not forgive him.



ON THE RIO PECOS.

I had determined to visit White Oaks, a mining region, only to be reached by wagon. A conveyance was engaged and everything made ready to start, when at the last moment the driver informed me that his horses would have to be shod, and we were perforce detained until the morrow; but unfortunately for our friendly relations the driver

and my landlord had a difficulty the next day, and the *exposé* showed it to be an agreed thing to detain me that he might go also.

On this trip, while rumbling through the town, we saw some cyprians of the dance-halls; women among them of fine form and feature, but with little of the woman besides—being bold and brazen. One of these girls supplied with luxuries her husband, awaiting trial in jail for murder. Naturally, their morals are very degenerate, for this is not a moral country, gaming devices of all kinds being in open operation, and at which the constables smile, the sheriff winks, and the judge heroically shuts his eyes.

Another thing to be seen in Las Vegas is the native beggar. A perfect specimen with all his dirt on, and with his staff and bag forms a picture worthy of admiration.

Fortunately, custom very kindly limits these creatures to one begging-day a week (Saturday), an idea which could be advantageously copied elsewhere. Occasionally the Pueblo and Navajo Indians also haunt the streets. These Indians are thrifty and industrious, and make blankets which have wide reputation for beauty and service.

The residents of the town are chiefly descendants of Mexican parents, with very antiquated ideas. They speak Spanish, are very ignorant as a rule, and consequently very superstitious. In religion they are Roman Catholics, but for their

piety I cannot vouch. An advertisement clipped from one of the daily papers may aid in forming a conclusion on this point:

WANTED.—An American laundress; one that is not pious. Position permanent; wages satisfactory. Apply at this office.

Among the resources of this country copper

ranks foremost, of which I saw a number of large bars weighing several hundred pounds each, in quite a crude state, and containing in their composition both gold and silver. These bars are shipped as far as Baltimore to be refined.

The territory is to the mineralogist or geologist one of rare interest, abounding in mineral wealth, and precious stones of all kinds are found in large quantities. Agates, aqua marines, garnets (found near Cummings and Wingate and brought in by the Indians), opals, amethysts, beryl, topaz, and chalcedony, form the principal ones.

After spending as much time as I could spare at Las Vegas, I again took the train *en route* for the ancient city of Santa Fé. On the way there we passed Bernal Mountain, or, as it is more frequently termed, "Starvation Peak." This curious mountain rises to a considerable height, and its peak is an abrupt mass of naked rock of about two acres in extent and looks like the ruins of some ancient tower. It is, except from one point, inaccessible. The peculiar name of "Starvation Peak" is derived from a tradition that in years past, when savage met savage in bloody, barbarous warfare, a body of Pueblo Indians took refuge on its summit from their deadly foes, the Apaches, who, being unable to reach them, quietly waited until death by the horrible monster starvation made them conquerors. To-day, on the edge of the cliff, can be seen by one standing on the plain below, two crosses about eleven feet high forcibly wedged in the clefts of the rocks, and these, upon a clear day, stand out as a thread upon the horizon. From the peak the view is beyond descriptive power of words, and well worth the labor of ascent, which is difficult but interesting. The sides of the mountain are covered with a variety of stones, and the vegetation is varied, but consists principally of cedar, pine, and scrub-oak, while cactus and numberless wild-flowers flourish beneath the feet.

At the very foot of the mountain is a beautiful rock-basined spring of icy water, and near by, throwing mournful shadows, some piles of stone—the ruins of an ancient dwelling.

From this point to Baughl's Siding is a short

distance, and near Baughl's Siding is a point of much historic interest—the ruins of the old town and church of Pecos. Of this church, which is several centuries old, many timbers are still in perfect preservation, but it is fast suffering at the



THE RIO DEL NORTE.

hands of vandal excursionists. It was built in an imposing position on an elevation overlooking the beautiful Pecos Valley, and round about are still to be found many pieces of broken pottery and bits of obsidian supposed to have been brought as offerings by the worshipers, as they are found nowhere else in the vicinity.

From the ruined town and deserted sanctuary

I passed to the place which at present bears the name of Pecos, a village truly Mexican, and containing, as do all of any pretensions, its church and priest. These priests are principally Frenchmen and speak execrable Spanish, but the natives, taught to do so from their infancy, respect and revere them. They are not a bad set of men, either, as a rule, being sociable and good-natured, and, I might remark, their wine is excellent.

Our first meal at this place was taken at a sort of inn, and the remembrance of it will stay by me for a long time, because of the tiny worms and flies' legs in the sugar. It excited no comment from others at the table, however, and I suppose they were used to such things and did not mind it. I make mention of this incident, that others who follow me may bring their own sugar-bowls along.

The town of Pecos is irrigated by the Pecos River, the loveliest stream in all New Mexico. All the lands here are watered by irrigation, and in many places the acequias are picturesque in the extreme, being raised on piles or carried around rocks in wooden aqueducts, and the river is often dammed to give the proper fall.

I was now joined by a Frenchman named Desmond, whose history would weave a tale equaling fiction, and together we started on a trip up the crystal Pecos. The length of our journey would necessitate taking three day's provisions along, so we were forced to add another member to our party—a burro, which is the Mexican name for what we would call a jackass. He was a patient, good-natured little jackass, scarcely larger than a dog, but very strong and supple and capable of carrying heavy burdens. His shortness of stature was very convenient sometimes. If you were riding him and desired to dismount, it would only be necessary for you to stand up and let him walk from under. On him we loaded all the necessary provisions and utensils, and while the Frenchman walked on ahead I made up the rear with our little servant between us. He was very lazy and lagged a good bit, and then I had to poke him with a stick to remind him of duty. In this fashion we traveled a number of miles through the valley, which is cultivated in patches after a rude way, producing wheat, corn, oats, beans, and tobacco, with but little tillage.

The varied beauty of our surroundings as we wound along the banks of the stream was a source

of continued pleasure. The valley is very narrow, being only about a mile wide in some places, and in its narrowest parts only a hundred yards or so; hedged in on both sides by lofty mountains in an unbroken range.

After journeying for several hours, Desmond told me we were at the foot of a mountain, at the top of which was an old mine worked centuries ago by the Aztecs.

He had visited it before and found it interesting, so I determined to have a look also.

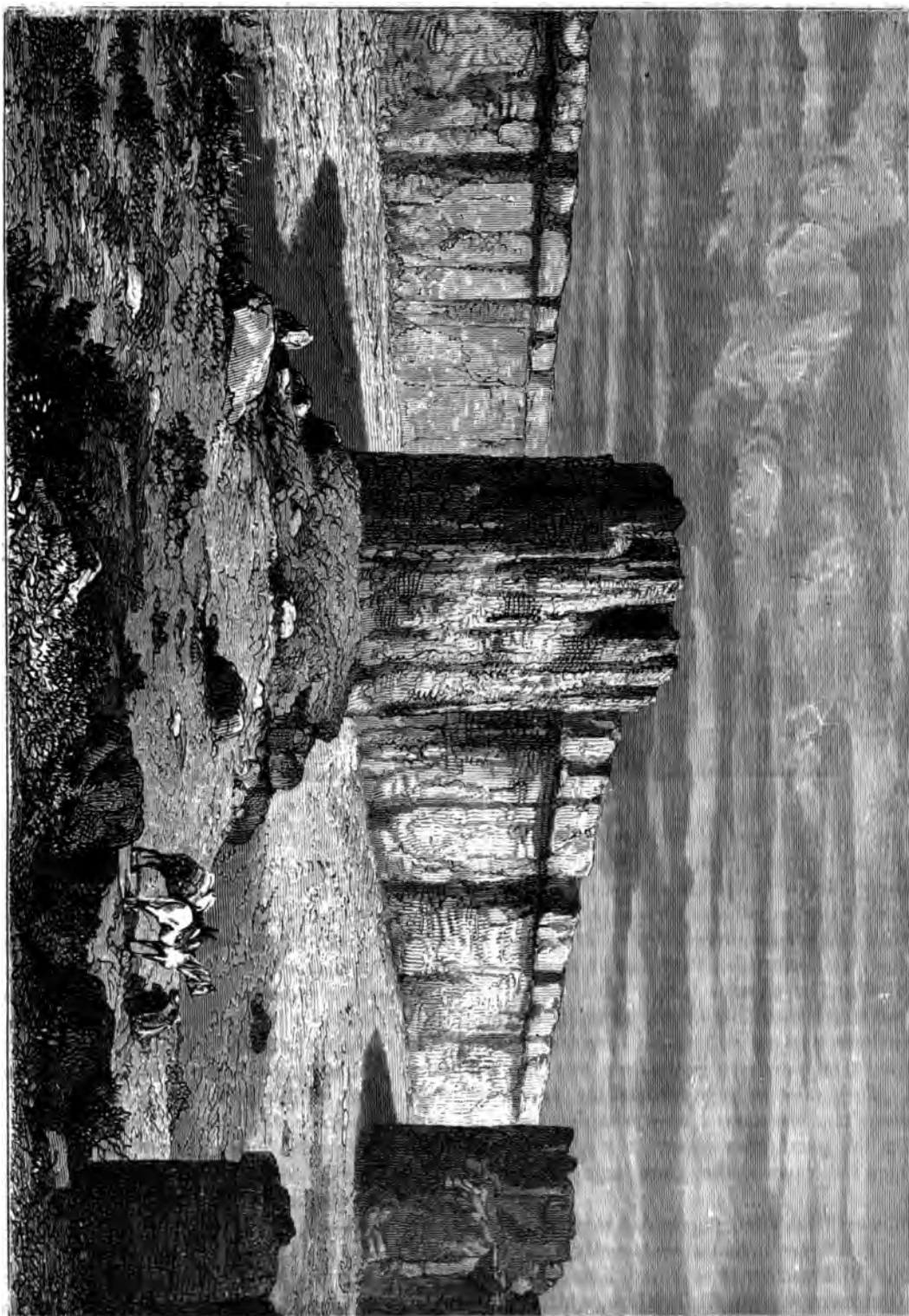
We began to ascend the mountain, burro and all, and when about two-thirds of the way had been accomplished, being thoroughly worn-out with our exertions, and finding a clear-flowing spring near by, we determined to stop awhile for rest and some dinner.

The meal over, we started on again, but dense thickets bestrewed the way with difficulties. Two or three times our gentle burro, with his pack, became firmly wedged and unable to move, but we extricated him as often as this occurred, pressed boldly on, and reached the mine. This old mine, which is no doubt valuable, was for many years unknown, as the entrance had been hidden by a large triangular stone which fitted the aperture closely and effectually concealed it, until a few years since, when an unusually heavy rain storm washed it loose and it caved inward.

We entered the labyrinth of gloom, not without considerable danger from loose stones, and explored it with pine torches. It was black and dreary, with crumbling rocks on every hand, and phantom shadows from our torches lurked in the farthest corners. Upon emerging into open air again we were very well satisfied in having escaped with a few scratches in attempting to avoid a falling rock which Desmond displaced; and for my part I preferred daylight, anyhow.

The sombre shadows of the mine brought strange thoughts to my mind, and I wandered back to ancient times and the strange people then inhabiting this land.

Our trip down the mountain was a shorter one than the ascent had been, and its chief difficulty was to prevent going too rapidly. Upon reaching level ground on the other side, and after some further travel, we reached the little village of El Matcho. Early next morning we went to the falls near by to fish. The first flush of the rising sun crimsoning the white foam of the hurrying



A RIVER CANYON.

waters produced a striking effect, and the wind waving through the tree-tops, and the roaring of the crystal flood, made strange, weird music. Our nook was pent in on one side by the abrupt rising mountains and on the other glorified by the various foliage of many trees, and graced by the swaying thickets beyond which, in glimpses, shone the bright green of the growing corn or the yellow sheen of ripened wheat; and here we fished about an hour, returning with a fine mess of speckled trout, some among which measured as much as thirteen inches.

I must here mention the frugal manner in which these people live. During long years, or, rather,

paid next night by getting into a wheat-field, and I was compelled to pay fifty cents damages. In return for this ill behavior I lent him to our host to bring a load of fire-wood from the mountains.

At this place we witnessed the dedication of a church—a ceremony not devoid of interest. The people, of their own accord, had built an ugly-looking, irregular adobe building, very much like a big mud-box, and with no pretensions to orthodox church shape. A priest from the town of Pecos was to consecrate it, and to do this he ranged the people in procession in front and to the left of the church door. At the head he placed a man carrying a large tin cross; then the



BURRO ALLEY.

throughout their lives, shut out from civilization, they have, like the Indians, accustomed themselves to do with the barest necessities. A mattress to lie on, a blanket to cover them, a sheep-skin to sit upon, windows without glass, or, in some cases, glazed with bits of mica gotten from the mountains in which they live, bread, generally of corn and without leaven, and coffee *sans* sugar, with now and then a piece of goat's flesh, is their usual fare. They raise enough tobacco for their own consumption, but after a very primitive fashion, letting the plant grow about as it pleases, and plucking the leaves as they grow large enough for use.

While we breakfasted, our donkey presented himself in the doorway and complacently waited for the bits of bread we gave him. I formed quite an attachment for the little fellow, which he re-

women were put two by two behind him and the men followed. Last of all came the priest, sprinkling water from a ewer in his hand and throwing it by means of a large brush of reeds. This necessary formula gone through with, the priest entered the building and mass was said. He got fifteen dollars for his morning's work.

At night we attended a dance. In these entertainments, when not dancing, the men congregate in one end of the room and smoke, while the women sit on benches around the wall at the other end; no conversation is carried on between the sexes, and all love-making is done by a whispered word or squeeze of the hand. The people are very ignorant, very few being able to read or write.

Next morning we started on our trip further up the valley to reach the cave of El Espiritu Santo,

or the Holy Ghost. Four miles of walking through ever-varying scenery of valley and mountain, wheat-fields and pasture lands, and crossing silvery streams on bridges of rough logs laid side by side or stoutly mortised lengthwise, brought us to the house of a miner named Dolan, who, in the interest of other parties, was taking charge of some timber near by for the erection of a mill.

He was glad to see us, as visitors were a pleasure in this solitary place, after a week had passed without his seeing a single human creature. In the hill fronting his place was the entrance to the cave of El Espiritu. Very few white people know of its existence, and very few have entered its forbidding portals, for in order to enter one must crawl on all fours for some ten feet and is shrouded in obscurity darker than the shadows of sin. Taking candles and great pine torches, we explored this cavern, with its various halls and chambers, for some three hours. In places on its walls we noted Indian hieroglyphics, and in other places spots where the clay had been taken out possibly to make pottery. In one chamber, tradition says, the savages held their religious services, and Desmond, years before on a former visit, had found a tom-tom, or native drum. The stalactites were in no place very brilliant. We were compelled to crawl in many places and marked our way carefully, as only one of the party had ever been in before, and he only once; so we did not feel particularly safe, and were glad to get back to sunlight once more.

From the cave we returned to Dolan's house, and, sharing provisions, made a very substantial meal; then taking our trout-lines we went over to the Espiritu Santo Creek, which here joins the Pecos River. Never before did I gaze upon such surpassing loveliness. Moss and ferns abounded and the wild violet bloomed beneath our feet. Lovely clematis trailed everywhere; wild hops, with their long light cones, were clinging to the dainty bushes; the wild cherry, with its deep-red clusters, relieved the eye, and the cedar gave forth a refreshing odor. The stately spruce, sturdy oaks, and swaying willows all came within the radius of our view, while the mountain stream was foaming over its rocky bed and dashing a fine spray which glistened in the sunlight.

After a short stay in this lovely spot, during which we secured upon our hooks some finny

beauties, we passed on to the valley of Mora, one of the most fertile and picturesque in all New Mexico. This whole valley is irrigated by water drawn from a lake on the top of one of the surrounding mountains. This lake, the natives say, is bottomless. There are sluices arranged so as



THE BEGGAR OF LAS VEGAS.

to allow whatever quantity of water is desired to escape into a lake artificially formed on a lower level, yet far above the valley. The upper lake always retains the same level.

Near the end of the valley is the town of Mora, nestling at the foot of mountains which surround it on three sides, and back of which in full view stands Jaccarita Peak, eternally covered with snow. A pretty mountain stream flows through the town,

supplying some fine trout-fishing, and the mountains round about abound in game.

In this valley of Mora we had the fortune to



A MORA POLITICIAN.

witness a scene which brought vividly to our mind the tales of old. At the conclusion of a political meeting one of the poets of the land, a blind old minstrel, bent with age and with only a fringe of white hair round his venerable head, touched some plaintive notes upon the guitar and burst into an impromptu song in praise of the señor present, repeating between each measure the air, which was very sweet. The scene had in it a touching spice of the antique days of knight-errantry.

At the same house where this occurred I noticed an unusually large figure of what the Mexicans term *santas*, or saints, and with which every well-regulated Mexican household is supplied. This was a wooden figure of Christ, with a wig of horse-hair, bearing on his head a green crown and nailed in the orthodox fashion to the cross, accompanied by the usual scroll and inscription over his head. To the left of him was a small angel with a cup in her hand shaped like an hour-glass and catching the blood as it flowed from his wounds. The angel was about as large as the first joint of the Christ's arm. The Saviour was dressed as a *danseuse*, in white tarletan trimmed

with green, and otherwise decorated with flowers and feathers, while at his feet two diminutive wooden saints knelt in prayer. These were about the size of the angel bearing a cup, and were dressed in robes of brown and red trimmed with yellow; the whole arrangement measuring fully four feet in length. It was suspended upon the wall and was greatly prized by its owner.

While staying at this place we visited some promising mica mines. The country glistens everywhere with mica, and when developed will prove valuable. Gold, too, is found in small quantities.

From Mora we proceeded to Las Vegas, the nearest station, having made a grand round; and again taking the train went to Santa Fé, which we reached near dark.

The conductor on the train, much to our entertainment, told us of two incidents which occurred on his run as among his first experiences. They



A TEAMSTER OF LAS VEGAS.

are so characteristic of this wild country, and at the same time so humorous, I cannot resist the temptation of repeating them.

"I had only made one run down here," he said, "when, passing one of the sidings, we took on a Simon-pure, double-fisted 'gray,' one of the pioneers; those fellows who had lived a life in advance of civilization, making the way easy for others, but always leaving in time to escape the press and improvements, the foundation for which he has so surely laid. Evidently he had never before seen the interior of a car, for it was some moments before he concluded to seat himself, which he did cautiously and with that quick, nervous, twinkle of the eye which men constantly on the alert for danger exhibit. Let me say here that in this country every man carries a pistol, and generally in his back-pocket. Well, as I had already seen the other passengers' tickets, I took my time about matters and slowly walked up to my man and put my hand, with the usual quick motion, behind me to get my punch; but before I could say 'Ticket, sir!' quicker than powder the muzzle of a six-shooter swelled under my eyes, and a hearty voice rang out: 'Put her back, stranger, I've got the drap on ye!' You may laugh, but I shook hands with him over a free ride, anyway. Another time I happened down the road when there was to be a service held in the new depot. Old Hays, a one-legged preacher, had permission to hold meeting there. Hays wore an old-fashioned wooden leg, strapped in place and held firm by a leather around the waist, and this being uncomfortable he was constantly tugging at it. Very few of the hands knew him, but they thought it a good chance to have some fun; and a very rough set they were that filed in that evening and filled the back seats. Of course, some few ladies and railroad officials were present. Planks raised on boxes and some few chairs served as seats, while the preacher stood behind an empty whisky barrel, on which were his lamp and books. From the singing of the first hymn to the close of service an ever-increasing buzz and noise disturbed worship; but old Hays in his quiet way went on oblivious of it all. The forms gone through with, he prepared to dismiss his congregation with the usual benediction. 'Let us pray,' he said, and slowly put his hand *behind him under his coat-tails*. The sudden silence was wonderful, and as he got on his knees every mother's son on the back

benches ducked down quicker'n a diver. The old fellow never dreamt of drawing a pistol, but his habit of hitching at that strap served him in good stead."

The many interests of this new land were curiously presented in the "bus" which bore us from the depot to the town of Santa Fé—about half a mile. A delegate to Congress was with us, and besides this great man there were two railroad magnates sitting opposite, a corpulent representative of that omnipresent class, a mercantile "drummer," some Jewish merchants returning from the



A NEW MEXICAN LAD.

East, a train news-agent, two men eagerly discussing some mining projects, and lastly a lady, tall and refined-looking, who said she was going to visit her brother, who was dying.

We went to the principal hotel and found it a low one-story building, built after the Spanish fashion, with different courts enclosed; and although it was crowded, we succeeded in securing a comfortable room.

The town contains several ancient buildings, interesting principally on account of the frailty of the material used in their construction; yet their durability is wonderful, the most notable being that oft-described adobe church and the building adjoining it, both nearly three hundred years old.

Among many other things worthy of attention there are several factories, in which native workmen may be seen at the tedious task of manufacturing their far-famed filagree work in gold and silver. This jewelry is of rare beauty and delicacy, and is in great demand. The process is simple, yet interesting. The pure metal is drawn into very fine wires, two wires are twisted together after the manner of twine, rolled between steel rollers, and when flattened into a thin wire with nicked edges the artisan takes it and forms such designs as he may wish or his taste dictate. With a small blow-pipe he then solders it all together in a frame of heavier metal. The designs are very delicate, and some of them as fine as lace-work.

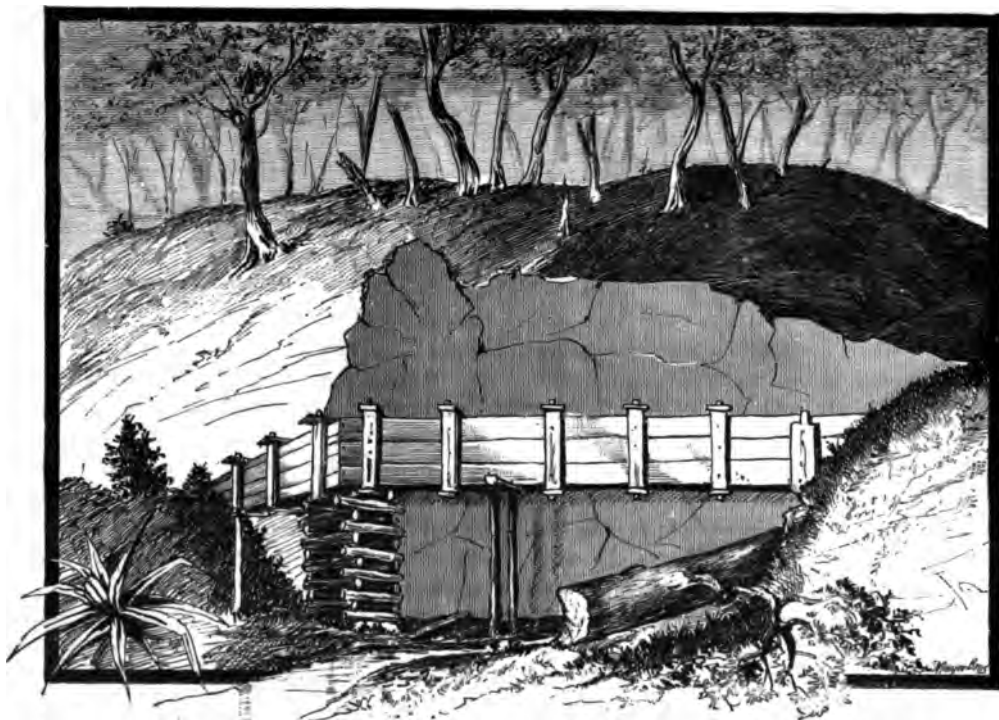
From Santa Fé we passed westward by railroad through growing towns and a country producing excellent fruit of all kinds, including grapes, peaches, pears, cherries, and apples. It is all accomplished by irrigation; but as a fruit-producing country it is destined to rival California, both in the size and flavor of its fruit.

The land is also excellent pasture, and part of it is peopled by the Pueblo Indians, who are thrifty

and hard workers. To a certain extent they are under the supervision of the United States Government, and are liberally supplied with machinery for their agricultural pursuits. Ignorance prevails, and they are, therefore, naturally superstitious.

Their theory of the railroad is, that God himself gave man the locomotives, for it is beyond their conception how a man could make one; but they acknowledge human agency in laying the rails, since they have seen it done. They visit neighboring towns to sell produce, and also blankets, for which they are famous. The women do most of the work, but not all, and many of the older women have a voice in council. Their council-chambers are built of adobe, circular in shape, without windows, and with a single small door; here all things of importance are decided.

From San Marcial, a rough, new town,—new, even in Western phraseology,—we took the stage for a trip of over two hundred miles. Of all invented vehicles, I think there is more discomfort compressed into a stage-coach than in any other mortal conception.



AN ACEQUIA.

Ours carried fifteen passengers. I rode with the driver by the advice of an experienced friend, and was squeezed in between him and another traveler on the box. The four stout mules had a good load, yet over fair roads we made reasonable time and rather enjoyed the mule-nature of the driver's favorite, "Lazy Loafer."

For a stretch of forty miles over what is known as the "Journey of Death" there is no water except what is hauled to tanks at each station where we changed mules. At Aliman, after various failures, both by the Government and by private enterprise, water was struck at a depth of one hundred and eighty-four feet; and the lucky digger was rewarded with a grant of five miles square around the well and the right to sell water there. A pretty windmill flaps its wings over the well and keeps a large tank constantly full.

For another fifty miles further on the country is not much better; but once across this we reach the Rio Grande Valley, rich in all kinds of fruit. Wheat, too, blesses the cultivator's labors, and the soil also produces the El Paso onion, which for size and delicacy of flavor is without a rival. These onions are pure white, and often as large in diameter as a breakfast-plate.

I was here treated to some native wine, which possesses a delicious taste. The vineyard of Thomas Bull, a pioneer, is considered as producing the best wine in that section.

I noticed among the peculiarities of the place the mud fences, with cactus of a small spherical variety known in Spanish as *pitalla* planted along the top much the same as broken glass is used elsewhere to prevent trespassing. This cactus, however, bears a very valuable fruit.

Once again in the stage, we rolled toward Silver City, a distance of one hundred miles. On the way we stopped at the Hudson Hot Springs. These springs gush from what seems to be the crater of an extinct volcano, and maintain a temperature of 140°. The flow of water is rapid, and after passing through a house on the hill-side, where it is conducted in a wooden trough, it flows on and is used for irrigation. Its qualities are presumed to be highly medicinal.

From here to Silver City are many pretty springs, and quartz-mills run by water-power for extracting the silver from the ore.

Silver City itself, the centre of a fine mining section, is a thriving town of about twenty-five hundred inhabitants, and unlike other towns of New Mexico, is thoroughly American in every respect. It is bustling and busy, has several prosperous mills, and you can see here the coveted gold dust, the silver bricks, and great pigs of copper without number. This place is the only incorporated town in the Territory, and lies at its extreme boundary.

Near here are the old Santa Rito copper mines, which were centuries past worked by convicts in the interest of the Spanish crown. Remains of the stronghold still exist, and the immense pile of copper refuse-ore testifies to the extent and value of the labor. It is a relic eloquent with memories of the mighty power of the Spanish conqueror and the wrongs of conquered victims. These suffering workmen were Indians, and in one of their successful rebellions the patient creatures made as a condition fundamental to their submission the provision that thenceforward the mines were never again to be worked.

TWILIGHT.

By Z. O. E.

Now tender twilight lays a cooling palm,
In gentlest blessing, on Earth's fevered brow,
Soothing her into silence,—save for low,
Sweet warblings, rippling o'er the utter calm,
Of birds, outpouring their soft evening psalm.
Still—as some wearied soul, half-dimmed in death,
Scarce seeming e'en to breathe, so faint each breath—

She lies, this Earth. The limpid dew, like balm,
Falls on her fondly with a mute caress;
While the low wind 'mid the laburnum strays,
And with its drooping locks enamored plays,
Parting with ling'ring touch each golden tress,
As loth to leave it in its loveliness,—
And all things wait the night, which still delays.

A ROMANCE OF TWO SUMMERS.

BY ALICE WINSHIP.

KATHLEEN MACLEOD sat on the piazza of Content Cottage with her sketch-book open upon her lap, but her hands were crossed idly upon its pages, and her eyes were fixed on the far-off heights with the sunlight of the summer morning bathing their summits and the white clouds floating like angels' wings above them.

The slight figure in its dainty cambric morning dress with morning-glories drooping at the throat and from the heavy braids of sunny hair, and framed by the overhanging vines, was itself a picture pleasant to look upon. The small head was thrown back a little, the red lips parted, the fair, expressive face full of intense thought. No one ever called Kathleen MacLeod beautiful, yet hers was a face that none would think of calling plain.

A little too grave and self-reliant in its expression many thought it for womanly beauty; a smooth, broad forehead, clear, gray eyes, sometimes growing dark with intense feeling, or lighting up with tenderness, or sparkling with mirth—tell-tale eyes they were, and well matched by the sensitive mouth, with its short upper lip and its tender curves—a mouth that could be very proud and scornful or very sweet at will. Taken all in all, it was neither a pretty nor beautiful face in the general acceptance of those terms. The only really beautiful thing about Kathleen was her hair, a great, rippling mass of golden-brown, which unbound fell about her like a cloud, but which she usually wore, as now, brushed simply back from her face and wound in heavy braids around the small head like a coronet. It was a "great bother," this hair of hers, to Kathleen in her school days, and once she crept away quite unknown to any one and had it cut short, and wore it for months in close, curling rings about her head; but it grew again more luxuriant than ever, and its owner grew to young ladyhood with her lovely hair rather a burden to her than otherwise. Recently she had begun to care for it a little and to take a girlish pride in its arrangement. Was it so wonderful, she thought, letting it down in a flood of glory about her one day. To be sure, people had been telling her so, ever

since she could remember, but she never had thought much about it. As with one of Mrs. Whitney's characters, "Hair was a matter of course; the thing was to get it out of the way!"

But a few evenings since, as they sat together on the piazza watching the sunset, the last golden gleam had lighted up the rich braids with dazzling beauty, and Mark Delavan, bending down, had touched them lightly, saying apologetically, "I beg your pardon, but it is wonderful—your hair! Do you know how beautiful it is?"

And Mrs. Arbuthnot, coming up behind her just then, and hearing the words, slyly pulled out the little tortoise-shell comb, and let the long braids fall in all their golden beauty about Kathleen's shoulders, much to her confusion and Mark's evident delight.

"And it's all real, Mr. Delavan—think of it!" said Mrs. Arbuthnot. Mark bowed.

He had known that, because he had known Kathleen. There could be nothing unreal about her. The true, straightforward, sweet, pure nature of the girl, so utterly free from all shams or petty affectations, was evident to any but the most superficial observer, and that Mark Delavan was certainly not. He was out on the piazza this morning, too, ostensibly engaged in reading the paper of two days previous,—the "latest news" in this little mountain hamlet,—but really doing nothing of the sort. In fact, he was looking quietly over the top—not at the purple mountain heights, but at the fair, rapt face opposite him. He had been watching that face for a long time, with a little smile about the lips, and a tender light in the grave eyes. There was no one by, and Mr. Delavan was doing a little day-dreaming, apparently,—Kathleen, too, perhaps,—but suddenly, as if drawn by some magnetic impulse, she turned and met the eyes that were regarding her with such a world of tender meaning in their depths. Those eyes neither wavered nor changed, but caught her own and held them for a moment with a look that was almost a caress, and which no woman on whom it fell could ever misunderstand or forget.

It was but an instant, then Kathleen's own eyes

drooped and a flood of crimson rushed over her face. She took up her pencil and began to work rapidly.

Mark Delavan smiled again, and rising, after a moment's pause, walked away quite to the other end of the piazza, and stood for full ten minutes looking far away across the valley. Kathleen was outwardly composed again when he came back and stood by her side, but she went on with her sketching persistently, not trusting herself to look up.

Her companion waited, watching the small, nervous hands for a moment; then he said gently, and quite in his ordinary tone:

"Miss Kathleen, are you never going to speak to me again? Because in that case it becomes my pressing and painful (?) duty to remind you that nine A.M. was the time fixed for our walk to the Ridge, and it is precisely that time now," holding his watch before her eyes as he spoke.

Kathleen looked up with a little smile.

"I was trained up in the good old way, Mr. Delavan, to speak when spoken to," she answered gayly. "Thank you for reminding me. I will be ready in five minutes." And she sprang up and ran swiftly into the house.

The five minutes were not quite expired, when Miss MacLeod came tripping down the stairs in her short walking-suit of navy-blue flannel, and a broad sun hat of coarse straw covering her golden braids and shading her bright face.

As the two went down the path, Mrs. Arbuthnot, watching them from her chamber window, smiled, and called her husband to see.

"How well they look together!" she said.

Mark Delavan was a fine type of manhood. A superb figure, six feet in height, broad-shouldered, and erect; a pure, Saxon face, with clear, straight, glancing eyes, and a fine, resolute mouth; a rather stern face to the casual observer, but lighting up wonderfully when he smiled, as he was smiling then, upon the girl at his side.

Kathleen's head scarcely reached his shoulder. Her short skirt, just reaching the top of the high walking-boots, and the loose "sailor" waist, were wonderfully becoming to the slight, graceful figure, and the dash of brilliant cardinal in the trimmings and the loose knot of soft silk at her throat lighted up the expressive face. In the highest sense, Kathleen was beautiful at that moment with the beauty of health and youth and happiness.

They walked away with a rapid, easy pace.

Both were good walkers, and had had much practice in pedestrianism—and other things too—that summer.

Kathleen MacLeod was an orphan, and had taken care of herself from childhood—that is, she had lived with an old aunt of her father's, who nominally had the care of her; but Kathleen was very young when she began to take care of Aunt Mary and herself too. She had little property. It barely sufficed to give her the education she so eagerly craved, but she had graduated from Vassar with health and energy and girlish ambition enough to insure to her success in whatever she chose to undertake. She had rare artistic talent, and meant to be an artist some day; but she could not leave Aunt Mary, now old and feeble, to pursue her studies abroad; so for two years, at the time our story opens, she had taught drawing and painting in the Young Ladies' Seminary at Quinticook, her childhood's home, taking lessons all the while of a celebrated artist in the neighboring city.

Mrs. Morris, the mistress of Content Cottage, was an old friend of Kathleen's dead mother, and had invited the young teacher to spend the long vacation at her home among the New Hampshire hills, Aunt Mary meanwhile going to her sister's, in Connecticut.

Among the mountains everybody who does not keep a hotel takes "summer boarders," and when Kathleen arrived at her destination one warm June evening, she found that Mrs. Morris was no exception to the general rule. Early as it was in the season, Professor Arbuthnot and his wife were quietly settled down for the summer under her hospitable roof. With them were their two children, and in a few days they were joined by Mark Delavan, an old friend of Professor Arbuthnot's. The two had studied together in Germany, and were almost like brothers, Mrs. Arbuthnot told Kathleen.

Mrs. Arbuthnot was a merry, chatty little woman, and took a great fancy to Kathleen. The Professor was very kind and courteous to her, and Mark Delavan—well, that gentleman was certainly not indifferent to her. Professor Arbuthnot and his wife were a very devoted couple. They were quite engrossed in each other and in their two lovely children, and naturally enough Mr. Delavan and Miss MacLeod were often left to entertain each other.

Content Cottage was a little aside from the great tide of mountain travel, and none of the four visitors there were pleasure-seekers in the ordinary sense of the term. Professor Arbuthnot was somewhat of an invalid, and had come thither seeking health and rest, and Kathleen hoped to make many additions to her portfolio and to glean rich treasures for future use among the grand scenery of the mountains. They had pleasant little picnics and delicious rides together, those four; and Miss MacLeod and Mr. Delavan took long tramps over hill and dale, finding their reward in bits of rare beauty, of rock and waterfall and valley, which escaped the ordinary tourist.

Thrown together so constantly, living under the same roof, and so often dependent upon each other for society, was it strange if, in two months, they had grown to be very good friends? Kathleen MacLeod in her unworldly simplicity had thought of nothing more. She was at once a teacher and a student, and she had put her whole heart into her work. She meant to be an artist, and she believed herself wedded to her art. So that moment on the piazza, when she had met Mark Delavan's eyes, was to her a moment of revelation—a revelation so sudden, so half unwelcome, yet so strangely sweet, that she was at once bewildered, happy, and half indignant.

She was not quite ready to yield the day and to cry "surrender" to this bold lover who came knocking at the citadel of her heart. All the way over to the Ridge that morning she talked gayly, carefully steering clear of anything that could give her companion a pretext for a word of tenderness. Mark, on his part, was very quiet, and once or twice she caught a slightly-pained look in the blue eyes, but he was very patient. Patience was one of Mark Delavan's characteristics.

Up on the Ridge that day it was very lovely. Kathleen forgot to talk as she sat looking across the green valley to the opposite heights. Mark, lying on the grass at her feet, was silent too.

Suddenly he drew out the paper which he had been pretending to read all the morning and began to search its columns.

"I had almost forgotten," he said. "I have to go to Boston to meet some friends to-night; I wonder what train I must take?" He satisfied himself on the point, and threw the paper down with a slight expression of annoyance.

"Did you find it?" asked Kathleen innocently.

"Oh yes. Six P.M. There is time enough. I wish I need not go, though. I feel an indefinable shrinking from it, as if something unpleasant was about to happen. How can it, when I am coming back to-morrow night?" he went on, somewhat irrelevantly.

"Something is happening most days," quoted Kathleen merrily. "That fact may account for your foreboding." And picking up the discarded paper she began to look it over, reading a bit now and then, and interspersing spicy comments on "current events."

She came to something by and by which really interested her, and was silent. It was not long after the news of the horrible "Bulgarian atrocities," and the papers teemed with denunciations and demands for justice. There was an able article on the sympathy and aid which the English government had in the past rendered to the barbarous Turks, and an eloquent arraignment of that nation for the time-serving policy which characterized it.

Kathleen had inherited from her Scotch grandfather a warm dislike for everything English, and to this was added the natural indignation of a generous spirit, and an instinctive readiness to champion the oppressed and to do battle for the weak against the strong.

Mark Delavan, watching her face, saw the gray eyes kindle and the cheeks glow, and smiled quietly. But Kathleen did not look up. Instead, she read aloud one particularly sharp paragraph, and added a few scornful words of her own with eloquent, flashing eyes and a superb curl of the lip.

Mark Delavan did not reply, but his face grew grave. Kathleen laid down the paper and clasped her small hands over it.

"O England, England, Albion perfide!"

She quoted slowly in clear, bitter accents.

Mark answered presently: "It is true, Miss Kathleen, England has sold her birthright; she is too often in these latter years on the side of oppression and wrong; yet I think you are not quite right in saying that all true men among her people will disown and abandon the country so lost to her noble mission. Is it not true philosophy for Englishmen to be Englishmen still, and by high aims and pure lives, by fearless words and

brave deeds for their country and their people, to strive to lift up and bring back, step by step, to her old place among the nations the England we love? If our country has fallen so low, so much the more does she need the best of our lives and of our service." He spoke earnestly, but Kathleen scarcely heeded the words.

Suddenly, by one of those quick flashes of memory which come to us all sometimes, she became aware that all unconsciously she had been very rude and unkind. For with Mark's first words she remembered that in the first days of their acquaintance Mrs. Arbuthnot had one day casually mentioned that he was English.

All unwittingly she had been guilty of a terrible breach of good manners and good taste, to say nothing of the rights of friendship. Her face grew scarlet, and quick tears of regret sprang to her eyes. She leaned forward as he finished speaking, and held out her hands imploringly.

"Oh, Mr. Delavan!" she cried, "forgive me, please, forgive me; what must you think of me? Indeed, I did not know—that is, I quite forgot—that it is your country. I would not have said it for the world; do you know I would never, never forgive any one for speaking so of America, though she might be ever so bad. I am so sorry!"

Mark Delavan smiled, and leaning forward took the two little hands in his and held them closely.

"Dear Miss Kathleen," he said tenderly, "you make too much of it; it is all true—I hope I know my country's faults. Of course you would not have said it—blessings on your tender heart. Forgive you!" he repeated; "there is nothing to forgive. 'What must I think of you?' Will you let me tell you, dear? No, no!" as Kathleen tried to draw her hands away. "I will not annoy you; only tell me that you do not quite hate us all; that I need not quite lose you, because I have the misfortune to be an Englishman."

"You know I did not mean——" she began, and then stopped in confusion, not quite knowing how much she was admitting.

Mark laughed softly. "No; I know you did not. There, I will not tease you; but you will let me talk to you sometime?"

"I suppose so," answered Kathleen, with averted face; and Mark Delavan lifted the hands he held to his lips and kissed them, and then let them go gently.

Later they had lunch and a long ramble through

the woods, and it was three o'clock when they reached home. They had a rather quiet walk, neither being in the mood for talking and quite past that stage of acquaintance when conversation is a necessity. As they neared Content Cottage, Mark looked at his watch and laid his hand on one of Kathleen's.

"May I detain you a moment?" he said, drawing her gently behind a clump of lilacs which screened them from observation. "I must go in an hour, in order to catch the stage that connects with the six P.M. train, and I may not see you again before I start. I wish I need not go—I have an unpleasant feeling about it." And the perplexed look of the morning crossed his brow.

Kathleen looked up with quick sympathy. "Do you expect bad news? Is there anything that causes you to fear?" she asked.

"Oh, no; it is only an indefinable depression whenever I think of it; yet I think I must go, I cannot see my way clear to do otherwise," he said thoughtfully. "Kathleen, if anything happens, if I do not come back——"

"Don't, don't!" cried Kathleen hurriedly. "Please not say it, Mr. Delavan." And she turned away her head to hide the quick tears that were trembling on her lashes.

Mark was silent for an instant, a little puzzled and grieved, but presently he touched the drooping head softly. She had taken off her hat and was swinging it in one hand as she stood before him.

"Forgive me," he said very gently, "I was wrong to trouble you with my foolish fears. Will you say good-bye to me now!"

"But I shall see you again!" said Kathleen.

"Yes; perhaps before all the family. Dear, won't you give me one little pleasant word that shall be all my own before we part?"

She put her hand in his gently, and looked straight up into his face. "Good-bye," she said, with a little smile.

"Is that all?" he said wearily. "Forgive me; I am an exacting fellow, I know. Am I so disagreeable to you, Kathleen?"

"No, no; indeed, I never meant that—please don't think so!" cried poor Kathleen. "I am only—tired—I guess, and—oh, I like you, I want you to be my good friend always, only don't talk in that way about—about—not coming back; you are coming back to-morrow, are you not?"

"I hope so, I trust so," said Mark Delavan fervently, with a curious light coming suddenly over the clouded face, and in a tone so much more hopeful that Kathleen looked up suddenly.

"Oh, what have I said?" she cried anxiously.

"Nothing, nothing but what was perfectly proper, my child," he answered, smiling down into the puzzled eyes. "Good-bye, dear!"

"Good-bye," she answered, half doubtingly; and Mark looked down into the sweet, questioning face a moment with grave tenderness; then, stooping, just touched the fair forehead with his lips, and, drawing the hand he held within his arm, walked Miss Kathleen around by the garden path into the house. She went up-stairs without venturing another glance into his face, and did not come down again until just five minutes before four. Then, fearing lest her absence would be noticed by the others, she ran down all, fresh and fair, in her white dress, and stood with the Arbuthnots on the piazza to see him off.

Afterward came supper, and then she romped with the children, and finally went up-stairs to bed at nine o'clock, a little tired, but with a very light heart. And at nine the next morning—she had been up three hours already—she was standing with her pale face reading a telegram which one of the boys had just handed her. It was as follows: "Your aunt is very sick. Come at once." She read it through mechanically, looked at her watch, and hunted up a time-table, found that the next train west left at one o'clock, and that she had two hours in which to do her packing, and went to tell the Arbuthnots' and Mrs. Morris. Dear Aunt Mary! she had been like a mother to the orphan girl, and Kathleen's heart was torn with the vague anxiety and fear that unknown anticipated sorrow brings, and eagerly anxious to reach her as soon as possible; but she would not have been human, had not another thought even at this moment intruded itself, adding its bitter sting to make her departure more painful. She blamed herself for the thought, yet it was hard to go just now without seeing Mark Delavan again. For she had not intended that the answer, or rather the *no* answer that she had given him the night before, should be a final one; she had only meant to delay a little, to gain time to think, before she entirely surrendered her freedom. Yet, after all, did it matter much? If Mark Delavan really loved her, he would not give

her up easily. She would leave a little note for him explaining her sudden departure, and he would understand. So she quieted the pain at her heart, and when all her preparations were completed sat down to write her note. It was a very discreet little note.

"MY DEAR MR. DELAVAN: I write to say 'Good-bye.' My aunt is very sick at her sister's, in Connecticut, and I have received a telegram, and must go to her at once. I leave here on the one P.M. train for Boston. I am sorry not to see you again, but want to thank you for all your kindness to me, and ask you to forgive me for everything I have said or done to grieve you.

"Believe me, ever your friend,

"KATHLEEN MACLEOD."

She carried it down and gave it to Mrs. Arbuthnot. Then she said good-bye to all the family, and climbed into the farm-wagon that was to take her to meet the stage. It was a long, tedious ride, and late in the evening Kathleen stepped out upon the platform at the little way-station which was her destination.

A man with a lantern raised aloft was looking eagerly for some one, and, seeing Kathleen, came instantly toward her.

"Miss MacLeod?" he said interrogatively.

"Yes," she answered.

"I am Enoch Quint, miss, Mrs. Green's man; they sent me to meet you; my team is right here. Any baggage?"

"But my aunt—how is she?" asked Kathleen anxiously.

"About the same; don't speak or move—doctor has hopes, though. This way, miss."

Ten minutes later Kathleen was jolting over a rough country road that seemed to be all the way up hill, and a ride of three miles in the starlit summer night brought her to the house of Mrs. Green.

This lady was a half-sister to Aunt Mary, much younger than the latter, a stirring, energetic Yankee woman, who, since the death of her husband, had managed her large farm with consummate ability with the help of her "hired man," the Enoch Quint previously mentioned. A thoroughly kind-hearted woman, and a good neighbor, she was yet, as she told Kathleen, "no nurse," having had little experience in sickness and lacking that inborn faculty which some women possess naturally, and which no education in the care of

the sick can supply. So she was very glad to relinquish her charge into Kathleen's hands, and the latter at once took her place as nurse.

For a few days hands and heart and brain were fully occupied, and the girl had no time to think, which was, perhaps, quite as well. Under her tender care, the sick one came gradually back to life, helpless still as a little child, but quite conscious and free from pain. Doctor Lancaster said she might live weeks, perhaps months, in that state.

And now that the first fierce strain of care and anxiety and constant watching was lifted from her heart, Kathleen began to wonder why she got no letters. She knew Mark Delavan too well to think that he would give her up so easily. She loved him too well to lose faith in him. That he loved her, she would not doubt. She knew the patient, persistent, steadfast nature, and she never doubted that he would write to her, perhaps would come to her. A week went by, and still no tidings. Sitting one day thinking it over, she suddenly remembered that by some strange oversight she had forgotten to mention in her note, or to the Arbutnotts, or even to Mrs. Morris, the name of the place in Connecticut where Aunt Mary was stopping. For a moment her heart stood still. Then she remembered that Mrs. Morris knew her Quinticook address, and that letters would probably be sent there with the request that they be remailed to her. So she wrote at once to the postmaster at Quinticook, ordering all the letters sent to Chequishnoc and again waited patiently. Still no letters. Weeks grew into months. Aunt Mary lingered on in the gentle, helpless state of childhood, a steady care and burden, yet the dearest of cares to Kathleen, who never faltered in her tender ministry, and kept always a brave, bright face and cheerful tone and sweet smile for the sick-room, and never wavered, though her heart was breaking with the double strain of sorrow and suspense, and that "hope deferred that maketh the heart sick."

Still there was no word from her lover. Had his forebodings proved true, and had he never returned from that trip to Boston from which he had shrunk so? Or had he, after all, taken her at her word when she asked that he might be her good friend always; and was he, then, content to be only that and nothing more? Yet he was hardly acting the part of friendship even in thus

leaving her in her loneliness and sorrow without one word of sympathy or kindly interest.

And sometimes, in spite of her loving woman's faith, a darker suspicion would come. Had he, perhaps, only been playing with her? Had her sudden departure given him an easy solution to what was becoming a rather troublesome question? She had heard of such things. But no one who knew Mark Delavan could believe such a thing possible, still less the woman who loved him. More than most men, he impressed upon every one his perfect, straightforward, uncompromising integrity. His was pre-eminently the face

"True and tender and brave and just,
That man might honor and woman trust."

And this woman, upon whose brow his kiss had fallen, never faltered in her faith, though her cheeks grew pale and the light faded from her eyes, and her heart grew very weak and weary from its long waiting.

Winter came, and the snow fell closely about the lonely farm-house, and there were short, sharp days and long, sorrowful nights. Kathleen brought her easel into the sick-room, and in her few brief intervals of leisure worked away at her brush, "to keep busy," she said, when good Dr. Lancaster expostulated with her.

The doctor shook his head; he did not know the sharp pain at the girl's heart, that made it necessary for her to "keep busy," that she might not think.

When the first bright days of spring came, and the snows were melting from the brown hillocks beneath the April sun, Aunt Mary's summons came, and she entered upon the eternal spring-time. Kathleen's long watching was over and she was alone in the world.

She went down to Quintnook and laid Aunt Mary in the old church-yard, where all the Mac-Leods slept. Then she went back to the old house, her only home, to rest for a few days and to plan for the future—the dark, desolate days that stretched before her, and that must be lived—somehow. Friends came about her, old school-mates and neighbors, and would have welcomed her to their homes, but she steadily refused. She wanted to be alone in those first desolate days.

Her old place in the seminary was filled. There was nothing for her to do in Quintnook, and work must be sought elsewhere.

She was at liberty now to carry out a long-cherished plan of going abroad to study, but Aunt Mary's long illness, and the consequent idleness, had made sad inroads on her slender funds. A year of patient and paying work would be necessary before she could venture to carry out her purpose.

But she was ready to work; not, indeed, with the old girlish enthusiasm and ambition, but still with a steady purpose and a noble aim. Since live she must, it should not be a useless life. If the sweetest earthly blessing was denied her, she could yet show to an incredulous world

"How grand may be life's might,
Without love's circling crown."

"I thought once that I did not care for him," she said to herself in those days. "I meant to live for my art,—to do grand work and win a name,—and God has taken me at my word. He has just shown me how beautiful life might be; He has let me see the worth of that which I esteemed of little value, and now He has taken it away and given me my choice. I was not worthy, and I will be patient, and by and by, perhaps, content." But a little comfort came to her at this time. She learned that her order, requesting letters sent to Chequishnoc, had never been received at Quintnook post-office, and, therefore, all her letters had been sent to the Dead-Letter Office, that grave of so many unfortunate epistles.

"There were *some*," the old postmaster said, in answer to her anxious inquiry, looking musingly over his glasses; "I don't justly know how many. I believe there was a gentleman here inquiring about them, too, and about your address, but it was while I was gone to Philadelphia, and Sim Higgins was here, and *he* didn't know, nor I, either, for that matter." And one of her old neighbors told her that twice a gentleman had called there, it being next door to her old home, and inquired about her and the name of the place where Aunt Mary went. "But I couldn't remember it to save me, dear, nor Hezekiah, neither; it was a kind of outlandish name, you know. He was a tall man with a light moustache, and eyes that looked right through you,—handsome, if he hadn't looked so down-hearted like, and he walked all around the old house and sat down on the doorstep and sat there a long time. The first time was in October. I remember because it was the day

after we had the sewing-circle; and the last time—let me see—December! no—it must have been about New Year's, and he stayed a long time, and seemed to hate to go away, and asked if he could get boarded here, or anywhere in town, and said perhaps he should come back, but he never has." The good lady looked curiously at Kathleen as she concluded, as if hoping that she might throw some light on the strange occurrence; but the girl turned away indifferently and began to talk of something else.

But the bitterness of her cup was gone. He had loved her then—he had tried to find her, and she knew he would never give up the search. Living or dying, they loved each other, and no time or space could quite part them. Sometime, perhaps, in this world, or beyond, they would find one another. Meanwhile, she would wait. Almost happy, she repeated to herself a little snatch of poetry that she had grown fond of:

"Because I am my Love's I'll keep my life
Washed clean of every soil in thought or deed;
And bear my heart with ever steadfast heed
Like a shut rose, through days of dusty strife.
Because I am my Love's I'll rise at dawn,
And hasten to my toil, and toiling, sing,
That from my own poor talent there may spring
Something for my Love's eyes to shine upon,
And so make good the empty years ago.
Because I am my Love's I will not die—
As lovers might—to prove my fealty;
But I'll so live, that, in some distant time,
My love shall say, 'Bless God, who made you mine.'"

Going back to her lonely house, she found a letter from Doctor Lancaster, at Chequishnoc. He asked if she had anything special in view in the way of work; she ought to rest, but he supposed she would not; if not, why their assistant teacher at the high-school was just getting married; would she take the place for the spring term? She could board in his family; the work was not hard—small school—fair pay—time to paint, or, better still, to rest—would she come?

The next day she was on her way, and a week saw her quite at home in Doctor Lancaster's pleasant family. He had a lovely wife and two daughters, bright, sweet New England girls. One of them wanted to take drawing-lessons of her, and, by teaching her, Kathleen could pay her board.

She grew almost contented in the new, restful

home atmosphere; with a quiet yielding to the inevitable, which was almost sad in one so young. She was but twenty-four, and she seemed to have lived her life. Patient, brave, and hopeful, she was still even merry sometimes, and no one suspected the hidden sorrow that darkened the young life. No one, save, perhaps, Doctor Lancaster, who, with the keen insight of his profession, sometimes watched her closely, and possibly read in the pale face and patient mouth more than he ever spoke of to any one. Certainly he uttered no word; only treated her always with unflinching kindness and tender solicitude.

So the spring passed away. June came, the rare, sweet days bringing to Kathleen memories of that June one year ago.

Again it was midsummer. Her term of school was over, but the Lancasters would not let her go away. She had quite a class of private scholars in drawing and painting. She was already engaged for the next school year, to open in September. One warm Sunday morning, toward the last of July, she came down ready for church, wearing a dress of some thin black material with a knot of white lace at her throat, and a little plain hat of black straw with only a fold of lace around the crown, and a tiny white ruche under the brim.

The black dress made her look paler even than usual, and Doctor Lancaster, meeting her in the hall, exclaimed: "My child, you are not well; don't go out this hot day."

She smiled. "Just as well as usual, my dear doctor, and I think I must go this morning; Mr. Peters is depending upon me for that solo, I think, and he does not like to have any one fail, you know, especially now that there is so much company in town."

"But you are not fit to go. I will make it all right with Peters," expostulated the doctor.

"Thank you, doctor, but I think I must go this morning; don't be afraid. I never faint, and I am quite well," answered Kathleen, and ran hastily out, to avoid further discussion.

Chequishnoc church was not far from Doctor Lancaster's, and had attained quite a celebrity among the neighboring towns for its fine music. Mr. Peters, the chorister, was a true musical enthusiast, with a clear, well-cultivated voice, and a genius for organizing and developing the somewhat crude material at his command. He had a

well-trained choir of fresh young voices, and was always looking out for new talent. He had not been long in discovering that Kathleen possessed a remarkably sweet contralto,—not strong, but with rare depth and wonderful pathos,—and had lost no time in securing her services. Just now Chequishnoc, like all attractive country towns, was full of summer visitors, and Mr. Peters took much pride in being able to show the city visitors that good music was occasionally to be heard in the country.

He was proud of Kathleen, too, and had selected for this Sabbath morning a fine anthem for the opening of service, with a solo passage especially adapted to her voice. She was a little late, thanks to Doctor Lancaster, and as she entered she saw that the house was unusually full. It was a new church, built but a few years previously, and the choir and organ were directly in the rear of the pulpit. The voluntary was just over, and the choir were taking their places for the anthem. There was a little hum of expectation through the congregation, and a slight bustle as some strangers were ushered in and seated in a prominent position. Then all was hushed as the first sweet words floated out.

"O Lord, our desires are before Thee, and our griefs are not hid from Thine eyes,"

sang the sweet alto voice, with the stifled pleading of a heart to which this was no unfamiliar prayer. And the chorus answered:

"Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him."

Again:

"O Thou that hearest prayer, unto Thee shall all flesh come,"

pleaded the pathetic voice, and the chorus caught up the refrain and repeated it in low chanting measure, while the sweet voice rose higher, thrilling with passionate longing, and sinking softly at last to a low, restful strain, growing fainter, and then blending triumphantly in the grand "Amen."

People whispered, "What a sweet voice!" and some of the city visitors said, "Who would have expected anything equal to this up here in this out-of-the-way place?"

One of the strangers who came in last, a tall, fair gentleman, leaned forward as the first note fell on his ear and listened spellbound, and he

only fathomed the depths whence that rare voice, with its burden of passionate sorrow, sprang. He grew so pale that his companion leaned forward and whispered:

"What is the matter, Mark, are you faint?"

But Mark Delavan shook his head and sat upright, his eyes resting on one face.

And Kathleen? She had felt rather than seen his presence as she rose to sing, but the strong will and steady nerves never failed her. She did not faint, and she sang as she never sang before. When it was over, she sank into her seat white and trembling, and leaned her head on the railing in front of her.

It was some minutes before she dared to raise it and look—a long, eager look—at him. He was the same, yet how changed—how pale and worn he was! But gradually the old smile came into his eyes, and once he gave her just one little look. There were two more hymns and the sermon, and at last it was over. The two Lancaster girls, Mr. Peters, and half the choir gathered about her, the moment service was ended, with anxious inquiries; and when Kathleen was well-nigh desperate, Dr. Lancaster came to the rescue. "She is tired, of course—anybody would be. Too outrageous hot day to go to church. Let her alone, do!" he scolded, and took her away. As they walked into the cool hall at home, Nettie Lancaster came running excitedly to meet them. "There is a gentleman in the parlor to see you, Kathleen; one of those strangers in the Vaughn pew, come up just ahead of me!" Doctor Lancaster opened his mouth. "A gentleman! She isn't fit——" But Kathleen was gone, and the sentence was never finished.

Mark Delavan, pacing the parlor floor impatiently, turned as she came in, and, taking one step forward, caught her in his arms. "My little Kathleen!"

"Mark! oh, Mark!" And then the brave spirit broke down, and she lay sobbing on his breast. He took off her hat and drew the fair head close, kissing the golden braids and murmuring tender words in her ear. "Oh, my darling, my darling," he whispered, "have I found you at last! Look up, dear, and let me be sure that it is you, and not a spirit that I hold here—that I shall not wake up and find it all a dream. Oh, my love, my love! I have dreamed so often that I held you in my arms, close, close at my heart, as now, and kissed your

lips, and you have kissed me, and then I have awakened to find it only a dream!"

"But it is not a dream now." And Kathleen lifted her head, smiling through her tears. "See, I am your own Kathleen!" And she wound her arms about his neck and put her lips to his.

"My own, my own!" he murmured softly. "My Kathleen mavourneen! And you have loved me all this time! Tell me that you love me, sweet!"

"Oh! how I do love you, Mark!" she answered, looking up into his eyes. And then he kissed her brow and lips and hair passionately, and they were silent for a long time. By and by he told his story.

"I came back to Content Cottage that night," he said, "to find my forebodings realized; but I had a 'crumb of comfort' in that little note; only you gave no address, and I was half afraid that it was an intentional oversight,—that you didn't want to be bothered with such a troublesome fellow, and an Englishman too; forgive me, dear. I know better now, and I did not believe it then, for I had your sweet good-bye to give me courage. I knew my darling loved me when she looked up in that pleading way into my face that night. I went to Mrs. Morris and to Mrs. Arbuthnot, but neither of them knew your address. Then I wrote to Quintnook, supposing that the postmaster there would forward the letters to your address, as I requested him to do. I went back to New York in September, and all this time I was writing and waiting. At last, in October, I went down to Quintnook, hoping to get some clue there that should aid me in finding you; for, dearest, I did not mean to give you up until I knew from your own lips that there was no hope for me. I found out nothing except that my letters had never been forwarded to you, because the postmaster did not know where you were, and had received no directions from you. Some of your friends had known the name of the place where your aunt went, but could not remember it. All that I had to fall back upon was the very definite direction that you were somewhere in Connecticut.

"Well, I got a map of the State and wrote to an unaccountable number of places, but the letters all came back to me. I began to wonder if you were indeed a real being of flesh and blood or a spirit who had come to me and lingered just long enough for me to learn to love her and then vanished forever.

"In January I made another journey to Quintnook, and half formed a plan to stay there and board until you came back, as you told Mrs. A—you should do, whenever your aunt was able. I thought that was my only chance of finding you; but when I returned to New York I found a dispatch from home, telling me of the severe illness of my only brother. I went back to England at once, and in March he died. Just as I was ready to return to this country I was taken with the fever and was very sick for a month. As soon as I got strong enough I came back here to renew my search, for I meant never to rest until I found you. I went to the Arbuthnots and told them the story, and they have helped me all they could. I have been up to Content Cottage, and have traveled all over this State. I came down to Lester, where the Arbuthnots are stopping,—Professor A's father lives there,—to spend Sunday, meaning to go to Quintnook to-morrow. Charlie Arbuthnot proposed that we should drive over here to church.

"When I went in I did not see you, but almost instantly you began to sing. I never had heard you sing, sweetheart; but I knew your voice, and as I listened to it and looked into your face, I knew you were my darling still, and that for you as for me it had been a weary waiting. My love, my love, I shall never dare to leave you again!"

An hour later Doctor Lancaster came to the door and Kathleen made him come in and introduced him to "my friend, Mr. Delavan," with a very charming little blush. Then Mark told him the whole story, while Kathleen went up-stairs to bathe her happy face and put on a dainty white dress. Coming down presently, she found that Mark was to stay to the early supper, which on Sundays took the place of dinner, by the doctor's express invitation, and later the good doctor himself drove him over to Lester.

The next morning the Arbuthnots came over to call on Kathleen and Mark accompanied them. Mrs. Arbuthnot kissed and cried over Kathleen in a way that left no room to doubt her hearty sympathy. "To think what you must have suffered!" she said. "But it is all over now, and you will be very happy. Mark is such a noble fellow; and his uncle, Sir Hugh Delavan, is very fond of him. He is his heir, you know, and Sir Hugh has a beautiful estate in Surrey and a fine house in London. Mark has an estate of his own in Wales

somewhere, and is planning all manner of improvements, and is full of schemes. You know he came to this country to study American ideas and how to help the working people, and he means to give all his life to their service. My dear, you don't mean to say that he never told you all this!"

"He never talked much about himself," said Kathleen smiling. "I knew that his father and mother died when he was quite young; he has told me a good deal about his mother and something about his uncle who brought him up, but for a long time I did not even know that he was English."

"Just like him," said Mrs. Arbuthnot. "I dare say we should never have known, only Fred has been there. He came back from Germany with Mark and went to Delavan Manor and stayed a week. Such a lovely place, Fred says; Sir Hugh is a real old English gentleman, and his wife very good and motherly, and the two girls—there are no sons—are lovely English girls. The Delavans are a very old family. Mark's own home in Wales—it has an unpronounceable name—is a charming wild place, though it has been very much neglected, but he means to remedy that. It is just like a story-book, dear. Mark is the grandest fellow! Fred says you ought to be a very happy woman!"

Kathleen smiled—a very sweet little smile.

"I think I am," she answered softly.

Mark, coming up just then, saw the smile and heard the words, and taking her hand drew it within his arm.

"To think how little you have told her about yourself, Mark!" said Mrs. Arbuthnot, shaking her head at him.

"My dear Mrs. Arbuthnot, I did not dare to; she does not like the English. My only hope lay in silence." And there was a general laugh.

"And how soon do you propose to take her away to that despised land?" asked Mrs. Arbuthnot merrily.

"She has consented to exile herself on the first of September," was the reply.

"And meanwhile?"

"And meanwhile," Mark answered, "I shall not venture far away. I shall take up my quarters at the Chequishnoc House for the few remaining weeks, as Doctor Lancaster kindly insists that we shall be married here."

But after they were all gone he drew Kathleen into his arms and said softly :

"My darling, do you think I do not know what you are giving up for my sake?"

She looked up with a bright smile.

"As if it could be anything but home where you are, Mark! I love England already, because it is your country, dear. But, Mark"—putting both arms about his neck and looking wistfully into his face—"one thing I do want very much, and that is to go down to dear old Quinticook before I go away."

"You shall, dear," he answered. "We will

both go; only—may we be married a week earlier, then?"

"Oh, Mark!" she exclaimed blushing.

"Never mind the dresses, love. I wish you could be married in that blue dress you wore that day we went to the Ridge. Say it shall be the twenty-fourth, sweet."

And he had his own way. So it came to pass that they were married and went down to Quinticook together in just one year from the day when they said good-bye to one another under the lilacs at Content Cottage.

A SUNFLOWER.

EARTH hides her secrets deep
Down where the small seed lies,
Hid from the air and skies
Where first it sank to sleep.
To grow, to blossom, and to die—
Ah! who shall know her hidden alchemy?

Quick stirs the inner strife,
Strong grow the powers of life,
Forth from earth's mother breast,
From her dark homes of rest,
Forth as an essence rare
Eager to meet the air
Growth's very being, seen
Here, in this tenderest green.

Drawn by the light above,
Upward the life must move;
Touched by the outward life
Kindles anew the strife,
Light seeks the dark's domain,
Draws thence with quickening pain
New store of substance rare,
Back through each tingling vein
Thrusts the new life again—
Beauty unfolds in air.

So grows earth's changeling child,
By light and air beguiled
Out of her dreamless rest
Safe in the mother breast.
Impulses come to her,
New hopes without a name
Touch every leaf, and stir
Colorless sap to flame;
Quick through her pulses run
Love's hidden mystic powers,

She wakes in golden flowers
Trembling to greet the sun.

What means this being new,
Sweet pain she never knew
Down in the quiet earth
Ere hope had come to birth?
Golden he shines above,
Love wakes, and born of love
All her sweet flowers unfold
In rays of burning gold.
Life, then, means naught but this—
Trembling to wait his kiss,
Wake to emotion?
There where he glows she turns
All her gold flowers, and burns
With her devotion.
Ah! but when day is done?
When he is gone, her sun,
King of her world and lover?
Low droops the faithful head
Where the brown earth is spread
Waiting once more to cover
Dead hopes and blossoms over.

Earthborn to earth must pass—
Spirits of leaf and grass
Touched by the sun and air
Break into colors rare,
Blossom in love and flowers.
Theirs are the golden fruits—
Earth clings around the roots,
She whispers through the hours,
"I will enfold again
Life's being; love and pain
Back to the mother breast
Fall as the falling dew,
Once more to pass anew
Into the dreamless rest."

M. B.

KITH AND KIN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FIRST VIOLIN."

CHAPTER XX.—"MY COUSIN JUDITH!"

BERNARD did not return to Scar Foot that night. He had left word with Mrs. Aveson that he might not do so. He remained all night at Mr. Whaley's, at Yoresett, discussing business matters with him. Judith, after her return, sat up-stairs with her mother, and wondered what made her feel so wretched—what caused the sensation of fierce desolation in her heart. Mrs. Conisbrough was quickly recovering, and had begun to chat, though scarcely cheerfully. Her conversation was hardly of a bracing or inspiring nature, and the blow dealt by the old man's will was still felt almost in its full force. Likewise, she was a woman much given to wondering what was to become of them all.

But she no longer raged against Aglionby, and Judith did not know whether to be relieved or uneasy at the change.

On Tuesday morning Dr. Lowther called, and pronounced Mrs. Conisbrough quite fit to go home on the following day, as arranged; he added that she might go down-stairs that day, if she chose. Judith trembled lest she should decide to do so, but she did not. She either could not or would not face Bernard Aglionby, and, in him, her fate. So Judith said to herself, trying to find reasons for her mother's conduct, and striving, too, to still the fears which had sprung up in her own breast, to take no heed of the sickening qualms of terror which had attacked her at intervals ever since she had seen her mother on the morning of the reading of the will—her expression, and the sudden failing of her voice; her cowering down; the shudder with which she had shrunk away from Bernard's direct gaze. That incident had marked the first stage of her terrors; the second had been reached when her mother had opened her eyes, and spoken her incoherent words about "Bernarda," and what Bernarda had said. The third and worst phase of her secret fear had been entered upon when Aglionby had solemnly assured her that, save his grandfather, he had never possessed a rich relation, on either father's or mother's side. She had pondered upon it all till her heart was sick. She saw the

deep flush which overspread Mrs. Conisbrough's face every time that Bernard's name was mentioned, and her own desire to "depart hence and be no more seen" grew stronger every hour. Late in the afternoon of Tuesday, Mrs. Conisbrough, tired of even pretending to listen to the book which Judith had been reading to her, advised the latter to take a walk, adding that she wished to be alone, and thought she could go to sleep if she were left. Judith complied. She put on her hat and went out into the garden. Once there, the recollection came to her mind, that to-morrow she was leaving Scar Foot—that after to-morrow it would not be possible for her to return here: she took counsel with herself, and advised herself to take her farewell now, and once for all, of the dear familiar things which must henceforth be strange to her. Fate was kind, in so far as it allowed her to part on friendly terms from Bernard Aglionby, but that was all she could expect. If, for the future, she were enabled to stay somewhere in shelter and obscurity, and to keep silence, what more could be wanted? "By me, and such as me, nothing," she said inwardly, and with some bitterness.

In addition to this feeling, she was wearied of the house, of the solitude, and the confinement. Despite her grief and her foreboding, she being, if not "a perfect woman," at least a "nobly-planned" one, felt strength and vigor in every limb, and a desire for exercise and expansion, which would not let her rest. She wandered all round the old garden, gathered a spray from the now flowerless "rose without thorns," which flourished in one corner of it, sat for a minute or two in the alcove, and gazed at the prospect on the other side with a mournful satisfaction, and then, finding that it was still early, wandered down to the lake-side, to the little landing-place, where the boat with the grass-green sides, and with the name "Delphine" painted on it, was moored.

"I should like a last row on the lake dearly," thought Judith, and quickly enough followed the other thought, "and why not?" So thought, so decided. She went to the little shed where the

oars were kept, seized a pair, and sprang into the boat, unchained it from its moorings, and with a strong, practiced stroke or two, was soon in deep water. It gave her a sensation of joy, to be once more here, on the bosom of this sweet and glistening Shennamere. She pulled slowly, and with many pauses; stopping every now and then to let her boat float, and to enjoy the exquisite panorama of hills surrounding the lake, and of the long, low front of Scar Foot, in its gardens. A mist rushed across her eyes and a sob rose to her throat as she beheld it.

"Ah," thought Judith, "and this is what will keep rising up in my memory at all times, and in all seasons, good or bad. Well, it *must* be, I suppose. Shennamere, good-bye!"

She had rowed all across the lake, a mile, perhaps, and was almost at the opposite shore, beneath the village of Busk. There was a gorgeous October sunset, flaming all across the heavens, and casting over everything a weird, beautiful light and glamor, and at the same time the dusk was creeping on, as it does in October, following quickly on the skirts of the sunset.

She skirted along by the shore, thinking, "I must turn back," and feeling strangely unwilling to do so. She looked at the grassy fringe at the edge of the lake, which in summer was always a waste of the fair yellow iris; one of the sweetest flowers that blow, to her thinking and to mine. She heard the twittering of some ousels, and other water-birds. She heard the shrill voice of a young woman on the road, singing a song. She raised her eyes to look for the young woman, wondering whether it were any acquaintance of hers, and before her glance had time to wander far enough, it rested, astonished, upon the figure of Bernard Aglionby, whose presence on that road, and on foot, was a mystery to her, since his way to Scar Foot lay on the other side of the lake.

But he was standing there, had stopped in his walk, evidently, so that she knew not from which direction he came, and was now lifting his hat to her.

"Good-afternoon!" cried Judith quickly, and surprised to feel her cheeks grow hot.

"Good-afternoon," he responded, coming down to the water's edge, and looking, as usual, very earnest.

"You are not rowing about here all alone?" added, in some astonishment.

This question called up a smile to Judith's face, and she asked, leaning on her oars:

"And why not, pray?"

"It is dangerous. And you are alone, and a lady."

Judith laughed outright. "Shennamere dangerous! That shows how little you know about it. I have rowed up and down it since I was a child; indeed, any child could do it."

"Could it? I wish you would let me try, then."

"Would you like it, really?" asked Judith, in some surprise.

"There is nothing I should like better, if you will let me."

"Then see! I will row up to the shore, and you can get in and pull me back if you will, for I begin to feel my arms tired. It is some time since I have rowed, now."

This was easily managed. He took her place, and she took the tiller-cords, sitting opposite to him. It was not until after this arrangement had been made, and they were rowing back in a leisurely manner, toward Scar Foot, that Judith began to feel a little wonder as to how it had all happened—how Bernard came to be in the boat with her, rowing her home. He was very quiet, she noticed, almost subdued, and he looked somewhat tired. His eyes rested upon her every now and then with a speculative, half-absent expression, and he was silent, till at last she said:

"How came you on the Lancashire road, Mr. Aglionby, and on foot? I thought you would be driving back from Yoresett."

"I did drive as far as the top of the hill above the bridge, and then I got out to walk round this way. You must know that I find a pleasure which I cannot express, in simply wandering about here, and looking at the views. It is perfectly delightful. But I might say, how came you to be at this side of the lake, alone and at sunset?"

"That is nothing surprising, for me. We are leaving to-morrow, after which we shall have done with Scar Foot forever. I have been bidding good-bye to it all. The house, the garden, the lake, everything."

That "everything" came out with an energy which smacked of anything but resignation pure and simple.

"Bidding good-bye? Ah, I must have seemed a bold, insolent intruder, at such a moment. I

wonder you condescended to speak to me. I wonder you did not instantly turn away, and row back again, with all speed. Instead of which—I am here with you.”

Judith did not reply, though their eyes met, and her lips parted. It was a jest, but a jest which she found it impossible to answer. Aglionby also perhaps judged it best to say nothing more. Yet both hearts swelled. Though they maintained silence, both felt that there was more to be said. Both knew, as they glided on in the sharp evening air, in the weird light of the sunset, that this was not the end: other things had yet to happen. Some of the sunset glow had already faded, perhaps it had sunk with its warmth and fire into their hearts, which were hot; the sky had taken a more pallid hue. At the foot of the lake, Addleborough rose, bleak and forbidding; Judith leaned back, and looked at it, and saw how cold it was, but while she knew the chillness of it, she was all the time intensely, feverishly conscious of Aglionby's proximity to herself. Now and again, for a second at a time, her eyes were drawn irresistibly to his figure. How rapidly had her feelings toward him been modified! On the first day she had seen him, he had struck her as an enthusiastic provincial politician: he had been no more a real person to her than if she had never seen him. Next she had beheld him walking behind Mr. Whaley into the parlor at Scar Foot; had seen the cool uncompromising curve of his lips, the proud, cold glance in his eyes. Then, he had suddenly become the master, the possessor, wielding power undisputed and indisputable over what she had always considered her own, not graspingly, but from habit and association. She had for some time feared and distrusted his hardness, but gradually yet quickly those feelings had changed, till now, without understanding how, she had got to feel a deep admiration for and delight in his dark, keen face; full of strength, full of resolution and pride; it was all softened at the present moment, and to her there seemed a beauty not to be described in its sombre tints, and in the outline expressive of such decision and firmness, a firmness which had just now lost the old sneering vivacity of eye and lip.

It all seemed too unstable to be believed in. Would it ever end? Gliding onward, to the accompaniment of a rhythmic splash of the oars, and ripple of the water, with the mountains

apparently floatingly receding from before them, while the boat darted onward. A month ago this young man had been an obscure salesman in an Irkford warehouse, and she, Judith Conisbrough, had been the supposed co-heiress, with her sisters, of all John Aglionby's lands and money: now the obscure salesman was in full possession of both the lands and the money, while from her, being poor, had been taken even that she had, and more had yet to go. She felt no resentment toward Aglionby, absolutely none: for herself she experienced a dull sensation of pain; a shrinking from the years to come of loneliness, neglect, and struggle. She pictured the future, as she glided on in the present. He, as soon as he had settled things to his pleasure, would get married to that tall, fair girl with whom she had seen him. They would live at Scar Foot, or wherever else it list them to live; they would be happy with one another; would rejoice in their possessions, and enjoy life side by side:—while she—bah! she impatiently told herself—of what use to repine about it? That only made one look foolish. It was so, and that was all about it. The sins of the fathers should be relentlessly and unsparingly visited upon the children. He, her present companion, had said so, and she attached an altogether unreasonable importance to his words. He had held that creed in the days of his adversity and poverty, that creed of “no forgiveness.” If it had supported him, why not her also? True, he was a man, and she was a woman; and all men, save the most unhappy and unfortunate of all, were taught and expected to work. She had only been forced to wait. Perhaps, if he had not had to work, and been compelled to forget himself and his wrongs in toil, he might have proved a harder adversary now than he was.

The boat glided alongside the landing place. He sprang up, jumped upon the boards, and handed her out.

“It is nearly dark,” he observed, and his voice, though low, was deep and full, as a voice is wont to be, when deep thoughts or real emotion has lately stirred the mind. “We will send out to have the things put away.” He walked beside her up the grassy path, as silent as she was, and her heart was full. Was it not for the last time? As he held the wicket open for her, and then followed her up the garden, he said:

"Miss Conisbrough, I have a favor to ask of you."

"A favor, what is it?"

"Only a trifle," said Aglionby. "It is that you will sing me a song to-night—one particular song."

"Sing you a song!" ejaculated Judith, amazed. And the request, considering the terms on which they stood, was certainly a calm one.

"Yes, the song I overheard you singing on Sunday night, 'Goden Abend, Gode Nacht!' I want to hear it again."

They now stood in the porch, and as Judith hesitated, and looked at him, she found his eyes bent upon her face, as if he waited less for a reply than for compliance with his request—or demand—she knew not which it was. She conquered her surprise; tried to think she felt it to be a matter of entire indifference, and said, "I will sing it, if you like."

"I do like, very much. And when will you sing it?" he asked, pausing at the foot of the stairs. Judith had ascended a step or two.

"Oh, when Mrs. Aveson calls me down to supper," she answered slowly, her surprise not yet overcome.

"Thank you. You are very indulgent, and I assure you I feel proportionately grateful," said Aglionby, with a smile which Judith knew not how to interpret. She said not a word, but left him at the foot of the stairs, with an odd little thrill shooting through her, as she thought:

"I was not wrong. He does delight to be the master—and perhaps I ought to have resisted—though I don't know why. One might easily obey that kind of master—but what does it all matter? After to-morrow afternoon all this will be at an end."

Aglionby turned into the parlor, as she went up-stairs; the smile lingering still on his lips. All the day, off and on, the scene had haunted him in imagination—Judith seated at the piano, singing, he standing somewhere near her, listening to that one particular song. All day, too, he had kept telling himself that, all things considered, it would hardly do to ask her to sing it; that it would look very like impertinence if he did; would be presuming on his position—would want some more accomplished tactician than he was, to make the request come easily and naturally.

Yet (he thought, as he stood by the window), whether he had done it easily or not, it had been done. He had asked her, and she had consented. What else would she do for him, he wondered, if he asked her. Then came a poignant, regretful wish that he had asked her for something else. In reflecting upon the little scene which was just over, he felt a keen, pungent pleasure, as he remembered her look of surprise, and seemed to see how she gradually yielded to him, with a certain unbending of her dignity, which he found indescribably and perilously fascinating.

"I wish I had asked her for something else!" he muttered. "Why had I not my wits about me? A trumpery song! Such a little thing! I am glad I made her understand that it was a trifle. I should like to see her look if I asked her a real favor. I should like to see how she took it. Something that it would cost her something to grant—something the granting of which argued that she looked with favor upon one. Would she do it? By Jove, if her pride were tamed to it, and she did it at last, it would be worth a man's while to go on his knees for it, whatever it was."

He stood by the window, frowning over what seemed to him his own obtuseness, till at last a gleam of pleasure flitted across his face.

"I have it!" he said within himself, with a triumphant smile. "I will make her promise. She will not like it, she will chafe under it, but she shall promise. The greatest favor she could confer upon me would be to receive a favor from me—and she shall. Then she can never look upon me as 'nobody' again."

He rang for lights, and pulled out a bundle of papers which Mr. Whaley had given him to look over, but on trying to study them he found that he could not conjure up the slightest interest in them; that they were, on the contrary, most distasteful to him. He opened the window at last, and leaned out, saying to himself, as he flung the papers upon the table:

"If she knew what was before her, she would not come down. But she has promised, and heaven forbid that I should forewarn and forearm her."

The night was fine; moonless, but starlight. He went outside, lit his pipe, and paced about. He had been learning from Mr. Whaley what a goodly heritage he had entered upon. He was beginning to understand how he stood, and what

advantages and privileges were to be his. All the time that he conned them over, the face of Judith Conisbrough seemed to accompany them, and a sense of how unjustly she had been treated, above all others, burnt in his mind. Before he went to Irkford, before he did anything else, this question must be settled. It should be settled to-night, between him and her. He meant first to make her astonished, to see her put on her air of queenly surprise at his unembarrassed requests, and then he meant her to submit, for her mother's and sisters' sake, and, incidentally, for his pleasure.

It was an agreeable picture; one, too, of a kind that was new to him. He did not realize its significance for himself. He only knew that the pleasure of conquest was great, when the obstacle to be conquered was strong and beautiful.

He was roused from these schemes and plans by the sound of some chords struck on the piano, and he quickly went into the house. Judith had seated herself at the piano: she had resumed her usual calmness of mien, and turned to him as he entered.

"I thought this would summon you, Mr. Aglionby. You seem fond of music."

"Music has been fond of me, and a kind friend to me, always," said he. "I see you have no lights. Shall I ring for candles?"

"No, thank you. I have no music with me. All that I sing must be sung from memory, and the fire-light will be enough for that."

She did not at once sing the song he had asked for, but played one or two fragments first; then struck the preluding chords and sang it.

"I like that song better than anything I ever heard," said he emphatically, after she had finished it.

"I like it, too," said Judith. "Mrs. Malleeson gave it to me, or I should never have become possessed of such a song. Do you know Mrs. Malleeson?" she added.

"No. Who is she?"

The wife of the vicar of Stanniforth. I hope he will call upon you, but of course he is sure to do so. And you will meet them out. I advise you to make a friend of Mrs. Malleeson, if you can."

"I suppose," observed Bernard, "that most, or all of the people who knew my grandfather, will call upon me, and ask me to their houses?"

"Of course."

"How odd that seems, doesn't it? If I had not, by an accident, become master here—if I had remained in my delightful warehouse at Irkford, none of these people would have known of my existence, or if they had they would have taken no notice of me. Not that I consider it any injustice," he added quickly, "because I hold that unless you prove yourself in some way noticeable, either by being rich, or very clever, or very handsome, or very something, you have no right whatever to complain of neglect—one at all. Why *should* people notice you?"

"Just so; only you know, there is this to be said on the other side. If all these people had known as well as possible who you were, and where you lived, and all about you, they would still have taken no notice of you while you were in that position. I don't want to disparage them. I am sure some of them are very good, kind-hearted people. I am only speaking from experience."

"And you are right enough. You are not going?" he added, seeing that she rose. "Supper is not ready yet."

"Thank you. I do not want any supper. And it is not very early."

"Then, if you will go, I must say now what I wanted to say. You need not leave me this instant, need you? I really have something to say to you, if you will listen to me."

Judith paused, looked at him, and sat down again.

"I am in no hurry," said she; "what do you wish to say to me?"

"You said this afternoon that you had gone to say good-bye to Scar Foot, to the lake—to everything; that after you left here to-day you would have 'done with' Scar Foot. It would no longer be anything to you. You meant, I suppose, that you would never visit it again. Why should that be so?"

They were seated, Judith on the music-stool, on which she had turned round when they began to talk, and he leaning forward on a chair just opposite to her. Close to them was the broad hearth, with its bright fire and sparkling blazes, lighting up the two faces very distinctly. He was looking very earnestly at her, and he asked the question in a manner which showed that he intended to have an answer. It was not wanting. She replied, almost without a pause:

"Well, you see, we cannot possibly come here now, as we were accustomed to do in my uncle's time, just when we chose; to ramble about for an hour or two, take a meal with him, and then go home again, or, if he asked us, to spend a few days here: it would not do."

"But you need not be debarred from ever coming to the place, just because you cannot do exactly as you used to do."

She was silent, with a look of some pain and perplexity—not the dignified surprise he had expected to see. But the subject was, or rather it had grown, very near to Bernard's heart. He was determined to argue the question out.

"Is it because Scar Foot has become mine, because I could turn you out if I liked, and because you are too proud to have anything to do with me?" he asked, coolly and deliberately.

Judith looked up, shocked.

"What a horrible idea! What could have put such a thought into your head?"

"Your elaborate ceremonial of everlasting farewell, this afternoon, I think," he answered, and went on boldly, though he saw her raise her head somewhat indignantly. "Do listen to me, Miss Conisbrough; I know that in your opinion I must be a most unwelcome interloper. But I think you will believe me when I say that I have nothing but kindly feelings toward you—that I would give a good deal—even sacrifice a good deal to be on kindly terms with Mrs. Conisbrough and you, and your family. I wish to be just, to repair my grandfather's injustice. You know, as we discovered the other night, we are relations. What I want to ask is, will you not meet me half-way? You will not hold aloof—I beg you will not! You will help me to conciliate Mrs. Conisbrough, to repair, in some degree, the injustice which has been done her. I am sure you will. I count securely upon you," he added, looking full into her face, "for you are so utterly outside all petty motives of spite or resentment. You could not act upon a feeling of pique or offense, I am sure."

She was breathing quickly; her fingers locked in one another; her face a little averted, and flushed, as he could see, by something more than the fire-light.

"You have far too good an opinion of me," she said, in a low tone; "you are mistaken about me. I try to forget such considerations, but I

assure you I am not what you take me for. I am soured, I believe, and embittered by many things which have conspired to make my life rather a lonely one."

"How little you know yourself!" said Bernard. "If I had time, I should laugh at you. But I want you to listen to me, and seriously to consider my proposal. Will you not help me in this plan? You said at first, you know, that you would not oppose it. Now I want you to promise your co-operation."

"In other words," said Judith quietly, "you want me to persuade mamma to accept as a gift from you, some of the money which she had expected to have, but which, as is very evident, my uncle was at the last determined she should not have."

Aglionby smiled. He liked the opposition, and had every intention of conquering it.

"That is the way in which you prefer to put it, I suppose," he said. "I do not see why you should, I am sure. You did not use such expressions about it the other night, and, at any rate, I have your promise. But I fear you think the suggestion an impertinent one. How am I to convince you that nothing could be further from my thoughts, than impertinence?"

"I never thought it was impertinent," answered Judith, and if her voice was calm, her heart was not. Not only had she not thought him impertinent, but she was strangely distressed and disturbed at his imagining she had thought him so.

"I thought," she went on, "that it was very kind, very generous."

"I would rather you took it as being simply just. But, at any rate, you will give me your assistance, for I know that without it I shall never succeed in getting Mrs. Conisbrough's consent to my wishes."

He spoke urgently. Judith was moved—distressed—he saw.

"I know I gave you a kind of promise," she began slowly.

"A kind of promise! Your words were, 'I shall not oppose it.' Can you deny it?"

"No, those were my words. But I had had no time to think about it then. I have done so since. I have looked at it in every possible light, with the sincere desire to comply with your wish, and all I can say is, that I must ask you to release me from my promise."

"Not unless you tell me why," said he, in a deep tone of something like anger.

"I cannot tell you why," said Judith, her own full tones vibrating and growing somewhat faint. "I can only ask you to believe me when I say that it would indeed be best in every way if, after we leave your house, you cease to take any notice of us. If we meet casually, either in society, or in any other way, there is no reason why we should not be friendly. But it must end there. It is best that it should do so. And do not try to help my mother in the way you proposed. I—I cannot give any assistance in the matter, if you do."

This was not the kind of opposition which Aglionby had bargained for. For a few moments he was silent, a black frown settling on his brow, but far indeed from having given up the game. Nothing had ever before aroused in him such an ardent desire to prevail. He was thinking about his answer; wondering what it would be best for him to say, when Judith, who perhaps had misunderstood his silence, resumed in a low, regretful voice:

"To spend money which had come from you—to partake of comforts which your generosity had procured, would be impossible—to me, at any rate. It would scorch me, I feel."

Again a momentary silence. Then the storm broke:

"You have such a loathing for me, you hate me so bitterly and so implacably that you can sit there, and say this to me, with the utmost indifference," with passionate grief in his voice; grief and anger blended in a way that cut her to the quick. And so changed was he, all in a moment, that she was startled, and almost terrified.

"What!" she faltered; "have I said something wrong? I, hate you? Heaven forbid! It would be myself that I should hate, because——"

"Because you had touched something that was defiled by coming from me. Because it had been mine!"

"Thank God that it is yours!" said Judith suddenly, and in a stronger tone. "It is the one consolation that I have in the matter. When I think how very near it was to being ours, and that we might have had it and used it, I feel as if I had escaped but little short of a miracle, from——"

She stopped suddenly.

"I don't understand you."

"Do not try. Put me down as an ill-disposed virago. I feel like one sometimes. And yet, I would have you believe that I appreciate your motives—it is out of no ill-feeling——"

"It is useless to tell me that," he broke in, in uncontrollable agitation. "I see that you have contained your wrath until this evening; you have nourished a bitter grudge against me, and you feel that the time has come for you to discharge your debt. You have succeeded. You wished to humiliate me, and you have done so most thoroughly, and as I was never humiliated before. Understand—if you find any gratification in it, that I am wounded and mortified to the quick. I had hoped that by stooping—by using every means in my power—to please you, I should succeed in conciliating you and yours. I wished to put an end to this horrible discord and division, to do that which was right, and without doing which, I can never enjoy the heritage that has fallen to me. No, never! and you—have led me on—have given me your promise, and now you withdraw it. You know your power, and that it is useless for me to appeal to Mrs. Conisbrough, if you do not allow her to hear me, and——"

"You accuse me strangely," she began, in a trembling voice, forgetting that she had desired him to look upon her as a virago, and appalled by the storm she had aroused, and yet, feeling a strange, thrilling delight in it, and a kind of reckless desire to abandon herself to its fury. Even while she raised her voice in opposition to it, she hoped it would not instantly be lulled. There was something more attractive in it than in the commonplace civilities of an unbroken and meaningless politeness. She had her half-conscious wish gratified to the utmost, for he went on:

"Strangely, how strangely? I thought women were by nature fitted to promote peace. I thought that you, of all others, would encourage harmony and kindness. I appealed to you, because I knew your will was stronger than that of your mother. It only needs your counsel and influence to make her see things as I wish her to see them. And you thrust me capriciously aside—your manner, your actions all tell me to retire with the plunder I have got, and to gloat over it alone. You stand aside in scorn. You prefer poverty, and I believe

you would prefer starvation, to extending a hand to one whom you consider a robber and an upstart——”

“You are wrong, you are wrong!” she exclaimed vehemently and almost wildly, clasping her hands tightly together and looking at him with a pale face and dilated eyes.

“Then, show me that I am wrong!” he said, standing before her, and extending his hands toward her. “Repent what you have said about benefits derived from me *scorching* you!” (He did not know that the flash from his own eyes was almost enough to produce the same effect). “Recall it, and I will forget all this scene—as soon as I can, that is. Judith——” She started, changed color, and he went on in his softest and most persuasive accent. “My cousin Judith, despite all you have just been flinging at me of hard and cruel things, I still cling to the conviction that you are a noble woman, and I ask you once more for your friendship, and your good offices toward your mother. Do not repulse me again.”

She looked speechlessly into his face. Where were now the scintillating eyes, the harsh discord of tone, the suppressed rage of manner? Gone; and in their stead there were the most dulcet sounds of a most musical voice; eyes that pleaded humbly and almost tenderly, and a hand held out beseechingly, craving her friendship, her good offices.

A faint shudder ran through Judith's whole frame. His words and the tone of them rang in her ears, and would ring there for many a day, and cause her heart to beat whenever she remembered them. “Judith—my cousin Judith!” His hot earnestness, and the unconscious fascination which he could throw into both looks and tones, had not found her callous and immovable. While she did not understand what the feeling was which overmastered her, she yet felt the pain of having to repulse him amount to actual agony. She felt like one lost and bewildered. All she knew or realized was, that it would have been delicious to yield unconditionally in this matter of persuading her mother to his will; to hear his wishes and obey them, and that of all things this was the one point on which she must hold out, and resist. Shaken by a wilder emotion than she had ever felt before, she suddenly caught the hands he stretched toward her, and exclaimed, brokenly:

“Ah, forgive me, if you can, but do not be so hard upon me. You do not know what you are saying. I cannot obey you. I wish I could.”

She covered her face with her hands, with a short sob.

Aglionby could not at first reply. Across the storm of mortification and anger, of good-will repulsed, and reverence momentarily chilled, another feeling was creeping, the feeling that behind all this agitation and refusal on her part, something lay hidden which was not aversion to him; that the victory he had craved for was substantially his: she did not refuse his demand because she had no wish to comply with it. She denied him against her will, not with it. She was not churlish. He might still believe her noble. She was harassed evidently, worn with trouble, and with some secret grief. He forgot for the moment that a confiding heart at Irkford looked to him for support and comfort; indeed, he had a vague idea, which had not yet been distinctly formulated, that there were few troubles which Miss Vane could not drive away, by dint of dress and jewelry and amusement. He felt that so long as he had a full purse he could comfort Lizzie and cherish her. This was a different case; this was a suffering which silk attire and diamonds could not alleviate, a wound not to be stanchd for a moment by social distinction and the envy of other women. His heart ached sympathetically. He could comprehend that feeling.

He knew that he could feel likewise. Nay, had he not experienced a foretaste of some such feeling this very night, when she had vowed that she could not aid him in his scheme, and he had felt his newly-acquired riches turn poor and sterile in consequence, and his capacity for enjoying them shrivel up? But there was a ray of joy even amid this pain, in thinking that this hidden obstacle did not imply anything derogatory to her. He might yet believe her noble, and treat her as noble. His was one of the natures which cannot only discern nobility in shabby guise, but which are perhaps almost too prone to seek it there, rather than under purple mantles; being inclined to grudge the wearers of the latter any distinction save that of inherited outside splendor. The fact that Miss Conisbrough was a very obscure character; that she was almost sordidly poor; that the gown she wore was both shabby and old-fashioned, and that whatever secret trou-

bles she had, she must necessarily often be roused from them, in order to consider how most advantageously to dispose of the metaphorical sixpence—all this lent to his eyes, and to his way of thinking, a reality to her grief; a concreteness to her distress. He had no love for moonshine and unreality, and though Judith Conisbrough had this night overwhelmed him with contradictions and vague, intangible replies to his questions, yet he was more firmly convinced than ever that all about her was real.

If she had to suffer—and he was sure now that she had—he would be magnanimous, though he did not consciously apply so grand a name to his own conduct. After a pause he said, slowly:

"I must ask your forgiveness. I had no business to get into a passion. It was unmanly, and, I believe, brutal. I can only atone for it in one way, and that is by trying to do what you wish; though I cannot conceal that your decision is a bitter blow to me. I had hoped that everything would be so different. But tell me once again that you do not *wish* to be at enmity with me; that it is no personal ill-will which——"

"Oh, Mr. Aglionby!"

"Could you not stretch a point for once?" said Bernard, looking at her with a strangely mingled expression, "as we are soon to be on mere terms of distant civility, and address me like a cousin—just once—it would not be much to do, after what you have refused?"

There was a momentary pause. Aglionby felt his own heart beat faster as he waited for her answer. At last she began, with flaming cheeks, and eyes fixed steadily upon the ground:

"You mean—Bernard—there is nothing I desire less than to be at enmity with you. Since we have been under your roof here, I have learned that you are at least noble, whatever I may be; and——"

At this point Judith looked up, having overcome, partially at least, her tremulousness, but she found his eyes fixed upon hers, and her own fell again directly. Something seemed to rise in her throat and choke her; at last she faltered out:

"Do not imagine that I suffer nothing in refusing your wish."

"I believe you now, entirely," he said, in a tone almost of satisfaction. "We were talking about creeds the other night, and you said you wanted a strong one. I assure you it will take

all the staying power of mine to enable me to bear this with anything like equanimity. And meantime, grant me this favor, let me accompany you home to-morrow, and do me the honor to introduce me to your sisters; I should like to know my cousins by sight, at any rate—if Mrs. Conisbrough will allow it, that is."

"Mamma will allow it—yes."

"And I promise that after that I will not trouble nor molest you any more."

"Don't put it in that way."

"I must, I am afraid. But you have not promised yet."

"Certainly, I promise. And, oh! Mr. Aglionby, I am glad, I am *glad* you have got all my uncle had to leave," she exclaimed, with passionate emphasis. "The knowledge that you have it will be some comfort to me in my dreary existence, for it is and will be dreary."

She rose now, quite decidedly, and went toward the door. He opened it for her, and they clasped hands silently, till he said, with a half smile which had in it something wistful:

"*Goden Abend!*"

"*Gode Nacht!*" responded Judith, but no answering smile came to her lips—only a rush of bitter tears to her eyes. She passed out of the room; he gently closed the door after her, and she was left alone with her burden.

CHAPTER XXI.—AN AFTERNOON EPISODE.

"We must not go out this afternoon, because they are coming, you know," observed Rhoda to Delphine.

"I suppose not, and yet, I think it is rather a farce, our staying in to receive them. I cannot think it will give them any joy."

"You are such a tiresome, analytical person, Delphine! Always questioning my statements."

"Sometimes you make such queer ones."

"I wish something would happen. I wish a change would come," observed Rhoda, yawning. "Nothing ever does happen here."

"Well, I should have said that a good deal had happened lately. Enough to make us very uncomfortable, at any rate."

"Oh, you mean about Uncle Aglionby and his grandson. Do you know, Del, I have a burning, a consuming curiosity to see that young man. I think it must have been most delightfully romantic for Judith to be staying at Scar Foot all

this time. I don't suppose she has made much of her opportunities. I expect she has been fearfully solemn, and has almost crushed him, if he is crushable, that is, with the majesty of her demeanor. Now, I should have been amiability itself. I think the course I should have taken would have been to make him fall in love with me——"

"You little stupid! When he is engaged to be married already!"

"So he is! How disgusting it is to find all one's schemes upset in that way. Well, I don't care whether he is engaged or not. I want to see him awfully, and I think it was intensely stupid of mamma to quarrel with him."

"No doubt you would have acted much more circumspectly, being a person of years, experience, and great natural sagacity."

"I have the sagacity at any rate, if not the experience. And after all, that is the great thing, because if you have experience without sagacity, you might just as well be without it."

"I know you are marvelously clever," said Delphine, "but you are an awful chatterbox. Do be quiet, and let me think."

"What can you possibly have to think about here?"

"All kinds of things, about which I want to come to some sort of an understanding with myself. So hold your peace, I pray you."

They had finished their early dinner, and had retired to that pleasant sunny parlor where Judith had found them, little more than a week ago, on her return from Irkford. Delphine, being a young woman of high principle, had pulled out some work, but Rhoda was doing absolutely nothing, save swaying backward and forward in a rocking-chair, while she glanced round with quick, restless gray eyes at every object in the room, oftenest at her sister. Not for long did she leave the latter in the silence she had begged for.

"Won't you come up-stairs to the den, Delphine? It is quite dry and warm this afternoon, and I want you so to finish that thing you were doing."

"Not now, but presently, perhaps. I feel lazy just now."

Pause, while Rhoda still looked about her, and at last said abruptly:

"Delphine, should you say we were a good-looking family?"

Delphine looked up.

"Good-looking? It depends on what people call good-looking."

"One man's meat is another man's poison, I suppose you mean. I have been considering the subject seriously of late, and on comparing us with our neighbors, I have come to the conclusion that, taken all in all, we *are* good-looking."

"Our good looks are all the good things we have to boast of, then," said Delphine unenthusiastically, as she turned her lovely head to one side, and contemplated her work—her sister keenly scrutinizing her in the meantime.

"Well, good looks are no mean fortune. What was it I was reading the other day about—'As much as beauty better is than gold,' or words to that effect."

"Pooh!" said Delphine, with a little derisive laugh.

"Well, but it is true."

"In a kind of way, perhaps—not practically."

"In a kind of way—well, in such a way as this. Suppose—we may suppose anything, you know, and for my part, while I am about it, I like to suppose something splendid at once—suppose that *you were*, for one occasion only, dressed up in a most beautiful ball-dress; *eau de Nil* and wild roses, or the palest blue and white lace, or pale-gray and pale-pink, you know—ah, I see you are beginning to smile at the very idea. I believe white would suit you best, after all—a billow of white, with little humming-birds all over it, or something like that. Well—imagine yourself in this dress, with everything complete, you know, Del" (she leaned impressively forward), "fan and shoes, and gloves and wreath, and a beautiful pocket-handkerchief like a bit of scented mist—and jewelry that no one could find any fault with; and then suppose Philippa Danesdale popped down in the same room, as splendid as you please—black velvet and diamonds, or satin, or silk, and ropes of pearls, or anything grand, with her stupid little prim face and red hair——"

"Oh, for shame, Rhoda! You are quite spiteful."

"I, spiteful!" cried Rhoda, with a prolonged note of indignant surprise. "That *is* rich! Who has drawn Miss Danesdale, I wonder, in all manner of attitudes: 'Miss Danesdale engaged in prayer,' holding her prayer-book with the tips of her lavender kid fingers, and looking as if she were

paying her Maker such a compliment in coming and kneeling down to Him, with an ivory-backed prayer-book and a gold-topped scent-bottle to sustain her through the operation? 'Miss Danesdale on hearing the Mésalliance of a Friend'—now, who drew *that*, Delphine? and many another as bad? My sagacity, which you were jeering at just now, suggests a reason for your altered tone. But I will spare you, and proceed with my narrative. Suppose what I have described to be an accomplished fact, and then suppose a perfect stranger—we'll imagine Mr. Danesdale to be one, because I like to make my ideas very plain to people, and there's nothing like being personal for effecting that result—suppose him there, not knowing anything about either of you, whether you were rich or poor, or high or low—now, which of the two do you think he would be likely to dance with oftener?"

"How should I know?"

"Delphine, you used to be truthful once—candid and honest. The falling off is deplorable. 'Evil communications'—I won't finish it. You are shirking my question. Of course he would dance with you, and you know he would. There's no doubt of it, because you would look a vision of beauty——"

"Stuff and nonsense!"

"And Miss Danesdale would look just what she is, a stiff, prudish, *plain* creature. And so beauty *is* better than gold."

"Yes, under certain conditions, if one could arbitrarily fix them. But we have to look at conditions as they are, not as we could fix them if we tried. Suppose, we'll say, that he had been dancing with me all the evening——"

"Which he would like to do very much, I haven't a doubt."

"And suddenly, some one took him aside, and said, 'Friend, look higher. She with whom thou dancest has not a penny, while she who stands in yonder corner neglected, lo! she hath a fortune of fifty thousand pounds, which neither moth nor rust can corrupt.' After that, I might dance as long as I liked, but it would be alone."

"I call that a very poor illustration, and I don't know that it would be the case at all. All I know is, that it pleases you to pretend to be cynical, though you don't feel so in the very least. I do so like to dream sometimes, and to think what I would do if we were rich! Delphine, *don't* you wish we were rich?"

"Not particularly; I would rather be busy. I wish I was a great painter, that's what I should like to be, with every hour of the day filled up with work and engagements. Oh, I am so tired of doing nothing. I feel sometimes as if I could kill myself."

Before Rhoda had time to reply, Louisa, the maid, opened the door, remarking:

"Please, miss, there's Mr. Danesdale."

The girls started a little consciously as he came in, saying, as Louisa closed the door after him:

"Send me away if I intrude. Your servant said you were in, and when I asked if you were engaged, she replied, 'No, sir; they are a-doing of nothing.' Encouraged by this report, I entered."

"We are glad to see you," said Delphine, motioning him to take a seat and still with a slight flush on her face.

"I called for two reasons," said Randolph, who, once admitted, appeared to feel his end gained: "to ask if you arrived at home in safety after that confabulation with Miss Conisbrough, and to ask if you have any news from Mrs. Conisbrough. How is she?"

"Much better, thank you. So much better, indeed, that we expect her and Judith home this afternoon——"

"Yes," interposed Rhoda, "so far from doing nothing, as Louisa reported, we were waiting for mamma's return."

"Ah, I can tell Philippa then. She has been talking of calling to see Mrs. Conisbrough."

It was Rhoda's turn to cast down her eyes a little, overcome by the reflections called up by this announcement. There was a pause; then Rhoda said:

"How thankful Judith and mother will be to come away from Scar Foot, and how very glad Mr. Aglionby will be to get rid of them!"

"Had you just arrived at that conclusion when I came?"

"Oh, no! We were at what they call 'a loose end,' if you ever heard the expression. We were exercising our imaginations."

Rhoda pursued this topic with imperturbable calm, undismayed by the somewhat alarmed glances given her by Delphine, who feared that her sister might, as she often did, indiscreetly reveal the very subject of a conversation.

"Were you? How?"

"We were imagining ourselves *rich*," said

Rhoda with emphasis. "You can never do that, you know, because you are rich already. We have the advantage of you there, and I flatter myself that that is a new way of looking at it."

"I beg your pardon, Rhoda—I was not imagining myself rich. I was imagining myself——" She stopped suddenly.

"Imagining yourself what?" he asked, with deep interest.

"Oh, nothing—nonsense!" said Delphine hastily, disinclined to enter into particulars. He turned to Rhoda. Delphine looked at her with a look which said, "Speak if you dare!" Rhoda tossed her head and said:

"There's no crime in what you were wishing, child. She was imagining herself a great painter. That's Delphine's ambition. Like Miss Thompson, you know——"

"Oh, no!" interposed Delphine hastily—"not battle-pieces."

"What then?"

"Landscapes', I think, and animals," said Delphine, still in some embarrassment.

"Del draws beautiful animals," said Rhoda turning to him, and speaking very seriously and earnestly. Randulf was charmed to perceive that the youngest Miss Conisbrough had quite taken him into her confidence, and he trusted that a little judiciously employed tact would bring Delphine to the same point.

"Oh, not beautiful, Rhoda! Only——" She turned to Randulf, losing some of the shyness which with her was a graceful hesitation and not the ugly awkward thing it generally is. "Not beautiful at all, Mr. Danesdale, but it is simply that I cannot help, when I see animals and beautiful landscapes—I absolutely can't *help* trying to copy them."

"That shows that you have a talent for it," said Mr. Danesdale promptly. "You should have lessons."

He could have bitten his tongue off with vexation the next moment, as it flashed into his mind that most likely she could not afford to have lessons.

"That would be most delightful," said Delphine composedly, "but we can't afford to have lessons, you know, so I try not to think about it."

Randulf was silent, his mind in a turmoil, feeling a heroic anger at those "ceremonial institutions" not altogether unallied to those with which

Mr. Herbert Spencer has made us familiar—which make it downright improper and impertinent for a young man to say to a young woman (or *vice versa*), "I am rich and you are poor. You have talent; allow me to defray the expenses of its cultivation, and so to put you in the way of being busy and happy."

"And do you paint from nature?" he asked at last.

"Of course," replied Delphine, still not quite reconciled to being thus made a prominent subject of conversation. "Why should I paint from anything else? Only, you know, one can't do things by instinct. Uncle Aglionby let me have some lessons once—a few years ago—oh, I did enjoy it! But he had a conversation with my painting master one day, and the latter contradicted some of his theories, so he said he was an impudent scoundrel, and he would not have me go near him again. But I managed to learn something from him. Still, I don't understand the laws of my art—at least," she added hastily, crimsoning with confusion, "I don't mean to call my attempts art at all. Mamma thinks it great waste of time, and they are but daubs, I fear,"

"I wish you would show me some of them. Where do you keep them? Mayn't I look at them?"

"Oh, I could not think of exposing them to your criticism! you, who have seen every celebrated picture that exists, and who know all about all the 'schools,' and who make such fun of things that I used to think so clever—you must not ask it indeed! Please don't."

Delphine was quite agitated, and appealed to him, as if he could compel her to show them, even against her will.

"You cannot suppose that I would be severe upon anything of yours!" he exclaimed, with warmth. "How can you do me such injustice."

"If you did not say it, you would think it," replied Delphine, "and that would be worse. I can imagine nothing more unpleasant than for a person to praise one's things out of politeness, while thinking them very bad the whole time."

"I never heard such unutterable nonsense," cried Rhoda, who had been watching her opportunity of cutting in. "To hear you talk, one would imagine your pictures were not fit to be looked at. Mr. Danesdale, I should like you to see them, because I know they are good. Delphine

does so like to run herself down. You should see her dogs and horses, I am sure they are splendid, far better than some of the things you see in grand magazines. And I think her little landscapes——”

“Rhoda, I shall have to go away, and lock myself up alone, if you will talk in this wild, exaggerated way,” said Delphine, in quiet despair.

“But you can’t refuse, after this, to let me judge between you,” said Randulf persuasively. “An old friend like me—and after rousing my curiosity in this manner—Miss Conisbrough, you cannot refuse!”

“I—I really——”

“Let us take Mr. Danesdale to your den!” cried Rhoda, bounding off her chair in a sudden fit of inspiration. “Come, Mr. Danesdale, it is up a thousand stairs, at the very top of the house, but you are young and fond of exercise, as we know, so you won’t mind that.”

She had flung open the door, and led the way, running lightly up the stairs, and he had followed her, unheeding Delphine’s imploring remonstrances, and thinking:

“By Jove, they are nice girls! No jealousy of one another. I’ll swear to the pictures, whatever they may turn out to be.”

Delphine slowly followed, wringing her hands in a way she had when she was distressed or hurried, and with her white forehead puckered up in embarrassed lines. Rhoda flew ahead, and Randulf followed her, up countless stairs, along great broad, light passages, and even in his haste the young man had time to notice—or rather, the fact was forced upon his notice—how bare the place looked, and how empty. He felt suddenly, more than he had done before, how narrow and restricted a life these ladies must be forced to lead.

Rhoda threw open the door of a large, light room, with a cold, clear northern aspect. It was bare, indeed; no luxurious *atelier* of a pampered student. Even the easel was a clumsy-looking thing, made very badly by a native joiner of Yoresett, who had never seen such a thing in his life, and who had not carried out the young lady’s instructions very intelligently.

Randulf, looking round, thought of the expensive paraphernalia which his sister had some years ago purchased, when the whim seized her to paint in oils; a whim which lasted six months, and which had for sole result, bitter complaints against her master, as having no faculty for teaching, and

no power of pushing his pupils on; while paints, easel, canvas, and maulstick were relegated to a cockloft in disgust. Delphine’s apparatus was of the most meagre and simple kind—in fact, it was absolutely deficient. Two cane-bottomed chairs, sadly in need of repairs, and a rickety deal table, covered with rags and oil tubes, brushes, and other impedimenta, constituted the only furniture of the place.

“It’s very bare,” cried Rhoda’s clear, shrill young voice, as she marched onward, not in the least ashamed of the said bareness. “And in winter it’s so cold that she can never paint more than an hour a day, because fires are out of the question. With one servant, you can’t expect coals to be carried, and grates cleaned, four stories up the house. Now see, Mr. Danesdale. I’ll be show-woman. I know everything—she has done. You sit there, in that chair. We’ll have the animals first. Most of them are in water-colors or crayons. Here’s a good one, in water-colors, of Uncle Aglionby on his old ‘Cossack,’ with Friend looking at him, to know which way he shall go. Isn’t it capital?”

Despite his heartfelt admiration for all the Misses Conisbrough, and for Delphine in particular, Randulf fully expected to find, as he had often found before with the artistic productions of young lady amateurs, that their “capital” sketches were so only in the fond eyes of partial sisters, parents, and friends. Accordingly, he surveyed the sketch held up by Rhoda’s little brown hand with judicial aspect, and some distrust. But in a moment his expression changed; a snile of pleasure broke out; he could with a light heart cry, “Excellent!”

It was excellent, without any flattery. It had naturally the faults of a drawing executed by one who had enjoyed very little instruction; there was crudeness in it—roughness, a little ignorant handling; but it was replete with other things which the most admirable instruction cannot give: there was in it a spirit, a character, an individuality which charmed him, and which, in its hardy roughness, was the more remarkable and piquant, coming from such a delicate-looking creature as Delphine Conisbrough. The old squire’s hard, yet characteristic features; the grand contours of old Cossack, the rarest hunter in all the country-side; and above all, the aspect of the dog; its inquiring ears and inquisitive nose, its

tail on the very point, one could almost have said in the very action, of wagging an active consent, one paw upraised, and bent, ready for a start the instant the word should be given—all these details were as spirited as they were true and correct.

"It is admirable!" said Randulf emphatically. "If she has many more like that, she ought to make a fortune with them some time. I congratulate you, Miss Conisbrough"—to Delphine, who had just come in, with the same embarrassed and perplexed expression—"I can somehow hardly grasp the idea that that slender little hand has made this strong, spirited picture. It shows the makings of a first-rate artist—but it is the very last thing I should have imagined you doing."

"Ah, you haven't seen her sentimental drawings yet," said Rhoda, vigorously hunting about for more. "Oh, here's one of her last. I've not seen this. Why—why—oh, what fun! Do you know it?"

"Rhoda, you little—oh, *do* put it down!" cried the harassed artist, in a tone of sudden dismay, as she made a dart forward.

But Rhoda, with eyes in which mischief incarnate was dancing a tarantella, receded from before her, holding up a spirited sketch of a young man, a pointer, a retriever, a whip, an apple-tree, and in the tree a cat, apparently in the last stage of fury and indignation.

"Do you know it, Mr. Danesdale? Do you know it?" cried the delighted girl, dancing up and down, her face alight with mirth.

"Know it—I should think I do!" he cried, pursuing her laughingly. Give it to me, and let me look at it. 'Tis I and my dogs, of course. Capital! Miss Conisbrough, you must really cement our friendship by presenting it to me—will you?"

He had succeeded in capturing it, and was studying it laughingly, while Delphine wrung her hands and exclaimed, "Oh, dear!"

"Splendid!" he cried again. "It ought to be called 'Randulf Danesdale and Eyeglass.' And how very much wiser the dogs look than their master. Oh, this is a malicious sketch, Miss Conisbrough! But, malicious or not, I shall annex it, and you must not grudge it me."

"If you are not offended——" began Delphine confusedly.

"I offended?" Rhoda was rummaging among

a pile of drawings with her back to them. Mr. Danesdale accompanied his exclamation with a long look of reproach, and surely of something else. Delphine pushed her golden hair back from her forehead, and stammered out:

"Then pray keep it, but don't show it to any one!"

"'Keep it, but keep it dark,' you mean. You shall be obeyed. At least no one shall know who did it. That shall be a delightful secret which I shall keep for myself alone."

Here Delphine, perhaps fearful of further revelations, advanced and, depriving Rhoda of the portfolio, said she hoped she might be mistress in her own den, and she would decide herself which drawings were fit to show to Mr. Danesdale. Then she took them into her own possession and doled them out with what both the spectators declared to be a very niggard hand.

Randulf, apart from his admiration of the Miss Conisbroughs, really cared for art, and knew something about pictures. He gave his best attention to the drawings which were now shown to him, and the more he studied them the more convinced he became that this was a real talent, which ought not to be left uncultivated, and which, if carefully attended to, would certainly produce something worthy. She showed him chiefly landscapes, and each and all had in it a spirit, an originality, and a wild grace peculiar to the vicinity, as well as to the artist. There were sketches of Shennamere from all points of view, at all hours and at all seasons: by bright sunlight, under storm-clouds, by sentimental moonlight. There was a bold drawing of Addlebrough, admirable as a composition. The coloring was crude and often incorrect, but displayed evident power and capacity for fine ultimate development. Now and then came some little touch, some delicate suggestion, some bit of keen, appreciative observation, which again and again called forth his admiration. Some of the smaller bits were, as Rhoda had said, sentimental—full of a delicate, subtle poetry impossible to define. These were chiefly autumn pictures—a lonely dank pool, in a circle of fading foliage; a view of his own father's home seen on a gusty September afternoon struck him much. He gradually became graver and quieter, as he looked at the pictures. At last, after contemplating for some time a larger and more ambitious attempt, in oils,—a view of the splendid rolling hills, the

town of Middleham, and a portion of the glorious plain of York, and in the foreground the windings of the sweet river Yore, as seen from the hill called the "Shawl," at Leyburn,—he laid it down and said earnestly, all his drawl and all his half-jesting manner clean gone :

"Miss Conisbrough, you must not take my judgment as infallible, of course, but I have seen a good deal of this kind of thing, and have lived a good deal among artists, and it is my firm conviction that you have at any rate a very great talent—I should say genius. I think these first sketches, the animals, you know, are admirable, but I like the landscapes even better. I am sure that with study under a good master you might rise to eminence as a landscape painter; for one sees in every stroke that you love the things you paint—love nature."

"I do!" said Delphine, stirred from her reserve and shyness. "I love every tree in this old dale; I love every stick and stone in it, I think; and I love the hills and the trees as if they were living things, and my friends. Oh, Mr. Danesdale, I am so glad you have not laughed at them! I should never have had courage, you know, to show them to you. But it would have been misery to have them laughed at, however bad they had been. They have made me so happy—and sometimes so miserable. I could not tell you all they have been to me."

"I can believe that," said Randolph, looking with the clear, grave glance of friendship from one face to the other of the two girls, who were hanging on his words with eager intentness—for Rhoda, he saw, identified herself with these efforts of Delphine, and with the sorrow and the joy they had caused her, as intensely as if her own hand had made every stroke on the canvases. "But you must learn; you must study and work systematically, so as to cultivate your strong points and strengthen your weak ones."

The light faded from Delphine's eyes. Her lips quivered.

"It is impossible," said she quietly. "When one has no money one must learn to do without these things."

"But that will never do. It must be compassed somehow," he said, again taking up the view of Danesdale Castle, with the cloudy sky, which had so pleased him. "Let me——"

"Oh, *here* you are! I have been searching for

you all over the house," exclaimed a voice—the voice of Judith—breaking in upon their eager absorption in their subject. She looked in upon them, and beheld the group: Delphine sitting on the floor, holding up a huge, battered-looking portfolio, from which she had been taking her drawings; Rhoda standing behind her, alternately looking into the portfolio and listening earnestly to Randolph's words; the latter, seated on one of the rickety chairs before alluded to, and holding in his hand the view of Danesdale Castle.

"I could not imagine where you were," continued Judith, a look of gravity, and even of care and anxiety, on her face.

"Well, come in and speak to us, unless you think we are very bad," retorted Rhoda. "Come and join the dance, so to speak. We are looking over Delphine's drawings, and Mr. Danesdale says they are very good."

"Of course they are," said Judith, coming in with still the same subdued expression. "I am quite well, I thank you" (to Randolph, who had risen and greeted her); "I hope you, too, are well. But, my dear children, you must come down-stairs at once."

"To see mother?" said Rhoda. "Oh, I'll go; and I'll entertain her till you are ready to come down. Stay where you are. Del has not shown Mr. Danesdale all."

"To see mother—yes," said Judith, striving to speak cheerfully. Delphine saw that the cheerfulness was forced, and became all attention at once.

"Of course you must come down and see mother at once," proceeded Judith. "But you have to see Mr. Aglionby too. He asked mother to present him to you, and she consented, so he has come with us. Therefore don't delay: let us get it over. And I am sure Mr. Danesdale will excuse——"

"Mr. Danesdale understands perfectly, and will carry himself off at once," said Randolph, smiling good-naturedly.

"Wants to be introduced to us!" repeated Rhoda wonderingly. "Of all the odd parts of this very odd affair, *that*, to my mind, is the oddest. Why should *he* want to be introduced to us? What can he possibly want with our acquaintance?"

"Oh, don't be silly!" said Judith a little impatiently.

"But I am very cross. I wanted Mr. Danesdale to see Delphine's 'morbid views.' She has some lovely morbid views, you know. Delphine, just find that one of a girl drowned in a pond, and three hares sitting looking at her."

"I shall hope to see that another time," observed Randolph; "it sounds delightfully morbid."

Delphine had begun to put her pictures away, and her face had not yet lost the grieved expression it had taken when she had said she could not afford to have any lessons. Rhoda, mumbling rebelliously, had gone out of the room, and Judith had followed her, advising or rebuking in a lower tone. Thus Randolph and Delphine were left alone, with her portfolio between them, he still holding the drawing of the Castle. Delphine stretched out her hand for it.

"Don't think me too rapacious," said he, looking at her, "but—give me this one!"

"Why?"

"Because I want it for a purpose, and it would be a great favor. At least I should look upon it as such."

"Should you? Pray, is that any reason why I should accord it to you?"

"Make it a reason," said he persuasively. "I should prize it—you don't know how much."

"As I say," said Delphine, still rebelliously, "that constitutes no reason for my giving it to you."

"If I take it——"

"That would be stealing the goods and chattels of one who is already very poor," said Delphine half-gaily, half-sadly.

"And who is so noble in her poverty that she makes it noble too," he suddenly and fervently said, looking at her with all his heart in his eyes.

She shook her head, unable to speak, but at last said hesitatingly:

"I do not know whether I ought—whether it is quite—quite——"

"In other words, you rather mistrust me," said he gently. "I beg you will not do so. I want to help you, if you will not disdain my help. Since you will have the bald truth, and the reason why I want your sketches, I have two reasons. The first is, that I should prize them exceedingly for their own sakes and for that of the giver—next, if you would trust me and my discretion, I will engage that they should bring you profit."

"Do you mean," said Delphine, with a quick

glance at him, and a flushing face, "that I could earn some money, and—and—help them?"

"That is what I mean."

"You mean," she persisted rather proudly, "that to oblige you, some friend would buy them, and——"

"Good heavens! do you know me no better than to suppose that I would sell what you had given me! What a cruel thing to say!"

"I beg your pardon!" she murmured hastily, and overcome with confusion, "but—but—I do not see how——"

"You can paint others as good as these," he said, unable to resist smiling at her simplicity. "When these have been seen and admired——"

"But you must not tell who did them—oh, you must not do that."

"Again I implore you to trust to my discretion and my honor."

"I feel afraid—I dare say it is very silly," she said.

"It is very natural, but it is needless," he answered, thinking at the same time that it was very sweet, very bewitching, and that he was supremely fortunate to be the confidant of this secret.

"And you would not be ashamed—you do not think that a woman—a lady—is any the worse if she has to work hard?" she began tremulously.

"All honest work is good; and when it is undertaken from certain motives, it is more than good, it is sacred. Yours would be sacred. And besides," he added, in a lower, deeper tone, "nothing that your hands touched could be anything but beautiful and pure and worthy of honor."

Her face was downcast; her eyes filled with a rush of tears; her fingers fluttered nervously about the petals of the flower that was stuck in her belt. She was unused to praise of this kind, utterly a stranger to compliments of any kind, from men; overwhelmed with the discovery that some one had found something in her to admire, to reverence.

"When you are a well-known artist," he added, in a rather lighter tone, "with more commissions, and more money and fame than you know what to do with, do not quite forget me."

"If ever—if ever I do anything—as you seem to think I may—it will all be owing to you."

This assurance, with the wavering look, the

hesitating voice with which it was made, was unutterably sweet to Randolph.

"Then I may keep the sketch?" he said.

"Yes, please," said Delphine.

He rolled them both up, and they went downstairs to the hall, where they found the two other girls waiting for them.

Randulf made his adieus, saying he hoped he might call again, and ask how Mrs. Conisbrough was. Then he went away, and Judith led the way into the parlor.

* * * * *

Aglionby, left alone with Mrs. Conisbrough, while Judith went to call her sisters, sat in the recess of the window which looked into the street, and waited for what appeared to him a very long time, until at last he heard steps coming downstairs and voices in the hall. He had a quick and sensitive ear, and besides that, Randolph's tones with their southern accent, and their indolent drawl, were sufficiently remarkable in that land of rough burr and Yorkshire broadness. So then, argued Bernard within himself, this young fellow was admitted as an intimate guest into the house which he was not allowed to enter, despite his cousinship, despite his earnest pleadings, despite his almost passionate desire to do what was right and just toward these his kinswomen. He had told Judith that he would comply with her behest. He was going to keep at the distance she required him to maintain, after this one interview, that is. But he felt that the price he paid was a hard and a long one. His joy in his inheritance was robbed of all its brightness. He sat and waited, while Mrs. Conisbrough leaned back and fanned herself, and observed:

"Why, that is Randolph Danesdale's voice. He is always here. Where can they have been?"

Mrs. Conisbrough, as may already have been made apparent, was not a wise woman, nor a circumspect one. Perhaps she wished to show Aglionby that they had people of position among their friends. Perhaps she wished to flourish the fact before him, that Sir Gabriel Danesdale's only son and heir was a great ally of her daughters. Be that as it may, her words had the effect of putting Bernard into a state of almost feverish vexation and mortification. It did appear most hard, most galling, and most inexplicable that against his name alone, of all others, *tabu* should be written so large. He saw Randolph go down the steps, with a

smile on his handsome face, and a little white roll in his hand, and saw him take his way up the market-place, toward the inn where he had left his horse, and then the door of the parlor was opened and his "cousins" came in.

There were greetings and introductions. He found two lovely girls, either of them more actually beautiful than her who was his oldest acquaintance. Beside their pronounced and almost startling beauty, her grave and pensive dignity and statuesque handsomeness looked cold, no doubt, but he had seen the fiery heart that burnt beneath that outward calm. He was much enchanted with the beauty of these two younger girls; he understood the charm of Delphine's shadowy, sylph-like loveliness; of Rhoda's upright figure, handsome features, and dauntless gray eyes. He talked to them. They kept strictly to commonplaces; no dangerous topics were even mentioned. Aglionby, when they were all seated, and talking thus smoothly and conventionally, still felt in every fibre the potent spell exercised over his spirit by *one* present. Judith sat almost silent, and he did not speak to her—for some reason he felt unable to do so.

All the time he was talking to the others he felt intensely conscious that soon he must leave the house—forever, ran the fiat—and in it he must leave behind him—what? Without his knowing it, the obscurity which prevented his answering that question, even to himself, was that viewless but real fact—Miss Vane.

By and by he rose; for to stay would have been needless and, indeed, intrusive under the circumstances. He shook hands with Mrs. Conisbrough, expressing his hope that she would soon be, as he bluntly put it, "all right again." He might not say, like Randolph Danesdale, that he would call again in a few days, and inquire after her. Then, with each of the girls, a handshake—with Judith last. When it came to that point, and her fingers were within his hand, it was as if a spell were lifted, and the touch thrilled him through from head to foot, through brain and heart and soul, and every inch of flesh! electrically, potently, and as it never had done—as no touch ever had done before. He looked at her; whether his look compelled an answering one from her—whether she would have looked in any case, who shall say. Only, she did look, and then Bernard knew, despite her composed countenance, and steady hand

and eye—he knew that it was not he only who was thrilled.

“Good-afternoon, Miss Conisbrough,” and “Good-afternoon, Mr. Aglionby,” sounded delightfully original, and pregnant with meaning. Not another word was uttered by either. He dropped her hand, and turned away, and could have laughed aloud in the bitterness of his heart.

“I’ll open the door for you, Mr. Aglionby,” came Rhoda’s ringing voice; and, defying ceremony, she skipped before him into the hall.

“We’ve only one retainer,” she pursued, “and she is generally doing those things which she ought not to be doing, when she is wanted. Is that Bluebell you have in the brougham? Yes! Hey, old girl! Bluebell, Bluebell!”

She patted the mare’s neck, who tossed her head, and in her own way laughed with joy at the

greeting. With a decidedly friendly nod to Aglionby, she ran into the house again, and the carriage drove away.

“Well?” cried Miss Rhoda, rushing into the parlor, panting. Judith was not there. Doubtless she had gone to prepare that cup of tea for which Mrs. Conisbrough pined.

“Well?” retorted Delphine.

“I like him,” chanted Rhoda, whirling round the room. “He’s grnve and dark, and fearfully majestic, like a Spaniard, but he smiles like an Englishman, and looks at you like a person with a clear conscience. That’s a good combination, I say; but, all the same, I wish Uncle Aglionby had not been so fascinated with him as to leave him *all* his money.”

To which aspiration no one made any reply.

(*To be continued.*)

THE FIRST AMERICAN BARONET.

BY FRED MYRON COLBY.

IN the year 1587, when Raleigh’s ill-fated colony of Roanoke was struggling for existence on the little, palmetto-crowned, ocean-washed island off Albemarle Sound, on the desolate Carolina coast, an event, alike interesting and important, took place one August day on the village green in front of the governor’s house of logs. Manteo, a friendly Hatteras sagamore, was on that day created a feudal baron of England, under the title of Lord of Roanoke. We can imagine all of the concomitants of the strange scene. The little hamlet of palmetto logs, built among the magnolia and palm trees; Governor White, in his doublet and trunk hose, investing the solemn chief with his insignia of rank; the groups of Indian braves looking wonderingly on, their bows upon their shoulders, and their eagle feathers nodding in the breeze. In the doors of the cabins the women and the children of the “white strangers,” dressed in fardingales and ruffs, stood peering curiously out, while over all shone the brilliant southern sun. To this scene, which happened nearly three hundred years ago, we go back for a beginning, for this was the first and last peerage ever created by England on this soil.

But the hospitable Hatteras warrior was not the

last American who received a title of nobility from the British crown. William Phipps, of Massachusetts, was created a knight by William III., in 1692. Knight is a title four degrees lower than that of earl, which was bestowed on Manteo. Between them stand the titles of viscount, baron, and baronet. The title of viscount has never been borne in America, although one of the Virginian Carys was next male heir to the Viscount Hansdon. Thomas Fairfax was Baron of Cameron; but he inherited the title from his father before he ever came to America. Of American baronets there have been two, William Pepperell, of Maine, and William Johnson, of New York, both of whom were created such by George II., the first in 1745, and the latter in 1755.

Sir William Pepperell, the first American baronet, was born at Kittery Point, Maine, June 27, 1696. Kittery was then one of the great commercial centres of the colonies. There is no better harbor on all the Atlantic coast than that afforded by the widening of the Piscataqua below Portsmouth and Kittery, and in the colonial period this was the great channel of trade above every other. Boston, Newport, and New York were completely distanced by the enterprise of these

Piscataqua ports. A thousand ships sailed every year from the great harbor; ships that visited the Mediterranean, the West Indies, Arabia; ships that circumnavigated the world. The father of William Pepperell was the richest merchant of Kittery. He had risen from poverty to be the owner of a hundred ships, and the founder of the most extensive commercial business which ever existed in the colonies. So the cradle of our young baronet was rose-lined as well as though he had been born in an old castle on the Avon or among the hills of Cumberland.

But he knew what it was to labor, both with his head and his hands. During his boyhood the Indian war of Queen Anne raged in the colonies, and when sixteen years of age he took a musket and took his turn with the rest in mounting guard. In fact, he remained a soldier all his life, and rose to the highest rank in the military service ever reached by an American colonist. But notwithstanding so much of his life was passed in camps, William Pepperell knew quite as well how to trade and speculate successfully. He inherited a certain mercantile genius from his father, and this was developed by years of service in the counting-room. In course of time he was taken into the business by his father, who gradually withdrew, leaving him to conduct it alone, which he showed himself amply able to do.

In 1723 the young merchant married Mary, daughter of Grove Hurst, one of the leading business men of Boston. The wedding was a magnificent affair. The bride was young, beautiful, and of patrician descent. Two children, a son and a daughter, were born to the wedded couple. The great mansion which the elder Pepperell had built, in 1680, was enlarged to make room for the growing family. It was the grandest private residence in all New England. The two families lived together till the death of Colonel William, in 1734, at the good old age of eighty.

Young William now became the sole director of a business that made him the most influential man in New England, outside of the crown officers. The business did not suffer any by the change. Indeed, it increased amazingly under his shrewd and energetic management. The banks of the Piscataqua resounded with the cheerful noise of his ship carpenters, and its tide was covered with the fleets of the great Kittery merchant. Maine was at that time magnificently wooded, and the

Piscataqua River rendered accessible to him an almost inexhaustible supply of ship-timber. At his ship-yards schooner after schooner was built and sent to the West Indies, laden with codfish, furs, boards, cattle, and lamp oil, to exchange for sugar, coffee, and molasses. He had an extensive trade with the Carolinas, obtaining thence turpentine, rosin, and other products, which he exported to Europe. Thirty of his ships visited the Mediterranean ports at the end of every summer, selling their cargoes for piles of doubloons and ducats, which the far-sighted merchant laid out in land. There were summers when he had a hundred fishing vessels off the great banks of Newfoundland, some let out on shares to their crews, others manned and provided by Pepperell himself.

The trade that he carried on in the interior with the Indians was not small. On the land which gradually came under his control a thousand men were employed in cutting timber. He built mills of his own, for he owned the whole magnificent valley of the Saco, with its endless water-power, and this timber was sawed into boards, masts, and ribs, which he sent even as far as England. Not only successful in his large foreign trade, Pepperell went to work and established the first importing house upon New England soil. Vast quantities of West India rum were sold at his warehouses. He also dealt to some extent in slaves, thus laying the foundation in New England of that system which has proved such a bane to the South. In one of his letters—a large number of which have been preserved—he refers to the traffic in such a way as to show the purely mercantile spirit with which he regarded it:

"SIR: I received yours by Captain Morris, with bills of lading for ten negroes and twenty hogsheads of rum. One negro woman, marked Y on the left breast, died in about three weeks after her arrival, in spite of medical aid, which I procured. Two of the others died at sea. I am sorry for your loss. It may have resulted from insufficient clothing so early in the spring."

William Pepperell was not a hard-hearted man. His cool reference to the commercial disaster, without alluding to the sufferings which the poor creatures may have undergone, was characteristic of the age. Slaves were only chattels in the eyes of our utilitarian forefathers.

Meanwhile the rich merchant was winning other honors. A man of wealth and high social con-

nections in those days usually did not have to wait long for official appointments from the British crown. It was the policy of the English ministry to appoint the leading citizens of the colonies to places of emolument and trust. From this category William Pepperell could not be left out. Accordingly, in 1727, we find him holding the position of royal councillor for the province of Massachusetts,—Maine then being under the government of that State,—which high office he held for thirty-two successive years. In 1730 he was appointed chief justice of the court of common pleas in the same State. A spirit of rivalry had always existed between the commercial houses of the Pepperells and the Wentworths; and it is curious to note now how this rivalry was extended into political channels. Benning, the leading representative of the Portsmouth Wentworths, was in 1734 appointed as one of his Majesty's council for New Hampshire. A few years later, in 1741, he was named to take the place of Jonathan Belcher, as governor of his province. Pepperell waited fifteen years before he secured the like appointment in Massachusetts. Prior to this, however, he received honors which threw even the Wentworths' vice-regal authority into the shade.

In 1744 England declared war against France. It was the third or fourth time within the century that the two rival kingdoms had been arrayed in arms against each other, and each time, as a matter of course, New England made war with Canada. It was so at this time; and if one could have been in Boston in the spring of 1745 he would have seen much to wonder at. The then provincial town had for three months been the scene of a protracted and most exciting session of the colonial legislature, in grave deliberation upon the important scheme for the conquest of Louisburg, on the island of Cape Breton, the strongest fortress on the coast of America. It is unnecessary to speak at length of the unanimous decision of the legislation to proceed in its reduction; or of the scene presented at that early provincial muster, when the drums, beaten in town and village, summoned the colonists to the war, and the recruits, rallied from the hills and valleys of New England, came marching into Boston. Of how the Puritan clergy, by strong appeals from the pulpit, roused the religious zeal of their hearers against the French, by investing the enterprise with the character of a crusade, while the great Whitefield him-

self gave it his good offices, conferring the motto, "*Nil desperandum Christo duce*," upon its flag; or how shrewd, far-sighted Governor Shirley, casting about him for a fit commander, fixed upon William Pepperell, the great Kittery merchant, as combining all the necessary requirements, and despite his repeated declination, despite the machinations of Benning Wentworth, who was ambitious for the command, prevailed upon him to shut up his ledger, leave his counting-house, and accept King George's commission as commander-in-chief of the provincial army.

His youthful experience when he mounted guard, with musket in hand, and his distinguished militia service, were now to prove useful to Pepperell. He took hold of the bold project with his usual energy. Men rallied to his standard in surprising numbers, considering the sparseness of the New England population. New Hampshire sent eight hundred men, Connecticut five hundred and sixteen, and Massachusetts three thousand two hundred and fifty. Embarking in one hundred vessels of New England build, and supported by a British squadron under Commodore Peter Warren, they landed near Louisburg on the last day of April. The fortress, which was exceedingly strong, was defended by one hundred and fifteen guns and by sixteen hundred troops, commanded by Duchambon. The various defensive works had been thirty years in building, and had cost the French four millions of dollars.

The protracted siege, and interesting details of the fall of Louisburg, are well-known matters of history. At the landing of the New Hampshire troops a French detachment that manned a battery on the shore of the harbor was panic-stricken, spiked their guns, and abandoned their post. The New Hampshire men took possession. Twenty smiths from the ranks succeeded in drilling out the cannon, and the guns were soon turned upon the enemy. Pepperell knew nothing of the science of war, but he was vigilant and energetic. The siege was pressed with vigor, and after gallantly sustaining a leaguer of forty-nine days, in which nine thousand cannon-balls and six hundred shells had been thrown into the town, the French commander surrendered the doughty fortress to General Pepperell. The walls of Louisburg were leveled to the ground, and the fleet sailed home in triumph. The remarkable victory achieved by the colonial army, a mere levy of raw, undisci-

plined farmers, opened the eyes of astonished Europe. Nor was it to the colonists themselves a lesser revelation. Then, for the first time, dawned upon them a consciousness of their own strength, and then were aroused those aspirations which were destined to culminate thirty years later in the great revolution which was to sever their allegiance to the British crown.

Great were the rejoicings which welcomed the news of the fall of Louisburg, both in the colonies and the mother country. Every large town in the provinces was illuminated, and bon-fires were kindled in London in honor of the victory. The great participators in the event were specially rewarded. Commodore Warren, who commanded the fleet, was made rear-admiral of the blue, and a baronet. His great compeer, the rich merchant of Kittery, also received a baronetcy, the title of which dated from October, 1745. Pepperell was in Boston when he received the letter that conferred upon him the lordly title, which no other man in America held. He immediately started home by way of land. But the news of his new dignity reached there before him. He was met at a distance of many miles by a troop of horse, and at Salem he was entertained at a splendid banquet, which was attended by all the noted persons in the colony. When he reached Kittery, he found the whole harbor illuminated. A series of entertainments followed until Christmas, at which the whole country-side attended.

Sir William Pepperell, baronet of England, hunting colonial nobleman, and viceroy of almost boundless domain, now relinquished his trade and ship-building to his son and son-in-law, and devoted himself to the cares and pastimes of his new rank. The style he lived in may be truly called baronial. His grand old mansion crowning the hill and looking out to sea, surrounded by its broad park where droves of deer sported, with its large halls, heavy carving, grand staircases, where half a dozen ladies could walk abreast, was a fit residence for such a personage. Splendid mirrors and costly paintings adorned its walls. Heavy silver plate and rare old china glittered on the baron's table. Wine one hundred years old, from the delicate, spicy brands of the Rhineland to the fiery Tuscan, was in his cellars. He kept a coach with six white horses. A retinue of slaves and hired menials looked to him as their lord, and he had a barge upon the river in which he was rowed

by a crew of Africans in gaudy livery. No household in America lived in such state and magnificence. The only man in all the colonies worth two hundred thousand pounds sterling, reigning grandly over grand estates, for, like an English peer, he might have traveled all day long upon his own land, sovereign lord, in fact, of more than two hundred thousand acres, timber, plain and valley, in New Hampshire and Maine. Sir William Pepperell could do this and yet not live beyond his means.

The portrait of the great man is before me as I write, which probably is a correct likeness of him. He has a broad, full brow, overhanging, large, deep-blue eyes. His nose is long and handsome; the lips delicately cut as those of a woman. He was evidently a good liver, for his handsome face has a florid look, and his chin is double. He wears the large wig common at that time. Put upon that head the three-cornered Kevenhuller hat, laced with gold and silver galloon; array that tall, martial form in a square-cut scarlet coat trimmed with gold lace, a long-flapped waistcoat, blue silk stockings drawn up over the knees, white velvet breeches, large hanging cuffs and lace ruffles, and square-toed, short-quartered shoes, with high red heels and small diamond buckles, and you behold Pepperell, something as he appeared when conducting the siege of Louisburg or entertaining his guests at Kittery.

In 1749 Sir William visited England, where he was received with distinguished honor. Dukes and princes of the blood welcomed and *fêted* him. The city of London presented him with a silver table and a service of plate, and the king made him, at Pitt's suggestion, a lieutenant-general of the royal army. Soon after his return, a domestic bereavement saddened the great man's life; this was the death of his only son, Andrew, a promising young man of twenty-six. His only daughter, Elizabeth, had married Colonel Nathaniel Sparhawk, in 1742, and he now declared their oldest son, William, his heir, on the condition that he should assume the Pepperell name, an arrangement that was speedily consummated.

The baronet lived eight years after this event, continuing in active life until the last. He was prominent in the Seven Years' war, although he held no separate command. From 1756 to 1758 he was acting governor of Massachusetts. He died in 1759. His obsequies were attended

by a vast concourse. The drooping flags at half-mast on both sides of the Piscataqua, the solemn knell from the neighboring churches, the responsive minute guns from all the batteries, and the mournful rumbling of the muffled drums, announced that a great man had fallen and was descending to the tomb. He was truly the most brilliant and distinguished personage of that generation in America, and although the famous men who came after him—Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, Lee, Adams, and many others—figured in great events, still the name and memory of Sir William Pepperell are well-nigh as famous as those of the *Dii Majores* of our history.

The baronet's tomb at Kittery is often visited by the tourist. It is a marble structure, occupying a pleasant spot on a commanding eminence. On it is engraved, with the knight's age and the date of birth and death, the Pepperell escutcheon—

arms, argent a chevron gules between three pine-apples. The crest is a knight's helmet, plumed, and with the visor down. The pine-apples are probably indicative of his West India trade, by which he secured a large part of his wealth.

Across the way stands the goodly residence that he built, solitary, but splendid still. Every part of the old mansion shows that firmness and solidity which is so visible in every particular of the business and character of the Pepperells. A strange air of desolation hovers over the great house. One can scarcely fancy that it has been the scene of festivity that was almost princely. The second baronet espoused the royal cause in the revolutionary contest, and so lost his American estates, which were confiscated. His daughter, and co-heiress, married William Congreve, the great commander, a descendant of the poet.

SETH MARVIN'S MIRROR.

BY LUCY M. BLINN.

"HETTY, Hetty! Mehitabel Marvin! What are you about up there, that you can't answer me? Why don't you hurry down and go to the spring for some water? Here it is nigh on to supper-time and five great hungry men to feed; my fire almost out—neither wood nor water in the house—the baby screaming at the top of his voice, while my head aches fit to split; and no wonder! It is enough to drive a woman crazy! Here, Tommy, run to the lot, like a good boy, and get some chips to make mother a fire, and be quick about it!"

Hetty, a pretty, rosy-cheeked girl of fourteen, came hurrying down the stairs at this imperative summons, caught up the pail and threw on her sun bonnet, saying, as she passed through the room, "I'm real sorry, mother; I forgot all about the water. I was reading a story in the magazine that Mary Greene lent me, it was just splendid! I do wish father would let us take something to read, books or papers or something! We don't have anything like other folks;" and she went out, giving the door a little spiteful "bang" after her.

Tommy, a brown-faced, bare-footed urchin of

seven summers, took the basket, mounted a stick, and trotted contentedly off to the "lot," while the weary Mrs. Marvin drew the cradle to the side of the table and rocked it with one foot, while she pared the potatoes and made the biscuit for the supper for the men, who would soon be in from the wheat-field, tired and hungry; striving, meanwhile, to soothe the cries of the wailing baby by singing, in a dejected, disconsolate minor key:

"Oh, there will be mourning,
Mourning, mourning, mourning,
Oh, there will be mourning,
When the judgment day shall come!"

Hetty very soon returned from the spring, flushed and breathless with the exertion of carrying the heavy pail so far; Tommy, upon his wooden charger, brought the basket of chips to the door, and supper was steaming at the fire by the time the men had made themselves ready for the meal.

"Why, why, mother!" said Mr. Marvin, with a frown, as he took one of the biscuits, "what's the matter with the cakes? There's something wrong; they're half dough!"

"The wood gave out and I had to send to the

lot for chips, and they don't heat the oven well. I do wish, Seth, that we could have plenty of wood near the house; it's hard on the children to carry so much wood and water."

"Nonsense; it don't hurt 'em a mite! Sarah and me had it to do when father lived on the old place; we carried wood from the lots and water from that same spring, year in and year out, and I reckon I don't look broke down, do I? I allow to get up a good pile of wood when all the fall work is done, but don't, for mercy's sake, take harvest-time to grumble over your little inconveniences! It does seem, though, as if some women was born to complain, as the sparks fly up'ards. Jerusalem! can't that child be made to stop it's screamin'?"

Mrs. Marvin, knowing by experience that words would avail nothing in any difference of opinion between herself and her very excellent but decidedly obstinate spouse, took the baby in her arms and silently proceeded to wait upon the tired workmen.

Hetty was not so prudent, however. Bewildering visions of the pretty book, with its fine engravings and interesting stories, were dancing through her mind, and she recklessly charged upon her father from another quarter.

"Oh, father, won't you please let us take a magazine like the one Mrs. Greene takes? It is just beautiful! It has such nice stories in it, too. I'll work real hard, father, if you will! There's a prize with it, too. Mary Greene said the agent told her——"

"No, no; I just won't! You needn't trouble yourself to repeat what the agent said. I'm poor enough now, without throwing away any money patterning after Mrs. Greene's extravagances. They're jest spoilin' their children."

"Well," piped little Tommy, "it's ever so much nicer over to their house than it is here, any way. They've got a wood-shed with lots of wood in it, and a swing for Georgie and Kate, and a well, and a cistern, and just piles and piles of nice books and papers with pictures in 'em."

"Yes," snarled Mr. Marvin, "and 'piles and piles' of reapers and mowers, cultivators and corn-shellers, patent churns and washing-machines, clothes-wringer and dish-washer, for all I know. That man spends every dollar he gets hold of in some new kink or other, instead of savin' for his old age. His new-fangled notions all come from

reading his pesky newspapers, and they'll land him in the poorhouse yet, see if they don't!"

"I guess," said John, the oldest son, a boy of sixteen, "I guess he's making money all the time, any how, for he's going to send Dick away to school this fall and let him get ready for college. I do wish, father, you would try some of his 'notions,' as you call them. Why don't you?"

"Because I don't set myself up to be any better than my father was before me! He worked on this here old place nigh on to twenty year, and earned his bread by the sweat of his brow, as Scriptor commands, and I'm satisfied to follow in his footsteps."

"Yes," muttered John, as he rose from the table and walked hastily on to the porch, "yes; and you are satisfied to keep poor mother and all the rest of us at it too; kill her and let us children grow up dunces! I'd light out pretty quick if it wasn't for mother and dear little Hetty. It is too bad to keep her out of school for a drudge; she learns so fast, and is so bright and pretty." And, catching up the milk-pail, he hurried to the barn-yard with a surly, dissatisfied look on his boyish face.

"Seth," said Mrs. Marvin hesitatingly, after the men were gone, the table cleared, and baby asleep in the cradle, "I don't see how in the world I can get along with the fall work without some help with my sewing. You and John must have shirts and winter clothes, and the children grow so fast it takes half my time to let out and piece down for them. I do wish you would feel as if you could afford to get me a sewing-machine. There was an agent here from town to-day who offers a nice one for forty dollars, and we could get it by paying five dollars a month. He said——"

"There, there; that'll do! Don't waste your breath repeating the lying palaver of some witless popinjay who is too tarnal proud and lazy to work for an honest living, and so sticks on a paper collar and shirt-bosom, greases his curls, and sets out a salary, gulling just such simpletons as you into buying them clatterin', treadmill things! My mother never heard tell of such nonsense in her day. She was contented to work with the tools natur' provided. She spun and wove and sewed and knit for us all, and wa'n't too high and mighty to do her scrubbin' and soap-bilin', either! If she'd lived, she would show you what it is to work."

"Perhaps, Seth, if she hadn't worked so hard, she would have lived longer. You know she was young yet when she died."

"I don't know about that, Mary; I don't know. I reckon the Lord don't take none of us till our time comes. She was a good woman, mother was, and things didn't go very well with us after she died." And Mr. Marvin rose with a sigh, knocked the ashes from his clay pipe, and, laying it upon the clock-shelf in the corner, seated himself again in silence.

For some time no sound was heard save the "jog, jog" of the cradle, the clear monotonous "tick-tick" of the old clock, and now and then a long sigh from the corner where Mr. Marvin sat. He was under the influence of an unusual and strange presence; he was face to face with Memory and Conscience. Before such judges he was dumb: Memory whispered to him to recall the patient, quiet, overworked mother, whose life went out early because of the lack of sympathy and love from the one to whom she had a God-given right to look for it; she reminded him of the dull, heavy years that followed; years of careless neglect on the father's part, and indifference, if not positive dislike, on the part of the motherless children turned out to battle with the world as best they might. Then Conscience bade him look at the thin, white face before him, seamed with the hard lines of care and premature old age, and contrast it with that of the rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed girl he had promised before God to cherish and comfort so long as life lasted; and she asked him how he had redeemed his solemn pledge.

"The ghosts of forgotten actions
Came floating before his sight,
And things that he thought were dead things
Were alive with a terrible might.
And the vision of all his past life
Was a terrible thing to face,
Sitting with Memory and Conscience,
In that solemnly silent place."

They held a mirror before him, in which he saw himself as others saw him; as his God knew him; Is it any wonder if he shrank from the picture?

Blessed Memory! Faithful Conscience! Well are you doing your work! Slowly, slowly were they feeling the way to the blessed fountain where the waters of repentance had so long lain sealed; softly the barriers were withdrawn, the flood-gates opened, and the warm tides burst forth, washing

the world-calloused heart, melting all its hardness, and bringing from the neglected soil the sweet, late blossoms of penitent tenderness.

"Mary," said he suddenly, and there was a strange huskiness in his voice, "'spose we go over to neighbor Greene's a little while?"

"Why, Seth," she said, with a surprised, puzzled look, "I'd like ever so much to go, but I don't see how I can. I must get Tommy's jacket done to-night!"

"Let it go for this time, Mary; a visit will do you good. You look clean tuckered out."

Wondering at her husband's unwonted mood, and feeling almost sure there was a mistake somewhere, she called Hetty from her nook up-stairs, where she was reveling in the marvelous stories that were, to her, glimpses into fairy-land, bade her mind the younger ones, donned bonnet and shawl, and was soon cordially welcomed and snugly seated in the cozy little parlor at Mrs. Greene's. The sharp contrast between their own bare living-room and this pretty little nook gave another stroke to the already thoroughly-awakened penitent. Here were books, pictures, games, and toys for the little ones, a goodly supply of miscellaneous and solid reading for older ones, and in the corner, carefully covered, stood the pride of Mrs. Greene's heart—her sewing-machine.

After the weather and farm matters had been duly discussed, politics touched upon, and various items of neighborhood interest interchanged, there was a slight pause, which was broken, at length, by Mr. Marvin, who said, with a glance at his wife, and a little awkward hesitation:

"I say, Greene, if you go into town to-morrow for anything, I wish you would send that there agent down to our house to talk to the folks about a sewing-machine. I reckon I'll have to give in and get one for Mary; she's gettin' clean beat out with so much hard work." Then rising and walking the floor hurriedly, he continued: "I tell you what, Greene, something's got hold of me to-night that I don't understand! I've been thinking, and thinking, until I am jest about turned inside-out, so to speak. I've been seeing myself as others see me, and I tell you, I ain't one bit flattered. It's as if I'd seen myself in a lookin'-glass, as it were; and I must say I've made the acquaintance of a cantankerous, hard-hearted old curmudgeon! I can't hold out no longer, though. I don't know what ails me—gettin' con-

verted, maybe! Anyhow, I'm going to turn over a new leaf; take care of Mary and the children, as I ought to, instead of grindin' 'em down to drudgery; try to do my duty as a neighbor and friend, and, perhaps, when I again look into the lookin'-glass that Conscience holds up to me, I won't see such an ill-favored tyrant. There, there,

Mary, don't cry about it; sho, sho! 'There, now, I'm blest if I ain't cryin' myself, or else it's this pesky cold in my head!"

"And so he had learned a lesson
Which he ought to have learned before,
And which, though he learned it dreaming,
He will lose, and forget, no more!"

FLINT AND SAND.

BY ARCHIE A. DU BOIS.

IT was a sultry day in June, and we—that is, Frank and I—were sitting by a great stone bridge on the banks of a one-horse mill-pond, fishing. By fishing I do not mean yanking fish lively—we had not yanked any at all as yet, but were waiting for bites. It was very exciting.

Frank was on the other side of the bridge and out of sight; but this did not prevent us from exchanging an occasional remark.

"Frank," said I, "this is delightful sport."

"Yes," he replied; "and the water seems to be literally *alive* with fish. But don't you think anything so exhilarating as this is hard on one's nervous system?"

"Very likely," I responded. "Still, I guess we can stand it this once. I have already securely landed a fine bit of splatter-dock, and am waiting patiently for another piece; what have you got?"

"Ah," said Frank, "mine are expectations; like the little boy who was catching rats, if I get the fish I'm after, and *two* more, I'll have *three*."

Just then the cork of my line seemed to be troubled.

"Frank," said I, "I've got a bite."

"No! you don't mean it!" he exclaimed in astonishment;

and dropping his rod he came across to where I sat. "Let's look at it."

We waited in breathless silence.

"There he goes again—now you have him—pull in!"

I gave the line a savage jerk, but it did not budge.



"Frank," said I, "it must be a whopper;" and then I gave a harder pull.

"Perhaps it's a whale," suggested Frank.

Whatever it was, I hoisted at it until my rod seemed almost bent double; then something seemed to loosen up.

"Here she comes!" I exclaimed.

With anxious faces we watched the water, until—a dilapidated piece of old hoop-skirt came to the surface, and then Frank burst into a hearty laugh.

"Well, well! that's a singular sort of fish."

"A new species—a capital prize," I responded; "and Frank—confidentially, you know—I believe there are more of them to be had about this place."

● Carefully unhooking it from my line I laid it to one side, while Frank went back to see after his own tackle. Presently I heard him grumbling to himself.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"I'm fast in the mud," he replied with a growl; and then he said "blame it!"—at least, I *think* it was "blame it!"

"Perhaps I can help you." And going over to his side of the bridge, I found him tugging away like mad with his hooks in a lot of rubbish.

They came away eventually, but brought considerable with them in the way of mud and sticks and a piece of an old blue-glass bottle.

"Fishing," said Frank, "is not what it is cracked up to be."

"Perhaps your shadow on the water has an alarming effect," I suggested.

"Come, now," returned my friend, laughing, "I know I'm not very handsome, but I don't think my homeliness would scare a fish. What is more, I don't believe there's a single living creature in this pond to scare, and we are a couple of simpletons. Let us go somewhere else."

"What! to fish?"

"No; I'm tired of fishing."

"Where, then?"

"See here," said Frank in answer, "I have got an idea." He kicked with the toe of his boot the piece of blue-glass bottle he had rescued from its watery grave.

"An idea? Impossible!"

"No it isn't impossible, either," said Frank somewhat testily.

"Well, what is your idea?" I questioned.

He answered me in the Yankee fashion, by asking another.

"Do you know what keeps the folks of South Jersey awake?"

"No—mosquitoes, perhaps."

"They have a hand, or rather a bill in it, of course; but that is not what I meant. My mind was running on their principal manufacturing industry."

"Which is——"

"Glass," said Frank.

"What put that in your head?"

"This old piece of bottle," said Frank, sending it spinning back again into the water by a well-directed kick.

"But still I can't see what that has to do with us."

"Well," he returned, "let us go and see them make glass; it is interesting."

"Very good; I am with you."

So we did up our lines and were about to leave the spot, when I paused.

"Frank," said I, "shall we take our 'catch' along with us?" pointing toward the dilapidated hoop-skirt and our other trophies.

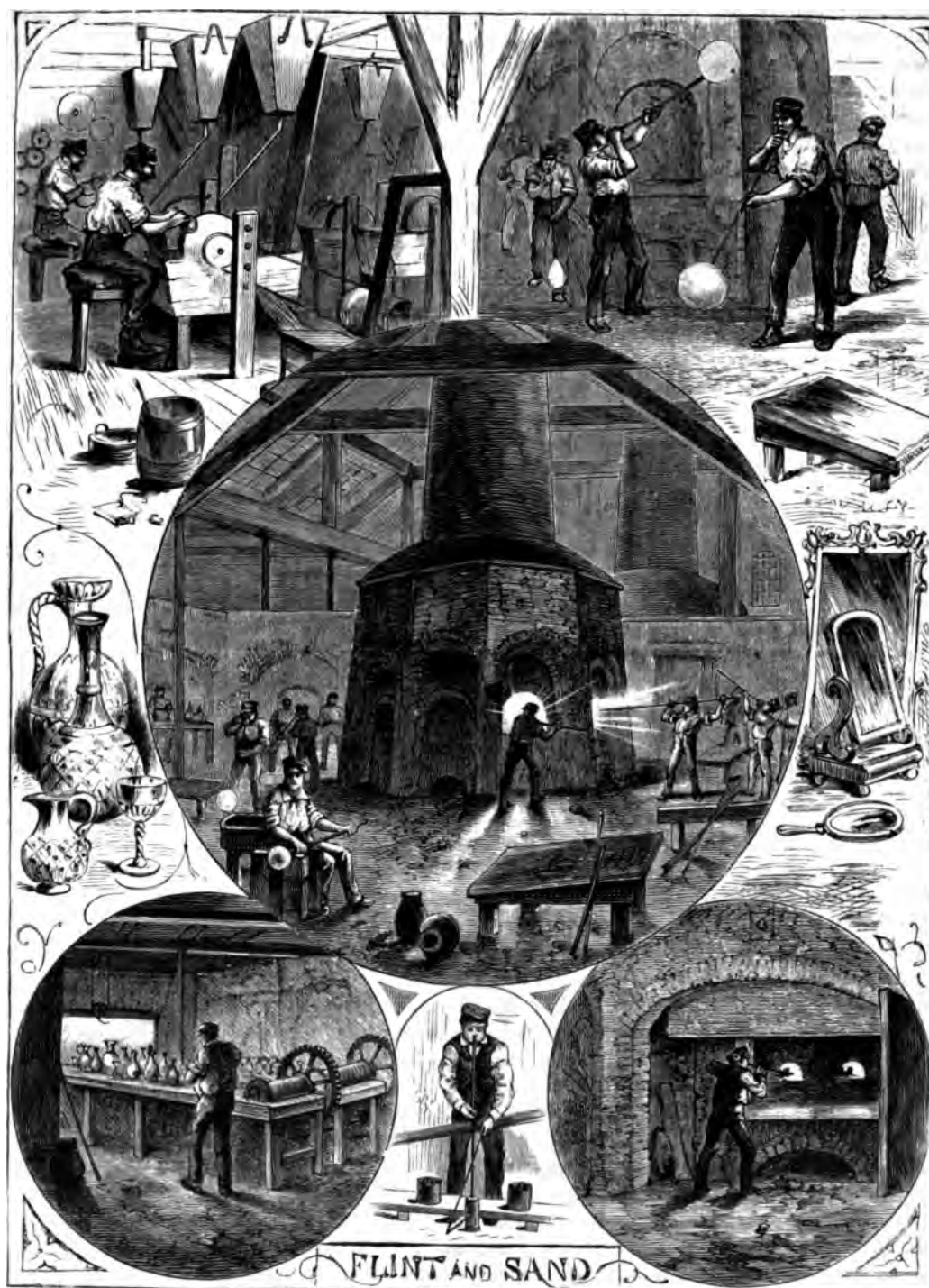
"It does seem a shame to leave them behind," he replied; "but the people hereabouts are very honest—no one would touch them if they laid there a week; so we can come back if we want them."

"That's so," I assented, "we can come back." And consoling myself in this manner, I followed my friend.

Our fishing-grounds were but a short distance outside of Salem, New Jersey, and it did not take us long to reach the town, which is a very sedate sort of place, as quiet as a church-yard, by which you may infer it is very *grave* indeed. Still, many boyish recollections are awakened in me by its landmarks, and I mentally wander back to the good old days when I went crab-fishing in the waters of its creek, or chased the unsuspecting robin, with a gun in my hand and wicked designs in my heart, across the adjacent peaceful meadows.

On leaving our rods and lines at the hotel where we were stopping, the landlord kindly inquired as to what we had done with our fish.

"My friend," said Frank, in a solemn voice, and with a majestic wave of the hand, "if you have any regard for your family—if you would not be stricken down in the flower of your man-



hood to meet an untimely doom, ask no such question." And then we left him.

The glass-furnaces were at the other end of the town; so, lighting our cigars, we strolled quietly in

that direction—quietly, because the excessive heat made any exertion out of the question, and besides there was no lack of time or necessity for haste.

Arriving at our destination in due time, we were confronted by a sign bearing the inscription, "Salem Glass Works," and entered the office to introduce ourselves and make known our desire to go through the establishment. The proprietor, Mr. John V. Craven, was present and received us cordially.

"I am always glad to see visitors," he said, "because it shows me that glass manufacturing is daily becoming a more prominent industry and exciting public interest."

"It has long been a most useful art," I observed.

"Yes, and is steadily increasing its importance. We now have two hundred and seven glass factories in the United States, with an estimated production of over two million and a half of dollars."

"Per annum?" asked Frank.

"Yes."

"That is pretty good."

"The industry has been instrumental in the growth of many South Jersey towns; for where there is a factory the employees must live close by, and soon a neat little village springs up around it, inhabited principally by glass-blowers."

"You have the material very handy here," said I.

"Yes; there is a fine quality of sand all about us."

"What kind of ware do you make?"

"Principally bottles. There is a window-glass factory at Quinton, about three miles from here; but we confine ourselves principally to bottles."

While pursuing this conversation we had entered the large enclosure surrounding the furnaces and other buildings required in the manufacture, packing, and shipment of glassware. The furnace-buildings, three in number, and circular in form, with huge chimneys rearing from the centre of each roof, were grouped together and other structures for varied purposes scattered about.

Approaching one of the former, we were about to walk in when the sight which met our gaze caused us to pause a moment with distended vision. It was very light in the sunshine outside, while within the glass-house it was darker, and our first glimpse through the door was somewhat

startling. Half-nude beings were moving hither and thither in the glare of flames which shot from every opening in the huge furnace; and amid a great clatter they swung balls of hissing fire to and fro, every now and then reaching into the roaring furnace for more and drawing it forth upon the ends of iron rods.

It was a very suggestive sight—reminding us of some things we had read in Sunday-school books; but, noticing that there were several little boys running about without any signs of alarm on their faces, we became reassured. I also recognized a man in there who had attended prayer-meeting the night before, and this convinced me it was all right. We went in.

"It is very warm in here," I observed.

Frank mumbled a reply about its being a "fore-taste" of something, but I did not quite catch the whole of his remark, though I have no doubt it had some reference to the glass trade.

"To begin at the beginning," said Mr. Craven, "I suppose you would like to know when glass was first discovered, and in this respect there are a great many like you. It is not known. Some say the art originated with the Egyptians, but having no other ground for their assertion than the convenient one of assuming that any art whose origin cannot be traced, is safely ascribed to that people."

"I have heard it stated," said Frank, "that a party of shipwrecked sailors made the discovery by accident. Being cast upon a desert shore they built a fire upon the sand, and under the action of its heat this sand was melted and a stream of glass ran out."

"Merely a surmise," replied Mr. Craven; "there are numerous conjectures upon the subject, but all are without foundation. It is certain, however, that the art is a very old one, since it was known to the Phœnicians and Egyptians long before Europe had emerged from barbarism. The Egyptians practiced the art more than three thousand five hundred years ago. At Thebes there are paintings representing glass-blowers at work, and from the hieroglyphics accompanying them it is found that they were executed in the reign of a monarch who occupied the throne before the exodus of the children of Israel from Egypt; and, what is more, they could make better glass then than we can to-day. Many ancient writers speak of a malleable glass which could be indented if

thrown upon a hard substance and then hammered into shape again like brass. Now this is beyond our efforts. It is a lost art which skill and science have for hundreds of years been attempting to re-discover."

"What is glass made of?" I asked.

"No; it will have a slight tinge of green;" replied Mr. Craven.

As Mr. Craven had stated, his establishment was principally devoted to bottles. Big bottles, little bottles, porter-bottles, wine-bottles, short bottles with gaping mouths, tall bottles with slender



ORNAMENTED CUT GLASS.

"Sand, lime, and soda-ash. One hundred pounds of fine clean sand, thirty pounds of slaked lime, and about thirty-two pounds of soda-ash, when well mixed and subjected to sufficient heat, will make glass. Sometimes a small lump of arsenic is added to clear the mass, but it is not always necessary."

"Does this composition make a white glass?" inquired Frank.

necks, and bottles of various other shapes and kinds were upon all sides.

Frank looked pensively upon a great pile of druggists' prescription-bottles for several minutes, and then observed with a sigh:

"Poor fellows!"

"What's that?" I asked.

"Poor fellows," he repeated; "they little know what is in store for them."

"What are you talking about?"

"Ah! it is very sad; innocent and in ignorance, they cannot suspect their terrible fate."

"Are you going mad?" I exclaimed, with some concern for my friend's sanity.

"No," he replied; "I am not going mad; I was only thinking of the poor fellows who must take the contents of those bottles some day."

The huge furnace was in the middle of the



BLUE AND WHITE GLASS VASE.

apartment, and its fire, urged by a steam blower, was darting white flame from every opening and crevice. The blowers, clad in scant attire, were hard at work, and, taking the whole crew together, they looked like an amateur brass band in full blast, with cheeks puffed out and eyes distended. The illusion was perfect, except that we were spared from hearing any amateur band music.

Our attention was particularly attracted to one old man whose cheeks, from long service, had become stretched, and drooped in a disconsolate, baggy fashion. When he blew, they flopped up

suddenly, like toy balloons in the process of inflation, giving him the appearance of having a good-sized apple in each cheek. Immediately upon his ceasing to blow, they flopped down again.

We watched this old man until he had blown a number of bottles. The blow-pipe used is a tube of iron about four feet long. Inserting one end of this through an aperture in the furnace, he gave it a turn or two by a deft movement of the wrist, and thus collecting a sufficient quantity of molten glass upon the tube he withdrew it, keeping it in constant motion, as, otherwise, the mass would run off. Then he rolled the lump slowly to and fro on the surface of a marble slab, blowing into it gently until its size was increased and its shape somewhat similar to the mould for which it was intended. From the slab he conveyed it to the mould, still blowing gently and keeping the tube in constant motion. The mould was in two sections, united by a hinge, and a boy sitting at the blower's feet in front of it shut it together with a snap. Then those toy balloons were inflated until I thought the poor old man had blown his entire existence through that iron pipe. This lasted for a few seconds, long enough to bring a pouring rain of perspiration upon the operator's forehead, when the cheeks flopped down again, the strain relaxed, and the deed was accomplished. The little boy calmly broke the bulb of frail glass between the mould and the blower's tube with an instrument for that purpose; and as it shattered with a sharp report he unclosed the mould, when, lo! a bottle was brought to light with lettering upon it—the names of the manufacturer and his customer.

But this was not the end of the process. The bottle was not yet completed. It was still red-hot, but cooling rapidly, and the boy, taking it from the mould, passed it to another boy who rolled it up and down a wooden trough with a paddle until its lurid tinge had departed; then yet another boy came along bearing an iron rod with a cup upon the end of it. This cup just fit the bottle, and he scooped it up.

It might here be well to mention as a singular thing, that, although the earthen floor of the building was strewn with pieces of broken glass, with their business ends upward, all of those boy assistants were running about in their bare feet, and it did not seem to make any difference whatever. No doubt there is a knack in doing this, or perhaps it is an exemplification of a certain In-

dian's experience, who, having condemned himself to sleep on a bed of spikes for ten years as an atonement for some evil deed, found upon the expiration of that time that he could secure no rest on the old-fashioned buffalo robes of his ancestors because he missed the spikes! Be that as it may, those boys did not seem to mind it a whit, not even wincing when they alighted upon the most enterprising piece of glass.

The boy scooped up the bottle with his cup on the end of its iron rod and conveyed it to the other side of the building to a smaller furnace. This furnace is the larger one in miniature, except that it contains no glass. It has several openings through which the fire juts forth, and these openings are called "glory holes," from the varied color of the flame (red, blue, and white) issuing from them.

At the "glory hole" the bottle received its mouth or lip. An operator took it from the boy, handle and all, and thrust the neck into the fire. When it was sufficiently heated, he took it out again, and then, with tools for the purpose, turned down a rim of the glass sufficient

to give that appearance we usually see in a porter bottle. Druggists' bottles are treated in

like manner, except that the rim is not made so large.

From the "glory hole" it was conveyed to its final resting-place, before packing and shipment, to the oven where the bottles are tempered. It is spacious, and will hold a vast number; but they cannot fill it entirely, since the bottles nearer the door would then cool too quickly and be likely to break of themselves.

"Without this process of annealing," said Mr. Craven, "the glass is so brittle that it would crack and fly to pieces as soon as exposed to cool atmosphere. I have seen bottles explode with great violence from no apparent cause when taken from the works without being annealed. To obviate this, we put them in the oven and start a fire. The fire is fed until a certain temperature be attained, and then left to die out gradually. When perfectly cold, the ware

may be taken and packed, but if the oven has not been properly attended to it will sometimes fall to pieces even then."



A CUT CRYSTAL VASE.

"Does this often occur with you?" I asked.

"No, very seldom, though great care must be exercised to avoid it."

"But is there no way of making a glass less brittle?"

"There is; lead, for instance, tends to make glass softer, more fusible, and more lustrous, which fits it for optical and ornamental purposes,

solution of the metals in the glass. Wine is sometimes put into bottles made of glass wholly unfit for the purpose, and its taste and color are affected in a very few days by the salts produced by the corrosion. I have no doubt that serious mischief might occasionally arise from putting up domestic wines, fruit-juices, and the like, in bottles not intended for any such use."



FINE CUT GLASS.

but spoils it for bottles where a hard, infusible, glass, not readily acted upon by chemical agents, is requisite. Lime, on the other hand, renders glass refractory and less susceptible to the action of acids or alkalies. All acids act upon glass, especially if there is an excess of alkali in its composition, or if it contains lead. Wine and other acid liquids kept in bottles have often been found contaminated with salt, resulting from the

Having now seen all it was possible to see at that furnace, we passed through two others very much like it, and thence to the packing-rooms, where the number of bottles on every hand caused us to wonder where they all go, and speculate upon the journey each one would have to make from hand to hand before it would be finally deposited on an ash-heap or rubbish pile.

When we had decided upon the perambulations

necessary for one bottle to make and followed it to its final resting-place in oblivion and ashes, we bade Mr. Craven adieu, and left, with many pleasant impressions of what we had seen.

"Now that we are in the glass trade," said Frank, "let us go over to Quinton and look through the window-glass factory there. The proprietor, Mr. George Hires, is a friend of mine, and I know he will be pleased to take us through."

"All right," I returned, "I am willing. We may as well get to the bottom of this subject while we are about it; but let us get some dinner first."

Pursuing this suggestion, we returned to the hotel, partook of an excellent repast in which some fish (not of our own catching) held a prominent position, and then were ready to start.

It was our intention to secure a team and drive over; but before we could accomplish this, Frank espied a vehicle coming up the road which seemed familiar to him.

"There is Mr. Hires now!" he exclaimed. "I will hail him."

On learning our desires, Mr. Hires said, "Jump right in, I am going to the works now."

We lost no time in complying with this invitation, and were soon speeding along over a level road, past fields of growing corn and pleasant views of meadow-land.

It took but a short time to reach Quinton and the works of Messrs. Hires & Co., when, alighting from the carriage, we were ready for a tour of inspection.

The first place visited was the pot-house. Here the pots are made in which the glass is melted. It is a curious process, and by no means an uninteresting branch of the business. The material used in their construction is a particular kind of clay imported from Germany.

"There is an American clay for this purpose," said Mr. Hires, "but it will not do, being unable to stand the fire and liable to break."

The German clay is of a very light-yellow, comes in cubes, and is ground to powder along with some old pots and a modicum of the same clay which has been burned. This mixture is moistened and put in a trough, where an operator kneads it thoroughly. It is done with his bare feet. The trough is filled only at one end with the glutinous mass, much resembling soft putty, and a workman then gets in upon it and slowly works it to the other end with his feet. This is repeated until the whole substance is thoroughly mixed, and when the desired consistency is attained



GLASS TASA AND URN.

the pots may be made. They are formed in moulds, and when completed are about two and a half feet high, with a diameter of perhaps three feet.

"It requires great skill in making these," observed Mr. Hires, "and care must be taken that no foreign substances remain in the clay; for if even a hair is permitted to remain, as soon as the pot is used that hair will burn away in the furnace's intense heat, leaving a hole which would be liable to crack the pot and lose the glass."

"How many of these pots are there in each furnace?" asked Frank.

"Six in some and in others eight. I will show you the interior of one of the furnaces; there is one being rebuilt now."

We followed him to another building, where workmen were engaged upon a furnace, rebuilding

it. It was constructed of fire-clay, and the interior was sufficiently high to admit of our standing upright. The pots were arranged upon "benches," or platforms of fire-clay, on either side opposite to openings in the side of the furnace through which the glass is taken.

Having thoroughly examined everything of interest here, we then went to the factories in operation.

Scarcely any one to look upon a pane of window-glass would imagine that it had once been round, and yet such is the fact. The furnace stands in the middle of the building, and on either

form inside which revolves, and the fire is at one end only. The cylinders of glass are placed upon marble slabs in motion, and as they revolve past the fire they become sufficiently heated to allow of their being flattened out with wooden blocks, which purpose is accomplished by men standing at the oven doors and striking the glass as it passes them.

When transformed into a sheet of perhaps twelve square feet, it is conveyed to cars further away from the fire and moved slowly up and down until quite cool. Then it is ready for the final process of cutting.

In the room devoted to this, experienced hands are busily engaged trimming off all irregular edges and cutting the sheets into various sizes, and soon the crude glass comes forth to market as fine, clear window-panes.

On leaving the cutting-room, we returned to the furnace again, and watched the blowers as they swung their unwieldy burden of forty pounds to and fro, imagining them swinging it for hours in succession.

"I should think such exertion would be hard on one's muscles," suggested Frank.

"No," returned Mr. Hires; "the men get fat on it, and blowing expands the chest and lungs."

"Well," said Frank, "it is a wonderful process."

"Scarcely so wonderful as the new discovery in glass."

"You refer to glass-cloth?"

"Yes. This late departure is a near approach to the malleable glass of ancient times, though I was not greatly surprised upon hearing of its manufacture, for I can easily conceive of a very fine glass thread being spun which may become soft and pliable by annealing. I have frequently noticed, when the blowers have been drawing their irons from the fire, that a small portion of hot glass would adhere to the sides of the furnace and thus be drawn out to a considerable length, and so fine as to resemble a cobweb."

"Is there any glass-cloth factory in the United States?" I asked.



QUINTON, NEW JERSEY.

side is a deep pit bridged over by narrow wooden bridges upon which the blower stands at his work. The iron blow-pipe, weighing some fifteen pounds, is thrust into the furnace and about twenty-five pounds of molten glass collected upon the end of it. The blower then swings it below him in the pit and blows into the pipe until, by the power of gravitation and the force of his breath, the glass is elongated and expanded, forming a cylinder with elliptical ends, sometimes four feet long by one foot in diameter. This the blower continues to swing and blow into, until he considers it of a proper shape and thickness, when the ends are cut off and a hollow cylinder alone remains. The cylinder (or "roller," as it is termed) is then split through its entire length, conveyed to the flattening-room, and put into a revolving oven.

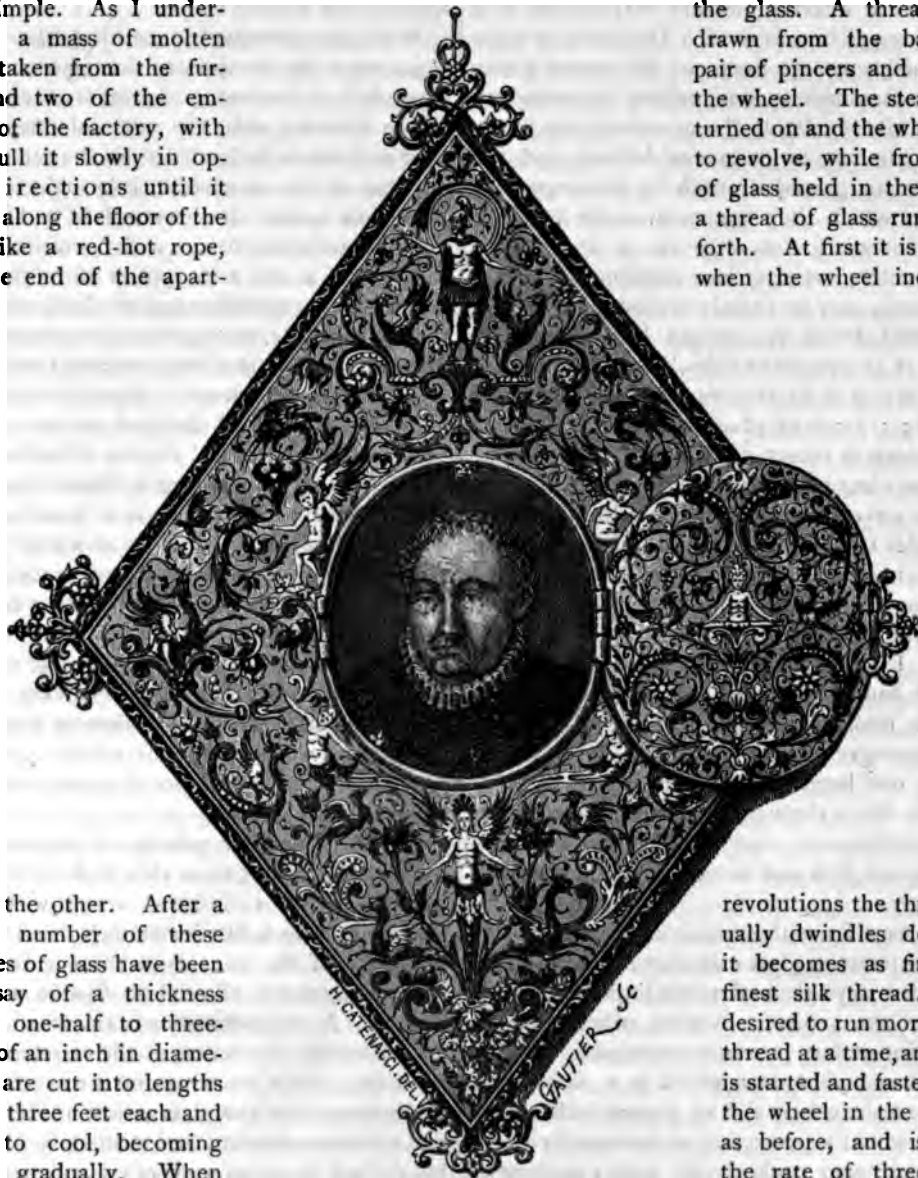
The oven is circular, with a table of the same

"There is one in Pittsburg."

"The process is no doubt very intricate," observed Frank.

"On the contrary," returned our friend, "it is very simple. As I understand it, a mass of molten glass is taken from the furnace, and two of the employees of the factory, with tongs, pull it slowly in opposite directions until it stretches along the floor of the factory like a red-hot rope, from one end of the apart-

At one side is a small stand with a hot-air blow-pipe set at right angles to the wheel. The operator takes one of these bars of glass three feet long and holds the end in this hot blast which melts the glass. A thread is then drawn from the bar with a pair of pincers and secured to the wheel. The steam is then turned on and the wheel begins to revolve, while from the bar of glass held in the hot blast a thread of glass runs steadily forth. At first it is thick, but when the wheel increases its



A BEAUTIFUL SPECIMEN OF GLASS FRAME.

ment to the other. After a sufficient number of these long ropes of glass have been drawn, say of a thickness of from one-half to three-quarters of an inch in diameter, they are cut into lengths of about three feet each and allowed to cool, becoming annealed gradually. When cold they are taken to the spinning-room. Here is a large driving-wheel of wood over eight feet in diameter, and with a smooth surface of about twelve inches in width. This driving-wheel is run by steam power, and can be revolved at the rate of three hundred revolutions per minute.

the thread is spun, the more elastic and pliable it becomes."

"But does this thread possess strength? I should hardly imagine it would," Frank remarked.

"Yes, it does; in addition to pliability, it has

revolutions the thread gradually dwindles down until it becomes as fine as the finest silk thread. If it is desired to run more than one thread at a time, another end is started and fastened about the wheel in the same way as before, and is spun at the rate of three or four miles per minute. Strange as it may appear, the finer

also great tensile strength. But to continue: After an immense coil of the glass has been spun, it is bound together in skeins, and the next step in the process of making cloth is weaving. For this purpose a weaving machine very similar to a silk-weaving machine is used. The fibres of glass are stretched across the loom and the weaver passes his spindle from side to side, uniting the warp and the woof. By regulating the machinery the fabric can be made fine or coarse as desired, and the threads, having gained strength by the degrees of fineness to which they are spun, unite together like silk threads. Not only can a fine-grained fabric be made, but even lace patterns, no matter how intricate, may be exactly reproduced."

"I should think this would be very pretty, especially if in different colors," I observed.

"That is one of its greatest beauties," returned our friend; "a roll of glass-cloth can be made of a combination of colors, such as deep-amber glass, white glass, clear glass, purple and iridescent glass, and when woven together in one fabric it would glitter under the gas-light like an immense setting of infinitesimal gems."

"Do you think this manufacture will ever come into general use?"

"That I cannot say. The price for which glass-cloth can be produced will no doubt decide whether it remains a curiosity or not; at present it is an expensive article."

During our lengthy conversation we had followed Mr. Hires through the various departments of his establishment, and having completed the survey we left him and returned to the hotel for some supper.

By this time I was thoroughly aroused to a state of lively interest in glass manufacture, and during the next few days gleaned much important information on the subject. Among other things I will mention a few processes connected with the manufacture of *flint-glass*, which is a much finer quality than the other, and of greater brilliancy.

No one would suppose that so beautifully transparent a substance could result from a mixture of sand, hard and opaque; red-lead, not less opaque; and soda or potash, very far from resembling glass in hardness or transparency; yet these are the ingredients used to make flint-glass. Formerly, instead of sand, flints were employed, ground to a very fine powder, and hence the name; but this practice has been wholly abandoned.

If a jug, a decanter, or vase, is to be blown, the operator proceeds in much the same manner as a bottle-blower, except that the article is not moulded but manipulated by the workman until it assumes the desired shape.

With an instrument something like a pair of sugar-tongs he compresses the glass at one part, expands it at another, and gives it graceful curves. While effecting this, the material often becomes cold and has to be heated from time to time at an opening in the furnace until brought into proper condition again. If the vessel is to have a foot, another workman brings a little melted glass on the end of a rod and applies it to the bottom, where the first workman quickly fashions it; if it is to have a handle, more glass is brought and speedily formed; and in this manner they continue until the piece is completed. Many articles of flint-glass are considered finished at this stage, but those which are "cut" require a further process.

The cutting or grinding is effected by means of a thin wheel; and above is a vessel containing water or sand, which trickles down on the wheel. Some of the wheels are of iron, some of stone, and some of willow-wood, according to the kind of work to be done.

The workman takes the glass article and applies it to the edge of the rapidly-revolving wheel, according to the pattern he desires to produce, and holds it in various positions till the ground portions present the ornamental appearance he desires.

There is another process of engraving glass, somewhat different from this, and without the aid of wheels. A cylindrical vessel with a cone-shaped bottom is filled with well-dried sand. At the apex of the cone is a short tube, through which the sand is allowed to flow in a continual stream. A tube conveying air or steam passes down through the centre of the vessel and ends in a nozzle. By a jet of steam the sand is thrown violently against the glass article to be engraved, and exerts an abrading action upon it. Holes may be drilled in glass and other substances much harder, by means of this apparatus; but in engraving on glass very little pressure is required, as the lines need not be deep. Those portions of the work which are to remain clear are covered with paper or an elastic varnish, these substances being sufficient to withstand the action of the sand.

VICTRIX VICTA.

BY FRED F. FOSTER.

FORMERLY, among the residents on one of the most fashionable thoroughfares of our "modern Athens," was the family of John Eveleth, banker. There were rumors that Mr. Eveleth had once been a soap-maker; that in this decidedly plebeian vocation he had acquired the basis of his substantial fortune. The brown-stone front, with its costly appointments; the grand dinners, served on massive plate; the gorgeous "turn-outs;" the elegant silks, satins, broadcloths—these were established facts. Absurd, indeed, would it have been to overweigh such claims to distinction with paltry rumors. Therefore his aristocratic neighbors made no attempt to ostracise him from their midst.

To Mr. and Mrs. Eveleth but one child was born, Blanche, the idol of her parents, and, from her infancy, never knowing a desire ungratified, if love or money rendered its gratification possible. Naturally, even when a child, she was an imperious little tyrant; naturally, too, this imperiousness "grew with her growth, and strengthened with her strength." Yet she possessed many excellent qualities, which gained her numerous warm friends.

She "came out" at sixteen, this early *début* being in accordance with the wishes of her mother, who was desirous that her daughter should contract an eligible marriage, and was aware that, "other things being equal," a fresh and fair young face is a powerful "card." With her mother's matrimonial schemes, Blanche, unfortunately, had no sympathy. She was, however, more than willing to render herself agreeable to the gentlemen; in fact, her aim seemed to be the subjugation of masculine hearts, and wherever she was were to be found scores of her victims. Every one knew her for an arrant coquette; nevertheless, she continued to impress each gentleman with whom she associated with the conviction that he was the favored mortal. When matters culminated in a proposal, as they frequently did, she would listen thereto with downcast eyes and modest mien, then blast the suitor's hopes with the utmost *sang froid*.

Finally, weary of an incessant round of excitement, and heartily desiring a temporary exemption therefrom, she went, one summer, to pass a few

weeks on a farm in the "Granite State," whither she was attracted by an advertisement which came to her notice, "Private board in the country," that seemed to promise exactly what she sought.

The family of which she thus became an inmate consisted of Mrs. Mason,—a woman upward of fifty years old,—one son, Henry, not far from twenty-five, and one daughter, Emma, about her own age—twenty. To Miss Eveleth, from the time of her arrival, everything connected with this family was a happy surprise. She had supposed that country people had no regard for aught save that pertaining to the "bread-and-butter" of existence. A few hours passed with the Masons served effectually to disabuse her mind of so erroneous an impression. They were people who believed in education for the masses, not for the few, and sought all means tending to intellectual advancement.

Accustomed as she was to sycophantic homage, the treatment she received at the hands of these strangers, kindly, but devoid of obsequiousness, won her respect. Their easy, unconstrained manner in her presence, proving they did not consider her as belonging to an order of beings superior to their own because she was a resident of Boston, convinced her they estimated people for what they really are; that, while with them, it would not pay to "put on airs." The courtliness manifested by each member of the family toward the others; the willingness with which one deferred to the wishes of another; the earnest, loving endeavors made by mother, brother, sister, to outdo one another in little acts of tender love, satisfied her that an exhibition of her own domineering proclivities would not only be in bad taste but excite the contempt of the family. Previously, she had neither thought nor cared what opinion people held of her; just then she was anxious to create a favorable impression.

This desire, laudable in itself, in her case, we are sorry to say, was incited by an unworthy motive: nothing other than the wish to see if she could inspire the son with the *grande passion*; to learn if he, a strong, self-possessed man, could be converted into the nervous, impetuous lover. He

seemed, in every respect, so unlike any upon whom she had heretofore practiced her wiles, it would be a novel and interesting experiment, and the result would assist to establish or refute her pet hypothesis: "All men are unconscionably weak where women are concerned."

To be sure, he was only a farmer, with hands and feet far from delicate, and a sunburnt face; one whom her acquaintances of the *beau monde* would not place in the category of "gentlemen." But his features were regular, his countenance expressive of intelligence and radiant with good humor, his brown eyes beaming with smiles; and, despite the tan, she deemed him fine-looking. He was, in the best sense of the word, a gentleman; honest, industrious, and well qualified to command the esteem of all who knew him.

With slight personal knowledge of the world outside the immediate vicinity of his home, he believed all women pure, true, sincere, judging them from his mother and sister. To find the one upon whom he had lavished the wealth of his manly affections, by whom he had every reason to believe it fully reciprocated—to find her weak, base, heartless, would be a crushing blow. The wound might not be "so deep as a well," and in time the primal, benumbing pain it caused would wear away; but his implicit confidence in her sex would be shattered forever.

Unusual as it was for her to consider the possible consequences of her acts, the above thoughts obtruded themselves upon her mind; and more than once she half resolved to renounce her purpose, so unwomanly, so absolutely cruel did it seem to trifle with the affections of such a man. But she had invariably thrust her conscience aside when dictating a course antipodal to that which the realization of her wishes necessitated, and the protests of the little monitor against any of her plans had become feeble as well as infrequent. In the present instance, her recurrent impulses, though noble and generous, were unable to withstand the mightier power opposed to them; indeed, after each appeal of the good angel, she was more desperately intent upon the enterprise than before.

Success, she felt assured, would never crown her efforts unless she first secured the favor of Mrs. Mason and Emma, in whose opinion Henry implicitly trusted, conformably to which his own was in no slight degree moulded; and to this end she made herself extremely agreeable to them.

She and the young man were much in each other's company. He rode or walked with her to various places of interest near his home; she played or sang for his entertainment. The more she saw of him, with the greater respect for him was she inspired. Whereas other gentleman had pandered to her vanity, he ever endeavored to stimulate her to faith in her capacity for little things. And the earnestness with which she often found him regarding her, the occasional tremor of his voice when he spoke to her, convinced her that the task she had undertaken was not likely to prove fruitless.

One morning at the breakfast-table, Mrs. Mason, noticing the purple rings circling her eyes, and the pallor of her countenance, said:

"You look ill, Miss Eveleth. Were you sick during the night?"

"Only restless," was the response. "I am never able to sleep when a thunder-storm is in progress."

"The shower last night was remarkably heavy," observed Emma.

"I shall be under the necessity of having Emma's assistance about my forenoon's work," continued Mrs. Mason; "but can't you drive for an hour or two with Miss Eveleth, Henry?"

"As well as not, if Miss Eveleth would like to take a ride."

"Thank you," returned Blanche; "it would give me great pleasure."

"I wish Emma could accompany us, to describe the various objects we shall see," remarked Henry. "There is scarcely a tree, shrub, or stone for miles around with which she has not some romantic tale connected."

"You can drive past the 'haunted house'," returned Emma. "You are as well acquainted with its romantic, or rather tragic, history as I am."

"Really a haunted house?" asked Blanche.

"Yes," answered Emma; "a place to which one might fitly apply Hood's words:

'O'er all there hung a shadow and a fear,
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is haunted.'"

"I have always wished to see something about which there was a 'sense of mystery,' and my wishes are now in a fair way to be gratified.

Thank you for suggesting this one object of interest."

The ride among the low-lying hills that cloudless, cool, exhilarating morning, bringing within the range of her vision grand and varying scenery, restored the color to Blanche's cheeks, and caused the rings circling her eyes to disappear. All at once her companion said:

"There is the haunted house."

Looking in the direction indicated with his finger, she got a glimpse of a building situated several rods from the highway, and so nearly hidden from view by the trees surrounding it that but for his words it would have escaped her notice.

"I will tie my horse to this post," he continued, jumping from the carriage, "and we will go where you can examine the place all you choose. There is no dew, and the rain of last night seems to have soaked into the ground, so the surface is not at all moist," assisting her to alight. Then they took a path which from long disuse had become overgrown with weeds and knot-grass, and presently reached a spot whence she distinctly saw the house.

It was a cottage, to which time and storm had imparted a hue not unlike that of the granitic boulders dotting the neighboring hill-sides. About the door, where once, no doubt, the sunflower and hollyhock had bloomed,—even if rarer flowers were not to be found,—only a few dried thistles and stunted shrubs appeared. Of the fence enclosing the homestead all that remained was an occasional worm-eaten post.

"Would you like to go inside?" asked Henry.

"If you please," was the reply.

A push on the door caused it to swing on its rusty hinges with a harsh, grating sound, and they entered. The odor of the building was musty and extremely disagreeable, and Blanche was satisfied with a brief stay in-doors. When once again outside, she said:

"Your sister suggested a 'tragic history' as connected with this house."

"It is soon told. Something more than a score of years since, a widow—Mrs. Williams—resided here with her only child, a young man, twenty-two years of age. He became deeply enamored of a young lady whose home was in a neighboring town; and, though no engagement between them existed, she knew and encouraged his love, and

gave him every reason to believe it was reciprocated. From this happy dream he was rudely awakened by the receipt of a letter from her, in which she informed him that their 'pleasant flirtation' must end, as she was shortly to wed a gentleman to whom she had, for a long time, been secretly affianced; followed, ere many weeks, by the knowledge that she had married.

"The poor fellow was completely unmanned, and, in a moment of desperation, took his own life. His mother was prostrated with grief, and in less than three months was laid in a grave beside her son. Since then strange sounds have been reported to proceed from this house, accompanied by weird lights flashing at the windows. Probably these sounds and sights, if not wholly imaginary, are referable to natural causes; but no one has ever attempted to 'lay' the ghost supposed to 'haunt' these premises."

"What became of *her*?"

"She died in an asylum for the insane, after suffering untold agony; her insanity caused by her remorse."

"Most likely you consider her suffering a just retribution for her sin?"

"I believe that every deviation from the path of right is punished."

"What should you do, if subjected to such treatment as young Williams received?" Blanche could not help asking; but she put the question with a tremulous voice, and looked down as she spoke.

"One can hardly foretell what he will do under particular circumstances."

"You would not commit suicide?"

"That has always seemed to me an unsatisfactory method of extricating one's self from trouble."

"Perhaps you would prefer to assist in avenging your wrongs?"

"I see no reason why the fact that I had been wronged should lead me to dishonor my manhood sufficiently to seek a petty revenge."

"Shouldn't you hate a woman who trifled with your affections?"

Henry, surprised at the singularity of her questions, remarked:

"I think I should despise her most supremely."

"I think you would," returned Blanche, and a silence fell between them that continued till they re-entered the carriage; nor during the remainder

of the ride was their conversation so animated as before. Upon one thing she resolved: to renounce her purpose. His hatred she could endure; his contempt, never.

Toward the close of an afternoon in September, the following bit of conversation accidentally came to her ear:

"Don't you see whither you are drifting, Henry?" in Emma's voice.

"What do you mean?" was Henry's reply.

"You are allowing yourself to become completely infatuated with Miss Eveleth."

"I do love her, I confess."

"You must know she will never love you in return."

"I presume she never will. At any rate, I shall never be so unwise as to acquaint her with my feelings."

Blanche heard no more than this, but she decided to return to her home within a few days, and spare Henry the unhappiness she was confident would grow to be his if she remained.

In the evening, she announced her purposed return to Boston in a couple of days. Learning this, Mrs. Mason and Emma made no comment; Henry, in a husky voice, asked:

"Why this sudden departure?"

"It can hardly be called sudden, as I have already overstayed the time I anticipated being with you, on my arrival here," returned Blanche. "I must go home and prepare for the winter's campaign of frivolity."

"That is not the reason you go away," he said nervously.

"Henry!" exclaimed Mrs. Mason rebukingly.

"I did not intend to be impertinent, and I crave Miss Eveleth's pardon, if so I seemed."

"Will you please sing?" asked Emma, anxious to prevent any further conversation of this kind.

"Certainly." And Blanche seated herself at the piano.

During the ensuing two days, Henry addressed scarcely a word to Blanche, save when she spoke to him, and then his tone and manner were quite unnatural. With each succeeding hour that brought the time for her intended departure nearer, she shrank from it more and more. Why, she did not clearly comprehend.

But, as ever, whether of joy or sorrow, the moments wore away. The last evening of her purposed stay finally arrived, and it happened that

she and Henry were left alone on the piazza, a thing that both had earnestly striven to avoid.

"Miss Eveleth—Blanche—I wish to ask you a question," he said abruptly, "and I trust it will not offend you. Did you hear any of my conversation with Emma, day before yesterday?"

She remained silent.

"I am confident you did, and that it was the cause of your determination to leave us. What I then said is true; I do love you as I never have loved, never shall love, another woman. If my loving you seems to you the veriest folly, I have the satisfaction of knowing I but add one to the by no means small number of imbeciles in the world," bitterly.

"Have I said it did?" she returned archly.

"What!" he cried, going nearer her. "Do you mean my love does not displease you?"

"No woman can be displeased with the love of an honorable man."

"And do you, can you, give me love for love?" taking her face in his hands and looking directly into her eyes. "For God's sake do not trifle with me!"

"No, Henry,"—it was the first time she had ever addressed him by his given name,—"*I will not trifle with you. During the earlier portion of my residence in your family, it was my constant aim to win your love, as I had won that of other gentlemen, merely for the sake of a conquest. The respect for you your manliness forced from me caused the renunciation of my despicable purpose, as the remembrance of it induced the strange questions I asked you while we were at the 'haunted house.' A moment ago you asked me if I heard any of your conversation with Emma, day before yesterday. I did—a little of it. Till then, I was not aware that you cared for me, other than as a friend, as I had learned to care for you. Since I decided to go away, I have gradually come to realize how essential to my future happiness you are; that to me you are more than a friend.*" And her fingers clasped his hands.

"And will you become my wife?"

"After this confession of my wickedness, do you still dare to trust me, still wish me to become your wife?"

"I do."

"Then I am yours, 'till death do us part.'"

Thus she, who had heretofore conquered, was vanquished.

DECORATION OF COTTAGE HOMES.

By H. Cox.

HAVING treated in a former paper, entitled "Artistic Homes," of the embellishment of high-class houses, and considered generally the subject of decoration, we now propose to show how small houses and cottages may be improved and raised above the ordinary level of dull commonplace, and how art can beautify and refine even the smallest and plainest of tenements. A truer insight, a clearer understanding, in all matters pertaining to art, is daily becoming more noticeable; individuals are beginning to think for themselves; decorators and upholsterers no longer have all their own way, but have to strive hard to meet the taste of the people. The rage for architecture and furniture in Queen Anne style, though overdone, and consequently wearisome, shows a turn in the right direction. Englishmen will have no more of the untrue stucco imitation of stone houses, no more shams, and truth and art are winners in the race for popular favor; so, with interior decoration, graining and marbling are giving place to plain paint or polished wood, that make no pretense to be other than what they are in reality. The one objection to decorating is the expense that is of necessity incurred by employing skilled workmen, and the only alternative is, that the owner must put his shoulder to the wheel and ornament his own cottage, or at least be competent to superintend the workmen he employs. But it is by no means sufficient that he should think to himself that he knows what he likes, and will have his home decorated entirely after his own taste; unless he has some knowledge of the principles that have been followed by our greatest artists—unless he comprehends the motives that have guided them, the rules that they have carried out—confusion and failure will be the certain result of his attempt. "Order is Heaven's first law, and the way to order is by rules that art hath found." With our exhibitions and museums, and the many practical works that have been written bearing on the subject, few who have the desire for knowledge can plead the excuse of ignorance.

We will suppose our cottage to consist of six rooms, and then consider how we may decorate it to the best advantage inexpensively and yet artistically. Vol. XVII.—17.

cally. There will be but one sitting-room, and that, if we are to have any comfort in it, must not come under the category of "best parlors" or "drawing-rooms." It must be a room with space for work, music, books, and flowers. A "best parlor" recalls memories of cold, unaired rooms, cheerless, dull, and fireless in winter; close and hot in summer, with closed windows and drawn blinds, that the sun may not fade the carpet or the dust soil the curtains. Such a sanctum, generally considered too good for daily use, is shunned by all who love comfort. Children dare not carry their toys into it; no girl's fancy-work makes the table bright with many-colored crewels; flowers will not bloom in it; no open books tell of a few leisure moments spared from the day's toil, when the tired worker rests with a feeling of infinite relief, and culls a thought from a favorite author that will carry him cheerily through his remaining duties.

The first consideration will be the wall spaces. Paint, silk, tapestry, embossed leather, are all available, but all too elaborate for our purpose. Silk is too fragile; embossed leather and tapestry hold the dust; paint is expensive if workmen's time is to be paid for; so our choice must needs fall on paper-hangings. But so many good patterns may now be obtained that we need not despair of making our rooms presentable, even with the most economical of wall coverings. Artists have given their attention and brought their knowledge and skill to bear on the subject, the result being exquisitely designed patterns, to which the most fastidious can take no exception; the difficulty that lies in our way is the selection of the most suitable. Wall-surface decoration must never be of such a decided character as to draw attention from those objects which it is intended to enhance, and to which it should act simply as a background; if we have many pictures to adorn our walls, we must select a paper that will not detract from their beauty, but rather bring out their hues to the best advantage; small patterns carried out in subdued, retiring tones are obviously most desirable. On the other hand, should we have no pictures to rely on for ornamentation, the design

of the paper may be somewhat more strongly marked. The prevailing tint, whether quiet negative hues are employed, or positive colors so balanced as to give a "neutralized bloom," must also be in accordance with the general scheme of coloring. No paper that gives representations of birds or animals will be found satisfactory, though they are constantly to be seen, especially in dado hangings; unsuitable at any time when treated in a naturalistic manner, they become most objectionable when they are repeated at stated intervals a few inches apart, as in a dado we have lately seen, where parrots perched on twigs inclosed in small square panels, the intervening panels being filled with branches of trees. A paper may be safely rejected as inartistic if the design is shaded, or if an attempt is made to suggest that the ornament is raised from the surface on which it is drawn. Two or three quotations from Mr. Colling's "Suggestions in Design," may enable us more fully to understand the nature of true ornament, and thereby more easily to choose a wall-paper that will prove a constant source of pleasure to all who look upon it. "All ornament should be founded on a geometrical basis." "Natural growth should be the law in ornament, and branches or scrolls made always to flow in their growing direction. Never make foliage grow two ways." "Flat surfaces should have a sufficient amount of flatness in their ornamentation as not to destroy their quality of flatness." From the design we may glance briefly at the coloring. If we require a paper to harmonize easily with furniture coverings, etc., it will be best to find one that is composed entirely of various shades of one color, or one containing but two tints of differing colors; there will then be but little fear that it will clash with its surroundings. If the pattern is darker than the ground, it will need outlining with a still darker shade. If much lighter, no outline is requisite; but if the pattern is only a shade or two lighter than the ground, it will need an outline of a still paler tint of its own color. A decorator who has had but little experience in the art is undoubtedly wise in choosing, both for the sake of economy and for the small amount of trouble he will have in making his colors agree, some such simple combination as we have mentioned; but at the same time we acknowledge that he loses one of his greatest chances of showing his skill in bringing together a successful combination of hues. Positive pig-

ments, applied by one who possesses a knowledge of chromatics and experience in decorating, will produce a far richer, more gorgeous effect than the monotony produced by self tints; but he needs an artist's eye, and to work according to the rules of art, if he desires to achieve a master-piece of decoration; complexity and intricacy of design, colors that contrast and harmonize, even though on the verge of disagreement, will but urge him on to greater effort in overcoming the difficulties that lie in his way. Much gilding on paper is to be avoided for many reasons. It gives a vulgar appearance if too lavishly employed; it does not wear well unless of the best quality, and even that is soon affected by damp air or by damp walls; it considerably heightens the price of the paper when the metal is good; and for a room in a small cottage that is to act as a general sitting-room, it would be decidedly out of place. All papers containing gilding can, therefore, be at once passed over. For the use of those who intend to assist in their own home-decorations, we give the following directions for paper-hanging. The worker has but few preparations to make before commencing—a deal table placed in the centre of the room, a large pair of scissors for edging the paper, a pail containing paste, a duster or roller placed ready at hand, and he may at once begin operations. And, first, as to the paste. Good flour and boiling water are the only requisites for its manufacture; alum may be added in the proportion of two ounces of alum to four pounds of flour; it is not essential to paste-making, but Dr. Richardson recommends its use in his articles on "Health at Home." The most important point is to make sure that the water boils thoroughly. Take some flour, and see that it is free from all lumps; now add cold water sufficient to moisten it so that it runs thickly from the spoon. When the water is boiling hard and fast, pour it over the flour, never ceasing to stir until the paste turns; when it loses its white appearance, and partially clears, it is proof that sufficient water had been added. The paste is then to be brought to the right consistency by thinning it with cold water, when it will work easily with the brush. He will now edge the paper, cutting close to the pattern on one side, on the other leaving about the eighth of an inch beyond, which serves for the underlap. After measuring one length, the paper is laid on the table, the piece unrolled, and the pattern matched for the second length;

when a number are thus ready, the first may be pasted. It is brought close to the edge of the table, so that no paste can reach the table itself, or it will soil the next breadth that is placed upon it. When the bottom of the length is pasted, it is folded over and the top is finished. Commence hanging from the side of a window or door, so that there may be no more joins than are absolutely necessary. Each length as it is hung requires to be rolled or smoothed close to the wall with a duster, that no air bubbles may remain. A border or frieze will hide defects if there should be any, and add greatly to the appearance of the room. Whitewashed or colored walls will have to be sized and scraped.

To return to the consideration of the sitting-room. We would suggest that the prevailing tint of the paper is citrine; it is a shade that harmonizes easily with many furniture coverings, is cool and pleasant to look upon, and does not assert itself too strongly. As the room will probably not be of large dimensions, we would not recommend a dado; but a border at the bottom and a frieze at the top of the wall will give a good effect, and break the monotony. The wood-work shall be olive-green of two shades, the styles and mouldings of the door dark, the panels light, the lower part of the wainscot dark, the upper part light. And here we would advise the workman's aid to be called in. Painting is not only arduous, but the smell of the oils is strong and often disagreeable. Then, too, so much preparation is indispensable, if it is to present a satisfactory appearance when completed. New wood requires priming, that it should not absorb the paint. The knots have to be "killed," any cracks filled up with putty, and inequalities rubbed down with glass-paper. Then the coats of paint have to be laid on and allowed their proper time to dry, so that, however assiduously the wood-work of a room is worked at, it is, at the best of times, both a long and trying performance. The ceiling is colored a pale blue-green. A painted ceiling, beautiful as it may be in itself, is unsuitable for a cottage home, even though the owner should be inclined to decorate it himself, for the good reason that when there is only one sitting-room it is constantly in use, and the ceiling needs renovating every year. We can imagine the despair of the artist at seeing his work becoming rapidly soiled day by day, knowing that cleanliness, and as a consequence health,

requires a renewal, and yet dreading to efface with a clean coat of whitewash that which was a labor of love and took so long to execute. But although the ceiling is simply colored, there is no occasion that it should lack ornamentation. A stenciled pattern at the corners will amply repay the decorator for the time bestowed on it and the trouble incurred. It is easy work, and quickly done, so that there is not the same objection to it as to painted decorations. If the carpet is russet, a harmony will be established between the several portions of the room; it is a color that wears well, and being sombre in tone, gives the solidity that is desirable in a floor covering; the design must give the same impression of stability, and should be equally balanced over the entire surface, no shadows being introduced, or the flatness essential to a good carpet-pattern will be endangered.

The furniture comes, perhaps, scarcely within the limits of this paper; but we cannot refrain from remarking that, whatever the style chosen, it should be good of its kind, strong and yet tasteful. A sitting-room that must meet the requirements of both dining and drawing-rooms must perforce contain some diversity of form and material; lounging-chairs cannot be excluded, while dining-chairs are indispensable; but though we must not forget that unity is one of the first laws of decoration, yet "Unity without variety produces uniformity and insipidity, variety without unity results in confusion or absence of design." A design for book-shelves we saw lately pleased us much, and might be employed with success in many small rooms; taking up but little space, it was both novel and useful. It would, however, be only practicable where the doorway is constructed near the centre of the wall, as the shelves are ranged on either side of it. First, there is a small cupboard at the bottom, with ornamental doors; above this the shelves, filled with books, reach as high as the door, which is surmounted by an architrave, holding an Oriental jar, while on a narrow shelf above a china plaque rests against the wall; the shelves and cupboards are repeated on the other side of the doorway, and the whole presents a unique, picturesque effect. It might be carried out in ebonized deal, light oak, polished pine, or painted in conformity with the wood-work of the room, the panels of the cupboard-doors being decorated after the same fashion as the door and shutter panels. For the entrance-

hall we can choose between paint, tempera color, and varnished paper. The paint, if varnished, will wash and wear well, but the expense incurred will deter many from employing this mode of hall decoration. Flatted paint also admits of washing, if carefully performed, but no soap or soda may be used in the cleansing process. To the use of tempera color there can be no objection on the score of extravagance, but then it will require constant renewal. One thing to be said greatly in its favor is, that the decorator has it in his power to color his walls any hue or shade that he prefers. Now this is not always the case with wall-papers. A book of patterns—it may be even two or three books—are sent on approval, and yet no color that exactly suits is found among them. This will be found to be commonly the case when a dado and filling are both required. Unless they are made specially to suit each other, it is very difficult to find two papers that will blend harmoniously together; and of those that are thus made to use in combination, sometimes the pattern is not pleasing—it is too large, too small, or too formal; so that to obtain a thoroughly satisfactory wall-paper is not an easy matter. Tempera or distemper color obviates all trouble of this kind. The decorator can mix his colors until he gets the exact shade to suit his taste, and he also can change the appearance of his house as often as he chooses, at a small outlay, by simply recoloring his walls. “Distemper is a term applied at the present time to all colors diluted with water, and rendered firm and adhesive by thin glue or parchment size. The ordinary process of whitewashing and other coloring with size is distemper work.” It is decidedly a more economical plan, if a paper is used, to varnish it; marks are not so easily made on it, it cannot be readily torn off, and may be washed down without injury. After the paper is hung, it requires sizing twice before the varnish is applied, the first coat being allowed to dry before the second is laid on. Size is composed of glue dissolved in water; the allowance is four ounces of the best glue to a quart of water. The glue is soaked in cold water for some hours. Then hot water is added until it is dissolved, or it can be more quickly made if melted over the fire, more water being mixed with it afterward to bring it to the right strength. In repairing halls and staircases the old varnished paper is often left on, in which case it must be sized. This is allowed to

dry, and it is then rubbed down before the fresh paper is hung. If there are any indentations or crevices in the wall, they are filled up with plaster of Paris, or pasted over with strong brown paper. In selecting a paper it must not be forgotten that the color will appear two or three shades darker after varnishing, or some disappointment may be experienced when the walls are completed. Seen through the coating of varnish that is slightly yellowish, the color is often materially altered, as well as darkened; if there is any doubt as to its suitability, it is as well to try a piece before deciding finally. We will settle, then, on a distemper wall for our cottage, as being the cheapest and the easiest to renew. It shall have a claret-colored dado, the upper part being a warm buff-tint. Raise the dado about three feet or so, according to the height of the ceiling, and just below the top of it stencil a rich set pattern in the same color, but of a darker shade. Then above the dado on the buff wall stencil another pattern lighter in construction, with fine lines and more delicate tracery, in the light-claret color. Now stencil a frieze, about half a foot in depth, on the buff wall close under the cornice. The ground of the frieze is to be a lighter tone of the buff, the pattern a bold tracery in claret. Tint the cornice and ceiling a warm cream, and the walls and ceiling are complete. If the hall is too low to admit of a frieze being introduced, the cornice may be colored and the frieze omitted. The lowest row that meets the wall can be of terra cotta color. Then a space of cream, the remaining ornament being worked out in soft blue-greens and subtle yellow tints. It need not take long to decorate the walls after this manner, even though the two borders and frieze are all desired. Stenciling is easy and quick work, that makes a show with but little cost. The pattern is cut in metal plates; zinc, tin, copper, brass, are all used. It may be even cut out in card-board, but this does not last long, and new cards are often required; while if the metal plate is procured one is sufficient for each pattern. The plate is held in position on the wall with the left hand; in the right a stencil-brush (flat at the end) is held filled with color; the plate is then brushed over with a circular movement, which leaves the color on the wall through the perforations that form the pattern. But as, for example, a circular line cannot be entirely cut round, or the centre would fall out, all such interstices so left must be filled in after-

ward with a paint-brush. Two or more colors may be employed at discretion on the same plate. Stained wood will form on many accounts the best flooring for the hall. When the boards are good and closely laid, there is very little trouble in making them look well; but if they are rough, with many irregularities, the defects must be remedied as far as possible before staining is commenced. The roughness should be planed off, or, if only slight, it may be rubbed down with glass paper; the cracks between the boards and any holes must be filled up with colored putty. When the boards are thus made level, the floor is scrubbed and allowed to dry thoroughly. The next day a layer of size is applied, to prevent the stain being absorbed by the wood. The stain is now diluted with water until the desired strength of tint is obtained, sufficient being mixed at once to cover the whole floor; it is put on with a soft brush or sponge, evenly, without going over the same part twice. When quite dry, a coat of varnish covers the stain. All that is needed to keep it in good condition is an application of beeswax and turpentine well rubbed in once a week, and a polish with a clean cloth each morning. Passing up the staircase, that is colored after the same manner as the hall, we reach the bedrooms.

There are many persons who treat the upper part of a house as though it were quite of secondary importance; the sort of feeling that animates them with regard to it is that few beyond the inmates ever go up-stairs, and therefore, so long as the rooms are clean, all requirements are met, leaving out of the question altogether the pleasure that is felt and the good that is gained by having all our surroundings beautiful and orderly. But in our model cottage the upper floor shall be considered of as great account as the lower. The walls of the staircase are decorated as carefully to the top of the house as the hall itself, the landing floor stained, and a breadth of the stair carpet laid along it to prevent the noise of footsteps disturbing the morning slumbers. The bedroom walls may be papered or colored. A dado of flatted color with distemper color above will wear better than if the entire wall were done in distemper, and more durable still is a dado of varnished paint. Paper when varnished is clean and strong; in nurseries,

where little fingers delight to smudge the walls and tear off any tempting little corners that become loose, it is invaluable, but in ordinary bedrooms the varnished surface is not desirable, at least as far as appearance is concerned, though it is certainly economical, and perfect as regards the ease with which it can be cleaned. One of its most noticeable disadvantages is, that on a bright day the several objects in the room are reflected in the shining surface. A bedroom should impress the observer with the idea of a dainty cleanliness reigning supreme in every part of it, while the prevalence of cool, soothing tones of color suggest repose and rest. The paint might be delicate chocolate, the walls soft pea-green; no color equals green for giving rest to the eyes, and in its paler tints it offers a pleasant sense of coolness during the most sultry days of summer, while they are free from the suspicion of coldness seen in many of the gray shades commonly used. Light colors make a room appear larger than the dark shades. Wood-work, painted chocolate, and cream walls look well with bright-blue furniture coverings and curtains, or maroon paint and citrine wall with deep-blue. A wall of a pale tone of blue and sage-green wood-work will harmonize with furniture coverings bearing a design of autumn-tinted leaves. Stained boards are without doubt best for bedrooms; a square of carpet covers the centre, leaving three feet free all round the room. Dust invariably collects under furniture and chairs; dresses and draughts of air sweep it up into the corners; but the boards being without covering allow of its being easily taken up with a duster. Then, too, the carpet being simply laid down, there is no difficulty in the way of its being often shaken; no tacks have to be taken out or heavy wardrobes moved, so that there is no possible excuse for its being left down until the dust accumulates thickly. If by any of the foregoing remarks our readers are in some small degree assisted in making their homes beautiful, we shall feel abundantly satisfied. Who among us does not feel, in the words of the old song that will live on through the ages, "There is no place like home;" and whatever we can do to make it the centre of all that is lovely, attractive, and worthy of admiration, is work put to one of its higher uses.

THE CROSSGRAINS AND THE STRAIGHTGRAINS.

BY JAMES CLEMENT AMBROSE.

TRUEVILLE is the home of two families. Of course, it is also the home of others; else, it would not be the average village that it is. But two are representative of many of the others. One is the Crossgrain family; the other the Straightgrain. Both have comfortable incomes, and their heads are esteemed fairly educated, as education is scaled in the average village of the West. And, so far as the carpenter, mason, and painter have gone, their residences indicate social equality. The two families attend one church. There are children, grown and growing, in each. Only a single block of village earth keeps asunder their front gates, and their garden fences eye each other across a narrow alley. So similar, indeed, are the conventional surroundings of the C——'s and S——'s, that strangers in Trueville often ask if their homes are not those of brothers.

But, in spite of these overcoats of one cloth and one cut which cover these homes, the world sniffs a suspicion that their inside furnishings are very unlike. And yet it very rarely draws the latch-string to the domicile of the Crossgrains. Even when it passes on foot it hugs the outer edge of the sidewalk, and barely glances between the pickets at the flowers within—mostly snow-drops.

With what keen senses the public walks abroad! Its instinct percolates where water cannot. The bad fellow buttons his coat, pulls down his hat, and goes into the street fancying that he is not known. But does anybody spontaneously press his hand and smile upon him? His deeds may not be identified, but his nature is. Sir Churl and wife roll into their residence, bolt the doors, close the shutters, drop the curtains, muzzle the servants, and think, poor fools, that the world is blindfolded! Enough things it doesn't see, but those that are trying to hide are not of the number. It has a sleepless eye for shy folks, and homes that study most to make their walls opaque make them transparent.

So the Crossgrain front steps are little worn with visitors' shoes, and the bell-wire is known never to have been snapped with the force of one solicitous to become a guest within. The outlying of this home looks smooth enough; in fact,

so smooth that the waters of sympathy glide around it as the rain-drops roll from the duck's back. It is cold, too; snow-banks keep on its grounds till June; its grass doesn't start till the Straightgrain lawn has enjoyed its first spring shave; and an icicle on legs is annually seen there as late as July. Of course, these title-page inscriptions tell pretty clearly the nature of the contents.

But since I reside in a town adjoining Trueville, and have business relations with Mr. Crossgrain, I may as well let you read a page or two within the family lids. I was one day detained at his store till the dinner-hour, with items of "unfinished business" still to adjust. He invited me to his home to dine. As to this act of hospitality, which he couldn't well avoid, he manifested a shade of misgiving; I felt two shades, but kept them covered with a light countenance. In truth, somehow, I felt an inward wonder if it wasn't I who, in going, would confer the hospitality. But, bent on the sacrifice of self, I went.

Mr. C—— was broad in the shoulders, short in the neck, square in the face, and stumpy in the legs. He wore a grizzly beard, five days without a cut, a sort of hair-brush without a handle. His visible linen had ceased to be a thing of beauty by several days. His finger-nails were bordered with blue. And his salt-and-pepper garments hung upon his person in uncongenial fits, and not nearer than his other habits to courting social familiarity. He talked but little, and one felt grateful when that little languished, for his voice had the grate of rusted hinges and his face no smiles.

As we neared the inlet to the Crossgrain residence, two small children at play in the yard, strangers to pocket-handkerchiefs, first pressed their crimson faces between the fence pickets to assure themselves what I was, then ran around to a side-door, screaming, "Ma! there's another man come home with pa!"

I naturally guessed that the *other* man hadn't proved a source of pleasure to "ma," and took soundings for snags in my own path.

We ascended the front steps, and found the

door locked. My host rang, but no answer came. Then I sat down on the porch-rail, and waited while my host went around and let me in. In his absence I was amused, if not comforted, by hearing a woman's voice bitterly demanding, "Sam, didn't you know better'n to bring another fellow home to dinner?"

"Sam" didn't confess to any knowledge of that kind, but appeared to enter a mental mem. of the question for domestic debate by lamplight, probably.

I followed my host into the hallway, laid aside my hat and great-coat, and entered a well-furnished, but not well-used, parlor. But it gave only cold greeting. There was no fire in its grate, and a finger on its marble mantel-shelf was a chill along the spine. We passed on into the sitting-room, or "library," as Mr. Crossgrain took evident pride in calling it, though I discerned nothing more bookish than an almanac, a hymn-book, and a trash story paper. This room, too, was cold. It had in one corner a handsome heating-stove, but it gave no sign of having comforted any soul through the sense of feeling for a week or more. The room, from carpet to ceiling, in fact, looked as though domestic stagnation had struck it. A sewing-machine stood at one side, but the dust upon its case seemed to invite my autograph from a finger's tip.

I heard high notes in an adjoining room, and concluded that it contained the fire of an untamed temper, if not of anthracite.

"We don't often have company," said my host presently, "and the women folks let the fire go out in here. Let's go where there is some, if the room *isn't* so fine."

It didn't become me to object to anything at that time and place, and I meekly took the trail behind my guide; that trail led into the dining-room.

"Sophi!" shouted Mr. Crossgrain, as we passed the threshold, "this is Mr. Smith, of Jonesburg!"

I bowed, smiled, and spoke my blandest. The woman addressed looked up and grunted—a terror to visitors. I inferred that "Sophi" was a familiar synonym for Mrs. Crossgrain.

Again my host spoke: "Nell, Mr. Smith." A young woman of about eighteen looked up, smiled, with a blush of shame for "the very looks o' things," as Smith saluted her, and hurried out of

sight. Interpreted by inference, "Nell" meant daughter.

My host presented me a chair by the stove, and took one himself. I sought to engage him in conversation upon points in the news and thoughts of the day, but could get only an assenting monosyllable to each of my observations. And, having nothing to read, I became the student of my surroundings.

The pair of Crossgrain splinters who had first heralded my coming to "ma" now climbed upon the paternal knees and stared at me, in further proof that "we don't often have company." I was not sad to see them shy of me. I love children, and realize that they must be largely made after they are born; but I do not like them made large by neglected secretions. They ought to begin to cut character almost as soon as they do teeth.

It was 12.30, his usual hour of dining, my host said, though I began to doubt if anything in his family had a "usual" time to happen. There was not even the odor of dinner crowding through the keyhole from the kitchen. The mother and daughter, both in tattered, soiled calico, hair uncombed, but loosely caught up with a twist and a hairpin, had just begun "picking up" the dining-room as we entered it. Hastily a pair of soiled stockings, a boy's pair of ragged pants, the shadow of a set of corsets, and other undress *débris* were whisked through a door of escape; two chairs were lifted from their backs and made to stand upon their crippled legs; Tommy's scalloped slice of bread-and-butter was removed from a third chair; then the stub of a broom was brought in and made to do "duty"—raise a dust.

About this room for family gathering three times a day, there was not a fruit-piece, a gaming-piece, other picture or symbol of family cheer and table pleasure.

But there was bustling within the kitchen, rattling of tins and kettles, and poking of the stove, and the frequent audible "fret" in rude female tones.

After an hour's waiting, the meal was served, a good meal; evidently, by the tease of the children, better than usual. But I found I had outlived my appetite, for my time had been wasted; and the mother and daughter sat at table in their old gowns, looking worried in the creation of culinary extras on my account. The meal was hastily

eaten, and with scarcely any conversation beyond requests for food.

There was no taste, or delicacy of manners, in man or woman, at home or away, in dress, in speech, in eating, in housekeeping. My adieu to the Crossgrains was unmingled with wonder that "we don't often have company."

A month later I was again in Trueville, and sat in the office of Mr. Straightgrain when his clock struck twelve. Business was over, and I arose to withdraw.

"Don't go, Mr. Smith," said he; "in a few moments I shall go to dinner, and I'll be very glad of your company."

"But," said I, "I find that 'company' sometimes occasions extra effort and anxiety on the part of the housewife."

"Not so with us. Mrs. S—— will greet you cheerily, I assure you, and serve you with the same quality she will give me. Isn't that fair fare?"

"That's exactly what I like," said I. "I like to feel at home away from home."

"Then, too," said my friend, "we always like to introduce to the family-circle people we don't see every day. I think that worthy guests are good to take home to the children. Company is not an oddity at our house."

"All right," said I. "Make them a present of me, if you like."

He did so, for an hour; and each relished the other's presence at table. For the children were clean and coaxable, and had seen strangers before, and I tried not to skip them in the conversation. A little fellow met us at the gate, and was taken in his father's arms with a kiss and a smile. The

daughter, becomingly attired, sat at the parlor window watching for her father's coming. She opened the door for us, met her father's friend with a pleasant word, then relieved her mother in the room where work is to be done just before meals. For neither of my Trueville acquaintances practiced the luxury and perplexity of maid-servants.

Mrs. Straightgrain entered the parlor with such a sunny atmosphere about her, and such a grace in her voice, that I was at once truly relieved from embarrassment and all fear of being an embarrassment to her kitchen economy.

A few moments later the daughter announced dinner, and we passed out to an abundant, but plain, repast. But there was generous dessert in the surroundings—in the decorations on the walls; in the whiteness of the table-linen; in the brightness and sense of rest for all who ate; in the genial flow of intelligent conversation.

With pleasant thoughts I parted from the Straightgrains, feeling that they were ~~right~~ in making "company no oddity in our house," and that one visit was the seed of desire to go again. Making her house and herself the delight of her husband at all times, Mrs. S—— found it always a delight to welcome a friend from the outside world, without extra labor or loss of temper.

And what I find true in Trueville may cast its shadow on other communities—that, in spite of a likeness in opportunities, people hold to antipodal modes of living; some to traits and habits which render their household a home, their neighbors to traits and habits which show you their household as a collection of half-wild animals, a sort of mimic caravan on carpets.

LATE.

By B. A. GOODRIDGE.

Too late, too late, the laurel-blooms are dead !
About thy feet the withered blossoms lie,
The wan, white petals, lusterless and dry ;
Their glow departed and their fragrance shed.
Why came you not when rosy June had spread
Her mantle to the sun ?

Return, return, the laurel blooms no more,
Until a twelvemonth's cycle rounds again !
Your sighs and tears are all, are all in vain.
They ne'er come back, the days that went before ;
But days to come may have sweet joys in store,
And triumphs to be won.

NOVELTIES IN FANCY-WORK.

BY MARIAN FORD.

THE cooler days of September bring fresh energy, and after summer leisure neglected pursuits are eagerly resumed. While fancy-work can scarcely be classed among the latter, it is nevertheless true that more elaborate pieces of embroidery are apt to be deferred until the autumn, when thoughts of the approaching holidays make deft fingers fly still more nimbly.

EMBROIDERED SOFA-PILLOW.

A very pretty design for a sofa pillow is that represented in Fig. 1, worked on coarse canvas



FIG. 1.—EMBROIDERY FOR A SOFA-PILLOW.

(*canevas d'Espagne*). Cross-stitch embroidery is used only for the outlines of the figures and the general groundwork. The filling out of the different figures is done in the so-called "Gobelin-stitch," which is worked partly in horizontal and partly in vertical lines. The former is illustrated in Fig. 2, and the latter in Fig. 3. Overcast them with long running-stitches of crewel wool, transposed, as shown by the illustration.

The pattern is worked with crewel wool. Pale-blue, salmon color, olive-green, and pale-green are used alternately for the arabesques. Employ black wool for the grounding. Fig. 4 gives an enlarged quarter-section of the pattern, from which the design may be easily followed.

CROCHET SQUARE SHAWL.

A beautiful square shawl, which may be coquet-

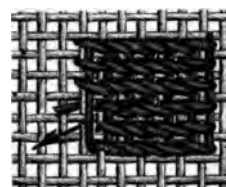


FIG. 2.—CROSS-STITCH.

tishly arranged to form a cape and hood, by throwing one-half around the head, can be made by the following directions:

The materials are pink and white double mohair wool and a coarse wooden needle. The shawl is bordered with crocheted lace shaped in scallops, and between every two scallops tassels formed of white wool and pink chenille are fastened with a most graceful and becoming effect. Begin the shawl at the centre with white wool on a foundation of four c. h. (chain-stitch), closed to form a loop with one s. l. (slip-stitch), and work on it as follows:

1st row. Four times alternately three c. h. and one s. c. (single crochet) on the next foundation st. (stitch).

2d row. * three c. h., then for one corner, widening two pattern st. separated by three c. h. on the middle one of the next three c. h. in the preceding row; each pattern-stitch is worked in this manner: Four times alternately wind the thread about the needle and take up a st. from the st. designated, inserting the needle into the st. and drawing the thread through it to do so, then work

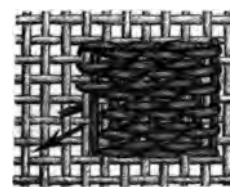


FIG. 3.—GOBELIN-STITCH.

off together all stitches and threads on the needle, and crochet one s. c. around the coils of the st.;

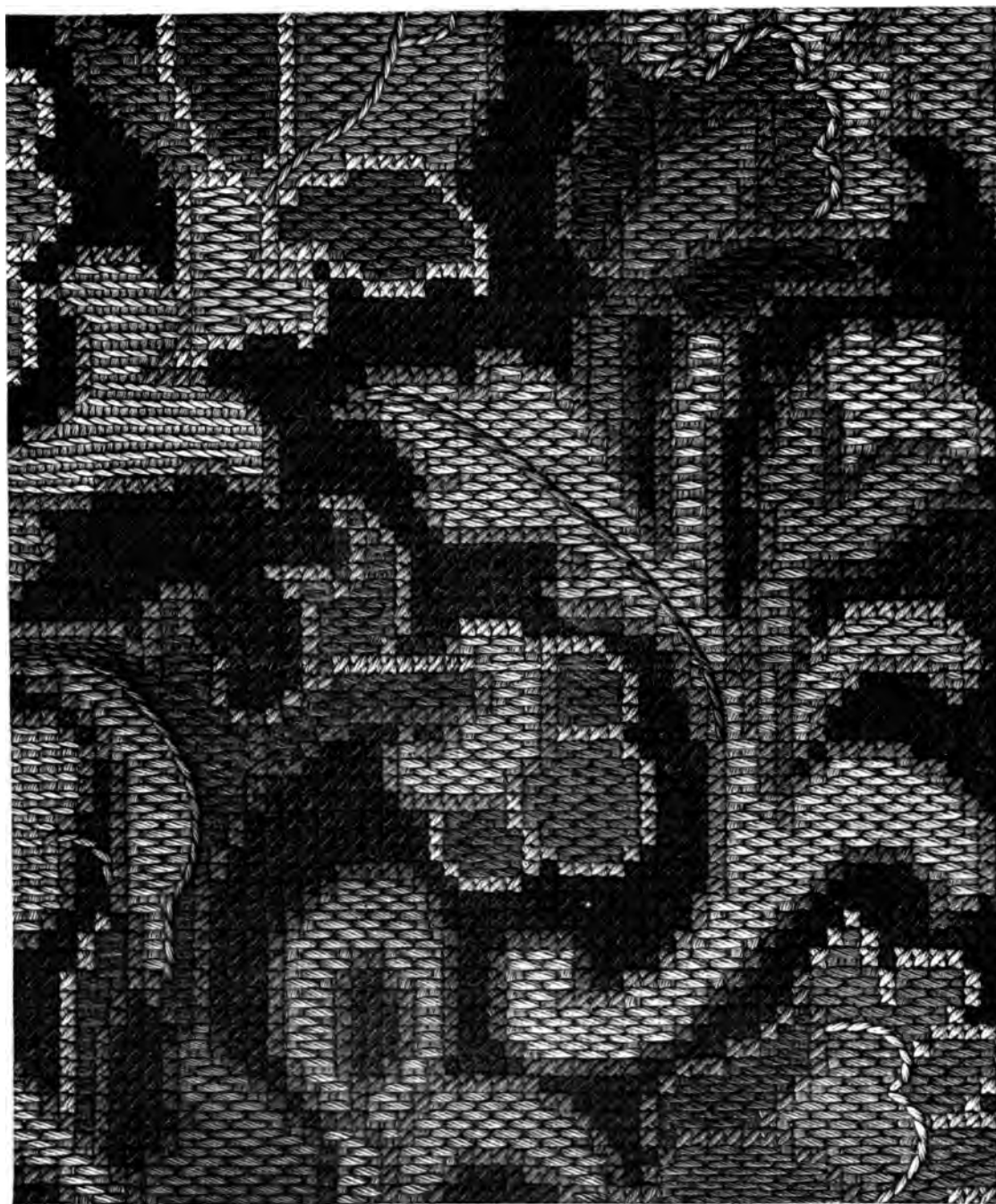


FIG. 4.—ENLARGED QUARTER SECTION OF FIG. 1.

after the second pattern stitch of the widening,
work three c. h., one pattern stitch on the next
s. c., and repeat three times from *.

3d row. Three c. h., one pattern st. on the
middle one of the next three c. h. in the preceding
round, three c. h., then for widening at the next

corner two pattern st. separated by three c. h. on the middle one of the three c. h. in the next

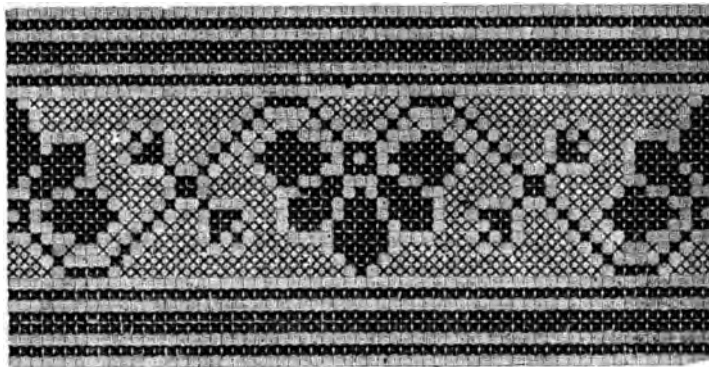


FIG. 5.—BORDER FOR FIG. 6.

widening, three c. h. One pattern st. on the middle one of the following three c. h.; repeat three times from *.

4th to 29th rows. Work as in the preceding round, increasing the number of pattern st. in each row, and working the eighteenth and twentieth rows in pink wool. Work the lace border for the shawl with white wool in the following manner:

1st row. Alternately one s. c. on the middle one of the next three c. h. in the preceding row, and five c. h.; at the end one s. l. on the first s. c. of the row.

2d row. Two s. l. on the next two st. in the preceding row, * two s. c. separated by four c. h. on the next st., three c. h., six d. c. (double crochet) on the middle one of the next five c. h., three c. h. pass over five st., repeat from *; finally one s. l. on the first s. c. in the row.

TABLE-COVER WITH CROSS-STITCH EMBROIDERY.

A superb table-cover, which will well repay the labor of any one who may have leisure to devote to the task, is illustrated in Figs. 5 and 6.

It is sufficiently large to handsomely cover an ordinary (closed) extension-table, being seventy-

two inches square, and self fringed all around. The material is fine *écru* canvas linen, and the embroidery is executed in cross-stitch in light-blue, dark-blue, and red. The design is very beautiful, and lays claim to great antiquity.

BURLAPS RUG.

The rage for rugs continues with such undiminished eagerness, that new designs are continually invented to supply the demand. A very useful style, because it can be cut to fit any space, is made in the following manner:

Cut a piece of burlaps of any size and shape desired. Then select various shades of alpaca braids, scald and dry them to prevent shrinking, and arrange them tastefully. The following order produces an excellent effect: Black, yellow, brown, scarlet, blue, orange, slate, and green. Baste neatly, running each stripe out to the edge, thus making a square of crossed lines at the corners. Do not put the braids on with sewing-machine, which gives a drawn appearance, but whip each edge.

The black braid should be three inches from the edge and the others one inch apart. With heavy wool or yarn, of colors that harmonize well,

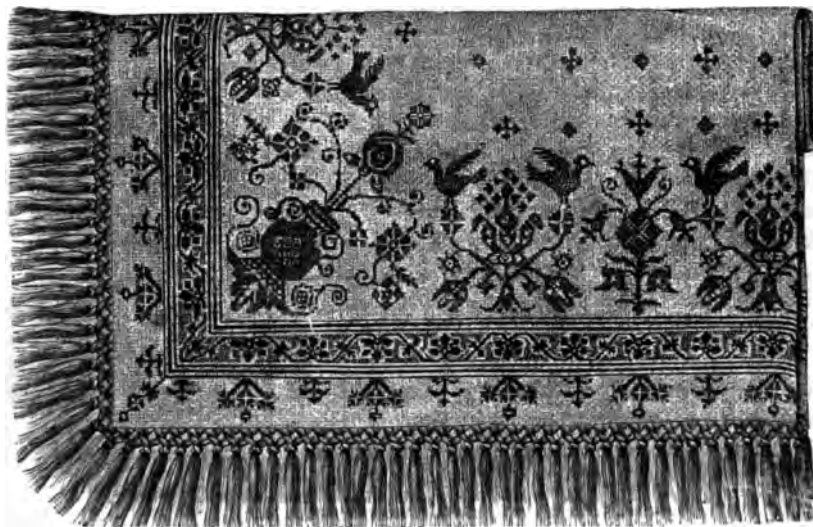


FIG. 6.—TABLE-COVER WITH CROSS-STITCH EMBROIDERY.

make rows of feather-stitching between the rows of braid.

If further ornamentation is desirable, a star may be traced in the centre and the outlines followed with braid.



FIG. 7.—WASTE-PAPER BASKET TRIMMED WITH EMBROIDERY.

WASTE-PAPER BASKET TRIMMED WITH EMBROIDERY.

The pretty basket for waste-paper, illustrated in Fig. 7, is composed of wicker-work and cane-rods, which are varnished black. The trimming consists of a strip of bronze-colored silk, nine and a half inches wide, furnished with a stiff lining and ornamented with a binding of olive-colored velvet. Each section of this strip is embroidered alternately with a spray of flowers and leaves and a monogram, the monogram being placed on the narrow and the spray of flowers on the long sides of the oblong basket. Two sprays of flowers are used, separated by a band of the velvet. They are worked in tent-stitch with filoselle silk in two shades of dark-red. The monogram is edged with gold cord and filled out with dark-red and blue silk. The lining is of blue silk headed with ruches of blue satin ribbon an inch and a half wide. The four corners of the basket are trimmed with bows of blue satin ribbon, and knotted tassels of dark-red and blue silk, as shown by the illustration.

The strip of olive silk may be embroidered with a vine passing entirely around the basket, if preferred, or olive felt, with a garland of poppies and corn-flowers executed in Kensington art-work, can be substituted with excellent effect.

SCRAP-COVERINGS.

A new method of utilizing the scraps of silk, satin, ribbon, and velvet constantly accumulating in every family has been devised by some clever brain, and is rapidly growing in favor.

Cut the bits of material into pieces about four inches long and one-eighth or one-quarter of an inch wide, sewing them neatly together after the manner of preparing carpet-rags, crocheting or knitting them together hap-hazard.

Pieces of cloth prepared in the same way, but cut wider and longer, make serviceable rugs for the floor, but the bits of silk and satin form charming coverings for sofa-pillows or brioches. Some very industrious people make pieces large enough for *portières*. The effect is really pretty and artistic.

HANDKERCHIEF-CASE.

New designs for handkerchief-cases are always in demand, and a very elegant one can be made from the following directions:

First secure a square pasteboard box and line it with white *matelasse*. Then make a cushion of the same size, cover it with pale-blue velvet, border it with a flat row of lace or insertion—if lace, the edge should be turned toward the centre



FIG. 8.—TOWEL WITH DRAWN-WORK AND CROSS-STITCH EMBROIDERY.

of the cushion—and cover the centre with a square of *appliqué* or antique lace. This cushion is fastened upon the top of the box.

Next cover the sides of the box with a puff of velvet; a bias strip about four inches wide is shirred twice along each edge and then attached to a strip of foundation wide and long enough to extend around the sides of the box; the lower edge is bound half an inch wide and finished with cord; the joining of the upper edge with the top of the box is concealed under pale-blue silk galloon, dotted with tufts of blue silk. From the lower edge of the galloon hang tassels of blue and white silk or chenille.

TOWEL WITH DRAWN-WORK AND CROSS-STITCH EMBROIDERY.

A very beautiful design for the elaborate towels now so fashionable for covering towel-racks, even if held too valuable for use, is illustrated in Fig. 8.

The design is worked on linen of medium fineness with dark-blue embroidery cotton (No. 30) and white linen thread (No. 60). Fig. 9 shows an enlarged pattern which can be readily followed. To execute it, alternately ravel six threads and leave three threads remaining. Catch every three of the former together and wind the joining thread with the same cotton.

SHIRRED BAG.

A pretty method of making the hand-bags now so fashionable is to cut a piece of satin ten inches wide and seventeen inches long, fold it lengthwise down the middle and join it at the sides. The top is turned down an inch and a quarter and run with a shirr, through which satin ribbon is drawn and tied in a bow. For the trimming a strip of satin of a darker shade is cut eighteen inches long and eight and a half wide, but sloped on the sides to a depth of six inches. The sides are then turned down to the depth of an inch, and, leaving a heading three-quarters of an inch wide, are shirred four times, twice on each side, leaving a space of half an inch between. A band of embroidery is then laid between the shirrs, and finished at the ends in points.

CROCHET WORK-BAG.

This pretty bag is worked with white crochet cotton and lined with cherry-colored satin. To make the crochet covering, begin with a foundation of sixty-nine st. (stitches) and work in rows back and forth.

1st row. Pass by three st. and work one d. c. (double crochet) on every following st.

2d row. One s. c. (single crochet) on the next st. in the preceding row, * four c. h. (chain-stitch) one t. c. (treble crochet) on the same st. with the preceding s. c., reserving the uppermost vein on the needle, one t. c. on the following sixth st., working off the uppermost vein together with that of the preceding t. c., four c. h. one s. c. on the

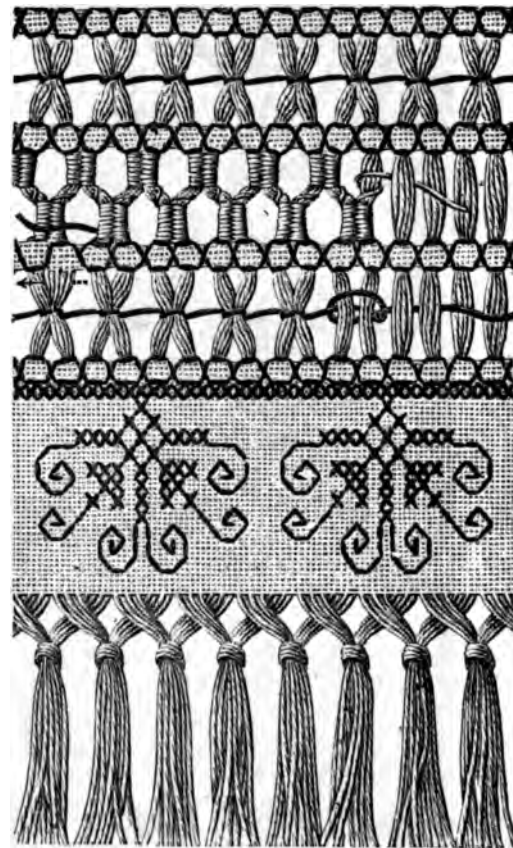


FIG. 9.—ENLARGED PATTERN OF FIG. 8.

same st. with the preceding t. c.; repeat from * ten times, but instead of the last four c. h. and one s. c. in the row, work one t. c. on the same st. with the preceding t. c.

3d row. Nine c. h., one s. c. on the st. with which the next two t. c. in the preceding row were worked off, * four c. h., one t. c. on the same stitch with the preceding s. c., reserving the uppermost vein, one t. c. on the st. with which the next two t. c. in the preceding row were worked off, working off the uppermost vein to-

gether with that of the preceding t. c. four c. h. one s. c. on the same st. with the preceding t. c.; repeat from * nine times, then four c. h. one t. c. the flap, omit one-half of a pattern figure at each end, the last row containing only six pattern figures.



FIG. 10.—EMBROIDERY ON VELVET.

on the same st. with the preceding s. c. Work thirty-one more rows in the same pattern, but in the last five of these, to form the sloping sides of

Border the bag, with the exception of the foundation st., on which work a row in s. c., with edging worked as follows:

1st row. One s. c. on the first st. on the edge, then alternately five c. h. and one s. c. on the middle st. of the next scallop.

2d row. One d. c. on every st. in the preceding row.

3d row. Alternately one s. c. on the next st. in the preceding row, and five c. h. passing by three st.

4th row. Alternately one s. c. on the middle c. h. of the next five in the preceding row, and five c. h.

5th row. One s. c. on the next s. c. in the preceding row, five c. h. one s. c. on the middle c. h. of the next five, * three c. h. one s. c. on the middle c. h. of the next five; five c. h., connect to the first of the preceding three c. h., five c. h. one s. c. in the middle one of the five c. h. worked last; repeat from *.

The bag is lined with cherry satin, after which the sides are joined. Two buttons are furnished for closing it, and the corners are ornamented with cherry satin bows.

EMBROIDERY ON VELVET.

The pattern for embroidery, furnished in Fig. 10, is supplied by the school of art-needlework in South Kensington. It is extremely pretty, very easy, and especially adapted for covering articles of furniture. It would also be extremely handsome for a sofa-pillow. The foundation is dark-brown velvet. The large flower figures are worked alternately in two shades of old-gold and pink. The leaves have two shades of green. The woolen threads are bronze-colored, over stitched with olive filoselle silk.

INFANT'S BOOT.

The very pretty pattern for an infant's sock, given below, is executed partly in knitting and partly in crochet. The material is white zephyr worsted, and the border at the top is crocheted with white worsted and filling-silk. The front of the boot is trimmed with crochet figures, each filled with a worsted ball. Through the row of holes at the ankle is passed a white silk ribbon, which is tied in a bow in front.

Begin the sock at the top with a foundation of sixty-four stitches; close these in a ring and work as follows:

1st row. *. Three times alternately k. two together (knit two stitches together) t. t. o.; then one k., three times alternately t. t. o., k. two to-

gether; then one p. (seam), one k., one p., and repeat from *.

2d row. *. Thirteen k., one p., one k., one p.

3d row. Like the preceding row. Repeat twice the first and third rows.

10th row. All knit plain.

11th row. All seamed.

12th and 13th rows. Like tenth and eleventh rows.

14th row. All knit plain.

15th and 16th rows. Always alternately one k., one p.

Repeat three times the fifteenth and sixteenth rows, transposing the design.

Next follow four rows all knit plain, then for the holes, one row in which alternately t. t. o. and knit two together.

Knit one more row plain, then going back and forth on the first and last sixteen stitches, work the heel sixteen rows high, so that the stitches appear all knit plain on the right side.

Next follow three rows in which the stitches of the first and last rows appear seamed.

Close the heel with eighteen rows all knit plain, going back and forth on the middle fourteen stitches, and at the end of each row add the next st. of the heel, drawing the last st. over the same. Take up the edge st. of the heel on needles and work, going forward on all the st. Thirty-five rows entirely knit plain; but in every second following row for a seam; seam the first st. and in the twentieth, twenty-fourth, twenty-eighth, and thirty second rows, after the tenth stitch, at the beginning, and before the tenth stitch from the end narrow one st. each.

Next follow twelve rows in the design of the fifteenth and twenty-first rows, narrowing once in every fourth following row above the preceding narrowing. Cast off the st. of the last row, lay those which meet the sole on those of the front, and overhand them together from the wrong side.

The edging at the top is worked as follows:

1st row. (With worsted) *. Five d. c. separated each by one c. h. on the st., knit plain between two p. in the first row, one c. h. one s. c. on the k. between the middle two of the next six holes in the first row, one c. h., and repeat from *; finally, one s. c. on the first d. c. in this row.

2nd row. (With white silk) *. Five times alternately one s. c. on the next c. h. between two d. c. in the preceding row, three c. h.; then one

s c. on the next s. c., three c. h. and repeat from *.

Finally, one s. c. on the first s. c. in the row.
For each of three figures set on the front, crochet three times alternately seven c. h. one s. c.

on the first of these, then one s. c. on the first st. in the figure, two c. h. and repeat from *; finally, one s. c. on the first s. c. Set a worsted ball in the middle of each figure.

THROUGH THE CLOVER.

By J. RUSSELL FISHER.

THE air was glad with a sweet perfume
In the stilly twilight shadow;
And the nodding clover was all abloom,
And the blue grass swayed like a waving plume,
In the heart of the fragrant meadow.



And my soul was glad with a wordless song
That it whispered o'er and over;
And the light grew dim and the shadows long,
And my heart leaped high with its passion strong,
As my eager feet strayed the blooms among
To meet my own true lover.

And the moments sped, and the stars looked down
From the deep blue sky above me;
And the earth was bright, with ne'er a frown,
For my fancy wove for my life a crown,
With a brave, true heart to love me.

And my lover came through the stilly night—
Came down through the dew-wet clover;
And my heart stood still with a strange affright,
And the world grew warm and glad and bright;
For he kissed me there in the dim starlight—
My naughty, naughty lover.

Perhaps 'twas wrong, but I could not pass
Through the nodding, dew-wet clover;
And the path ran narrow among the grass,
And I was only a foolish lass,
And he a persistent lover.
Perhaps 'twas wrong, but I could not move,
As he whispered o'er and over
A tale that was sweet with the notes of love,
In a voice that was soft as a cooing dove;
And my face grew hot, but I could not move
From the arms of my saucy lover.

Perhaps 'twas wrong, but the clover smiled,
And the blue grass nodded over;
And the stars peeped out with a glimmer mild,
And I was a thoughtless, foolish child,
And he such a handsome lover.
Perhaps 'twas wrong, but I could not know,
As I met him there in the clover,
That my heart would swell, and my cheeks would glow,
And the tell-tale blood would ebb and flow;
Perhaps 'twas wrong, but I loved him so—
This reckless, brave young lover.

Long years have passed, and the wintry snow
Lies deep o'er the nodding clover;
And the stream of Time, in its onward flow,
Has classed with the thoughts of long ago
That night with my handsome lover.
But the waves are crooning soft and low
That story o'er and over;
For my love was true, and I loved him so,
In the nodding bloom and the shrouding snow;
And I'm resting still in the afterglow,
In the arms of my own true lover.

CURRENT TOPICS.

The Common-School System.—In some quarters—and the opinion is entitled to respectful consideration—it is held that the common-school system has not realized what at its institution it promised to accomplish; and as it is to be judged as the rest of schemes are judged, it must unconditionally be called a failure. We are prepared neither to endorse such sweeping condemnation of the system, nor do we feel called upon to apologize for its apparent and, it must be confessed, often real deficiencies. To us it seems to have achieved at least a moderate success, and in our judgment its partial failure is to be attributed not to the system as such, but rather to the inharmonious and imperfect adaptation thereof to the wants of the rising generation.

Those who are inclined to condemn the system *in toto* give as their motive two fundamentally distinct reasons. One party says: The common schools ought to be abolished because they do not teach to “read, write, and cipher,” as they were originally and principally intended. It is noteworthy here that the trio of branches referred to are by these opponents recognized as exhausting the scope of the common-school curriculum.

It must be granted, we think, that instruction in these branches, and these only, was primarily the aim of the common schools. Beyond these the system contemplated nothing; its purpose was thought to be attained when pupils could read tolerably, write legibly, and perform as the highest accomplishment the single rule of three. It is to be regretted, too, that these elementary acquirements are to a large extent only superficially attained in the extended course of study in our schools to-day. However much our facilities and our methods of instruction are increased and improved, we can scarcely be required to maintain seriously that the native capacity of our children has kept pace with the progress of methods. Boys and girls of to-day possess, to say the least, no more innate brightness or aptitude to learn than their fathers did twenty years ago. Judging from the degeneration consequent upon the absorbing interest in merely material pursuits, we should not be surprised but should rather expect to find less susceptibility on the part of our youth for purely disciplinary exercises at this time than formerly, when introversion, reflection, and thinking engrossed to a large degree the time and attention of the people.

Under these circumstances, would it not be worth the while for these opponents of the system to consider soberly whether they have not made a mistake in trying to develop a boy at fourteen into what would do credit in a youth of eighteen or twenty, and whether the failure of the system is not, perhaps, after all, due merely to the enlarged course of study instead of being chargeable to the system as a system? It seems at least but reasonable and just that a return to the original scope and aim of the system, and a thorough trial of it thus should precede a final verdict of condemnation.

On the other hand, it is urged the system is defective, because the young people of to-day are not, after having com-

pleted a course of study, given the opportunity to acquire a trade or other pursuit in the industrial world. The point is made, and we cannot but admit that it is well taken, that as there is no other avenue to the skilled trades, provision should be made by the State. It is suggested, that as the State furnishes an opportunity for further study at the public expense to those who desire to enter a professional career, the same privilege should be extended to those also whose choice may lie among lower walks of life.

There is force in this position, if it is meant to imply that a technic education should follow a common-school course as a supplementary training. The same principle that supports high schools, normal schools, agricultural schools, at the public expense, will also authorize technic schools as a department of the common-school system. We may go farther and say that a consistent adherence to this principle *demand*s the establishment of such schools for our children. It is a well-known fact, that the higher schools established by State authority are patronized mainly by such as could, and no doubt would, pursue their studies beyond the common-school curriculum; and the demand for technic schools, seeing it is made in the interest of those for whom the common schools were primarily and chiefly intended, becomes all the stronger by the contrast. It becomes imperative.

If the system be defective in having too extended a course, it is much more defective in that it allows this extended course to be used as a cloak to hide its real unadaptedness to the wants of the rising generation. The one is an injury; the other is remissness of the most culpable kind. The one, by its “cramming,” stunts and dwarfs the mental powers; the other, by its non-existence, fills our streets with those modern specimens of manhood, young men standing stork-like at street corners, with hands in their pockets; idle hands, because, though work is plenty and the laborers few, no man has hired them, since they do not know how to work.

To remedy the first defect is easy, because it involves but a reformation in methods; to fill the crying want that has never been met, on account of the penny-wise, pound-foolish policy of the past, means work, and a casting about for methods and material. But no necessary expenditures, no exercise of mind to produce methods, no fancied lack of teaching-force, nor all these together, are sufficient to close our ears to the great pressing want that cries for relief.

Chinese Emigration.—Whether or not the Chinaman shall be encouraged to emigrate to this country, is a serious question for our workingman, and one which involves his very existence. So long as they confine themselves to washing soiled linen it is not so bad; but once let them secure a foothold in mechanics, and the American laboring man is undone; he will starve, unless his family can subsist on two rolls and a peanut per diem.

In respect to diet, it has been averred by many that these curious people are fond of rats, mice, and the like, and even

would not wink at a well-conditioned cat, if it came handy. This may or may not be true; but one thing is certain, they fare very meagerly, and in whatever section they locate, that section is soon the abode of filth and squalor.

In his own country the Chinaman is scarcely to be termed *semi-civilized*, and is given to all kinds of barbarous customs which the brutal instincts of a degenerate intellect can devise; and it is a question whether creatures born and reared under such training and in such a vitiating atmosphere will prove a moral blessing to our country or make worthy citizens.

John comes, nevertheless, and on landing in America looks about him. Seeing that nobody else wears a pig-tail, he curls his own up under his hat (there is nothing like being even with the times) and is then ready to be naturalized. He rents a house somewhere, and immediately this house assumes the appearance of having been devastated by a conflagration. As if ashamed of such an occupant, it goes in deep mourning, settles into a state of early decay, and, metaphorically speaking, tears may soon be seen in its eyes in the form of huge wads of filthy rags stuffed through various holes in the broken window-panes.

Having thus nationalized his abode—impregnated it with his being, as it were—he hangs up some red curtains (decorated with impossible female figures in impossible attitudes) and hangs a sign out at the front door, bearing the inscription, “Left Lung, California Laundry.” “Right Lung” has a shop further up the street; and thus dismembered, the two “Lungs” carry on a business for which every Chinaman has a *penchant*, *i. e.* washing—other peoples’ clothes, not his own!

Here John labors, and living upon nothing but what he can catch in the nightly trap, and wearing his shirt outside his pants to avoid the expense of a coat, he soon becomes wealthy, and returns to his native land to run for mandarin. Of course he takes all his money along; and it is reasonable to infer that if a million or so of his countrymen would come and do likewise we should have to start a new mint to keep up the supply of currency.

Nor is this all. As it requires but little to feed and clothe a Celestial, he will work for almost nothing, and if employed at mechanical labor the American workman would soon be supplanted by a competition against which he would find it impossible to hold his own.

That wages are now none too large for the expense of living is painfully felt by many, since the majority of those who employ help, with a discreet respect for their own interests and utterly regardless of others’ welfare, generally secure that help where they can get it cheapest, without a thought of good labor receiving adequate compensation. That this is the case no one will question; then what would ensue if Chinese were permitted to enter our workshops at half the present rate of wages?

No, it will not do; in self-preservation, that first law of nature, it will not do. And yet, to exclude them from enjoying the privileges of citizenship, or to refuse them a landing on United States soil, is to violate every principle of our republic.

How to work this matter satisfactorily is a question for our statesmen to ponder over, and to reach a satisfactory termination will require full play of all their mighty resources of intellect.

Lunatics and Criminals.—In his “Short History of the English Colonies in America,” Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge, in portraying the condition of Delaware and Pennsylvania, as contrasted with the Southern colonies especially, observes that although crime was not more prevalent here, pauperism was; and adds that nowhere in America were these subjects better understood or more thoroughly dealt with. He yet further says that in the treatment of lunatics and prisoners Pennsylvania was more advanced than Europe.

From the ancient Grecian practice of slaying the aged and infirm, or even the sickly among children, in order to build up a state of sound, healthy, and able men and women, to the modern sentimental humanitarian schemes, encouraging a certain degree of mawkish, whining sympathy for the weak-minded, there have been many grades of humane as well as of inhuman treatment of those who through misfortune or whatever causes were bereft of reason. Even in this country, from the opinion that an insane man has lost all that is human and is therefore fit for nothing but exposure until death releases him from his misery, or at best deserves a cell beyond whose blank walls, returning the idiotic stare of its hopeless inmate, he may never again pass, to the latest theory that a man really does not possess a claim on public sympathy until he becomes an object of universal commiseration, there are still prevailing as many different and varying methods of treatment as there are individuals entrusted with the care of these wards of the Commonwealth.

Many of our county poor-houses have a hospital for the insane, where demented persons are kept with public safety, and begrudged the food they receive at public expense. They are watched with infinite concern lest they flee their dungeon, and, eluding their keepers, raise a question in the public mind as to the relative fitness of the two for a permanent home within the hospital walls. Should one venture to expostulate with the official overseer, he will usually adopt the leer of his pupils, and taunt him with the heartless inquiry, “Do you expect better quarters when you come?”

Then we have on the other hand the State institutions presided over commonly by men of great charity, who are devoting the best energies of their life to wooing back the flown reason of their fellow-men and restoring them to their friends, clothed in their right minds. But here enthusiasm is liable, and even apt, to become too fervid, and, leaping the bounds of a well-balanced discretion, bring up in fanaticism. Then we get the visionary theorist who would, by placing a patient in the midst of a gorgeously-upholstered apartment and furnishing him a confusing number of attendants, the meaning of which he cannot understand, hopelessly bewilder a mind accustomed to simple and modest surroundings—pursuing a course best adapted to frustrate altogether its original design.

If in respect to the treatment and care of the insane we have progressed beyond the status of colonial times, and if Mr. Lodge is correct in his estimate of Pennsylvania’s pre-eminence, what must have been the condition of the miserable imbeciles of Europe a century and a half ago!

In the treatment of prisoners Pennsylvania holds a high rank. Its theory of solitary confinement for the more aban-

doned criminals, or the more heinous crimes, has proved to be a correct one, as subserving all the ends of punishment in a more eminent degree than any other treatment. The manhood of the prisoner is not outraged by becoming the butt of an unthinking remark; nor is he exhibited to the rudeness and unsympathetic gaze of the unfeeling visitor as a caged demon. Opportunity for mischief in idle moments is cut off, and the humiliation of his unenviable position is measurably relieved by the uniform garb of the prison and the numerical designation given every inmate on his entrance. This answers the demands of humanity as well as the vindication of right—the end of punishment.

It may, indeed, be questioned whether the attempt to make crime profitable to the State by requiring each convict to earn

his own living in prison, while he is deprived that liberty outside, is either wise or just. Has not, perhaps, the condemned felon forfeited that gratification which a man derives from toil? Under the ban of the law, can he rightfully be allowed to compete with those of his own craft who are following their calling at such a disadvantage? It is a mistake, at least, to consider this question from a mere economic point of view. With his liberty, the criminal undoubtedly forfeits his rights also; and it is but a mockery of justice to enforce the penalty of the one and connive at the default of enforcing that of the other. And the crime-stained man, more than any one else, because he is made to feel the strength of a just judgment, feels the hollowness and pretension of the one-sided execution of a merited sentence.

TABLE-TALK.

Post-Offices.—"Blessed be the man that invented sleep!" exclaimed Sancho Panza, when, utterly fatigued, he wooed "kind Nature's sweet restorer." With as strong emphasis as Don Quixote's doughty esquire probably used, we say, "Blessed be the man that invented post-offices!" than which there is nothing among public organizations more generally beneficial; nothing which more forcibly gives evidence of the rapid strides of civilization. Indeed, we consider the post-office the most potent factor of civilization, next to literature, of which it is the faithful coadjutor.

Antecedent to the invention of writing, there was, of course, no demand for postal facilities; immediately that chirography came into vogue, some means for the transmission of the written documents became necessary. The Persian and Assyrian governments at an early day established a system whereby to acquaint the governors of different provinces with their edicts as soon as possible after their issue; and the messages of the Roman government were transmitted by means of horsemen mounted on fleet steeds. This method of conveyance was, however, restricted to the use of the government.

Charlemagne, somewhere about the year 800, established a means for the transmission of letters and parcels throughout his dominion, the first of which there is any record that bore any similitude to the postal system of to-day. He was able to maintain it only by exerting his extremest authority, and at his decease it came to an end. Under Louis XI., France had "posts," separated from one another by a distance of four miles, especially intended for governmental use; prior to which time students in the University of Paris were accustomed to receive letters and money from their homes through messengers employed by them especially for that purpose. Not till 1524 did the French post carry plebeian missives.

In England, in the thirteenth century, "posts," similar to those established by Louis XI., were in use. Of how little value they were to the public at large may be known from the fact that the masses depended for the conveyance of their letters upon the butchers and drovers, who went from the

rural districts to the cities in order to dispose of their stock. A post between London and Edinburgh—three days were allowed for the trip each way—was a project of the first James, which he contrived to carry into effect; and a little more than a hundred years later, a weekly post, centering at London, was organized to all parts of England. When, in the early part of the eighteenth century, the English mails were carried at the rate of ten miles an hour by "swift mail-coaches," it was considered an almost marvelous thing. Rowland Hill was the first to suggest to the English Parliament a "system of postage which will be cheap and invariable." The suggestion was looked upon by the lords with disfavor; but Hill, nothing daunted by the rebuffs with which he was met, continued to urge his scheme upon their attention, and his efforts finally proved successful. In 1840 his plan was put into operation.

In our own country the first mail-route was established in 1710. While colonial postmaster-general, Benjamin Franklin caused the people to open their eyes by his proposition to have a weekly mail between Philadelphia and Boston; a result that was to be attained by having a coach start from each place for the other at the same time. When the colonial was supplanted by the constitutional form of government, the management of the mails passed into the hands of Congress, and very properly.

In 1776 there were not far from fifty-four post-offices in the United States. In 1790 the number had increased to seventy-five. At that time the miles of post-routes aggregated less than two thousand, and the annual expenses of the Department were about thirty-two thousand dollars. To-day there are in the United States nearly 27,000 post-offices, and the post-roads have a total length of about 250,000 miles; while the expenditures of the Department reach the snug little sum of \$30,000,000 in round numbers.

The postal rates, in 1790, were according to the distance letters were carried. Up to forty miles the charge was eight cents; between forty and ninety, ten cents; above ninety and less than one hundred, twelve and a half cents. In 1816 the rates were: under thirty miles, six and one-

quarter cents; over thirty and less than eighty, ten cents; if more than four hundred, twenty-five cents. The rates were again changed in 1845, when they became five cents for any distance less than (ten cents for distance in excess of) three hundred miles. Five cents upon prepaid, and ten cents upon unpaid letters, for a less distance than three thousand miles, were the rates in 1852, during which year stamps and stamped envelopes were placed on sale. The present rate, three cents for each half ounce and under, was adopted in 1855.

Many people have an absolute contempt for postal cards, and will use them under no circumstances—"they look so cheap." There are others—their name is legion—to whom the "postal" recommends itself simply by reason of its cheapness, who are thereby afforded a medium for communication with absent friends which otherwise, on account of their penury, they could not enjoy. The prime object of the Department in giving them to the public undoubtedly was economy of time as well as of money in business, and they serve this purpose excellently. How extensively they are used one can realize when he knows that the sale of writing-paper in the United States has decreased annually \$12,000,000 since they came into use.

The especial prerogative of the "mail" is, of course, the transmission of letters, papers, and the like; and to such use it was for a long time restricted. A few years since, the Department thought it advisable to allow the public to send parcels by mail—provided they were not above four pounds in weight, and their contents were not of the class scheduled "unavailable." Thus an inexpensive system for the transportation of goods was afforded the people, which they have so fully appreciated that, in the majority of cases, they have not abused the privilege granted them. We think a person's interpretation of "mailable matter" must be very broad to allow him to send by mail some of the things which are thus sent; in proof of this we specify a few of the "articles" gathered from the mail-bags by the searcher department of the New York post-office in the space of one month; viz., Rattlesnakes, "copperheads," alligators, hornets, mice, squirrels, torpedoes, loaded cartridges, pudding, custard, cheese, and, last, but by no means least, cases of dynamite.

If one is expecting a letter, and it fails to "put in an appearance," he inclines to blame the post officials for its non-arrival, whereas in extremely rare instances are they at fault. The carelessness of those who send letters by mail is as common as it is stupid, and that, too, when their contents are valuable. A well-known banker in New York recently posted unregistered and negotiable bonds to the amount of \$1,500,000 in an envelope so weak it came to pieces before leaving the stamper's table. In the superscription of letters and papers an incomprehensible heedlessness is frequently manifested, as is evident from the fact that between three and four million letters are annually sent to the "Dead-Letter" Office, the destination of all "mail matter" which, for any reason, cannot be delivered to the parties for whom it was intended.

Once when riding on a postal car, by courtesy of the "agent," we were shown a letter addressed, "Albrecht Schauffman, Randolph Street, Skaug," which last, the agent told us, was probably written for "Chicago." Who but an

expert would imagine "Squeil" identical with "Schuykill Pa."? "Manchaisidor" is readily interpreted "Manchester;" and Canadians often write "Nachaisonancher" for "Nashua, N. H." Presumably every reader of this article subscribes a letter as he ought, to secure it against a liability to go astray; he certainly will, if he considers that those connected with the Postal Department cannot be expected to "know everything," and are not employed to guess "conundrums."

F. F. F.

Fate.—In a late number of the MONTHLY is a short article upon this subject. In reply to it, I desire to quote the following passage from the "Religio Medici" of Sir Thomas Browne:

"God hath not made a Creature that can comprehend him; 'tis a privilege of his own nature: *I am that I am* was his own definition unto Moses; and 'twas a short one to confound mortality, that durst question God, or ask him what he was; indeed he onely is; and others have and shall be: but in Eternity there is no distinction of Tenses; and therefore that terrible term *Predestination*, which hath troubled so many weak heads to conceive, and the wisest to explain, is in respect to God no pre-sciuous determination of our Estates to come, but a definite blast of his Will already fulfilled, and at the instant that he first decreed it; for to his Eternity which is indivisible, and all together, the last Trump is already sounded, the reprobates in the flame and the blessed in Abrahams bosome. St. Peter speaks modestly, when he saith, a thousand years to God are but as one day: for to speak like a Pilyosopher, those continued instances of time which flow into a thousand years, make not to him one moment; what to us is to come, to his Eternity is present, his whole duration being but one permanent point, without Succession, Parts, Flux or Division."

W. D.

Gossiping.—The following passage is from a very lively volume recently published in Boston, entitled "Browsing among Books, and other Essays," by Abba Goold Woolson.

"Among uneducated people conversation has a tendency to degenerate into gossip; since they feel no interest in matters that do not concern their actual daily life, whatever transpires beyond their own village and their own set of acquaintances seems remote and unimportant. The trifling acts of their neighbors are scanned and considered with as much attention as the world gives to the formal address of a powerful sovereign. In such communities the inhabitants resolve themselves into a secret council, before which the actions of every one must be brought. It does not give a favorable view of human nature, and yet it is true that every person on trial before them is supposed to be guilty till he is proved to be innocent. This proof, moreover, must always be adduced in his absence; the court sits only when his back is turned; and, far from adopting the French method of allowing him to testify in his own defense, it never informs him when his case is to come up, or, indeed, that any case has been preferred against him. If witnesses appear in his behalf, they must come without summoning and of their own free-will. The final decision is made known to all except to the one most interested, for care is taken to render

the verdict when he is out of court. This system of procedure justly makes gossip appear, to honest minds, mean, cowardly, and uncharitable; and yet, such is the keen attention it excites, the edge and flavor of its personalities, the relish for its wild surmises, that all save the best are tempted to indulge in it.

"Perhaps the minister's wife is the greatest sufferer from these secret tribunals, these Star Chambers that are set up in all small villages; for, in the opinion of her sex, she can never succeed in performing a proper or praiseworthy act. And yet the current notion that women are particularly addicted to gossip is a slander that has too long been received. Were any painter given this subject for his canvas, he would, without doubt, portray three old crones bending over the tea-table, with heads in close conjunction, and fingers lifted to enforce emphasis and enjoin silence. But this is only one-half the picture. A companion-piece should represent the interior of a country grocery store, where, among barrels of flour and piles of salt fish, more gossip is talked in one evening by the assembled crowd of customers, than is heard in all the farm-houses of the town. Their neighbor's crops, his hired men, the weight of his hogs, the vegetables he sends to market, the tax he pays the minister, the state of his fences—all are commented on in his absence with eager interest. In large cities the sight and the mind are occupied by so many objects that gossip declines, and one cares not even to read the door-plate on the adjoining house. But wherever people are curious, idle, and ignorant, whether in town or country, gossip will always engross a large share of their speech."

Sleep.—Many persons experience much difficulty in propitiating Morpheus, the god of slumber, and, after vainly seeking repose, find it impossible to do aught but roll and beat about. To correct this, there exist certain homely rules of vague reputation, such as counting one hundred or gazing with monotonous earnestness through the darkness at some indiscernible object about the room until sleep steals quietly on.

Anything that has a calming influence upon the nerves will accomplish this object, as the fault lies principally with the nerves; and it is therefore particularly requisite that the worriments and toils of our daily life be totally banished upon going to bed.

Dr. J. M. Granville, who has written a work upon the subject of sleep and sleeplessness, says:

"Habit greatly helps the performance of the initial act, and to cultivate the habit of going to sleep in a particular way, at a particular time, will do more to procure regular and healthy sleep than any other artifice. To form a habit is, in fact, to create or develop a special centre or combination in the nervous system which will henceforward produce sleep as a natural process."

If this was more generally recognized, persons who suffer from sleeplessness would set themselves resolutely to form such a habit; to do which it is necessary that the training be explicit and include attention to details. It is not very important *what* a person does to induce sleep, but the same thing should be done precisely in the same way, at the same time, and under as nearly as possible the same conditions

for many consecutive nights,—say three or four weeks at least,—when the process, whatever it may be, will become sufficiently a habit.

A Funeral of Ants.—The ant has long been an object of special interest with naturalists and others, who say many wonderful things about him, and who back him up strongly for possessing a remarkable degree of intelligence.

One of these gentlemen, an acute observer of the insect, furnishes a very interesting incident of a funeral procession.

Having accidentally killed a number of straying soldier ants, he noted a commotion among the adjacent surviving relations, and determined to watch their proceedings closely, following four or five that started from the rest toward a hillock a short distance off, in which was an ants' nest.

This they entered, and in about five minutes reappeared, followed by others, and all fell into rank, walking regularly two by two, until they arrived at the spot where the dead bodies of the soldier ants lay. In a few moments two of the ants advanced and took up the dead body of a comrade; then two others, and so on until all were ready to march. First walked two ants bearing a body, then two without a burden; then two others with another dead ant, and so on until all the defunct insects were elevated. Then the procession moved slowly onward, followed by an irregular body of about two hundred ants.

Occasionally the two laden ants stopped, and, laying down the dead ant, it was taken up by the two walking unburdened behind them; and thus they arrived at a sandy spot which seemed to suit. Here the body of ants now commenced digging with their jaws holes in the ground, into each of which a dead ant was laid, and then they labored on until the graves were refilled.

This did not quite finish the remarkable proceeding.

Some six or seven of the ants had attempted to run off without performing their share of the digging; these were caught, brought back, and promptly killed upon the spot. A single grave was quickly dug, and they were all dropped into it.

To believe that all this happened will require a great stretch of the imagination; but it is to be hoped that no one will doubt the words of a naturalist, but will try to receive all such ant-stories with becoming confidence, and without reference to his own judgment in the matter.

Pins.—It is a singular thing about pins. There are seven billions manufactured annually in the United States; and yet, if a man's shirt-collar is bumping up against the back of his neck in frantic efforts to rasp some skin off, that man might walk a mile with his eyes bent upon the ground and never find one—not one.

Or if a youth, possessing tendencies for traffic, with an apple cut into sixty-four pieces, and some lemonade in a broken tumbler, opens a bazaar in the back yard and charges two pins admission, there is invariably great distress among the neighboring children to secure the requisite entrance fee.

Now where do they all go?

Even admitting that the rising generation is constantly swallowing them, and that a million or so are used by the small but wicked boy as traps for his unsuspecting relations

to sit upon, there are still enough remaining to excite wonderment at their total disappearance.

Daily and hourly fourteen factories in this country alone, continue their manufacture, constantly adding to the vast number, until one would think that a sufficient quantity had been made to bury us all in pins; but they do not appear to increase a whit, and the question still remains, Where do they all go?

Rag Sugar.—Many persons will scarcely give credit to the fact that sugar can be made from rags; and yet it is so. Singular as it may seem, the process is simple enough, as all vegetable fibre such as cotton, flax, etc., if submitted to the action of sulphuric acid, may be readily converted into a soluble starch and thence into sugar. This is but the rule of nature, artificially worked out.

The incautious youth, who has his pockets filled with green apples and is about to tempt the fiend of morbid cholera, will tell you that the fruit is "woody," as well as sour. By "woody" he will mean that it is filled with fibrous substance; and upon this substance the pungent acid of the unripe fruit acts—in much the same manner as sulphuric acid acts upon the rags—when, in the course of nature, it is changed to a delicious, sweet, juicy pulp.

It is upon these processes of nature that chemists have based their experiments; but the natural chemistry has here a great advantage over the artificial, since the natural acid either becomes converted into sugar itself, or combines with other substances in the fruit, while the sulphuric acid of the chemist remains in his rag sugar to its detriment and must in some way be destroyed.

Here lies the difficulty of this singular process.

In removing the deleterious acid by the use of lime or

other absorbents, so much of the sugar is lost, that its manufacture would not pay; therefore there is little risk of the sugar trade being disturbed or the paper-maker being deprived of his rags by this discovery, and any one who may feel nervous about introducing metamorphosed bed-ticking into his breakfast cocoa can calm his fears, as the only place where in all probability it will ever be seen is in the window of an apothecary shop.

Baldness.—The man with a bald head is an unhappy man. He keenly feels the want of hairy excrescence, and eyes, with jealous rage, every other man who possesses more hair than he does.

If he has just become bald, he will try tonics, and that scalps him. Then he approaches a druggist who sells a hair-renewer.

This gentleman examines his head with great care through the glaring eye of a three-legged microscope, and gravely tells him that the follicles are all there—all they want is development, and that his hair-renewer is just the thing, in fact the *only* thing, for developing follicles.

It is tried; but the follicles will not develop.

As a last resort, this bald-headed man will then take to wigs. When a bald man takes to wearing a wig, it is a bad sign—a token of resignation. He feels that the case is hopeless; but it is not.

The new remedy proposed is to remove the scalp piece-meal, and substitute, by skin-grafting, pieces of healthy scalp taken from the heads of young persons.

The success which has attended experiments of this nature give promise that the day is not far distant when the polished pates of our venerable fathers will bloom with the flowing locks of youth.

LITERATURE AND ART.

The Dictionary of Education and Instruction. *A Reference Book and Manual on the Theory and Practice of Teaching, for the use of Parents, Teachers, and others; based upon the "Cyclopædia of Education."* By HENRY KIDDLE and A. J. SCHEM. New York: E. Steiger & Co.

The "Cyclopædia of Education," published by this enterprising firm several years ago, won golden opinions on account of its freshness, originality, and indisputable merit. One of the departments of that extensive work is now reproduced in a different form, under the above title, comprising articles mainly relating to the theory and practice of teaching. While it may be regretted that the work is not brought down to date, but merely a compilation of the larger work, yet even this cannot disparage the book. Under the extensive range of subjects treated, the practical suggestions made are not affected by years. Methods are not—ought not be—subject to prevailing fashions; and the wide-awake teacher who would be fully up with the times need not hesitate on this account to lay out his little store and add to his stock an almost invaluable volume. One is indeed surprised that under every subject such valuable and extensive information

can be given in so small a space. The work is really more than a dictionary, if that term is restricted merely to a definer of words. It is a hand-book, a cyclopædia, one book embodying all the most valuable conclusions of specialists, and cannot be passed by without censurable indifference and an open disregard of what is best for the practical teacher. But its sphere is wider than that of the teaching profession; no parent interested in the well-being of his children should be without a careful perusal of this work, and intelligent application of its recommendations in the training of their young minds. Altogether, the work, like its predecessor, is unique.

The Exiles. *A Russian Story.* By VICTOR TISSOT and CONSTANT AMERO. Translated from the French by GEORGE D. COX. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.

"The Exiles" is a Russian love story of great power and originality. The scene is laid in Siberia, just now a point of unusual interest because of the hosts of Nihilists who will undoubtedly be sent into exile there by the new czar. The leading characters are Yegor Semenov, a political convict;

Nadege Davidoff, his betrothed; Ladislas, a Polish boy; M. Lafleur, a liberty-loving French dancing-master; and Yermac, chief of police of Yakoutsk. Yegor, Nadege, and Ladislas, aided by M. Lafleur, undertake to escape across Siberia. They are followed by Yermac, but reach the polar regions, meeting with all kinds of exciting and perilous adventures. These points give but a slight idea of this truly wonderful and intensely interesting story; to fully appreciate it, it must be read. The plot is developed in the most skillful manner, and it is impossible to fathom the mysteries until, in the proper place, they are explained. The tale will be relished by old and young alike, its "Robinson Crusoe" features rendering it unusually attractive to children, and its entire purity fitting it for general perusal. The description of the hurricane, the aurora borealis, the polar night, the mirage, and the breaking-up of the ice, are marvelously vivid, realistic, and beautiful, and the characters are so strongly drawn that they are photographed on the memory, while the immense amount of reliable information concerning Siberia given renders the book especially valuable.

Mildred's Cadet; or, Hearts and Bell-Buttons. *An Idyl of West Point.* By ALICE KING HAMILTON, wife of United States Army Officer. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.

A really fascinating love story, in which the reader is given a very vivid and faithful picture of society life at West Point. The style of the story is light; the plot is full of telling points, and the incidents are both romantic and novel. Cadet life is its special feature, and the authoress has most capably portrayed the slaughter wrought by Cupid's unerring weapon upon the heart of at least one of the youthful warriors.

The Personal Life of David Livingstone, LL.D., D.C.L. *Chiefly from his Unpublished Journals and Correspondence in the Possession of his Family.* By WILLIAM GARDEN BLAIKIE, D.D., LL.D. *New College, Edinburgh. With Portrait.* Philadelphia: John E. Potter & Co.

We are in receipt of advance sheets of this work, which is destined to meet a long-felt want. Volumes on the travels and adventures of the intrepid explorer have appeared by the score. We are made acquainted with the geography of Central Africa, the perils from disease and from hostile natives, the social condition, the climate, and capabilities of the African continent both by the missionary's own writings and by those who followed in his footsteps or who have drawn from sources supplied by him. It remains yet for the biographer to satisfy the public interest by portraying the personal character of the distinguished philanthropist.

This noble work fell to the lot of Dr. Livingstone's eminent countryman, Rev. Dr. Blaikie, who, with admiring pen, offers this tribute to the memory of the greatest missionary traveler of modern times. If Boswell's "Life of Johnson" be the standard of reliable biographies, certainly this work deserves a like confidence, for it is mainly based on Livingstone's own journals.

On every page almost are the very words of the man who, beset with difficulties, surrounded by perplexities, enduring

trials and subject to the most discouraging disappointments, still kept up heart, his eye fixed on the goal before him, and breathed forth blessings on his enemies, showing in act, word of mouth and of pen, a consistent model of the religion he came to establish. It is evidently the desire of Dr. Blaikie to allow his hero to tell the story of his life in his own words; but when a word of his is needed he speaks it forth manfully, appreciatingly, lovingly. He never falters. He feels that his confidence is worthily placed, and that his subject compels admiration. Himself can add nothing; it is all task enough to set him forth in proper perspective. And as head and heart bend to the task, the achievement cannot fail of success.

Interesting as may be the tale of suffering, of toil, of successful exploration, to the narrative of personal life attaches a still greater interest. "I am a man, and nothing that concerns a man do I think foreign to myself," is the confession, acknowledged or tacit, of every member of the race. A well-written biography of a noble character therefore possesses paramount interest, and the volume before us is faithfully and honestly written.

We are in receipt of a "Report to the Board of Education on the Teaching of Chemistry and Physics in the United States," by Frank Wigglesworth Clarke, S.B., Professor of Chemistry and Physics in the University of Cincinnati.

This thorough and exhaustive report is made up from information obtained in response to circulars, relative to the teaching of chemistry and physics, sent out by the Commissioner of Education. The pamphlet is therefore valuable as an official document based upon the most reliable sources, and is interesting not only to those more particularly concerned in the work of education, but to every one having the welfare of our schools at heart.

From an ancient book compiled after the manner of our modern encyclopædias, and shown to have been made more than two thousand years B.C., what has long been a supposition is ascertained to be a certainty, that Chaldea was the parent land of astronomy, for it is found from this work and from inscriptions upon bricks that the Babylonians catalogued the stars and named the constellations; that they arranged the twelve constellations that form our present zodiac, to show the course of the sun's path in the heavens; divided time into weeks, months, and years; and they divided the week as we now have it, into seven days, six being days of labor and the seventh a day of rest, to which they gave a name from which the word "Sabbath" is derived, and they observed this day by resting from every species of labor as rigorously as the Jew or Puritan.

The motion of the heavenly bodies and the phenomena of the weather were noted down and a connection traced between the weather and the moon's changes. They invented the sun-dial and the water-clock to measure time, and they speak in this work of the spots on the sun, a fact which could only have been known through the use of telescopes, and that they possessed such instruments is supposed from observations they have noted down of Venus, and from the fact that Layard found the crystal lens in the ruins of Nineveh.

The bricks contain an account of the deluge substantially the same as the narrative in the Bible, except that the names are different. They disclose that houses and lands were then sold, leased, and mortgaged; that money was loaned at interest, and that market-gardeners, to use an American phrase, "worked on shares."

Truly, "there is nothing new under the sun."

Some years ago, Cardinal Mai, the eminent Italian scholar, noticed in perusing a number of mediæval manuscripts that there appeared traces of former letters behind the writing, but so faint as to be undistinguishable by the naked eye. This excited his curiosity. It occurred to him that parchment was by no means abundant in the middle ages, and it was just possible that the monks may have possessed themselves of pagan manuscripts, deliberately erased the writings upon them, and appropriated the parchments for their own uses. These suspicions were soon confirmed. By the aid of a microscope he was enabled to discern more clearly the existence of previous writing, and in some cases he succeeded in deciphering words. Thus began some of the most interesting literary discoveries of modern times. Behind the history of the Council of Chalcedon he discovered the epistles of Fronto and some of the orations of Symmachus, and behind the letters of a commentary of St. Augustine on the Psalms he made the glorious discovery of at least one-third of the long-lost work of Cicero, the *De Republica*, a work which, up to the time of Mai's discovery, was only known to us by one long fragment of two or three isolated scraps.

In the year 1626, a German gentleman, Casbarus van Sparr, was engaged in building a new house. In the course of their excavations the workmen came upon a small, square parcel wrapped in strong, linen cloth, which had been carefully plastered all over with beeswax. On opening and examining the parcel a volume was discovered, and this volume was Luther's work, the only copy in existence, supposed to have been buried when to possess such a work was to merit death.

Whittier's First Poem.—

THE DEITY.

The Prophet stood
On the high mount and saw the tempest-cloud
Pour the fierce whirlwind from its reservoir
Of congregated gloom. The mountain-oak,
Torn from the earth, heaved high its roots where once
Its branches waved. The fir-tree's shapely form,
Smote by the tempest, lashed the mountain's side;
Yet, calm in conscious purity, the seer
Beheld the awful devastation, for
The Eternal Spirit moved not in the storm.

The tempest ceased. The caverned earthquake burst
Forth from its prison, and the mountain rocked
Even to its base. The topmost crags were thrown
With fearful crashing down its shuddering slopes.
Unawed the Prophet saw and heard. He felt
Not in the earthquake moved the God of Heaven.

The murmur died away, and from the height,
Torn by the storm and shattered by the shock,
Rose far and clear a pyramid of flame,
Mighty and vast! The startled mountain deer
Shrank from its glare and cowered beneath the shade;
The wild fowl shrieked; yet even then the seer

Untrembling stood and marked the fearful glow,
For Israel's God came not within the flame.

The fiery beacon sank. A still small voice
Now caught the Prophet's ear. It's awful tone,
Unlike to human sound, at once conveyed
Deep awe and reverence to his pious heart.
Then bowed the holy man; his face he veiled
Within his mantle, and in meekness owned
The presence of his God, discovered not in
The storm, the earthquake, or the mighty flame,
But in the small, still whisper to his soul.

The above lines were written in 1826 by Whittier, who was then in his nineteenth year, and constitute the first poem of his that was ever published. At that time the youthful author was engaged upon his father's rocky farm in Haverhill, and, like Robert Burns, was but an humble toiler at the plough. Having but little confidence in his abilities, and fearful lest the verses should be refused, he left them under the office-door of the *Free Press*, a weekly paper then published by William Lloyd Garrison, in Newburyport. Garrison himself was a young man, having just attained his majority, and this paper was his first venture in journalism, to which young Whittier's father had lent his patronage. The paper was, therefore, received regularly at the farm; and as week after week passed without bringing tidings of the poem to its author, no one can conceive of his varied emotions of disappointment and wavering hope unless he himself has thus anxiously awaited the success or failure of a maiden attempt in literature. And so the time passed tediously on, until one day while Whittier was at work with his uncle Moses, repairing the stone fence by the highway, going along on the outside and replacing the stones knocked from the wall by sheep that had scrambled over it, the postman came along on horseback, and to save going to the house with the paper he tossed it to the one who, above all others, most desired to scan its pages. With trembling fingers he opened it.

Joy! His poem was published. And not only published, but was at the "head of the corner." He was so bewildered and dazed by this success, so much above his expectations, that for a long time he stood looking at it and yet was unable to read a word. At length his uncle brought his mind back to things of earth by bidding him keep at his work. It may well be believed no success in future years ever produced so many pleasing and bewildering effects.

Garrison was so impressed with his new contributor's work, that he sought him out, going to Haverhill on horseback to interview him. When Garrison called, young Whittier was at work in the field. He was told a gentleman wanted to see him at the house. Nobody had ever called on him before, and he felt more like running away than seeing this visitor; but he got into the house by the back door, "slicked up," and soon stood in the presence of the young editor, who encouraged him to make good use of the talent he displayed.

Whittier's father entered during the interview, and begged Garrison not to fill his son's mind with such notions of future fame that could never be realized, but it was too late; the damage was done! This was the first meeting of these two men, ever afterward so intimately associated in anti-slavery work.

A Word to Literary Aspirants.—The conditions of literary effort are in these days very different from what they formerly were. Within the present century, journalism has risen from something like a pastime into the dignity of a profession. Out of the unregulated amorphism of its incipient stages it has developed into a highly organized existence. From an incongruous horde of literary nomads, whose movements tended nowhere and everywhere, it has been concentrated into the drilled and disciplined order of an army, with companies and regiments each under its own colors, and trained to the use of its own particular weapons. And the individual has changed with the organization. Every man does not now set up for a captain, though any private with the necessary ability may hope to be one. As was said of the proverbial French soldier, so may every private in the regiments of literature carry a marshal's baton in his knapsack. In this army, also, there can in the nature of things be no promotion by purchase; nothing is to be hoped for under any system of exchange; promotion by merit is here the only admissible tenet of law and practice. Literary labor is now more than ever in the position of earning its money's worth; and although the reward may not always be proportioned to the effort, that is a contingency which is not incidental to this department of labor only, but holds equally of all branches of human industry and application.

To one, therefore, who possesses any fair degree of literary skill, there are in our day many avenues open, if not to distinction and affluence, at least to a respectable competency. But, like all other attainments, it can only be acquired by hard work and persistent effort. Byron's story about his waking one morning and finding himself famous is apt to take unprofitable possession of too many young heads, of whom it is no more likely to be true than it was of Byron himself. With all his undoubted genius, united to the advantages of his birth and station, he did not burst like a meteor at once into distinction, but worked on long with no more encouragement than Brougham awarded him for his "Hours of Idleness." And even after he had risen to the summit of poetical fame in his day any one who compares his drafts with his finished productions will see what a patient, plodding craftsman he was, scrupulously fastidious as to his phraseology, in the amending and correcting of which he spared no pains. In these corrections, moreover, he exhibited what is always a distinct proof of literary skill and cultured taste, in so far as he seldom made a change which was not also an improvement. To the young literary aspirant, therefore, we would say: Write carefully, and at leisure; do not fall into the stupid conceit of "dashing things off;" have no aversion to your faults being pointed out, but beware, on the other hand, of the exuberant praise bestowed upon your manuscript by interested relatives; and once your work is honestly done, and neatly written out, do your best to find a likely channel of publication for it. If not at first successful, you may be in the long run; and if not with one piece, lay it aside and try another.

An editor is frequently blamed if he does not immediately return an unavailable paper, and is regarded as unkind or even harsh if he fails to point out the faults of the unfortu-

nate manuscript; but a little reflection will show how unreasonable it is to expect that that hard-worked personage can have time to criticise, for the benefit of any tyro who may ask, the imperfections of that tyro's work. Nor can an editor possibly peruse and judge of the merits or otherwise of a multiplicity of manuscripts immediately upon their reception. Days, even a week or two, may elapse before he can give them the necessary attention.

Contributors would be more patient regarding their papers, if they only knew how earnestly a conscientious editor labors to throw into shape an imperfectly written article or tale; nor would they wonder at their offerings being so frequently abridged, if they knew how many papers were constantly struggling for a place. "Deal small and serve all," is one of the editor's necessary maxims.

There are various minor, but nevertheless important, points which it would be well for literary aspirants to observe, but which we regret to say are too often neglected. The caligraphy should be clear, and the page should not be crowded with lines; otherwise, a manuscript which may contain really meritorious matter runs the risk of being returned unread. Manuscripts should be written on one side of the leaf only, and at the end or at the beginning the author's full Christian name, surname, and address should be given. The neglect of this latter precaution, as well as the omitting to include stamps for postage on ineligible material, occasions the loss, or necessitates the consignment to the waste-basket, of many a manuscript.

Letters of recommendation from the tyro's friends, or even from men of eminence in the literary world, are of no use whatever if the matter offered fails to commend itself to the editor. His duty is to cater for a public who must be satisfied that what is periodically offered to it suits its taste. Nor can the editor who would hold together his *clientèle* of readers admit the offerings of even the widow or orphan, unless they pass the tribunal of his judgment—a cruel duty, doubtless, but one which the stern exigencies of his position necessitates.

One notable source of failure to the literary aspirant is his inability or unwillingness to accommodate the style of his contribution to that of the magazine or journal to which he proposes to send it. Many declinatures are traceable, not so much to defective composition or literary poverty, as to the inappropriateness of the subject, or the objectionable manner in which it is treated. It is a hopeful indication of success when a contributor can grasp the spirit and purpose of the publication in which he is emulous of appearing, and at once writes up to it. Without the necessary literary insight to discriminate in this matter, it would be impossible for those who make a profession of journalism, or who earn a livelihood by miscellaneous contributions to magazines, to frame their productions in conformity with this, the first and foremost of editorial requirements. It is clear that when an editor opens a manuscript and finds that the heading of it indicates a subject obviously inappropriate for his purposes he will go no further into it. On the other hand, if the subject be such as comes within the scope or design of his publication, the young writer has at least made one step in his progress good, for his paper, unless the editor has previously accepted a similar article from another hand, will then be

considered on its merits. Of course, when a writer has been sufficiently tested and approved, and has reached the honor of a place on the staff of contributors which most magazines in course of time gather round them, this difficulty is less felt, as then he has his work frequently allocated to him by the editor, subject and all. But young writers cannot get into this position in a day or a year, if ever; and meantime, therefore, they must set down this question of fitness as among the considerations that are necessary on their part if they would hope to appear in print in the quarter toward which their ambition points.

The *Art Interchange*, in an editorial of a recent date, endeavors to correct some prevalent errors in speech and manner, errors due usually to carelessness, and which have only to be pointed out to be abandoned. As the article is in very good taste and quite *apropos*, we quote:

"Rumor has it that the day of 'Thanks' is almost over, and that it will again be good form to use 'Thank you' in acknowledging civilities. It is not in the spirit of 'The king is dead! Long live the king!' that many will welcome the return to a more courteous form of expression. There are those whose sense of the fitness of things has been outraged by the popularity of this curt monosyllable, and not even the sanction of the best society has reconciled them to

its use. Why it should ever have displaced 'Thank you' is not clear; but certain it is that whoever invented it, as an expression of recognition for services rendered, deserves to be set down as an ill-conditioned boor, lacking in true politeness, whatever his station. Possibly it was evolved by some supercilious snob who, fearful of compromising his dignity,—which not being of the 'sure-footed kind,' was liable to fall if he bent,—was chary of confessing to being very much obliged, and so endeavored to compromise between politeness and dignity with 'Thanks' as the result of his effort.

"The word pervades all classes of society; the belle rewarding the services of attentive cavaliers with 'Thanks,' and the same word being made to do duty by the beggar at the gate, on receiving alms. Whether of high or low degree, it matters not at all; one and all assail your ears with the rude monosyllable in return for any civilities offered. It is quite impossible to infuse into it any grace, sweetness, or courtesy. It is both supercilious and brusque, and the high favor in which it has been held for so long a time reflects little credit on the good taste of our people.

"Some few cling to the old-fashioned 'Thank you,' and this expression is to its modern substitute what the stately minuet is to some of the undignified, hoydenish dances which have commended themselves to gentle ladies in these later days."

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Ill-assorted Marriages.—It is certainly very sad that so many marriages contracted under favorable circumstances and giving promise of happy returns should prove but miserable failures, with which both husband and wife become speedily disgusted.

The principal causes leading to such *mesalliances*, so fatal to the happiness and usefulness of both parties, are clearly obvious, yet no one seems to pause or think while the terrible evil continues its relentless march; and the number is daily increasing of young hearts that are hurrying on to dash themselves in pieces on this rocky and desolate shore.

Years ago much thought was given to contemplated matrimony, and it was considered a subject of serious import; but the young people of the present day are hasty and impulsive, and blunder into Hymen's arms to live and repent their youthful folly through many weary years of hopeless misery.

The young man, upon reaching his majority, with no adequate resources for livelihood save a meagre weekly pittance which is scarce enough to support himself respectably, immediately looks about him for a wife, unless he has already secured one (which is too often the case), and then these two start out upon the troublous waters of Life's ocean, perhaps to struggle through hand in hand, and arise from their afflictions with a purer love for one another; but oftener—aye, much oftener—to be overwhelmed and sink in the vortex.

Others again, entirely without means of subsistence, and

with scarcely sufficient money in bank to compensate the minister for his services, commit the foolish act, then go to live with "papa"; and very unlike Barkis, "papa" is not always "willin'."

In either case, trial and tribulation is necessarily the sequel, and fancied love wanes rapidly under the influence of these afflictions, estrangement begins, and soon there is discord between these two souls that should ever mingle in perfect harmony.

The young folks of late years do not seem to realize the sacredness of marriage; and instead of being a holy union of two natures blended and softened into one, with acceding tastes and sympathies, it is made a farcial play too frequently ending in tragedy. A girl of twenty-one or two, with that foolish though characteristic horror of becoming an old maid, will accept the attention of a man who is in no way calculated to make her a suitable partner, simply because these attentions give promise of speedy matrimony, and she feels that not to marry will prove a disgrace which nothing can ever wipe out. Better far to die an old maid than live to shed bitter, heart-rending tears over such a false step—a step that will be followed with certain misery; for marriage without the pure and ennobling feature of a perfect love is but a bauble, empty of all that makes it, in perfection, worth seeking.

Under the existing state of society, it is greatly to be feared that the evil will never cease, since, in overtures to matrimony, no amount of care can penetrate the breastwork

of deceit which both parties build up to hide their real selves from the other's view.

It is a human weakness the world over to turn the best side outward for inspection; but this is particularly the case when a young man pays his attentions to a young lady. He is then sure to bring forward in prominent array every good point in his character or temper, and keep all the bad ones in a very shady background. He will admire everything she admires, and in every way endeavor to convince her that he is above the level of humanity, and utterly free from faults. If she is poetically inclined, he will read to her from Tennyson or Longfellow by the hour with apparent gusto, though in his heart he hates Tennyson and abominates Longfellow.

The lady upon her part acts in a similar manner, and the result is, they get married without understanding each other in the least, and under a mutual deception. Soon—ah, so soon!—this lying cloak is thrown aside, the scales drop from their eyes, and, like Paul, they see, beholding each other in a true light.

Such an alliance cannot terminate happily, for if the seeds of sorrow are sown, naught but sorrow can be reaped therefrom. When love finds its way into the heart, the object on which that love depends seems perfect; and if glaring faults are discovered,—too glaring for love's charity to hide,—then love receives a shock from which it will never recover, if indeed it be not utterly destroyed.

It is therefore necessary, if we would secure happiness, to look well to the partner of our choice, and see that our tastes agree in all important respects, as true marriage is a loving communion of the higher and nobler natures, which will continue throughout life, bringing peace and happiness in its train, and smoothing the rough road of existence with a gentle hand.

T. T.

The Fine Art of Nursing.—It would be a bootless task to attempt to make the associations of a sick-room positively pleasant; but it is by no means impossible, nor even difficult, to imbue them with a negative charm. Happily for the comfort of the much-abused invalid, there has of late years been considerable progress in sick-room aesthetics. He is no longer at the mercy of a generation of Sairey Gamps, but is championed by a legion of medical myrmidons of the best intention, though, perhaps, of still blunted sensibilities.

It is something to rejoice over, this step toward sick-room-service reform, even though the coveted consummation be yet a long way off. The trouble lies not in a lack of disposition or ability to serve the invalid, but rather in an over-anxiety to discharge one's duties with distinction. The emphasis we frequently place upon our service, the pressing assiduity of our attentions, the air of gracious magnanimity with which we tolerate the whims of our patient, offend his morbid sensibilities; for, strange to say, nothing is more calculated to irritate an invalid than such silent intimations that you are aware of his unfortunate condition, and can make due allowance for his idiosyncrasies.

It requires the greatest *finesse* to encounter successfully the abnormal prejudices which are constantly springing up in the infected brain. It requires even a nicer talent to create that placid exterior which is so desirable in a sick-

room, and which conveys to the patient not the slightest intimation that you comprehend his utter helplessness, but rather suggests a commendable desire on your part to lavish on him such attentions as a person of his distinguished merits has a right to receive.

The *apparent* efforts to soothe an invalid, to alleviate his suffering, to "make him comfortable," are naturally futile. It is policy of the worst kind to betray your purpose to a mind whose preconceived ideas are bound to defeat it, if it be presented openly. It is only by strategic manoeuvres that one can circumvent the settled conviction so deeply rooted in the brain of a sick man, that his condition is for the time being one of irrevocable misery. He usually has his mind pretty definitely made up as to what would be a correct diagnosis of his case, and he lapses into a fatalist belief that his disease must have its course. He accepts his seasons of pain as a succession of wretched but unavoidable sequence. He knows beforehand that nothing you can do will mitigate his suffering, and the strength of this conviction operates against your praiseworthy efforts to add to his comfort. Obviously, then, what offices you have to perform for him should be fulfilled in the most covert manner possible, in order that he may not detect you in their performance, but may be left undisturbed to enjoy the sensation of self-derived benefit. The consciousness of increased comfort which is apparently independent of all agency of yours is the entering-wedge for a conviction of improved health, which is the first stage on the highway of convalescence.

Yet I have known persons to be addicted to the habit of *asking* an invalid whether he did not want this or that, whether he would not feel better in some other position and in different circumstances. Forgetful that the first instinct of a sick man is a strong antipathy towards being disturbed, either by sound or sense, they urge upon him the necessity of mental action by requiring him to state his preferences. Nine times out of ten their inquiry is answered negatively; and why? Not because the patient does not often really want a change of position or circumstances, but because, being called upon to decide for himself, he overestimates the effort that would be necessary to effect the desired end, and concludes that, rather than make it, he will put up with the negative comfort of his present position. Whereas, if taken unawares, he would submit cheerfully to a moment's disturbance for the sake of several hours' ease. If you take hold of his pillow before he knows it and deftly whisk it away, you can turn it over quickly, shake it up and put it back again before he has time to think whether he wants it changed or not; and it is an exceptional thing if he be not gratified by the result of your expedition.

These are, however, words for the wise. It would be injudicious to commend such strategy to a novice. The condition of the invalid upon whom the best-intentioned *ingénue* was experimenting would indeed be deplorable. This is a field for the operation of womanly tact.

First of all, there must be a clear perception and sound judgment brought to bear upon the case at issue. An observant nurse can tell at a glance whether her *protégé* is comfortable. If there is room for a doubt, the law should be, "Do not disturb him." On the other hand, the external evidences of discomfort being sufficient, proceed without

delay to remove the aggravating cause. A matter-of-course air will usually help one to bring about this desired end. You are to assume that you know just what the patient wants; but you are not to withhold the subtle flattery which your manner may convey, that your knowledge is due to his own timely declaration. Charles Lamb says, "To be sick is to enjoy monarchical prerogatives;" and, we may add, especially that of being flattered and courted in a delicate way, which shall have in it no vestige either of offensive fawning or of grandiloquent patronage.

The foregoing contains what I consider the spiritual essence of good nursing. But of what use is a jewel if it have not an appropriate setting?

The principles of this fine art are often spoiled in the application; the loftiest purpose may be defeated by sheer lack of æsthetic refinement.

The prettiest and the sunniest room belongs to the invalid by divine right—a room which, while it fulfills all sanitary conditions, is at once the embodiment of beauty and comfort. It must be a room, too, which will admit of frequent revolutions in its arrangement, for nothing is so fatiguing to an invalid as the long-continued contemplation of the same effects. Even the occasional occupant of a room wearies of seeing the chairs forever in the same place, the pictures in the same relative positions, the same folds to a curtain and the same books on the table. Routine and Monotony are the attendant fiends of every sick-room, and the invalid will gratefully recognize any device that will weaken their power. It is a pleasant surprise to him in the morning, for instance, to wake up and find a pretty new coverlid over his bed, or a fresh bouquet on the table beside him. His mind is switched off on a siding; he takes a new lease of comfort, and he has a sharper relish for his breakfast. But, oh, beware how you play with his fickle appetite! A single offense against his superfine taste will condemn the meal you have so carefully prepared to a petulant rejection.

A lady, in writing to one of our leading journals, has complained that the average nurse is culpably destitute of common sense in one particular: it is an every-day crime with her to crush all suggestion of appetite out of the invalid palate by freighting his tray with too generous portions. This is an index to one of the cardinal principles of sick-room *cuisine*: *All food must be served in the sparest moderation*. Daintiness is a concomitant of illness. The fitful appetite of an invalid will often allow you to replenish his tray repeatedly by slight installments, when it would revolt from the same amount of food if presented all at once.

It is not within our scope to enter upon a discussion of dietetics; but the question of table appointment and service is too important to be passed by in silence. It should never be forgotten that an invalid is the next thing to a child, and that he requires to be as constantly amused. It does not take much to amuse him, however. His new counterpane and morning nosegay are a certain source of delight, and he is pleased by such a trifling thing as a change in his nurse's apparel or general appearance.

First of all, he must have scrupulous cleanliness everywhere about him. None but the most immaculate hands

should be allowed to touch him; none but the neatest persons should approach his bedside. His napkins and towels should be above reproach both in beauty and spotlessness. I have known some of the best-intentioned persons to be guilty of the sin of bringing all their old threadbare damask into requisition in the sick-room, because it was so easy to wash. This is simply treason. The pride of the linen-closet is the appanage of the invalid. First and last, now and always, in this as in everything, he should have the best. But the best in this case does not signify always the same thing. The best is the fittest for the occasion, and the occasion is governed by the invalid's mood. His tray was spread yesterday with a red-bordered doily; to-day let the border be blue, and to-morrow there shall be no border at all. Yesterday he drank out of a tall tumbler and a Chinese cup; to-day let him have a slender-stemmed goblet and a Haviland bowl. To-day he enjoyed an egg on a slice of brown toast temptingly served on a delicate plate; to-morrow he will like it in a wine-glass. It is demoralizing even to a vigorous appetite to be able to conjecture just what you will have for breakfast, and just how it will look. Think, then! The appetite of an invalid is easily affronted. It is not "of the earth earthy;" it is evanescent and ethereal. It must be coaxed and cajoled. Every house should have its pieces of especially dainty china and fine glassware sacred to the sick-room. I remember a certain weakness I had when I was a child for a pretty *à-la-tête* set that was used only in case of sickness. Many a trivial malady did I magnify for the sake of being allowed to lie abed and take my breakfast off of that lacquered tray and those delicate plates. Believe me, an invalid is susceptible to some childish pleasure.

It is almost an insult to one's understanding to suggest the necessity of quiet in a sick-room; but how many persons know what is meant by quiet—absolute repose? I fancy that, if I were an invalid, I would rather hear a dynamite explosion than the slinking, tip-toe tread of a heavy, perhaps a squeaking, shoe. A pair of soft, pliable, heelless slippers is therefore an indispensable adjunct to the skillful nurse's wardrobe, not to mention such simple dresses as will not brush against the bed with an ostentatious swish, or rustle stiffly over the floor. But these requirements must be felt. Like lessons in ethics, they cannot be inculcated into an unappreciative mind. The best nurses are nurses by instinct. Any one, however, may render acceptable service who brings to its performance a sound judgment, enduring patience, a cheerful face, and willing hands. These are the prerequisites of sick-room attendance. Without them no one can ever hope to fathom the principles of the fine art of nursing.

ELEANOR MOORE HIESTAND.

Hats and Churches.—In England, as in America, "Sunday clothes" are quite an institution; but in the former country the hat is a portion of man's attire which receives from him the greatest attention. It is, perhaps, seen at its best on a bright, sunshiny Sabbath morning; and, as the sanctuary has always proved an effective place to exhibit the latest millinery, frock-coats, and all the various etceteras which go to make the two sexes dressed and ready for church, the hat-

wearer takes it there—but, *unfortunately for the hat*, it cannot be worn during service. I am led to think, by personal observation, that if some one who is about to organize a society for the advancement of mental culture among the far-away Dyaks would only change his mind, and instead start a Keep-on-your hat-in-church Society, he would prove himself a benefactor to English male humanity, and his name would go down to posterity glowing in fame.

Who has not been deeply interested before service commenced in church by seeing tall and short gentlemen walk sedately up the aisle to their pews, and before taking their seats solemnly read their hatters' names for the twentieth time. Never is the lining of a hat so carefully examined as during this critical moment; and it might be a good idea—and one calculated to put the worshiper in a proper frame of mind—if the ten commandments or the creed were substituted for the hatter's name. The wearer would then have a little more to read and the thing would not be so monotonous.

The English are a church-going people, and the male portion of the population who lay any claim to respectability would hardly think of entering church or chapel-door in a felt hat, except in bad weather. The silk hat is the Sunday hat. Tabooed on other days, it is the hat for Sunday.

A hatter who could recognize some of his own goods would obtain no small amount of satisfaction from standing at the door of a fashionable church and taking mental notes such as this: "Ah! here comes Mr. B——. Got one of my hats on—paid me one pound ten for it—nice looking top-piece—jewed me down ten shillings," and so on.

To all wearers of silk hats, however, when once they get inside the church, the hat becomes a serious difficulty. Of all the various expedients by which ingenious church-goers have endeavored to safely dispose of their hats, there is not one that has proved efficient. To hold a hat continually in one's lap is only practicable in Quaker meeting; and no man could successfully balance a hat in one hand and find the Epistle for the Twenty-second Sunday after Trinity with the other hand; while to stand up to sing with a silk hat under your arm would be absurd. The hat must, therefore, be laid aside—but where? The churches are all constructed with exclusive reference to souls, and afford no accommodation for hats whatever.

The extreme danger of placing a hat in the aisle immediately outside of the pew can be readily seen. The first lady who sweeps up the aisle carries with her a confused train of defenseless hats, depositing them in front of her own pew, and then their owners have to rise and rush after their abused property. Of course, the hats which have been subjected to this process, however interesting they may prove to the geologist or antiquarian, are of no further use as hats.

In the days when expansive crinolines were in fashion the fate of such a hat was even more appalling. When a well-dressed lady passed by its vicinity, it was *gone* totally from human sight. There are cases on record where one fashionable woman engulfed thirteen hats during her passage from the church-door to her pew near the pulpit, and they were never seen more! Whether they were absorbed or resolved themselves into air was never ascertained, and the boldest man shrank from investigating their fate, preferring to bear the loss in sad and dignified silence.

Next to the aisle, the pew-seat is the most dangerous position which can be found for a hat. Reliable statistics show that of every one hundred hats thus placed sixty are sat upon by their owners, thirty-four are sat upon by other people, and only five escape! Just think of it! It is also a curious fact that a hat thus exposed exerts an irresistible attraction over fat persons. A man may enter a remote pew in a strange church and place his hat where no fat person could possibly perceive it on entering, yet in nine cases out of ten the sexton will show a fat man into that precise pew within ten minutes after the hat is in position; while numerous other fat people will hover about the place with a view to swooping down upon it if the first man did not smash it properly. There is a sort of magnetism at work here—a frightful, undefined power—and it might be well for scientists to take the matter in hand.

As to putting one's hat under the seat, no man who follows this course can expect anything but disastrous consequences to ensue. If there is a small boy around, he will be sure to kick it, and if a lady is in the pew it will require a complex surgical operation after service to remove her foot from the hat; while even if one's property escapes these evils it will for a certainty absorb all the dirt and dust within a radius of eight or ten feet, and become temporarily affixed to the floor by the aid of a forgotten Sunday-school gumdrop.

Neither under the seat, on the seat, nor in the aisle can the much-abused hat find a secure resting-place; and if the churches were to set up hat-pounds in the vestibules, where hats could be kept during service, it would soon resolve into a hat exchange, where the lost souls would secure all the best hats and the saints would be compelled to content themselves with old and worn-out ones.

Happening in London over Sunday, I attended church, as a matter of course, and, as it would have been bad taste to do otherwise, I wore a high silk hat. This I placed in the aisle near my pew, and, greatly to my surprise, it escaped all the designs that must have been formed against its well-being. The service was extremely long, and, growing very tired of it, I decided to go out, and, during a lengthy prayer, without opening my eyes, I reached quietly for my hat, but was hindered in the purpose by a hand from behind, which grasped my own. Thinking some custodian of the church wished me to remain to the end of the service, I waited; but my stock of patience becoming exhausted, I reached again for the hat and was again prevented from going in the same manner as before. I was now thoroughly convinced that the service must be a really important one, and that some one desired me to stay, so I delayed my departure a little; but, after waiting another five minutes, I determined to go in spite of etiquette, and repeated the former manoeuvre in the direction of my head-covering. A third time the same hand detained me; but I determinedly resisted its grasp, when a voice from behind me exclaimed:

"I beg your pardon, sir; but that is *my* hat you are taking!"

Such was the fact! I had been detained all this while because every time I was reaching for some other man's hat.

Now if it was customary to furnish churches with convenient hat receptacles I should have been spared this most embarrassing predicament.

POT-POURRI.

Governor Cornell, of New York, some time ago referred to General Grant as "one who even more than Washington was 'first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen.'" Mr. Fowler, of the New York Legislature, lately made a good point when, in moving an adjournment of the legislature for Washington's birthday, he said he made the motion on behalf of those who might desire to pay some honor to the memory of one "who is now second in war, second in peace, and somewhere in the hearts of his countrymen."

According to the ancient custom of novelists and comedy writers, all fathers of lovely young girls were brutes, and never did the decent thing except on the sly.

If the much-abused heroines of Fielding and Smollet could read of this St. Louis parent, how they would rejoice for their sisters of the present day.

"Do you love him?" asked her father.

Geraldine laughed in spite of herself. "I have a strong impression that he would scarcely ask me to marry him unless he thought pretty well of me."

"Of course—of course; but do you love him?"

"With my whole heart and soul."

"Well, if that's the case," said Colonel Spencer, throwing away his cigar, "all I've got to say is you are both confounded simpletons if you don't get married—there!"

There are many troubles in the life of an opera singer's wife, and these are graphically described by the following letter:

"MY DEAR JENNY: It is as you say, we have a hundred and fifty thousand francs a year; the praises of my husband are sounded every day in the newspapers; he is applauded every night he sings, and is a very king in his art. But you don't know what it is to be the wife of a tenor. Those who flatter my husband, and they are numerous, are incessantly telling him, 'Monsieur Michael, you have a mine of diamonds in your throat.' That may be true, I don't say it is not; but if you could understand what consequences it entails—a mine of diamonds in a man's throat! Michael is always as cross as a bear because of the state of the temperature. A barometer is less variable. He is continually opening and shutting the windows. When they are open he wants them shut, and when they are shut he says he stifles. You have no idea of the trouble we have at hotels, to prevent his taking cold. Even the style of carpet becomes a study. And the cart-load of furs we carry about with us! And the difficulty we have with the fires! There is also a long chapter as to what he may and may not eat; this is too strong, and that is too weak. And the night he sings there is a syrup which he must drink five times during an act, and a wash of brandy and camphor with which to rub his throat. From morning till night a tenor thinks of nothing but himself; he listens to himself sing; he studies poses before a

looking-glass; he calls after the servants: 'Jean, muffle the door-bell, its noise affects my nerves. Brigitte, don't pass before me again; you make a draught.' He interrogates his throat every ten minutes, la, la, la. Never a sensible word, always la, la, la. At table he does not talk for fear of destroying his la, la, la. If I ask him to take me out on a fine day, he runs to the piano and exercises his la, la, la. And so I remain your friend in sorrow,

"MARGUERITE."

It is seldom that prayers are amusing. Yet now and then petitions are made that are strikingly humorous, though the suppliant may be quite unconscious of the fact. A good friend of the magazine sends us the following remarkable instances.

Many years since, in a town in Massachusetts, there dwelt a man by the name of Bedell,—accented on the first syllable,—who had neighbors named Heath; between the two parties, for some reason, the keenest hatred existed. Mr. Bedell was a praying man, and as he was one day in his field, on bended knee, a passer-by overheard the following petition from his lips:

"O Lord, kill the Heaths! If I should do it, I should have to be hung; but thou, Lord, canst kill them and not be mistrusted."

He was, withal, "born tired," and, on another occasion, he prayed:

"O Lord! in our great need, send us corn, and, while you're about it, send it shelled."

Some one has said, "The whole subject of funerals is in as barbaric darkness as if the world hadn't been burying and being buried for six thousand years at the lowest calculation." I never was so struck with the truth of this remark as I was at a funeral I once attended. Viewing the remains has always been repugnant to me, but on this occasion the manner in which the invitation was given lent additional horror to the custom. The undertaker, who happened to be a German, after directing those who wished to look upon the face of the dead how to approach the casket, and by what door to leave the room, added, "so that everybody can get a fair look at him, and no crowding to be done." Ugh! It made my blood run cold.

H. S. F.

It is well to be prudent; but even prudence may be carried too far, as in the case of Mr. Elijah Hitchcock, a Connecticut constable. His character was under scrutiny, and Deacon Solomon Rising was inquired of about him.

"Deacon Solomon Rising," said the questioner, "do you think Mr. Hitchcock is an honest man?"

Very promptly—"Oh, no, sir! Not by any means."

"Well, do you think he is a mean man?"

"Well, with regard to that," said the deacon, a little more deliberately, "I may say that I don't really think he

is a mean man; I've sometimes thought he was what you might call a keeful—a prudent man."

"What do you mean by a prudent man?"

"Well, I mean this: that one time he had an execution of four dollars against the old Widow Witter, back here, and he went up to her house and levied on a flock of ducks. He chased them ducks one at a time round the house pooty much all day, and every time he caught a duck he'd set right down and wring his neck and charge mileage; and his mileage 'mounted to more than the debt. Nothing mean about it as I know, but I always thought after that Mr. Hitchcock was a very prudent man."

The late Prince Peter Von Oldenburg was an eccentric creature, and as full of superstitions as a Christmas horn is of goodies. He caused his daughter's wedding to be postponed, after all the guests had been summoned and the festivities prepared, because he had not discovered till then that the date of the ceremony fell on Monday, an unlucky day, according to Russian tradition. But the best story told of him was when he filled the place of general superintendent of the imperial college for girls. He was diligent to a degree in the performance of his duties. Hearing that complaints had been made at the Smoling Convent of the poor quality of food provided, he resolved to test the matter for himself. So, suddenly pouncing down upon the institution one day just at the dinner-hour, he walked directly toward the kitchen. At the door he met two soldiers carrying a huge steaming cauldron.

"Halt!" he cried; "put that kettle down."

The soldiers obeyed instantly.

"Bring me a spoon," was his next order.

One of the soldiers brought a spoon, but, in offering it, ventured to begin a stammering remonstrance.

"Hold your tongue!" commanded the prince. "Take off the lid; I insist on tasting it."

The next moment the spoon had conveyed a large portion to his mouth.

"You call this soup?" he exclaimed indignantly, as soon as he had swallowed the dose; "why, it is simply dirty water!"

"It is, your Highness," responded the soldier who had tried to explain; "we have just been cleaning out the laundry!"

A great many people say what they do not mean in their prayers. A Scotchman went behind a fence to pray, and declared to the Lord that if the fence should fall on him it would be no more than he deserved. At that moment a high wind blew the fence over on the petitioner. He rose hastily from his knees, and cried out in a frightened voice: "Hech, Lord, it's an awful world, this! A body canna say a thing in joke but it's ta'en in earnest."

An amusing story of Daines Barrington, Recorder of Bristol, is related by one of the English press.

Having to appear for the plaintiff in a case at Clonmel, he attacked the defendant in unmeasured terms. The individual inveighed against not being present only heard of the invectives. After Barrington, however, had got back to

Dublin, the defendant, a Tipperary man, named Foley, lost no time in paying his compliments to the counsel.

He rode all day and night, and, covered with sleet, arrived before Barrington's residence in Harcourt street, Dublin. Throwing the reins of his smoking horse over the railings of the area, he announced his arrival by a thundering knock at the door. Barrington's valet answered the summons, and, opening the street door, beheld the apparition of the rough-coated Tipperary fire-eater, with a large stick under his arm, and the sleet sticking to his bushy whiskers.

"Is your master up?" demanded the visitor, in a voice that gave some intimation of the object of his journey.

"No."

"Then give him my compliments, and say Mr. Foley—he'll know the name—will be glad to see him."

The valet went up-stairs, and told his master, who was in bed, the purpose of his visit.

"Then don't let Mr. Foley in, for your life," said Barrington, "for it is not a hare nor a brace of ducks that he has come to present me with."

The man was leaving the bedroom, when a rough, wet coat pushed by him, and a thick voice said:

"By your leave," and at the same time Mr. Foley entered the bedroom.

"You know my business, sir," said he to Barrington. "I have made a journey to teach you manners, and it's not my purpose to return until I have broken every bone in your body," and at the same time he cut a figure of eight with his shillalah before the chevel-glass.

"You do not mean to say you would murder me in bed?"

"No," replied the other; "but get up as soon as you can."

"Yes," replied Daines, "that you might fell me the moment I put myself out of the blankets."

"No," replied the other; "I pledge you my word not to touch you until you are out of bed."

"You won't?"

"No."

"Upon your honor?"

"Upon my honor."

"That is enough," said Daines, turning over and making himself comfortable, and seeming as though he meant to fall asleep. "I have the honor of an Irish gentleman, and may rest as safe as though I were under the castle guard."

The Tipperary salamander looked marvelously astonished at the pretended sleeper, but soon Daines began to snore.

"Halloa!" said Mr. Foley; "ain't you going to get up?"

"No," said Daines; "I have the word of an Irish gentleman that he will not strike me in bed, and I am sure I am not going to get up to have my bones broken. I shall never get up again. In the meantime, Mr. Foley, if you should want your breakfast, ring the bell; the best in the house is at your service. The morning-paper will be here presently, but be sure and air it before reading, for there is nothing from which a man so quickly catches cold as reading a damp journal." And he affected to go to sleep.

The Irishman had fun in him as well as ferocity; he could not resist the cunning of the counsel.

"Get up, Mr. Barrington, for in bed or out of bed, I haven't the pluck to hurt so droll a heart."

The result was that in less than an hour afterward Foley and his intended victim were sitting down to a warm breakfast, the former only intent upon assaulting a dish of smoking chops.

The Chinese are a peculiar people, therefore their literature is peculiar, and none of it more so than the following anecdote, which would, without doubt, sink deep into the heart of a Celestial:

In the Chow dynasty (about three thousand years ago) there was a man named Laou Lai-tsze. When he was seventy years of age, he used to put on bright and many-colored clothes, and then he would play about like a child. Sometimes he would carry water into the hall, and pretend to stumble, and fall flat on the ground; and then he would cry, and run up to his parents' side to please the old people, and all to make them forget, for a time at least, their own great age.

Another is even more touching than the first:

There was once a man named Han. When he was a boy, he misbehaved himself very often, and his mother used to beat him with a bamboo rod. One day he cried after the beating, and his mother was greatly surprised, and said, "I have beaten you many a time, and you have never cried before; why do you cry to-day?"

"Oh, mother," he replied, "you used to *hurt* me when you flogged me; but now I weep because you are not strong enough to hurt me."

"It makes one weep," says the Chinese moralist, "even to read this story." Who does not long to have the dear, vanished hand back again, and the still voice speaking again, if even to punish and reprove?

Rather Premature.—A newspaper was started not long ago, the first number of which contained a letter from a correspondent signed, "A Constant Reader."

An exchange tells the story of the Hon. Demshame Horner's troubles in graphic style. He had a very unpleasant experience lately. Mark Twain was advertised to lecture in the town of Colchester, but for some reason failed to get around. In the emergency, the lecture committee decided to employ Mr. Horner to deliver his celebrated lecture on temperance, but so late in the day was this arrangement made that no bills announcing it could be circulated, and the audience assembled expecting the celebrated innocent. Nobody in the town knew Mark, or had ever heard him lecture, but they had got the notion that he was funny, and went to the lecture prepared to laugh. Even those on the platform, except the chairman, did not know Mr. Horner from Mark Twain, and so, when he was introduced, thought nothing of the name, as they knew Mark Twain was a *nom de plume*, and supposed his real name was Horner. The *dénouement* is thus told: Mr. Horner first remarked, "Intemperance is the curse of the country." The audience burst into a merry laugh. He knew it could not be at his remark, and thought his clothes must be awry, and he asked the chairman in a whisper if he was all right, and got "yes" for an answer. Then he said, "Rum slays

more than disease!" A louder laugh. He couldn't understand it, but went on, "It breaks up happy homes!" Still louder mirth. "It is carrying young men to death!" A perfect roar and applause. Mr. Horner began to get excited. He thought they were guying him, but he proceeded:

"We must crush the serpent!" A tremendous howl of laughter. The men on the platform, except the chairman, squirmed as they laughed. Horner couldn't stand it. "What I'm saying is gospel truth!" he cried. The audience fairly bellowed with mirth. Horner turned to a man on the stage and said, "Do you see anything very ridiculous in my remarks or behavior?" "Yes, ha, ha—it's intensely funny—ha, ha, ha! Go on!" replied the roaring man. "This is an insult!" cried Horner, wildly dancing about. More laughter, and cries of "Go on, Twain!" And then the chairman got the idea of the thing, and rose up and explained the situation, and the men on the stage suddenly quit laughing and blushed very red, and the folks in the audience looked at each other in a mighty sheepish way, and they quit laughing too. And then Mr. Horner being thoroughly mad told them he had never before got into a town so entirely populated by asses and idiots, and, having said that, he left the hall. And the assemblage then voted to censure Twain and the chairman, and dispersed amid deep gloom.

Budding Genius Recognized.—I read not long since that one of the great men in the world of letters has recently been playing a practical joke upon the gentlemen of the press by sending an anonymous contribution to several leading monthlies, and enjoying the fun of having each of them politely but firmly decline it. The fact that any one of them would gladly have paid the weight of the MS. in gold for it, had they known the author's name, must have given additional zest to his enjoyment. But what I am coming to is that the experience of a friend of mine offsets the great man's little story. This friend is a lady, and one of the lesser lights in literature. She writes an occasional story or sketch for a magazine, but has little confidence in her own power. One of her early efforts was forwarded to a literary paper of Indianapolis with the request—what young writer has not made such request?—that the editor would give his candid opinion of it. He returned it with the comment, "I think you ought to do better." She then made a bold dash and sent it to the "Atlantic," and to her great astonishment it was accepted! It may be supposed that the editor of that august periodical did not know the opinion of the Indiana editor, or he also would have declined it; but here comes in the strangest part of the story. The incipient writer—unsophisticated little simpleton that she was!—had actually written the editor of the "Atlantic" that she had offered her sketch to an Indiana paper; that it had been declined with the above comment, and that it seemed—rather sarcastic this last, I fear—very crude and poor to her after that!

There are two theories prevalent in her circle of friends explanatory of this phenomenon; one is that her article was really meritorious, and the other that those Boston "literary fellers" do such things occasionally to show how impartial they are.

H. G. F.

POTTER'S AMERICAN MONTHLY.

VOL. XVII.

OCTOBER, 1881.

No. 118.

AMONG THE AZORES.

By MRS. S. E. DAWES.



AT SEA.

FAR away in the Atlantic Ocean there is a group of green islands, of which we know comparatively little, as they are somewhat out of the way of ordinary travel. More than four hundred years ago they were accidentally visited by a merchant vessel which was driven into their vicinity by a storm. The vessel was bound to Lisbon, on reaching which port her commander made known his discovery to the Portuguese Government, which sent out an expedition to take possession and settle upon the islands. These pioneers left an indelible impress upon their descendants, as the old quaint customs which they brought with them still remain, and the primitive tools of those days are still in use.

Having decided on a summer cruise among these islands, I sailed out of Boston harbor one pleasant July morning, and as our vessel proved to be a fast one, and we had favoring winds all the way, the voyage out was delightful.

These island gems, toward which we were sail-

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ing, are nine in number, and are somewhat widely separated, forming three distinct groups. Flores and Corvo are the first we approach, and a hundred and twenty miles distant we reach the second group, consisting of Fayal, Pico, St. George, Graciosa, and Terceira. St. Miguel and San Maria form the third group, and lie some seventy miles further to the southeast.

An ocean voyage, however pleasant, becomes in time monotonous, and it was with great delight that we heard one morning, our fourteenth at sea, that land was in sight. I looked anxiously in the direction pointed out, and was told that what appeared only a blue cloud on the horizon was the island of Flores. A few hours later, Corvo, its nearest neighbor, was faintly outlined, and before sunset they had grown upon our vision until they looked like two green mountains rising out of the sea, and capped with fleecy clouds.

Next morning we found ourselves near the western end of the island, and as we had a light breeze and could only move slowly along we had ample time to enjoy the lovely views which it presented. The island is in reality a mountain in the sea, and is cultivated with the greatest care almost to its summit. We passed a succession of villages as we sailed along, and they were all built of stone



A FLORES CART DRAWN BY COWS.



far on to the beach as possible the boatmen took us in their stout arms and carried us to land. As our vessel had probably been seen a long distance off, the news of our arrival had spread rapidly over the island, and there was a large crowd at the landing to greet us. It is very seldom that an American lady visits that island, and I was so much of a curiosity that all the women gathered round me, asking me, in Portuguese, who I was, and where I came from.

They were a strange looking crowd, bare-footed and bare-headed, with the exception of a gay-colored handkerchief, which most of



ISLAND OF FAYAL FROM PICO.

and neatly whitewashed. They formed the prettiest pictures imaginable, nestled in the green valleys, or crowning some bold headland.

As we neared Santa Cruz, the port of entry of the island, the American flag was displayed from our mast-head, and was the signal for the custom-house boat to visit us. It soon came alongside, and we found a number of dignitaries had come out to meet us, among them the governor of the island. Having given us permission to land, I returned with these officials and some of our own party for a few hours' visit to Flores.

There was no wharf, and so the boat was rowed into a rocky little cove, and after being pushed as



VILLA FRANCA.

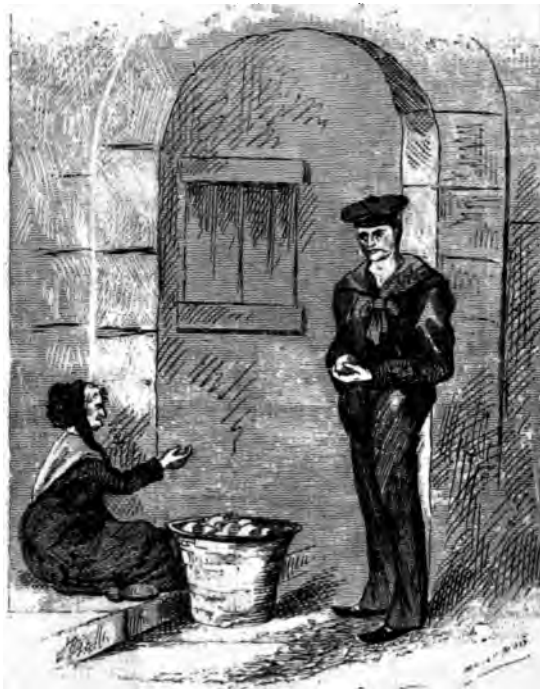
them were tied tightly under the chin. They wore full-gathered skirts and little short coats, and for an outside garment the prevailing fashion seemed to be one of these dress skirts turned wrong side

out and pinned about the neck. As I walked up from the landing toward the little quaint-looking custom-house perched on a rock, the crowd on the beach followed me till I was glad to take refuge within, if only for a few moments.

The town is built mostly on the level land near the shore, but some of the houses stretch back upon the mountain in the rear, and look very pleasant nestling among the orange-groves. There is a large cathedral in Santa Cruz, with two towers, each surmounted with a small dome, and every village on the island has its stone church. The streets are very narrow and are paved with tiny stones, which form a very durable though not a very easy walk to tread upon. As I was passing up the principal street, I heard a strange creaking sound, and pretty soon a queer-looking vehicle came rattling over the stones, which was a clumsy affair indeed. The body was made of hardwood, very thick, and the sides of the cart were formed of basket-work. The wheels were a solid piece of wood, without spokes, of course, and they creaked fearfully. I think those carts are considered the best that make the most noise, and if there were many in the place the din would be fearful. This cart was drawn by two patient-looking cows yoked together, and their horns were also tied. They were dragging a load of stones, but they were not as heavy as they looked, for the stones here are all light and porous. The island is of volcanic origin, and nearly all of the rocks show the action of fire upon them.

The consul of the port had gone to Layens, a town a few miles away, to attend a wedding, so the business was entrusted to a gentleman who invited us from the custom-house to his own residence. His business office where we first entered was on the ground floor, and looked out into a pretty garden, which was tastefully laid out. After our business was transacted, he invited us up-stairs into the living apartments of the family. We were first ushered into the drawing-room, which was large and quite gorgeous in gilding and stone-work. There were mats upon the polished floor, and the furniture was of cane and bamboo. No woollen carpets or upholstered furniture is used upon any of the islands, for the climate is so moist they would gather dampness and mould very quickly. We were introduced to the ladies of the family, and one of the daughters, a little

girl with bright black eyes and pleasing face, came into the room to be presented to us. We had a pleasant chat, considering that it was all carried on at second-hand, for the family did not understand English and we could speak very little Portuguese, so we were obliged to speak through an interpreter. We were just thinking it was time to take leave of our new friends, when a door was thrown open at the side of the room and we were



THE OLD FRUIT WOMAN.

invited out into a pleasant dining-room to lunch. A handsome bouquet of flowers stood in the centre of the table, and ranged about it were plates of dried figs and raisins, different kinds of preserves, and some sweet-cakes as thin as a wafer and unlike anything I had ever seen or tasted. Some lemon-colored drink was served in tiny glasses, and I afterward learned it was called *liquor*, and was made from the juice of various fruits. While we were eating, servants stood by with green boughs to keep off the flies, which we found were as plenty in that far-away island as at home. On leaving this hospitable mansion, which proved to be the finest on the island, I was presented with a beau-

tiful bouquet of flowers and the cards of our hosts.

We spent an hour or two longer on the island, and then went on board our vessel again, and soon were on our way to Fayal, a hundred and



WOMEN IN CLOAKS IN THE STREETS OF PONTA DELGADA.

twenty miles distant. It has much the appearance of Flores as we approach it from a distance; but a nearer view shows it to be under a greater state of cultivation, and it does not rise so abruptly from the sea. The villages are larger than those of Flores, and are laid out with greater regularity. The high lands are covered with orange-groves, and the many-colored fields of grain make a rich mosaic as they glow in the sunshine. I was told at length that a rocky headland just before us was Castle Blanco, and that as soon as we had passed it, the harbor of Horta, the principal city of Fayal, would be visible.

I watched with eager eyes for the first glimpse; and when the scene actually burst upon my view half of its beauty had not been told me, for it shone like a beautiful gem in an emerald setting. The houses are all of stone, plastered on the outside, and most of them whitewashed. Now and then I saw one with a yellow tinge, and some of them were in the rough state in which they were built. There are stone landing-steps here, so it is not so difficult getting on shore as at some of the other islands. An old fort mounting fifteen guns stands near the landing, but I am afraid it would not be much protection if an ironclad

should sail into the harbor and open fire upon the place.

The streets are narrow, and some of them leading to the mountains in the rear of the city are very steep. They are kept almost spotlessly clean, however, and paved nicely with small stones. None of the houses are occupied on the lower story except those of the poorer class. Stores are either kept there or it is neatly paved for a courtyard. One quite nice-looking house in the Rua San Francisco had a donkey stable underneath, and was occupied by a family above. There were wooden balconies to nearly all the windows, and they seemed to be a favorite resort for the ladies and children of the household. On all except the business streets the houses of the better class had spacious gardens connected with them, but they were all surrounded with such high walls that nothing could be seen of their beauty except as one peeped through a half-open gate now and then. I passed one house that had what its owner probably called a statue at the entrance to the grounds, but it was nothing more than an overgrown doll, dressed in bright colors and holding a stiff bouquet of earthenware flowers at her bosom.

The houses are seldom more than two stories high and are covered with a roofing of red earthen tiles. There are very few chimneys there such as we use; in fact, the smaller houses have none at all, and the smoke, while cooking, has to escape the best way it can. The climate is so mild that fires are not needed, except for cooking, and fuel is so scarce that the poorer classes seldom build a fire more than once a week, when they bake enough to last them that length of time.

Frequently, in passing through the streets in the older part of the city, I saw through the open door the interior of some of the poorer huts. The floors were of clay, and the furniture rude and very ancient, consisting of clumsy, high-backed chairs, rickety-looking benches, and nondescript bedsteads. One or two cheap, gayly-colored pictures generally adorned the walls, and either were meant to represent the Virgin Mary or some of the saints.

The women in Fayal wear a strange kind of garment which they call a capote. It is usually made of dark-blue woollen cloth, cut like a large circular, with an immense hood shaped like a monk's cowl and stiffened with whalebone, so

that it stands about two feet and a half from the shoulders. A more unbecoming garment, it seems to me, could not have been invented, and I believe it is worn in no other part of the world.

The women here deal largely in fruit, some of them purchasing whole orchards of oranges and selling them by the basket at the street corners, or to other venders of the fruit. One old woman I always saw sitting near an archway at the head of the street leading from the landing-steps. In summer she sells figs, plums, apples, and pears, and in winter oranges and nespars. The latter is a rich fruit about the size of a plum and makes a delicious preserve. It is such a convenient place for trade, that the old woman takes a great many dumps in the course of the day. These are a large copper coin, very thick and heavy, and worth about five of our cents. The Portuguese money is all so large that shopping here is attended with considerable labor, and I did not wonder that people carried good-sized bags to hold their coin. These bags are a curiosity in their way. They are made of patchwork, some tastefully put together and some with ugly combinations of color, and nearly all ornamented at the corners with cotton tassels.

Almost all burdens are carried on the head, and it is a novel sight for strangers to see the women coming from the old well in the public square, carrying their wooden water-jars on their heads. This ancient well is a large, square one, and quite deep, and they draw the water up in buckets. I could not help thinking how much easier they could get the water if there was only a windlass or a churn-pump, or even an old-fashioned well-sweep. But these people look with great disfavor upon any new invention, and prefer to draw water in the same hard way their ancestors did hundreds of years ago.

The milkmen here have a singular outfit, consisting of two wooden jars fastened to a pole, which they sling across their shoulders. The dish with which they measure their milk is also hung to the same pole. They walk eight or ten miles from their farms in the country to sell their daily supply of milk, and then trudge patiently back again.

As I was strolling down the Rua San Francisco one day, I saw an unusual crowd, and soon learned that it was market day. The peasants were bringing in the produce of their little plots of ground,

and buyers were there with pretty market-baskets, getting their family supplies. The market-place is a large court-yard enclosed with a high wall, and neatly paved, except here and there where a patch of soil is left, from which thrifty trees are growing. There are quaint little stalls arranged around the sides, and these are mostly tended by women. They were offering for sale queer little cheeses no larger than a saucer. I should have bought one, but unfortunately I had neither basket nor bag to put it in, and as they never have wrapping-paper here I had to leave it. I bought some delicious white plums, however, and those which I could not eat I found room for in my pocket. There were all kinds of vegetables for sale, besides figs, lemons, plums, apples, and pears. The latter fruit was not nearly as good as we have in America, but the figs were delicious.

The food of the poorer people is very coarse and plain, consisting mostly of corn bread, without butter, and perhaps once a week a little meat



WATER-CARRIERS OF PICO.

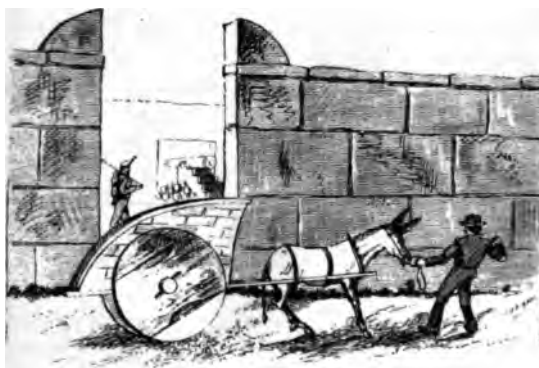
and what fish they can catch. I saw a woman carry along the street one day what at first sight appeared to be a huge snake nearly four feet long. I was told this was a species of eel, which was considered a great delicacy. The shape and color

of the creature was so suggestive of a serpent, that I can never think of it without disgust.

There are only about three or four horses in all Fayal, and these are owned by private persons. There are several stables in the place, but donkeys and mules are the only animals they have to let. There are, perhaps, half a dozen old lumbering barouches, and these are drawn by a pair of mules.

The donkey saddle is a curious arrangement, something like an arm-chair, and both gentlemen and ladies sit sideway upon it. Though a clumsy-looking affair, it is quite comfortable to ride upon, as I found by experience. Donkeys are let by the day or hour, as one chooses, for a small sum, including the services of a boy. A small party of us hired some of these sure footed but ungainly-looking steeds for an afternoon ride, and they behaved so well that we shall always speak with favor of these animals, so often berated and much abused by travelers.

The climate of the island is very fine, and the air, laden with the perfume of flowers, always soft and mild. Many resort here to spend the winter, and thus escape the rigor of other climes. The accommodations for travelers are excellent, especially at the Fayal Hotel, the principal one in the place. It stands on the Rua San Francisco, looking directly upon the water, and thus commanding a fine view of the harbor, and is admirably kept by Mr. and Mrs. Edwards. They set a



A DONKEY CART.

bountiful and excellent table, plentifully supplying their guests with all the delicious fruits of the islands, and the charge is only a dollar a day of American money.

The Peak of Pico, a beautiful cone-shaped

mountain on the island of Pico, opposite Fayal, is a most striking object, whether seen from a distance or viewed from its base.

The Peak has evidently been an eruptive volcano in ages gone by, but from its long silence the peaceful dwellers at its base seem to have no fears of its again breaking forth. The mountain towers over seven thousand feet above the level of the sea, and rises in a symmetrical cone to a point at the summit. It is covered with snow in winter, which sometimes lingers in small patches far into the summer. It is often covered with dense clouds for days at a time, and is an unfailing indication of the sort of weather that may be expected in the vicinity. I was favored with a view of a magnificent sunset on the mountain, and it was fully an hour, after the sun had left its base, before the shadow had reached the peak, and the changing colors of blue, purple, and crimson with which the sun painted the summit were beautiful in the extreme. Scarcely had the twilight faded ere the full moon arose over the southern base of the mountain, and bathed the whole scene in a flood of golden light. The white houses of Horta glistened in its rays, and the view was one of enchantment as beautiful as it was rare.

There are pretty villages all along the shore of the island, and these invariably built of stone, most of them plastered and neatly whitewashed. At two or three places a small custom-house is located, but Fayal is really the seaport for its trade.

The soil is very fertile, producing an abundance of vegetables and the most delicious of fruits. It has a great many vineyards, and Pico wine is made in large quantities. The residents of Fayal go over there as we go into the country here, for recreation, and some of the wealthy people have summer residences there.

The island of St. George is just opposite and is long and narrow, with high bluffs, especially on its northern side. It was curious, as we sailed along, to see the little patches of cultivated land on the steep sides of the island. It would seem as though a man could hardly get a footing there, much less to make anything grow. But they have thrifty vineyards, and patches of yams and potatoes growing on every available space, and when the crops are ripe they carry them on their backs over the bluffs to the villages.

We saw a great many little mountain-streams

pouring down the ravines into the sea. These brooks, which at some seasons swell into small rivers, are a great convenience to the islanders, for they do their washing in them. I often saw the *lavadeiras*, as the washer-women are called in Portuguese, trooping down to the brook-side with a huge basket of clothes poised on the head. They rub them on the rocks for a wash-board, and spread them on a stone wall to dry, putting small stones on them to keep them from blowing away.

Valons is the port of entry, and custom-house boats are kept here for the officials to cruise about in the discharge of their duty. The town is a sleepy-looking place, nestled in a little green nook at the foot of a mountain, and has only a limited share of the commerce of the islands.

St. George was visited by a volcanic eruption in 1808 which lasted a number of days, and the remains of the destructive lava streams which poured down its sides are plainly visible. The course of the fiery flood can be distinctly traced, and the beauty of the southern side of the island is greatly marred by the acres of blackened soil, which seem like a gloomy desert contrasted with the adjacent fertility. The inhabitants still remember the great fire as seen by themselves, or its story told by eye-witnesses, and it is to be hoped they may never experience another such disaster.

One morning the captain called me early, and said we were nearing the island of Graciosa, and that the view was too fine to lose. I hastened on deck, and exclaimed with delight, as my eye rested on the beautiful scene. The island is of a different shape from any of the rest, more graceful in outline, and I suppose this is what gave it its name. It is not near as high as its neighbors, but has two or three beautifully-rounded hills upon it, on one of which stands a church, with a winding road leading to it, fenced with a white-washed stone wall. The island appeared to us like a little Paradise, and as some of our party had occasion to land here we waited eagerly for their report.

They were disappointed, however, with what they saw, and found by experience the truth of the quotation, that "distance lends enchantment to the view." The houses are much inferior to those on the other islands, and the inhabitants seem to be miserably poor. The island is something of a farming region, and they make butter

and cheese; but a great deal of their living comes from the sea, and the men go fishing whenever the weather is suitable. They build little stone walls of the black lava rock which abounds here, and over these they train their grapevines, and



WATER-CARRIER AND MILKMAN IN FAYAL.

the square-shaped enclosures look odd enough from a distance.

A mill for grinding corn, which one of our party saw, was a strange affair. In a sort of underground hut was a huge hopper and crank, fastened to which was an old cow, blindfolded, that went round the apartment at a clumsy walk, and thus turned the mill, which a small boy tended. On all the other islands the corn and wheat are ground by windmills, and they look very picturesque, crowning the highest land with their sails spread to the breeze. Strangers are a rarity on the island, and whenever they visit here are followed about by a curious crowd. They have an eye to business, too, and eagerly offer their wares. A gentleman of our party met a woman on one of the streets with a goose in her arms, which she wanted very much to sell; but he concluded he did not care to purchase. The numerous round hills upon the island which they so carefully cultivate are nearly all flat upon the top, and often have a sunken basin, which looks as though it might have been the crater of a volcano at some remote period. It is an isolated



AZOREAN CHARACTERS.

spot in the ocean, and its inhabitants dwell in undisturbed solitude for the greater part of the year.

The island of Terceira, so named because it was

the third discovered in the central group, is somewhat larger than Fayal, and fully as attractive in its general appearance. Like most of its sisters, it has its sentinel mountain, Monte Brazil, which is joined at the mainland by a narrow strip of soil. Its chief city, Angra, is finely built, and has more pretension to elegance than any other of the island cities of the Atlantic. It is charmingly situated on the southern shore of the island, and has a good landing but not a very safe harbor. Being an open roadstead, with not always secure anchorage, it is found, at some seasons of the year, to be difficult of access. It has some pretensions to literary culture, and a college, or advanced school, is located here.

The streets of Angra are wide, and the sidewalks commodious, which cannot be said of the other island cities. In most of them the sidewalks are reduced to the narrowest possible limits, and one often is

obliged to step into the street in order to pass a more than ordinary-sized person.

The country scenery in Terceira is lovely, and flourishing orange-groves abound. This fruit forms the only export of the island, and vast quantities of it are shipped to England.

St. Miguel, over seventy miles distant, is the largest island in the Azores, and in some respects the most lovely. The scenery is enchanting, and the soil is all under a fine state of cultivation. It is about fifty miles long, and perhaps twelve miles broad, and has the usual diversity of mountain and valley. It formerly had no secure anchorage, and vessels were obliged to lay off in the roadstead, and in case a gale of wind arose suddenly, slip their anchors and put out to sea. But a breakwater has been built at

great labor and expense, and now affords a safe anchorage for the large fleet of whalers and merchant vessels that frequently seek the port of Ponta Delgada, the principal city of the island. This is really one of the finest cities under Portu-

guese rule, and its inhabitants, numbering between forty and fifty thousand, seem more wide awake and enterprising than their island neighbors.



THE ST. MICHAEL'S CARAPUÇA.

There are some excellent hotels here, and on the business streets are stores well stocked with goods, mostly imported from Lisbon, with which city regular communication is had by steamers twice a month.

One of the nobility, with the title of baron, has a magnificent residence at Ponta Delgada, surrounded with extensive grounds. Landscape gardening would seem to have reached perfection here, for nothing can be more lovely than the grottoes, cascades, artificial caverns, and parterres of the most rare and gorgeous flowers that meet the visitor at every turn of this island paradise.

This charming spot, however, is not without its shadows, for it is sometimes visited by earthquakes, though none have occurred recently. It has some famous sulphur springs called the Furnas, which issue boiling hot from the earth, and are said to be efficacious in the cure of rheumatism and kindred chronic diseases. They are much resorted to by the inhabitants, but the fame of their healing properties has not extended far enough to attract many foreign visitors as yet.

San Maria is the smallest and most insignificant of the group, and is seldom visited, except by native vessels, which go there for the fine clay with which the island abounds. This is shipped on board their vessels in the form of round balls and exported to the different islands, a large share of

it being carried to Fayal, where it is used in making the quaint-shaped pottery so much admired at the present time.

On our homeward trip we visited Corvo, the smallest island of the first group, and about twenty miles from Flores. It is almost out of the world, as it were, and is a barren, forsaken-looking place. Only six miles long and three miles broad, its poor inhabitants have but a limited territory from which to gather their subsistence. There is but one village upon the island, and this was apparently built in the only available spot for such a purpose. The streets are very narrow, some of them scarcely more than lanes, and seem to lead nowhere in particular. The houses are of the rudest description, and the people nearly all utilize their front yards for pig-pens and hen-coops. No horses are found upon the island, but they have a small breed of cattle, and a few sheep browse upon the patches of verdure that are found here and there. They raise corn and wheat in small quantities, and a few yams and potatoes. They have a circular threshing-floor near the village centre, made of clay, where five oxen tied together were threshing out a small quantity of wheat upon it. They will patiently work in this way for half a day, when one of our modern flails or machines for such work would have done it in an hour's time. Their farming tools are the rudest



A TYPE OF THE ISLANDERS.

imaginable, and so ancient in construction that they would be considered a valuable addition to an antiquarian museum.

The Portuguese Government does not care to have any improvements reach these islands; so with all their beauty and wealth of fruits they are far behind other civilized countries in regard to the comforts and conveniences of life. These gems of the sea are delightful places to visit, especially for invalids, and many resort here to spend the winter months. Snow is never seen except on the Peak of Pico, and then only during the winter

months. Sometimes there is a slight frost, and occasionally a little frozen rain, but this seldom occurs, and the islands are green all the year round.

The hotel accommodations of the island are good, especially at Fayal and St. Michael's, and tourists who desire a sea voyage and the sight of a quaint bit of Old World civilization cannot do better than to take passage in some vessel bound to these island gems of the Atlantic.

THE MORMONS AND THE PRESIDENT.

BY HON. E. A. THOMAS.

ABOUT fifty millions of people inhabit the United States. Among them are found men of every sect and every nationality. But one class, however, is infamous enough to rejoice over the attempt upon the life of President Garfield, and to applaud the atrocity of Guiteau. That the class referred to should do so is not surprising, for assassination has ever been inseparably connected with the polity of the Mormon Church. It was the favorite method of Brigham Young for the maintenance of his terrible power. It is by no means discountenanced under the present hierarchy. Because at his inauguration the President spoke a few noble words by which he evinced his purpose of enforcing the laws in Utah as well as in Washington, the "saints" of these latter days pretend to see the hand of Providence in the present national affliction. They assert that the sufferings of President Garfield are a just judgment upon him for even promising to do his duty toward that insubordinate and stubborn people. They possess an impudence truly sublime. Composing an oligarchy with foreign tendencies within the limits of this mighty Republic, they assume to sit in judgment on all temporal powers. The President and the Supreme Court of the United States are especially subject to their censure; the former for the simple reason that he has pledged himself to do his duty; the latter, because it has held to be valid certain laws which seriously interfere with the favorite measures of the priesthood. Had anything been needed to fill the Mormon cup of iniquity to the brim and to convince the American nation that there is good cause to find that people guilty on the various charges against them, the

comments of the Salt Lake press and the expressed satisfaction of the Mormon people furnish all that was wanting.

The blighting influences of their doctrines are spreading over some of the fairest portions of the Pacific Slope. Already has the shadow fallen upon Arizona and Idaho, Colorado and Wyoming. Victorious in war, successful in negotiations, the founder of the highest national credit, the emancipator of millions, honored abroad, peacefully established at home, our Republic can no longer permit this foul blot to remain on its escutcheon. No one asks for persecution. A strict enforcement of the laws against all evil-doers, equally and unwaveringly, is alone sought for. When the public sentiment of this nation is aroused, the doom of polygamy and of the other evil dogmas of the Mormon faith will be enforced. The laws cannot interfere with a person's religious belief; but they may prohibit criminal acts, the result of that belief, and the moment that the unlawful deeds of the Mormon hierarchy are entirely suppressed, no bonds of union will hold the priesthood together, the Church will crumble to pieces, and but little religion will be left to quarrel over. What then might remain of Mormonism would prove no more obnoxious than the tenets of many other sects.

The subject now is not a difficult one to dispose of. The rights of fifty millions as against those of a quarter of a million can be readily adjusted. But the same ratio will not exist for any great length of time. Soon the problem will prove a far more difficult one to solve than was that of slavery, but a few years since. Great Britain and

Scandinavia are being effectually canvassed by Mormon missionaries. Thousands of the most ignorant and depraved are annually drawn from these countries and poured into the valley of the Great Salt Lake. The teachings of these emissaries appeal to the baser portion of human nature. Animal comforts, beastly gratification, are promised as inducements to become converts. "New stakes" in Zion are being set throughout the Pacific Slope, and bishoprics established in all of the adjoining States and Territories. The Mormon polity, however vicious, is based on shrewd common sense. Its object is the greatest good for the smallest number, and it has proved a perfect success. The institution is a close corporation, from which the President of the Church, his Counsellors, the Twelve Apostles, and a few others derive unlimited authority. They also acquire great riches from the tithings paid in by the poor and superstitious masses of the church members.

Claiming to be the "Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints," it is impossible to discover in their dogmas anything that savors of Christian theology. A strange compound appears, however, of doctrines drawn from the faith of the Jews and of the Buddhists, and the theory of "blood-atonement" has led practically to the offering of human sacrifices.

The supreme absurdity of the proposition that the practice of polygamy tends to promote a pure and spiritual religion need not be discussed here. Without any reference to that offense, there is nothing pure or spiritual in the faith of the Mormons. "They are of the earth, earthy." The Church has existed for half a century. Nearly a quarter of a million converts have been made. What are the results? Has even one man truly great appeared in it? Has it produced a statesman, poet, general, orator, patriot, or philanthropist? Is any man to-day happier or holier for the theology of Joseph Smith? Are we indebted to it for a single great or noble sentiment? Could any of these questions be answered in the affirmative, we might entertain some feeling of compassion, or a hope that proper treatment might recall them to the path of duty. But under the existing state of facts what can the Mormons demand but simple justice, the justice which we desire them to receive, but for which they have the greatest aversion. Their highest claim to consideration is in their own language, that they have "made the

desert to blossom as the rose." They have indeed been industrious, but in pursuit of the best interests of the hierarchy.

Were they accomplishing good, many evils could be overlooked; but in all things they are anti-Christian as well as anti-American. Their arrogant bearing in Utah, where they are so greatly in the majority, their threats of vengeance against the American people and all others whom they deem their enemies, their advocacy of blood atonement, and the comfort which they derive from the belief that eventually all inimical to them will be destroyed with fire unquenchable, does not well accord with the theology of Christ. Neither does the fact that Utah and all the Mormons are ruled by a small oligarchy composed of their President and Twelve Apostles, that freedom of thought and of speech is not permitted there (except in Salt Lake City, under the guns of Fort Douglas), that polygamous wives, irrespective of age and nationality, without any process of naturalization, are permitted to vote and to enjoy all the other rights of citizenship, that hostility to republican institutions is thoroughly instilled into the heart of each new convert, and of every Mormon child, and that all are taught that it is a meritorious act to disobey the laws of the United States, correspond well with the principles of the American Government. They boast that they will yet be strong enough in their mountain fastnesses to cope with the national power, and so great is the superstition of the masses that they believe when the inevitable time for action arrives the leaders of the faithful will call to their aid the mighty host of heaven.

Any other Government possessed of one twentieth part of the power of the United States would long ago have wiped this stain from the face of the earth. But America, young, generous, mighty, apathetic, careless of the future, nurtures in her bosom the reptile that will yet endeavor to sting her to the heart.

The founder of the Mormon Church, ambitious of power, desirous of the means to gratify his animal instincts, without a spark of genius, but guided by low cunning, chose religion and superstition as the instruments with which to attain his end. He palmed off upon his credulous followers the dreamy productions of a valetudinarian for the inspirations of Jehovah. Avowing the dogma of plural marriage, persecuted for what he did,

not for what he believed, becoming as much of a martyr as John of Leyden, or Kniperdoling, his mantle fell to Brigham Young. That leader was far superior in talents to Joseph Smith. His intellectual powers were coarse, strong, practical. He led the exodus from the States to the valley of the Great Salt Lake. Burning with hatred for the land of his birth, suffering with his followers in the hour of their most fearful trials, leading them successfully to their promised land, he gained over them an ascendancy such as has rarely been acquired by any of the sons of men over their fellows. Arriving in Utah, he was undisturbed for a long time either by the Mexican or American Government. He became absolute dictator. Even after the establishment of other authority, he received from most of his followers implicit obedience until the time of his death. He combined, as he termed it, the order of Melchisedec with the plan of organization of the early Christian Church, found a place in the priesthood for every enthusiastic spirit, and by his choice of presidents, apostles, bishops, counsellors, high-priests, and members of seventies, gave offices to many and cemented the bonds of the Church. He also formed a complete system of gradation and promotion, as well as of espionage, and placed himself firmly in the highest seat of power.

According to the law which he enunciated, the lands of Utah in the first instance belonged exclusively to the Church, and in its distribution he was not forgetful of his own interests, nor of those of his immediate followers. He subsequently formed and carried out the plan of erecting in each town or county of importance a "Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institute," which, managed by his favorites, monopolized nearly all the business of Utah, excluded the Gentiles from participation therein, and greatly increased the revenue which he had perniciously derived from the payment of tithings to the Church. The payment of this tithing is strictly enforced, and no stronger cause exists to-day for the excommunication of a brother than the fact that he has been remiss in making these payments to the officers of the treasury.

After the organization of Utah into a Territory, Brigham Young was appointed governor. Thus he was at the same time at the head of the Church and of the political and mercantile interests of the Territory. Though soon superseded in the

office of governor, he maintained his political supremacy, and by means of his "Band of Danites" enforced speedily, secretly, mercilessly, in despite of Federal powers, his own fatal decrees.

Then was organized a most effectual plan for proselyting. The first Mormons, renegades to their religion and to their country, were nearly all Americans. The high officers of the Church are, with few exceptions, filled by them to-day. Yet the institution is emphatically foreign, and it was soon apparent to the astute mind of Brigham Young, that if his Church was to flourish, its strength must be derived from other countries. Zealous emissaries, under his direction, were sent abroad. The offscourings of Protestant Europe have been gathered into the valleys of the American Zion.

The gospel, as preached to these converts, abounds with promises of peace, plenty, and paradise in this world, and a glorious immortality in the one to come. But if these promises are no better fulfilled as to the future than the present, most Mormons will have a far more realizing sense of the place described by Dante than of the one pictured by Milton.

From the time that a Mormon is baptized his enforced contributions to the wealth of the priests commence. If in America, it is nominally for the exclusive use of the Church, but actually for the pockets of the "leaders in Israel." If a poor Mormon has no money, he turns wheat and potatoes, beef and poultry, hay and wool, into the insatiable maw of the Church. If the convert is baptized in foreign lands, he is persuaded as speedily as possible to sail for America. If he has money, the elders receive it in trust until he arrives in Utah. He will never see it again. He may be paid in lands and merchandise at the Saints' own valuation, but the money will never be returned. It will inure to the benefit of apostles and elders. If the convert is poor, he will be furnished with a ticket to Utah. When there, he will ascertain that he is involved in a debt to the Church which he can never pay. Instead of diminishing, he will find that it increases every year, and he will learn that he has a job on hand similar to that of filling a well which has no bottom.

When the trains, which during each month roll down the valley of the Great Salt Lake, enter the city of that name, the apostles and bishops meet

to receive the new converts, to welcome them to Zion, and especially to select from the youngest and prettiest a third, eighth, or eleventh wife, as the case may be. The higher orders of the priesthood are allowed to choose first. Many a girl scarcely eighteen is compelled to become the polygamous wife of a bishop of sixty. No pre-conceived affection or plighted troth is permitted to interfere. Younger or more fascinating lovers must be renounced. Until recently, the anathemas of the Church and the fierce wrath of the Danites were certain to descend upon the heads of all those who dared to withstand the desires of such "holy" men. Deprivation of goods, torture, and assassination have frequently been the result of such acts of disobedience.

After the farce of a marriage ceremony is performed, these young women, under age and of foreign birth, are allowed to vote, and are granted all the rights of citizenship. The men are told to have no dealings with the Gentiles, but to purchase everything they require at Z. C. M. I., or at least of some brother in the faith, and last, but not least, to promptly pay their tithing. They are then taken through the "Endowment House," the mysteries of which have been but partially explained, where, however, the performances are said to excel even those of the Mormon theatres.

No Mormon, until he reaches Salt Lake City, can pass through the Endowment House. Many baptized Mormons never come to America. Consequently they are deprived of this inestimable privilege, and of attaining the highest round in the ladder of Mormon saintliness. When he does succeed in reaching the hallowed spot, he is presented with endowment robes, which he wears through life, and in which he is finally buried. These robes resemble an ordinary woollen undershirt and pair of drawers, marked with certain hieroglyphics and cabalistic sentences. Possessed of two or more of them, each saint is permitted to change for the purpose of cleanliness; but he is not allowed to take one robe completely off without having another at least partly on. For instance, a good saint, after pulling his right arm out of the one that he has been wearing, must insert the same arm in a clean robe before he can withdraw the other arm from the robe that is soiled. Should he make a mistake and remove one garment entirely before putting on part of

another, he will, according to Mormon theology, be in imminent peril of hell-fire.

When a Mormon is married, he again passes through the Endowment House, where additional mummeries are performed. The farce is repeated every time that a new concubine is added to the harem.

The priests perform these marriages, attend to other rites, interfere with the business relations of the laymen, dictate marriages, prescribe styles of dress, settle the disputes, where such settlement is required by the interests of the Church, meddle with politics, get elected to the legislature, hold other offices, give orders generally, and pocket the plunder.

The legislation of these priestly lawgivers is somewhat striking and peculiar. Their statute books may be searched in vain for any law against incest, seduction, or bastardy, to say nothing of bigamy. The doors are literally thrown open to all those wishing to procure divorces, which may there be obtained upon the most flimsy pretexts. Licentiousness abounds, and the illegitimate children are increasing in great numbers; illegitimate according even to the very loose construction of the Mormon expounders; children whose parents never went through the slightest form of marriage. Home influences are unknown in polygamous families. The women are downtrodden and in many cases heart-broken. The children grow up ignorant, brutish, sensual.

If a man, disgusted with the pretensions and practices of the Mormon Church, withdraws from it, or if an evangelist attempts to begin his work in the towns of Utah, a system of persecution will be inaugurated which, for malicious ingenuity, is unparalleled. Protection may be found in Salt Lake City, and sometimes in a few of the larger towns; but as a rule an American citizen has no rights in Utah that a Mormon is bound to respect. Though within a territory over which floats the stars and stripes, he is not in many instances permitted to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience. No Gentile, as the non-Mormons are called, would desire to send his children to a Mormon school. Mormons and Gentiles are nevertheless taxed alike for the construction of school-houses, which, after completion, are used as Mormon temples. But we are incorrect in saying that the two classes are taxed alike, for the Mormons assess as value the property

of their Gentile neighbor at at least twice as much as that of their brother in the faith.

Thus far this people have succeeded in defying the laws and the Government of the United States. This is the result, partly of their pernicious jury system, partly of the unity and power of the Church, in some degree of their plan of intimidation of the weaker brethren, who incline to the right, and especially of the mysterious influence which they have exerted for years in the departments in Washington and in Congress. Bound together by oaths terrible to the ignorant mind, one Mormon will not convict another of a crime, except, as in the case of John D. Lee, when instructed to do so by the highest Church authorities for the promotion of Church measures.

Such is the sect, the members of which see in the act of Guiteau the fulfillment of some of their prophecies, and who congratulate each other that they have received further evidence of their being finally avenged upon all of their enemies. They

liken Utah, with her lofty mountains, rich valleys, and great dead sea, not without reason, to the land of Palestine, and give to their own chief city the name of Zion. They greatly prefer the early faith of the Hebrews to the Gospel of Christ, and in their similes, customs, and belief approach nearer to the abominations of the Orient than to the virtues which should belong to an American and a Christian people.

A little prompt legislation is required from Congress. Good juries can and should be procured in Utah the same as elsewhere. A few laws should be modified. The people of this nation should see to it that Congress does its whole duty. We advise no special legislation against the Saints; but we do desire such action as will Americanize Utah, and render her people as amenable to the laws as they are in the other Territories.

Possessed of an educated, refined, and law-abiding people, Utah might well be regarded as an earthly paradise.

WITHERED.

By J. M. E. SAXBY.

I LIFT them to my drooping face;
My heart above them grieves;
Of all their beauty, not one trace
Lies on those leaves.

And yet, with trembling lip, I kiss
Each precious withered flower;
Baptized in tears, I still do bless
Their gentle power.

For none can know what feelings wake
In passionate heart like mine,
That hoards a trifle for sweet sake
Of dreams divine;

That gives to dust and ashes Love
Which lived in Hope's own bower;
That broods, with yearning pain, above
A faded flower.

Through shower of kisses, mist of tears,
There rises from the Past
A vision that no coming years
Can overcast.

The small white hand, so soft and true,
That gave those flowers away,

Still sparkling with the bridal dew
Of yesterday.

The smiling eyes, that seemed to gaze
Beyond Earth's cloudy rim,
As if their holy power could raise
Life's curtain dim.

The tender heart, so fain to shed
Its sunshine everywhere.
Oh, blossoms fragrantless and dead,
Yet once so fair!

O flowers she loved, ye were so bright,
I took you as a sign,
For winsome words and laughter light
With flowers entwine.

And flowers and words and touch and tone
Seemed wreathed around my heart
In garland immortelle, that none
Might tear apart.

My cherished Hope! my cherished Flower!
Dear tokens that she gave,
I lay you—withered in an hour—
Upon her grave.



WHAT the good Deacon Jones had for supper one eve,
It would puzzle your brains quite a while to conceive;
And e'en if I'd tell you, you'd hardly believe
The deacon could do it
And never once rue it,
Or find himself through it still able to breathe.

There was roast beef and mutton
Enough for a glutton;
And when he had finished, his clothes would not button;
While the pie and the tart,
Made with consummate art,
Were just as they should be, and quite to his heart.
Then the veal and the stew,
And the cucumbers too,
Were sights for an epicure's vision to view.

For a man of his size
He had very large eyes,
And a belly you'd find it a task to surprise;
But it must be confessed
That beneath his white vest
Lay an indolent, turbulent, quarrelsome pest,
Which stirred up his bile
In an unpleasant style
And never allowed him a moment of rest.
For the Lord, in his mercy a bountiful giver,
Had cursed Deacon Jones with a very bad liver.

So, when he retired to his couch for the night,
After "doffing" his breeches and "dowsing" the light,
Could you wonder he felt, as another man might,
That the prospects of sleeping were not very bright?

In vain did he turn with the hope of repose,
And test all the dodges that every one knows,

Such as counting one hundred or stroking his nose,
Or feeling the bedpost with two of his toes.
And never before were such things known to fail,
'Till now, with the deacon, they proved no avail.

He groaned and he grumbled,
He tossed and he tumbled;
But mutt'ring and mumbling,
Or tossing and tumbling,
Brought never a wink
Or the sign of a blink
To the eyes of the deacon, who swore some, I think.

Now this fellow Jones was a man who did right,
And was to his parish its sole "shining light;"
While every one vowed
That he prayed very loud,
And certainly *did* read the Gospel aright.
So, surely, a man of his goodness and years
Would scarcely be troubled with pagan-like fears;
But nevertheless as he lay in the gloom—
Unable to see to the end of the room—
He was prone to believe
That his eyes did deceive,
Yet he *thought* that he saw a *real spook* on a broom!
In an instant his heart
Gave a bound and a start,
While his fishy blue eyes
Opened wide in surprise,
And the hair on his head felt as if it *must* rise.

Ev'ry moment it grew
More distinct to his view
With its horrid long horns and its horrid tail too,
While a halo around it—decidedly blue—
Disclosed to the gaze (this description's not new)



"HE THOUGHT THAT HE SAW A REAL SPOOK ON A BROOM!"

A very long nose and a very long chin
 Stretched ever apart in a sinister grin.
 "Are you there, Deacon Jones?"
 Came in sepulchral tones;
 And the answer was given in side-splitting groans,
 For the ague had certainly captured his bones.

Once again came the sound
 Which had made his heart bound,
 And the deacon, in terror, looked carefully round,
 Half thinking a way of escape could be found;
 But, alas for his plight!
 The abominable sight
 Had stationed itself by the door to his right,
 Thus totally crushing all hopes of a flight.
 Seeing which the good Jones,
 In his humblest of tones,
 Interspersing his speech with a great many moans,
 Pleaded hard that the fright
 Would retire for the night
 And leave him to quiet his weary old bones.

"Oh, do *please* avaunt
 And some other man haunt,
 As surely a deacon is not what you want.
 So I beg of you go,
 For you certainly know
 That I preach against sinning or anything low."

"Oho!" said the spook, with a comical lurch,
 "I see that you think every member of church
 Is safe, beyond question;
 But I've a suggestion
 That those who are given to making long prayers,
 With a great many flukes and self-sanctified airs
 Are the ones whom the Devil will catch unawares.
 While as to deacons, you're greatly mistaken:
 We broil 'em on griddles, like slices of bacon."

Then, giving a smirk,
 Half nod and half jerk,
 The goblin pranced round, like a savage old Turk,
 With his broom in his hand, as a man holds a dirk
 When up to some mischief or dangerous work.
 While his victim (poor fellow!)
 Turned blue, green, and yellow,
 And grunted in tones like a violif-cello.

"Oh, spare me, good sprite!
 I have always done right,
 And never deserved such a terrible fright.
 There's a man 'cross the way
 By the name of De Gay
 Who's been a worse man than myself in his day."

"Tut, tut," said the goblin! "nonsensical stuff!
 When folks aren't looking, you're wicked enough;
 And as to your piety, that is held tight
 In reserve for a Sunday or prayer-meeting night,
 Nor ever once brought
 Into every-day thought,
 As you have been preaching, such principles ought.
 So, knowing your mind,
 Old Nick is inclined
 To claim you as one of his own favored kind;
 And if you are wise,
 You will hasten to rise
 Ere morning shall take us by sudden surprise."

With limbs that quaked at every joint,
 With mind confused on every point,
 The deacon said, No,
 He had rather not go,



"OH, SPARE ME, GOOD SPRITE!"

And many more things that were equally so.
 For instance: he cited some very nice cases
 Of drawing the longest and wryest of faces
 When sitting in churches or other good places;
 And stoutly declared
 He was always prepared
 To cry out "Amen!" when no other man dared.
 Which actions alone,
 You are willing to own,
 For many an error will fully atone.

The spectre grinned a ghastly grin,
 His eyes bulged out, his cheeks sunk in,
 'Till, frightened more at such strange faces,
 The deacon whined of Christian graces;
 And vowed he'd spent upon the poor
 Two thousand pounds, or even more.

"Indeed, Mr. Sprite,
 The figures are right.
 With buying new shoes
 For the young Kickapoos,
 And giving a thousand to distant Hindoos,
 I am made to reflect
 I shall have to neglect
 The payment of some of my small 'I O U's.'"

"Yes, yes," said the spook, with a hideous leer;
 "To those who don't know you it seems very queer.
 But listen a moment, and then you shall hear
 If all are blind, as they sometimes appear.

'Tis true you have given to distant Hindoos,
 And furnished new shoes for the young Kickapoos;
 But well do you know" (here the sprite cut some capers)
 "That every new gift has its line in the papers;
 And I'm half inclined
 To believe that your mind
 Is wholly absorbed in the axe you've to grind.
 So have little hope that the pounds you have given
 Will budge you one jot on your road up to heaven;
 Nor think you, like some, that a death-bed repentance
 Will save even deacons from getting just sentence."

In vain the victim groaned aloud;
 In vain he prayed, in vain he vowed,
 In vain he sought a chance to fly;
 The frightful phantom hovered nigh
 And firmly declared



BEFORE THE SPELL WAS BROKEN.

He was fully prepared;
 And then with his broom, which had changed to a fork,
 He prodded old Jones, as if turning some pork;
 While the poor fellow screamed (though he felt he
 would choke),
 Until, breaking the spell, *he awoke!*—yes, awoke
 To find his fond wife,
 Ever faithful to life,
 Very wakeful, and ready for war to the knife;
 And who said (what is more)
 She had never before,
 Nor since, heard a sound that could equal his snore.

And now, in conclusion, I wish to remark
 That goblins and sprites, being fond of a lark,
 Are frequently known to appear after dark.
 So, if you'd not witness some terrible sight,—
 A strange apparition, a phantom, or sprite,—
 Be sure that you keep yourself straight in the head,
 And with a clear conscience go early to bed;
 And if you've a liver which raises your ire,
Eat very light suppers before you retire!



FRANCIS BRET HARTE.¹

By M. S. V. DE V.

It is constantly said that frontiers have ceased to exist, that oceans are bridged over, that steam and electricity have annihilated distance, and that every throb of the great human machine reverberates in both hemispheres. If this is true in matters political, financial, or commercial, how much more in the domain of imagination, science, and art!—for we hail with fresh interest every new effort, triumph, or discovery, irrespective of the accident of its birth. It is, therefore, no wonder that we Europeans instantly responded to the double attraction exercised by so gifted an author as Mr. Bret Harte, when in his writings he not only gratified our taste for the beautiful, but likewise that innate craving of every mind for new scenes, new characters, and new emotions.

* Quite lately a new and complete edition of his works ("The Complete works of Bret Harte. 5 vols. Chatto & Windus"), classified and revised by himself, has enabled the public to appreciate the fertility of his talent both as an author and a poet, and to judge of his labors as a whole; while until now they had only drifted to us in the shape of contributions to magazines or isolated volumes.

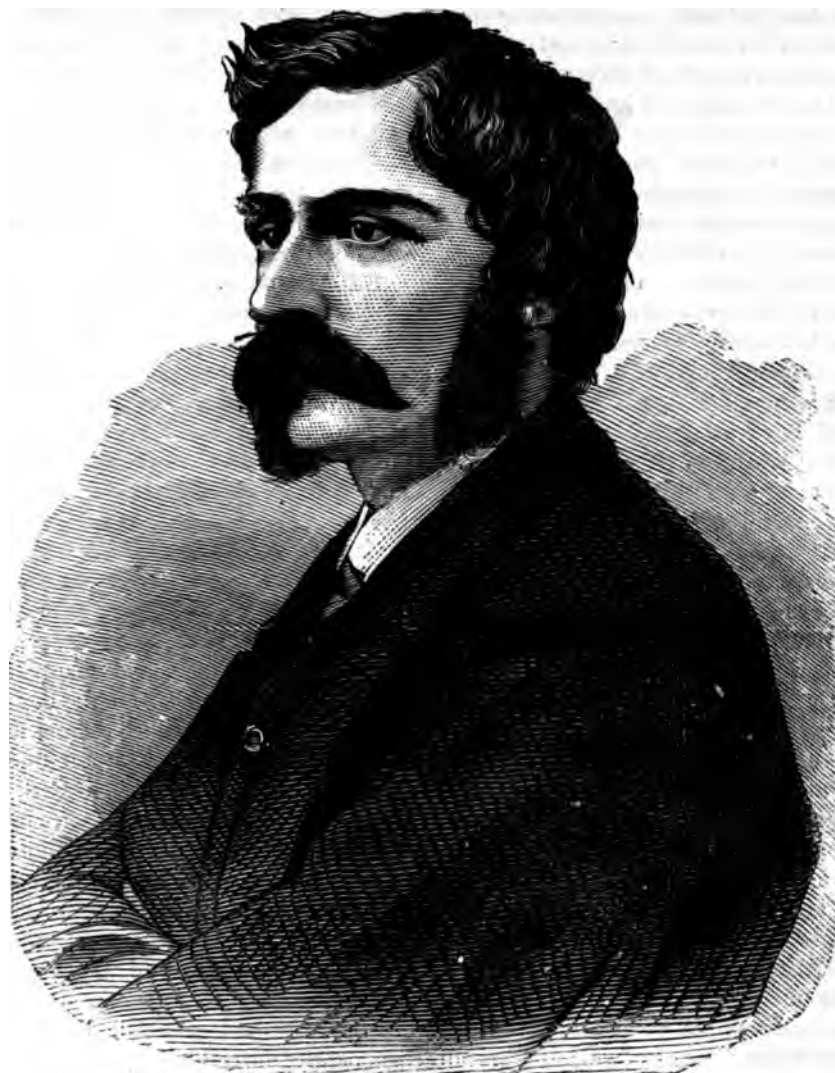
When, about fourteen years ago, the name of Bret Harte first became known in Europe his reputation was made, and we accepted it without protest, although it burst upon us as suddenly as we are told it blossomed full-grown in his native land, the United States. In his literary career he seems to have met none of the discouraging rebuffs which so often chill the efforts of beginners; he did not linger with wavering and timid footsteps on the up-hill road where so many slowly and tardily achieve success. The young author grasped his pen with no hesitating fingers, and before it was generally known that a new aspirant to literary honors had entered the lists, these honors were his, and he was proclaimed a master without ever having been a pupil. We do not mean to say that the critics did not fasten their fangs on some

of his contributions, but they only added to his popularity by creating around his name that notoriety which is like the baptism of fire to the untried soldier. Through the whole of America and Europe his "Tales of the Argonauts," "Eastern Sketches," "National Poems," "Spanish Idylls," were favorably received and promptly translated. They brought to the *blasé* reader a fresh and racy element, impelling at the same time the conviction that truth lurked under those seemingly fantastic pictures of the Far West; of those Californian shores which have been the dream of so many, the goal of a few; the unknown land of golden hopes, of ardent ambitions, and too often, alas! of deadly disappointment.

Bret Harte wrote of things he had seen, of men he had known; wrote, as is so rarely done, of what he had felt or experienced. They cannot be all creatures of his imagination, those lawless miners, unscrupulous gamblers, hardy adventurers, or hungry emigrants, uniting the strongest powers of endurance, the most heroic fortitude, to the degrading passions of the brute and the sanguinary vindictiveness of bandits, who acknowledge no master, no law, no God. With a keen eye, a searching scrutiny, he seizes and retains every feature, every salient tone of the story he relates; he paints the *mise en scène* in short but powerful and graphic sketches: a few words only, and before our mind's eye pass the desolate Sierra, the rushing torrent, the snowy peak, the dilapidated shanty, the dark and lonely road. . . . When the actors appear, they are living men and women, not puppets; their mirth is riotous, their manners are rough, their passions fierce, but the warm blood courses through their veins, and now and then leaps to their brow. Whatever their failings, their vices, or their crimes, they always remain faithful to their nature and individuality, and move in perfect harmony with the surroundings in which they are framed.

It has been said that, judging Bret Harte from the majority of his writings, it may be gathered that he has on the whole a poor opinion of humanity; that in his genius there is a satirical, not to say cynical vein, which leads him ever to select

¹ This article, by an English contributor, gives the reader an idea of the estimation in which Mr. Harte is held as a writer by Europeans.—ED.



FRANCIS BRET HARTE.

for his subjects the *seamy side*, to dwell more on what is wrong than on what is right, and with disdainful impartiality to reserve alike his blame and his approval. We doubt it; but should it be true, and should it be a fault, it would lie perhaps less in the judgment which he withholds, than in the nature of the society which he portrays, and to which he owes his unparalleled originality. His artistic tact tells him that there is a wider field for his peculiarly happy and genuine mode of expression, when his models are chosen from a time when men were untrammelled by opinion,

when might was right, when the local coloring was crude and vivid, rather than from those later days, when undaunted perseverance and rare energy had achieved the miraculously rapid transformation of California into a civilized community, instead of a lawless gathering of gold-seekers, the scum of other nations united by the lust of the glittering dust, and ever divided by murderous thoughts of greed and rapine. Who would blame Bret Harte for preferring the picturesque ruffian, the Spanish colonist, the wild Irishman, to the refined commonplace successors of those first ex-

plorers of the young country? He does not pretend, and does not care, to introduce them otherwise than as they really are; but then he possesses the priceless gift of seeing the silver lining to the darkest cloud; he knows the "open sesame" to locked hearts; he can win a smile from sullen lips, a glance from proud, defiant eyes; he can strike the spark of feeling even in the most degraded of human beings. If he does select his heroines from among the least favored of their sex, plain to ugliness, uncouth, repellent, sinned against or sinning, crushed out of all semblance of what is lovable in woman—what matter? Out of some hidden source of kindness in his own heart, he with subtle touch suddenly elicits an unexpected burst of devotion, self-sacrifice, love, or passion, which at once places the poor lost wretch on as high a moral ground as her more immaculate sisters. It is the same with his male characters. He takes the rudest life, the most lowering associations; he places in their midst a man devoid of moral sense or common honor, committing crimes without hesitation or remorse, and lo! that man also places his foot on the road of Damascus; a light bursts upon him—the touch of baby fingers, a woman's tears, a comrade's dying words—and with the same dogged listlessness, heaven alone counting the cost, he gives away his hopes or his life, perchance as unconscious of being a martyr and a hero as he was of having been an outlaw.

Have you seen Edwin Booth, the admirable American tragedian, the intelligent interpreter of Shakspeare, act King Lear? On the storm-beaten heath, warring alike with the elements and his own growing madness, the actor has a gesture of unspeakable pathos when, with what appears unconscious tenderness, he draws his royal cloak around the shivering form of the boy buffoon sobbing at his knee. It is the same spirit of innate, almost involuntary kindness which seems to prompt Bret Harte to claim—nay, to compel—our pity and our interests for the outcasts of civilization, the bankrupts in happiness and virtue, disinherited from their cradle of all that makes life worth living.

In biographies of the American novelist, it has been implied that he himself belonged to the wild race of adventurers he appears to know so well, and that, born on the lowest rungs of the social ladder, he rose by his own exertions to the posi-

tion he now fills. It is, however, impossible to be acquainted with Mr. Bret Harte without being at once convinced of what is, indeed, the fact—that he comes from a good stock; that his early surroundings were both intellectual and refined; and that, whatever may have been the associates of his youth and manhood, he must as a child have learned at a mother's knee those lessons of tact, gentle breeding, and perfect manners which can never be forgotten.

He did not enrich his country with the labors of his pen alone. During the troubled times of the War of Secession he served on the frontier, and later on was appointed secretary of the Mint. His military career, though brief, was eminently successful. Among us he is deservedly liked and admired, and receives the same cordial reception in the circles where his literary and conversational powers are appreciated, as from those who in barracks or garrison hail him as a fellow-soldier.

For a time he was Consul for the United States at Crefeld, near Dusseldorf; he was not very long ago transferred in the same capacity to Glasgow, leaving many regrets and many friends behind him. There is little doubt, however, that he must soon be called to fill a more important post. In this short notice we do not dwell on facts so universally known as his busy editorship of the "Overland Monthly," and professorship of *Belles-lettres* at the University of California. It seems almost presumptuous to give pre-eminence to any particular selection from among Bret Harte's works; still, we own to a preference for some of the shorter sketches and minor poems. Among the latter there are a few lines called "What the Wolf really said to Little Red Riding Hood," which are unrivalled for grace, simplicity, and delicacy of intention. It seems barely credible that the pen which wrote "Relieving Guard," "What the Bullet Sang," "Fate," with their stern, forcible, dramatic depth, could change to such idyllic tenderness.

"The Luck of Roaring Camp" is commonly called the most perfect of all the California tales. It truly deserves its world-wide popularity, but we confess to a partiality for two others equally rich in pathos, feeling, and humor, and which possess a strangely captivating charm: "Tennessee's Partner," the story of a love passing the love of woman, true unto death and beyond death; and "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," where two women

who should never have met—one because so pure, the other because so lost—die in each other's arms, all unconscious of their great disparity, wrapped in the white icy mantle of snow which shrouds in its stainless embrace the innocence of the maiden and the shame of the fallen. Reading those tales, one cannot help wondering what the man who wrote them must have known himself of friendship and of pity. Next to these, will it ever be possible to forget "M'liss," "Miggles," "The Rose of Tuolumne," and many more which there is no space to mention?

Is it not the highest triumph of the poet and the novelist, after having in turns moved you to laughter or to tears, to retain an imperishable hold on your memory? This triumph is Bret Harte's, and will remain his as long as he writes with his keen perception of truth, his shrewd humor, and that loyalty and tenderness of feeling which are so exclusively his own. He has at

various times been compared with other authors—Dickens in England, Mérimée in France, etc. These parallels drawn between literary men, if flattering to one or both, are rarely correct, and more especially in this instance. Bret Harte stands quite alone on the ground he has chosen; his greatest claims to popularity are his individuality, his originality, his avoidance of beaten tracks and conventional grooves. His works are stamped with a hall-mark that distinguishes his sterling qualities from any others, and he has no more chosen to imitate any particular style than it will be possible for others to appropriate his.

The public of both continents is now impatiently awaiting a new volume from the gifted pen that has already given the world so rich an intellectual feast. The golden vein cannot be exhausted, the muse must not be silent, for it is more especially to the aristocracy of talent and genius that the motto applies, "*Noblesse oblige*."

DUMAS AS A HERO.

BY HART AYRAULT.

THE narration contained in the memoirs of Alexander Dumas of his expedition to Soissons to seize the powder-magazine there and bear off its contents to Paris is of so thrilling and romantic a description that it deserves repetition, if only in confirmation of the theory that truth is stranger than fiction.

In fact, when he afterward told this adventure, he elicited only many a scoffing laugh or an indifferent shrug of the shoulders; such a romance, coming from so amusing and nefarious a *raconteur*, not being thought worthy of refutation. Yet the story is perfectly true, and may be found set forth in a modest official report addressed to Lafayette, and published in the *Moniteur* of August 9th, 1830, signed by Dumas and the friends who assisted him in the expedition, the facts of which were these:

During the Revolution of 1830, Alexandre Dumas, then a very young man, took his share in its stirring scenes as a skirmisher, and on hearing a remark made by Lafayette, to the effect that if the king were to advance on Paris there would be no powder to meet him with, he conceived the

bold design of setting off for Soissons—a town he well knew—and seizing on the magazine there. He proposed it to the general. Lafayette only laughed, but consented to give him a pass to General Gérard, to which Dumas coolly added, "and we recommend his scheme to you." With more difficulty he obtained from Gérard a requisition addressed to the authorities of the town for the powder, and interloping the words, "minister of war," on this official document, a title, by the way, which no one but himself had conferred on the general, he returned to Lafayette, persuading the old and honored patriot to write him a kind of letter of recommendation to the good citizens of Soissons, naming him "one of our combatants," and a fit and proper person to whom they should hand over the powder. Thus equipped, our hero—for so he proved himself on this occasion—prepared himself for as spirited an adventure as can be found in the annals of war.

He set out the middle of a fine afternoon,—the 30th of July, 1830,—and meeting one of his friends, a young artist of nineteen, named Bard,

he asked him to join. With all the well-known ardor of the Gaul for adventure, this latter agreed, and returned home for his double-barreled pistols and his horse, overtaking Dumas, who had pushed on in a cabriolet, at Le Bourget, the first post on the road to Soissons. Here they exhibited the official documents to the postmaster, demanding conveyance for the mission. The postmaster was *empressé*, and his friendliness at once took the necessary form of chaise and horses. While waiting, the two friends went out and bought some strips of calico, with which they made a tricolor flag, fastened on a broom-stick, which latter was fixed to the chaise. When all was ready, they started, with ensign flying, and causing the greatest excitement through the various villages they passed, hoping to reach Soissons by midnight.

Agreeing together that some sort of cry was necessary to keep their waning flag in countenance, they adopted, not without hesitation, the well-worn and tattered "*Vive la République!*" Accordingly, they took turns, alternately sleeping or hanging out of the window to vociferate the cry decided on. Striking the high-road, they met a chaise going to Paris, and a traveler some fifty years old asked for news.

"The Bourbons have fled, the Louvre is taken, Provincial Government is established—*Vive la République!*" the excited artist panted forth, his head out of the window.

The gentleman of fifty shrugged his shoulders, scratched his ear, and continued his journey. The next stop they shipped an old postilion, on whom cajolery or execrations were alike powerless to induce him to increase his steady jog-trot, and who at every remonstrance answered doggedly, "A man knows his own business best." At last, annoyed beyond endurance, Dumas, leaning from the chaise window, laid onto the backs of the horses, making them gallop. In a rage the man swore he would unharness the beasts, and actually proceeded to do so. Dumas fired at him with a blank cartridge, which so scared him that he lay motionless on the ground with terror. Drawing off his huge posting-boots, our hero donned them, and they left him to his fate, reaching the next post at a gallop. This was the old town of Villers-Colterets, and the appearance of the chaise with the tricolor, bearing Alexandre Dumas, threw its inhabitants into the wildest excitement. A thou-

sand eager questions were asked, and, late as it was, every house poured out its inhabitants to hear the story of the last few days. Dumas was soon carried off to the house of an old friend to get something to eat; a number of old comrades gathered about him, and, while a hasty supper was being discussed, listened eagerly to what their friend recounted between the mouthfuls. The open-eyed rustics who gathered around hearkened with delight and wonder to the celebrated gasconader; but when he announced that he intended to capture, single-handed, all the powder that was in a military town containing eight thousand inhabitants and a garrison of eight hundred men, they looked at each other incredulously, as though he were crazed. This, of course, was but the fuel craved by the incurable vanity of the great dramatist, who always set his own figure in the most effective positions, and who, true to his hobby, turned to his companion, Bard, for endorsement.

"What," he said, "were my words when proposing this expedition to you?"

"You asked," was the ready answer, "if I were inclined to get myself shot with you."

"And what say you now?"

"That I am ready still."

As may be supposed, such gallantry confounded and awed the spectators, one of whom stepped forward, offering to get Alexandre into Soissons, as he had a friend at the gates. After drinking to his own return next evening, and ordering dinner for twenty people,—“and mind, it is to be eaten just the same be we dead or alive. Here are two hundred francs to defray the expenses,”—the great Alexandre tossed off his wine, and, slipping his hand through Hutin’s arm,—the friend who was to pass them through he gates,—the bold trio dashed off into the darkness on their daring expedition.

By one o’clock they reached the gates of Soissons, through which Hutin succeeded in getting them passed, the gate-keeper little dreaming that he was admitting the revolution.

As no exploit is complete without the interposition of the fair sex, be it active or only hinted at, our trio at once proceeded to the house of Hutin’s mother, where they enlisted the sympathies of both mistress and maids, and the rest of the night was spent in the manufacture of a huge tricolor flag, contributed from the blue and red

curtains of the establishment and a table-cloth, while the whole household took part in the sewing with patriotic ardor. By day-break the task was completed. As for the flag-staff, they proposed utilizing the very pole from which the Bourbon white flag was tranquilly floating, for, as Dumas remarked, "the flag-staff had no political opinions."

Making every allowance for Dumas's bombast, the plan they now arranged seemed simply Quixotic in its extravagance, and, had we not every minutiae of names, dates, and places to prove its verity, would read like the wildest flight of the novelist's fancy. It was settled that Hutin and Bard were to secrete the flag, by some strategic movement, in the cathedral, and, under pretense of seeing the sun rise from the tower, were to bribe the sacristan into their interests. If he resisted, he was to be flung over the parapet. Then, having substituted the tricolor for the white flag, Bard was to hurry to Dumas's aid, who would then be engaged at the powder magazine.

At day-break Dumas made his way to a small pavilion close to the gateway of the Fort St. Jean, used as the magazine. Stealing past the gate, he cautiously climbed up the wall and took a peep into the fort. Only two soldiers were to be seen, too eagerly engaged in a discussion to notice him as he let himself down again. Looking toward the distant tower of the cathedral, he saw against the rosy dawn the dark, distinct outlines of some figures, then the white flag tossing about, far too stormily for the utterly windless day, and finally the tricolor taking its place. Now was his moment; his companions had accomplished their part. Slinging his double-barrelled gun about him, he hastily scaled the wall, and found the two soldiers before alluded to staring with wonder, as if doubting their senses, at the tricolor on the cathedral. Presenting his gun, he leaped down and stood before them. Advancing on them still, presenting his piece, he explained his errand in a courteous but hurried speech, announcing himself as Alexandre Dumas, son of General Dumas, coming in the name of the minister of war to demand the surrender of the powder, exhibiting with one hand his document, signed by General Gérard, and holding his cocked gun in the other. The pair, Captain Mollard and Sergeant Wagon, were too much taken by surprise

to know what to do, when Colonel D'Orcourt, who was in command, was seen approaching. Explaining the matter to him, a treaty was arranged by which the three officers promised their neutrality and engaged to keep quiet.

Thus successful, he opened the gate to his friend Bard, and, handing over the charge of the magazine to him, sought the commandant of the fort, Liniers. He found considerable excitement in this quarter, where the commandant, just risen, was discussing the news of the sudden appearance of the tricolor on the cathedral. Introducing himself, Dumas made his demand for an order to remove the powder. The commandant seemed rather amused, and smiled patronizingly on the young man who announced the garrison at the fort as his prisoners; declining to acknowledge General Gérard's order, he insisted that there was very little powder in the magazine. Answering politely that he would bring proof under the hand of those in charge of the fort that there was powder there, Dumas flew back, and returned presently with satisfactory proof that the magazine contained a large quantity. But in the meantime the party at the commandant's office had greatly increased, and included an officer of gendarmes and Bouvilliers, colonel of the engineers, all in full uniform and armed. In a scornful and bantering tone the commandant informed Alexandre that he had sent for these officers, who, with him, were in command of the post, that they might have the pleasure of hearing M. Dumas—I think you said that was your name—explain his mission; the officers during this speech passing Gérard's order from one to the other in smiling contempt.

Seeing that matters were coming to a crisis, and that boldness was his only resource, the young man took a prompt resolution, and before the party guessed his intention he stepped back against the door and presented his pistols, saying:

"Gentlemen, you are four, but we are five, and if that order be not signed in five seconds I give my word of honor that I will blow your brains out, beginning with the commandant. Take care," he added, "I am in dead earnest. I mean what I say. I am going to count. One—two—three——" He confessed he felt nervous at this juncture, but was determined.

Suddenly the side door was flung open, and a lady rushed upon the scene in an agony of alarm.

"Surrender! surrender!" she screamed; "this is another revolt of the negroes! Think of my poor father and mother whom they murdered in St. Domingo!"

Alexandre owned that the lady's mistake was excusable, considering his own natural tint, deepened by exposure to the sun and the peculiar character of his hair and voice. One might wonder at the insensibility to ridicule which could prompt him to set down such a jest at his own expense,¹ were not his overweening vanity a matter of such notoriety. At all events, the commandant could not resist his wife, and Dumas, declaring that he had infinite respect for the lady still, entreated her husband to send her away, and let the men finish their business.

Protesting that he would involve his self-respect by yielding to a single man, the commandant firmly refused to sign. Dumas then offered to sign a paper to the effect that the order had been extorted by threats "at the mouth of the pistol barrel." "Or would you prefer," he said, "that I should fetch one or two of my companions, so that you should seem to have yielded to a respectable number?" This latter proposal, meeting the commandant's approval, Alexandre left, after making the whole party give their parole of honor that they would remain exactly where they were and silent.

"Oh! Yes, yes," assented the lady.

Our hero, making her a low bow, declared that it was not her parole that was required, and her husband, acquiescing in the demand made, Alexandre hurried away and speedily returned with two or three men whom he placed in the court. From the window of the commandant's room he

¹"O, mon ami, cède! c'est une seconde révolte des nègres."

bade them stand ready, a command followed by the significant sound of the cocking of guns. This accomplished, the commandant formally wrote out an order which was duly signed and presented to M. Dumas.

After this the rest was comparatively easy. Carts were procured, the magazine despoiled, and five o'clock saw the whole party outside the town. Dumas was so exhausted as to fall asleep by the roadside, and during the return journey to Villers-Cotterets he could hardly be roused. Here a jovial meal and the enthusiastic congratulations of his astonished friends put new life into him, and by three o'clock next morning the cortege arrived in Paris, where at sunrise he presented himself with his spoil at the Hôtel de Ville, having triumphantly accomplished his brilliant exploit.

Twenty years afterward, when his memoirs were published, the son of the commandant Liniers came forward with an indignant "reclamation" to clear the memory of his father; but his testimony, for he was actually present at the scene in the commandant's office, only confirms Dumas's account, which is a perfectly true statement, abating some harmless exaggerations. The purport of the son's letter was to show that the town (Soissons) was already ripe for revolt, that the National Guard were known to be disaffected, that Dumas and his friends were assumed to be their chief, with an overpowering force behind them, and that the commandant yielded not to Dumas so much as to circumstance. It cannot disprove, however, the truth of the brilliant exploit, which may be accepted in all faith, and which may be acknowledged to be one of the most dashing and extraordinary that pluck and the love of adventure ever planned or carried out.

ROSES, withered now and dead,
All their ancient sweetness fled
With their ancient splendor.
As I bend above, I feel
A vague fragrance from them steal,
Like a mem'ry tender

Of their olden pleasant days,
When the sun's rich golden blaze
Kissed their cheeks to glory.
Ah! the pain these mem'ries give!

Ah! the pain that one must live
When our life's sweet story
Holds no more the olden joy!
Of what use a valued toy,
When its charm is broken?
When the sun has lost his light,
When the fall of Winter's night
Our Autumn-tide o'ercloses—
Call we then the mem'ries sweet
Of those vanished moments fleet—
Ashes of Youth's roses?

KITH AND KIN.

• BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FIRST VIOLIN."

CHAPTER XXII.—AN OLD WIFE'S TALE.

THE evening at Yoresett House passed with its usual monotonous quietness. Mrs. Conisbrough, weary, and dejected too, now that she was at home again—now that Aglionby had gone away, without saying one word of coming again, without holding out a single hope that he would deal generously, or, as it seemed to her, even justly, by her and hers—went to bed early, hoping to find rest and forgetfulness. She took a stronger dose than usual of her calming mixture, and was soon asleep. Rhoda was not long in following her example. The two elder girls were left alone. They chatted in a desultory manner, with long pauses, about all the trivial events which had happened during Judith's absence. If there were anything remarkable about their conversation, it was, that neither Bernard Aglionby's name, nor that of Randulf Danesdale, was so much as mentioned. By degrees their voices ceased entirely; silence had fallen upon them for some time before they at last went to their bedrooms. How different the feelings which caused or prompted this silence in the one girl and the other! Delphine's silence was the cloak which hid a happiness tremulous but not uncertain. Looking round her horizon, she beheld a most brilliant star of the morning rising clear, bright, and prepared to run a long course. She was content to be silent, and contemplate it.

With Judith it was otherwise. She felt the depression under which she had lately suffered, but which had been somewhat dissipated by the strong excitement of the event which had taken place at Scar Foot. She felt this depression rush over her again with irresistible force, sweeping her as it were from her feet, submerging her beneath its dark and melancholy wave. Turn which way she would, she could see nothing but darkness in the prospects—in the prospects of them all. Hitherto she had fought against this depression; had despised herself for feeling it; and, since her uncle's will had left them penniless, tried to console herself with the reflection that she was no worse off than before, but rather a little better, for that now she might justly go to her mother and claim as a right to be allowed to seek work.

To-night she did not feel that consolation; she thought of Bernard Aglionby's eyes, and of the touch of his hand as he had said, "Good-afternoon, Miss Conisbrough," and the thought, the recollection, made her throw down her work and pant as if she felt suffocated and longed for fresh air.

By and by she went to bed, and, more wearied than she had known she was, soon fell asleep, and had one of those blessed dreams which descend upon our slumbers sometimes when care is blackest and life is hardest, when our weirds, that we have to dree out, look intolerable to us in our weariness and grief. It was a long, rambling, confused dream, incoherent but happy. When she awoke from it, she could recall no particular incident in it; she did but experience a feeling of happiness and lightness of heart, as if the sun had suddenly burst forth through dark clouds, which she had long been hoping vainly would disperse. And vaguely connected with this happier feeling, the shadow, as it were, the eidolon, or image, of Bernard Aglionby, dim recollections of Shennamere, of moonlight, of words spoken, and then of a long, dreamful silence, which supervened.

She lay half-awake, trying, scarce consciously, to thread together these scattered beads of thought, of fancy, and of hope. Then, by degrees, she remembered where she was, and the truth of it all. But cheered, and undaunted still, she rose from her bed and dressed, and went down-stairs, ready to face her day with a steadfast mien.

The morning seemed to pass more quickly and cheerfully than usual. Judith was employed in some household work; that is, her hands were so employed; her head was busy with schemes of launching herself upon the world—of work, in short. She was reflecting upon the best means of finding something to do, which should give her enough money to let her learn how to do something more. Never before had the prospect seemed so near and so almost within her grasp.

In the afternoon Delphine shut herself up in her den, to paint, and to brood, no doubt, she too, over the future and its golden possibilities. For, when we are nineteen, the future is so huge,

and its hugeness is so cheerful and sunny. Rhoda, inspired with youthful energy, was seen to put on an old and rough-looking pair of gloves, and on being questioned, said she was going to do up the garden. Thus Judith and Mrs. Conisbrough were left alone in the parlor, and Judith offered to read to her mother. The proposal was accepted. Judith had read for some time of the fortunes and misfortunes attending the careers of Darcy Latimer and Alan Fairfax, when, looking up, she saw that her mother was asleep. She laid the book down, and before taking up her work, contemplated the figure and countenance of the sleeping woman. That figure, shapely even now, had once been, as Judith had again and again heard, one of the tallest, straightest, most winsome figures in all Danesdale. Her mother's suitors and admirers had been numerous, if not all eligible, and that countenance, now shrunken, with the anxiously corrugated brow, and the mouth drawn down in lines of care, discontent, and disappointment, had been the face of a beauty. How often had she not heard the words from old servants and old acquaintance, "Eh, bairn, but your mother was a bonny woman!"

"Poor mother!" murmured Judith, looking at her, with her elbow on her knee, and her chin in her hand, "yours has been a sad, hard life, after all. I should like to make it gladder for you, and I can and will do so, even without Uncle Aglionby's money, if you will only wait, and have patience, and trust to me to walk alone."

Then her thoughts flew like lightning, to Scar Foot, to Shennamere, to the days from the Saturday to the Wednesday, which she had just passed there, and which had opened out for her such a new world.

Thus she had sat for some little time in silence, and over all the house there was a stillness which was almost intense, when the handle of the door was softly turned, and looking up, Judith beheld their servant Louisa, looking in, and evidently wishful to speak with her. She held up her hand, with a warning gesture, looking at her mother, and then rising, went out of the room, closing the door behind her as softly as it had been opened.

"What is it, Louisa?"

"Please, Miss Conisbrough, it's an old woman called Martha Paley, and she asked to see the mistress."

"Mrs. Paley? oh, I know her. I'll go to her,

Louisa, and if you have done your work, you can go up-stairs and get dressed, while I talk to her, for she will not sit anywhere but in the kitchen."

Louisa willingly took her way up-stairs, and the young lady went into the kitchen.

"Well, Martha, and where do you come from?" she inquired. "It is long since we saw you."

It was a very aged, decent-looking woman who had seated herself in the rocking-chair at one side of the hearth. Martha Paley had been in old John Aglionby's service years ago. When old age incapacitated her, and after her old man's death, she had yielded to the urgent wishes of a son and his wife, living at Bradford, and had taken up her abode with them. Occasionally she revisited her old haunts in the Dale, the scenes of her youth and matronhood, and Judith conjectured that she must be on such a visit now.

"Ay, a long time it is, my dear," said the old woman; she was a native of Swaledale, and spoke in a dialect so broad, as certainly to be unintelligible to all save those who, like Judith Conisbrough, knew and loved its very idiom, and accordingly, in mercy to the reader, her vernacular is translated. "I have been staying at John Heseltine's at the Ridgeway farm, nigh to th' Hawes."

"Ah, then, that is why you have not been to see us before, I suppose, as it is a good distance away. But now you are here, Martha, you will take off your bonnet, and stay to tea?"

"I cannot, my bairn; thank you. John's son Edmund has driven me here, so far, in his gig, and he's bound to do some errands in the town, and then to drive me to Leyburn, where my son will meet me and take me home next day."

"I see. And how are you? You look pretty well."

"I'm very well indeed, God be thanked, for such an old, old woman as I am. I have reason to be content. But your mother, bairn—how's your mother?"

"She has been ill, I am very sorry to say, and she is sleeping now. I daren't awaken her, Martha, or I would, but her heart is weak, you know, and we are always afraid to startle her or give her a shock."

"Ay, ay! Well, you'll perhaps do as well as her. I've had something a deal on my mind, ever since Sunday, when I heard of the old

squire's death, and his will. I reckon that would be a shock to you."

"It was," replied Judith briefly.

"Ay, indeed! And its quite true that he has left his money to his grandson?"

"Quite true."

"Judith, my bairn, that was not right."

"I suppose my uncle thought he had a right to do what he chose with his own, Martha."

"In a way, he might have, but not after what he'd said to your mother. People have rights, but there's duties, too, my dear, duties, and there's honesty and truth. His duty was to deal fairly by those he had encouraged to trust in him, and he died with a lie in his mouth when he led your mother to expect his money, and then left it away. But there's the Scripture, and it's the strongest of all," she went on, somewhat incoherently, as it seemed to Judith, while she raised her withered hand with a gesture which had in it something almost imposing; "and *it* says, 'for unto him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath.'"

"It is a very true Scripture, Martha, I think—so true that it will scarcely do for us to set ourselves against it in this case. The will is a valid one. Have you seen young Mr. Aglionby?"

"Nay," she answered, with some vigor; "when I heard o' what had happened, I couldn't bide to go near the place. And it's the first time I've been in th' Dale without visiting Scar Foot, the bonny place—'Fair Scar Foot' the verses call it."

"I think that is a pity. You would have found Mr. Aglionby very kind, and most anxious to do all that is right and just."

"I think for sure, he ought to be. Why not? It's easy to be just when you have lands and money all round, just as it is hard for an empty sack to stand upright. . . . He must be terrible rich, my bairn—that young man."

"He is as rich as my uncle was, I suppose. He was not rich before; he was very poor—as poor as we are."

Old Mrs. Paley shook her head, and said decidedly:

"That can't be, honey! For when his father—poor Ralph—died, his mother's rich relations promised to adopt him; and they were to look after him, and see that he wanted for nothing.

So that with money from them, and the old squire's money too, he must be a very rich man."

Such, but more rudely expressed, was old Martha's argument.

Judith felt a wave of sickly dread and terror sweep over her heart. It made her feel cold and faint. This rumor confronted her everywhere, this tale without a word of truth in it. Aglionby's words had been explicit enough. On his mother's side he had no rich relations; never had possessed even a rich connection. Yet her own impressions, strong, though she knew not whence they were derived; her own mother's words about "Bernarda" and what Bernarda had said (words spoken as she awoke from her fainting fit); and now old Martha Paley—on all sides there seemed to be an impression, nay, more, a conviction, that he had been adopted by these mythical rich relations. Who had at first originated that report? Whence had it sprung? She knew, though she had not owned it to herself—she knew, though she had called herself all manner of ill-names for daring even to guess such a thing. It was because she knew, that she had refused Aglionby's overtures.

For a moment or two cowardice was nearly gaining the victory. Mrs. Paley was an old, feeble woman; Judith could easily turn her thoughts upon another track; the worst need never be stated. But another feeling stronger than this shrinking from the truth urged her to learn it, and she said:

"Indeed, and how do you know this, Martha?"

"How do I know it, bairn? Why, from your own mother's lips, as who else should I know it from? Ay, and she cried and sobbed, she did so when she brought the news. You know it was like in this way that it happened. When Ralph got married, and for long before I was house-keeper at Scar Foot, I well remember it all, and the ole squire's fury, and the names he called the woman who had married his son; 'a low, penniless jade,' he called her, ay, and worse than that. He always meant Ralph to have your mother, you know. She was ever a favorite with him. Whether that would have come to anything in any case, I don't know, for whatever she might have done, Ralph said much and more, that he wouldn't wed her. He went off to London, and married his wife there. The news

came, and the squire was furious. How he raged! He soon forbade Ralph the house, and cut off his allowance, and refused to see him, or hear of him. Two or three years passed, your mother was married, and lived in this house, which had been her mother's before her. I think the old squire's conscience began to prick, for he got uneasy about his son, and at last would have sent for him, I believe, but while he was making up his mind Ralph died, and then it was too late. For a time it fairly knocked the old man down. Then he came round, and began to think he would like to have the boy, and he even made up his mind to make some sort of terms with the wife so as to get the boy into his own care, and 'bring him up an Aglionby, and not a vagabond,' as he said. It was a great descent for his pride, Miss Judith. He took counsel with your mother, and sent her to Irkford, where Mrs. Ralph lived, that great big town, you know. I've never been there, but they do say that it's wonderful for size and for dirt. He sent her there to see the mother and try to persuade her to let him have the child for the best part of the year, and she was to have it for the rest, and it was to be brought up like a gentleman, and sent to college, and then it was to have all his money when he died, same as if its father had never crossed him.

"Your mother—she was not a widow then, you know, nor for many a year after—she was away about three days. When she came back, she came alone. The old squire was white as a sheet with expectation and excitement. I was by at the time, and I saw and heard it all. He said, 'Where's the boy?' in a very quiet, strange kind of voice. 'Oh, uncle,' your mother said—'she's an awful woman—she's like a tigress.' Then she cried and sobbed, and said it had been too much for her nerves; it had nearly killed her. And she told him how Mrs. Ralph had got into a fury, and said she would never be parted a day from her child, and that she spurned his offer. The old squire said with his grim little laugh, that perhaps when she was starving, she would not be so ready to spurn. 'Oh, she won't starve,' your mother said, 'she has plenty of rich relations, and that is partly what makes her so independent. Ralph has left her the child's sole guardian. She scorns and spurns us, and I believe she would like to see us humbled in the dust before her.' Then the old squire let his hatred loose against

his son's wife. With his terrible look that he could put on at times, he sat down beside your mother (she was flung on a sofa, you know, half-fainting) and he bade her tell him all about it. He questioned and she answered, and she was trembling like a leaf all the time. He bade me stay where I was, as witness. And at last, when he had heard it all out, he swore a fearful oath, and took heaven and us to witness that from henceforth, as long as he lived, he would have nothing to do with his grandchild. It might starve, he said, or die, or rot, or anything its mother chose, for aught he cared—he had done with it forever. It was terrible to hear him. And from that day, none of us dared name the child to him. He spent a deal of his time at Yoresett House with your mother. I heard him many a time tell her she and hers were all the children he had. And after your father died he went on purpose to tell her not to be uneasy, but to leave him to do things his own way, and that you children would thrust that brat out of Scar Foot at last. And now he goes and leaves it all his money. Eh, my bairn—that was very wrong."

Judith, when she answered, spoke, and indeed felt, quite calm: the very hugeness of the effort she had to make in order to speak at all kept her calm and quiet. She had never even conceived of anything like the dreadful shame she felt as she said:

"It is a terrible story, Martha. It is very well that you told it to me instead of to my mother, for she is not strong enough to bear having it raked up again. 'Have you,' her voice almost died away upon her lips—"have you related it to any one else?"

"Nay, not I! I thought I'd just see Mistress Conisbrough, and ask her if there was nothing to be done. If she was to speak to some lawyer—some clever man—and some of them *is* so clever, you know, happen he might be able to set aside the will."

"That is what she thought of at first," said Judith, strenuously keeping her mind fixed upon the subject; battling hard to keep in restraint the sickly fear at her heart lest any of the unsuspecting ones around them should by chance come in and interrupt the interview. "But Mr. Whaley told her it would not be of the very slightest use. And—and—Martha, I think you are very fond of us all, are you not?"

She came near to the old woman, and knelt beside her, with her hands clasped upon her knee, and she looked up into Martha's face.

"Ay, my bairn, I am so." She passed her withered hand over Judith's glossy brown braids. "I am so fond of ye all that I cannot abide to see ye cast out by a usurper."

"Then if you really care for us, please, Martha, say nothing more to any one about this, will you? I will tell you why. We have reason to think that Mr. Aglionby's relations were not really so rich as—as was represented, or if they were, they must have changed their minds about adopting him, for he was *very* poor, really, when his grandfather found him. And as it would not be of the least use to dispute the will, we want to keep it all quiet, don't you see? and to make no disturbance about it. Will you promise, Martha?"

"Ay, if you'll promise that if ever I could be of use by telling all about it, as I've told it to you, now, that you'll send for me, eh, bairn?"

"Oh, I promise that, yes."

"Then I promise you what you want. It's none such a pleasant thing that one should want to be raking it up at every turn, to all one's friends and neighbors."

Judith felt her heart grow cold and faint at the images conjured up by these words of the old woman, who went on, after a pause, during which her thoughts seemed to dwell upon the past, "Do you know him, my bairn, this young man?"

"Yes," replied Judith, a flood of color rushing tumultuously over her pale face. The question was sudden; the emotion was, for the moment, uncontrollable. Her clear eyes, which had been fixed on old Martha's face, wavered, sank.

Though Mrs. Paley was a withered old woman of eighty, she could read a certain language on a human face as *aglibly* as any young maid of eighteen.

"You do? There's another reason for my holding my tongue. You say he's considerate, and wishful to do right. Is he reasonable, or is he one of them that have eyes but see not? If he *has* eyes, he will want never to lose sight of you again. If you and he were to wed—eh, what a grand way of making all straight, and healing all enmities, and a way after the Lord's own heart too."

A little shudder ran through Judith. She did not tell old Martha that Aglionby was already

engaged; or Mrs. Paley's indignation would perhaps have loosed her tongue in other quarters than this, and Judith wished above all things, and at almost any price, to secure her silence. She knew now that had Bernard been free as air; had he loved her and her alone, and told her so, and wooed her with all the ardor of which he was capable—after what she had just now heard she would have to say him nay, cost her what it might; a spoiled life, a broken heart, or what you will.

She rose from her kness, smiled a chilly little attempt at a smile, and said:

"I'm afraid you are a match-maker, Martha," and then to her unspeakable relief, she heard the sound of wheels. It was John Heseltine's son Edmund with the gig, coming to fetch Martha away.

The old woman did not ask to see the other girls. The story she had been telling had sent her thoughts wandering back to old times; she had forgotten Judith's sisters, who were to her things of yesterday. When she departed, Judith shook her withered old hand; promised to deliver her messages to her mother, led her to the door; saw her seated in the gig and driven off, sure that she would keep the promise she had given. And thus old Martha Paley disappears from these pages.

Judith returned to the house, and stood in the hall a moment or two, then mechanically took her way up-stairs, along the passage, to her own bedroom. She sat down, and folding her hands upon her knee, she began to think. Painfully, shrinkingly, but laboriously, she went in her mind over every detail of this horrible story. She felt a vague kind of hope that perhaps, if it all came to be compared and sifted, the particulars might be found incongruous; she might be unable to make them agree with one another, and so have a pretext for rejecting it. But, as she conned over each one, she found that they fitted together only too well—both her own vague, almost formless suspicions, and the tangible facts which explained them.

Her great-uncle had had an interview with his grandson; she exactly understood how, talking to Bernard about what he supposed to be his true position, he had been enlightened, and that with a shock. He must have restrained his wrath so far as not to reveal to Aglionby what he had dis-

covered; he had, as he thought, had pity upon her mother and her mother's daughters. She remembered their journey home from Irkford, and how her uncle's strangely absent and ungenial manner had struck her, and chilled her. Then, while she and her sisters were out on the following morning, he had visited her mother. She could form no idea of what had passed at that interview; it must have been a painful one, for her mother had not mentioned it, but had been left shaken and ill by it. Next, Judith's own interview with her uncle; his extraordinary reception of her; his fury, unaccountable to her at the time, but which was now only too comprehensible; his sinister accusations of herself and her mother, as being leagued together in some plot—some scheme to fleece and hoodwink him; *now* she could interpret this fiery writing on the wall, clearly enough. Her return home; the storm; the apparition of Mr. Whaley driving through it and the night, toward Scar Foot; the hastily executed will; the miserable scene when its contents were made known; her mother's sudden fear and cowering down before Aglionby; her broken words on recovering consciousness—that repetition of the lie told twenty years before, and more. Those words had first aroused her suspicion, her vague fear that all was not so clear and straightforward as it should be. Now came old Martha, like a finger of some inspired interpreter, pointing out the meaning of each strange occurrence, throwing a flood of light over all, by her grim story of an old man's imperious will thwarted—of a young man's obstinate weakness; of a woman's yielding to temptation, and telling lies for gain. Each detail now seemed to dovetail with hideous accuracy into its neighbor, until the naked truth, the damnable and crushing whole, seemed to start up and stand before her, stark and threatening.

She feebly tried to ignore, or to escape from the inferences which came crowding into her mind—tried piteously not to see the consequences of her mother's sin. That was useless; she had a clear understanding, and a natural turn for logic. Such qualities always come into play at crises, or in emergencies, and she could not escape from their power now. Sitting still, and outwardly composed, her eyes fixed musingly upon a particular spot in the pattern of a rug which was spread near her bedside—her brain was very active. It was as if her will were powerless and paralyzed,

while her heart was arranged before her brain, which, with cold and pitiless accuracy, pointed out to that quivering criminal not all, but some portion of what was implied in this sin of her mother; some of the results involved by it in the lives of herself, her children, and her victims.

As to Mrs. Conisbrough's original motives for such a course of action, Judith did not stop long to consider them. Probably it had occurred to her mother, during that far-back journey to Irkford, that a great deal of power had been entrusted to her, that she did not see why she was to have all the trouble, and Mrs. Ralph Aglionby and her boy all the benefits of this tiresome and troublesome negotiation. Then (according to Judith's knowledge of her mother's character) she had toyed and dallied with the idea, instead of strangling it ere it was fully born. It had grown as such ideas do grow, after the first horror they inspire has faded—"like Titan infants"—and Mrs. Conisbrough had not the nature which can struggle with Titans and overcome them. Judith surmised that her mother had, probably, gone on telling herself that, of course, she was going to be honest, until the moment came for deciding: she must have so represented her uncle's message to Bernarda as to rouse her indignation and cause her indignantly to refuse his overtures. Then she had probably reflected that, after all, it could soon be made right; she would be the peacemaker, and so lay them both under obligations to her. And then the time had come to be honest; to confront the old squire and tell him that she had not been quite successful with Ralph's widow, but that a little explanation would soon make matters right. No doubt she intended to do it, but she did the very reverse, and those sobs and tears and tremblings, of which old Martha had spoken, testified to the intense nervous strain she had gone through, and to the violent reaction which had set in when at last the die had been irrevocably cast.

Her lie had been believed implicitly. The wrong path had been made delightfully smooth and easy for her; the right one had been filled with obstacles, and made rough and rugged.

Something like this might, or might not, have been the sequence of the steps in which her mother had fallen. Judith did not consider that; what took possession of her mind was the fact that her mother, who passed for a woman whose heart was

stronger than her judgment, a woman with a gentle disposition, hating to give pain—that such a character could act as she had acted toward Bernarda and her boy. It seemed to Judith that what her mother had done had been much the same as if one had met a child in a narrow path, had pushed it aside, and marched onward, not looking behind, but leaving the child, either to recover its footing, if lucky, or, if not, to fall over the precipice and linger in torture at the bottom, till death should be kind enough to release it.

"We should say that the person was an inhuman monster who did that," she reflected. "Yet she knew that if Mrs. Ralph Aglionby's health gave way, if she were incapacitated for work, or work failed, she must starve or go to the work-house, and the child with her. I cannot see that she was less inhuman than the other person would have been. . . . She has always appeared tranquil; the only thing that troubled her was an occasional fear lest Uncle Aglionby should not leave his property exactly as she desired. Was she tranquil because she knew Mrs. Aglionby to be in decent circumstances, or was it because she knew that she was safe from discovery and that whatever happened to *them* she was secure of the money?"

Judith's face was haggard as she arrived at this point in the chain of her mental argument. It would not do to go into that question. She hastily turned aside from it, and began an attempt to unravel some of the intricacies which her discovery must cause in the future for her sisters and herself. She felt a grim pleasure in the knowledge that in the past they had gained nothing from their mother's sin. They had rather lost. In the future, how were they to demean themselves?

"We can never marry," she decided. "As honest women, we can never let any man marry us without telling him the truth, and it is equally impossible for us deliberately to expose our mother's shame. That is decided, and nothing in the heavens above or the earth beneath can ever alter that. We can work, I suppose, and try to hide our heads; make ourselves as obscure as possible. That is the only way. And we can live, and wait, and die at last, and there will be an end of us, and a good thing too."

She pondered for a long time upon this prospect; tried to look it in the face, "*Je veux regarder mon destin en face,*" she might have said

with Maxime, "the poor young man," "*pour lui ôter son air de spectre.*" And by dint of courage she partially succeeded, even in that dark hour. She succeeded in convincing herself that she could meet her lot, and battle with it hand to hand. She did more; she conjured up a dream in which she saw how joy might be extracted from this woe—not that it ever would be—but she could picture circumstances under which it might be. For example, she reflected:

"They say there is a silver lining to every cloud. I know what would line my cloud with silver—if I could ever do Bernard Aglionby some marvelous and unheard-of service; procure him some wonderful good which should make the happiness of his whole life, and then, when he felt that he owed everything to me, if I could go on my knees to him, and tell him all; see him smile, and hear him say, 'It is forgiven,' then I could live or die, and be happy, whichever I had to do."

A calm and beautiful smile had broken over the fixed melancholy of her countenance. It faded away again as she thought, "And that is just what I shall never be allowed to do. Does he not say himself that there *is* no forgiveness; for every sin the punishment must be borne. And I must bear mine."

The dusk had fallen, the air was cold with the autumnal coldness of October. Judith, after deciding that she might keep her secret to herself for to-night, went down-stairs to meet her mother and sisters with what cheer she might.

CHAPTER XXIII.—AGLIONBY'S DEBUT.

AGLIONBY, casting one last look after Rhoda's figure as it disappeared, turned his horse's head, and drove homeward dreamily. Not a fortnight—not one short fourteen days had elapsed since he had been summoned hither—and how much had not taken place since? He could not have believed, had any one told him earlier, that he had so much flexibility in his character as to be susceptible of undergoing the change which certainly had taken place in him during that short time. In looking back upon his Irkford life, it appeared like an existence which he had led, say ten years ago, and from which he was forever severed. The men and women who had moved and lived in it trooped by, in his mind, like figures in a dream; so much so, indeed, that he

presently dismissed them as one does dismiss a recollected dream from his head, and his thoughts reverted to the present; went back to the parlor at Yoresett House, to Mrs. Conisbrough's figure reclining in her easy-chair, and to the figures of his three "cousins." All over again, and keenly as ever, he felt the pain and mortification he had experienced from Judith's fiat as to their future terms.

"By George," he muttered, "I wonder I ever submitted to it! I can't understand it—only she can subdue me with a look, when any one else would only rouse me to more determined opposition."

Arrived at Scar Foot, he entered the house, and in the hall found more cards on the table, of neighboring gentry who had called upon him. He picked them up, and read them, and smiled a smile such as in his former days of bitterness had often crossed his face. Throwing himself into an easy-chair, he lighted his pipe, and gave himself up to reflection.

"I must decide on something," he thought. "In fairness to Lizzie, I must decide. Am I going to live here, or am I not? I should think the question was rather, '*can I? will Lizzie?*' Of course I must keep the house on, here, but I know Lizzie would not be happy to live here. Two houses? one here and one at Irkford? How would that do? Whether Lizzie liked it or not, I could always fly here for refuge, when I wanted to dream and be quiet. I could come here alone, and fish—and when I was tired of that, I might go to Irkford, and help a little in political affairs. Perhaps some day I might catch . . . my cousin Judith . . . in a softer mood, and get her to hear reason." He looked around the darkening room, and started. There was the soft rustle of a dress—a footfall—a hand on the door—his eyes strained eagerly toward it. Judith always used to come down in the twilight. She enters. It is Mrs. Aveson, come to inquire at what time he would like to dine. He gives her the required information, and sinks discontentedly back into his chair.

"The fact is," he mentally resumed, "I am dazed with my new position; I don't know what I want and what I don't want. I must have some advice, and that from the only person whose advice I ever listened to. I must write to Aunt Margaret."

(Aunt Margaret was his mother's sister, Mrs. Bryce, a widow.)

"I believe," he then began to think, "that if I did what was best—what was right and my duty—I should set things in train for having this old place freshened up. I wonder what Judith would say to that—she has never known it other than it is now—and then I should go to Irkford, tell Lizzie what I'd done, ask her to choose a house there, and to fix the wedding, and I should get it all over as soon as possible, and settle down . . . and that is exactly what I don't want to do. . . . I wish I knew some one to whom I could tell what I thought about my cousins; some one who could answer my questions about them. I feel so in the dark about them. I cannot imagine Judith asking things she was not warranted in asking—and yet, blindly to submit to her in such an important matter—"

He spent a dreary evening, debating, wondering, and considering—did nothing that had about it even the appearance of decisiveness, except to write to Mrs. Bryce, and ask her to sacrifice herself and come into the country, to give him her company and her counsel, "both of which I sorely need," wrote this young man with the character for being very decided and quick in his resolutions. As to other things, he could make up his mind to nothing, and arrived at no satisfactory conclusion. He went to bed feeling very much out of temper, and he too dreamed a dream, in which reality and fantasy were strangely mingled. He seemed to see himself in the Irkford theatre, with "Diplomacy" being played. He was in the lower circle, in evening dress, and thought to himself, with a grim little smile, how easily one adapted oneself to changed circumstances. Beside him a figure was seated. He had a vague idea that it was a woman's figure—his mother's—and he turned eagerly toward it. But no! It was his grandfather, who was glaring angrily toward a certain point in the upper circle, and Bernard also directed his glance toward that point, and saw, seated side by side, his friend Percy Golding and Lizzie Vane. They looked jeeringly toward him, and he for some reason, or for none—like most dream reasons—felt a sudden fury and a sudden fear seize him. He strove to rise, but could not. His fear and his anger were growing to a climax, and they at last seemed to overpower him, when he saw Mrs. Conisbrough suddenly appear behind

Percy and Lizzie, laughing malignantly. It then seemed to him that in the midst of his fury he glanced from her face toward a large clock, which he was not in the least surprised to see was fixed in the very middle of the dress circle. "Ten minutes past ten," so he read the fingers; and his terror increased, as he thought to himself, "Impossible! It must be much later!" And he turned to the figure of his grandfather by his side, perfectly conscious though he was, that it was a phantom. "Shall I go to them?" he inquired. "Yes," replied the apparition. "But the time!" continued Aglionby frantically, and again looked toward the clock. "Ten minutes to two," he read it this time, and thought, "Of course! a much more appropriate time!" And turning once more to the phantom, he put the question to it solemnly, "*Shall I go to them?*"

"N—no," was the reluctant response. With that, it seemed as if the horror reached its climax, and came crashing down upon him, and with a struggle, in the midst of which he heard the mocking laughter of Lizzie, Percy, and Mrs. Conisbrough, he awoke, in a cold perspiration.

The moon was shining into the room, with a clear, cold light. Aglionby, shuddering faintly, drew his watch from under his pillow, and glanced at it. The fingers pointed to ten minutes before two.

"Bah! a nightmare!" he muttered, shaking himself together again, and turning over, he tried once more to sleep, but in vain. The dream and its disagreeable impression remained with him in spite of all his efforts to shake them off. The figure which, he felt, had been wanting to convert it from a horror into a pleasant vision, was that of Judith Conisbrough. But after all, he was glad her shape had not intruded into such an insane phantasmagoria.

The following afternoon he drove over to Danesdale Castle, to return the call of Sir Gabriel and his son. It was the first time he had penetrated to that part of the Dale, and he was struck anew with the exceeding beauty of the country, with the noble forms of the hills, and above all, with the impressive aspect of Danesdale Castle itself. There was an old Danesdale Castle—a grim, half-ruined pile, standing "four square to the four winds of heaven," with a tower at each corner. It was a landmark and a beacon for miles around, standing as it did on a rise, and proudly looking

across the Dale. It was famous in historical associations; it had been the prison of a captive queen, whose chamber window, high up in the third story, commanded a broad view of lovely lowland country, wild moors, bare-backed fells. Many a weary hour must she have spent there, looking hopelessly across those desolate hills, and envying the wild birds which had liberty to fly across them. All that was over now, and changed. "Castle Danesdale," as it was called, was nearly a ruin, a portion of it was inhabited by some of Sir Gabriel's tenantry; a big room in it was used for a ball for the said tenantry in winter. The Danesdales had built themselves a fine commodious mansion of red-brick, in Queen Anne's time, in a noble park nearer the river, and there they now lived in great state and comfort, and allowed the four winds of heaven to battle noisily and wuther wearily around the ragged towers of the house of their fathers.

Aglionby found that Sir Gabriel was at home, and as he entered, Randulf crossed the hall, saw him, and his languid face lighted with a smile of satisfaction.

"Well met!" said he, shaking his hand. "Come into the drawing-room, and I'll introduce you to my sister. Tell Sir Gabriel," he added to the servant, and Aglionby followed him.

"For your pleasure or displeasure, I may inform you that you have been a constant subject of conversation at my sister's kettledrums for the last week," Randulf found time to say to him, as they approached the drawing-room, "and as there is one of those ceremonials in full swing at the present moment, I would not be you."

"You don't speak in a way calculated to add to my natural ease and grace of manner," murmured Bernard, with a somewhat sardonic smile, a gleam of mirth in his eyes. Sooth to say, he had very vague notions as to what a kettledrum might be; and he certainly was not prepared for the spectacle which greeted him, of some seven or eight ladies, young, old, and middle-aged, seated about the room, with Miss Danesdale dispensing tea at a table in the window-recess.

An animated conversation was going on; so animated, that Randulf and Aglionby, coming in by a door behind the company, were not immediately perceived except by one or two persons. But by the time that Mr. Danesdale had piloted his victim to the side of the tea-table, every tongue was silent, and every eye was fixed upon them.

They stood it well—Bernard, because of his utter unconsciousness of the sensation his advent had created among the ladies of the neighborhood; Randulf, because he was naturally at ease in the presence of women, and also because he did not know all about Aglionby and his importance, and was well aware that he had been eagerly speculated about, and that more than one matron then present had silently marked him down, even in advance, in her book of "eligibles." Therefore it was with a feeling of deep gratification, and in a louder voice than usual, that he introduced Aglionby to his sister.

Bernard, whose observing faculties were intensely keen, if his range of observation in social matters was limited, had become aware of the hush which had fallen like a holy calm upon the assembled multitude. He bowed to Miss Danesdale, and stood by her side, sustaining the inspection with which he was favored, with a dark, sombre indifference which was really admirable. The mothers thought, "He is quiet and reserved; anything might be made of him with that figure and that self-possession." The daughters who were young thought, "What a delightfully handsome fellow! So dark! Such shoulders, and such eyes!" The daughters who were older thought how very satisfactory to find he was a man whom one could take up and even be intimate with, without feeling as if one ought to apologize to one's friends about him, and explain how he came to visit with them.

Miss Danesdale said something to Aglionby in so low a tone that he had to stoop his head, and say he begged her pardon.

"Will you not sit there?" She pointed to a chair close to herself, which he took. "Randulf, does papa know Mr. Aglionby is here?"

"I sent to tell him," replied Randulf, who was making the circuit of the dowagers and the beauties present, and saying something that either was, or sounded as if it were meant to be, agreeable to each in turn.

"Of course he plants himself down beside Mrs. Malleeson," thought Miss Danesdale, drawing herself up in some annoyance, "when any other woman in the room was entitled to a greater share of his attention. . . . Did you drive or ride from Scar Foot, Mr. Aglionby?"

"I drove, I don't ride—yet."

"Don't ride!" echoed Miss Danesdale, sur-

prised almost into animation. "How very . . . don't you like it?"

"As I never had the chance of trying, I can hardly tell you," replied Aglionby, "with much *sang froid*, as he realized that to these ladies a man who did not ride and hunt and fish and shoot, and stalk deer, and play croquet and tennis, was doubtless as strange a phenomenon as a man who was not some kind of a clerk or office man would be to Lizzie Vane.

"Were there no horses where you lived?" suggested a very pretty girl who sat opposite to him, under the wing of a massive and stately mamma, who started visibly on hearing her child thus audaciously uplift her voice to a man and a stranger.

"Certainly there were," he replied, repressing the malevolent little smile which rose to his lips, and speaking with elaborately grave politeness, "for those who had money to keep them and leisure to ride them. I had neither until the other day."

"I beg your pardon, I'm sure," said the young lady, blushing crimson, and more disconcerted (as is almost universally the case) at having extracted from any one a confession, even retrospective, of poverty, than if she had been receiving an offer from a peer of the realm.

"Pray do not mention it. No tea, thank you," to Philippa, who, anxious to divert the conversation from what she concluded must be to their guest so painful a topic, had just proffered him a cup.

"And do you like Scar Foot?" she said, in her almost inaudible voice; to which Bernard replied, in his very distinct one:

"Yes, I do, exceedingly!"

"But you have hardly had time to decide yet," said the girl who had already addressed him. Various motives prompted her persistency. First and foremost was the consideration that as in any case she would have a homily on the subject of forwardness, and "bad form," she would do her best to deserve it. Next, she was displeased (like Miss Danesdale) to see Randulf seat himself beside Mrs. Malleeson, as if very well satisfied, to the neglect of her fair self, and resolved to fly at what was after all, just now, higher game.

"Have I not? As how?" he inquired, and all the ladies inwardly registered the remark that Mr. Aglionby was very different from Randulf Danesdale,

and indeed, from most of their gentleman acquaintances. They were not quite sure yet, whether they liked or disliked the keen, direct glance of his eyes, straight into those of his interlocutor, and the somewhat curt and imperious tone in which he spoke. But he was, they were all quite sure, the coming man of that part of the world. He must be trotted out, and had at balls, and treated kindly at dinner-parties, and have the prettiest girls allotted to him as his partners at those banquets, and—married to one of the said pretty girls—sometime. His presence would make the winter season, with its hunt and county balls, its dinners and theatricals, far more exciting. Pleasing illusions, destined in a few minutes to receive a fatal blow!

"Why, you can hardly have felt it your own yet. We heard you had visitors—two ladies," said the lovely Miss Askam, from which remark Aglionby learnt several things, among others, that young ladies of position could be very rude sometimes, and could display want of taste as glaring as if they had been born *bourgeoisie*.

"So I have. Mrs. and Miss Conisbrough were my guests until yesterday, when, I am sorry to say, they left me," he answered.

He thought he detected a shade of mockery in the young lady's smile and tone, which mockery, on that topic, he would not endure; and he looked at her with such keen eyes, such straight brows, and such compressed lips, that the youthful beauty, unaccustomed to such treatment, blushed again—twice in the same afternoon, as one of her good-natured friends remarked.

Philippa came to the rescue by murmuring that she hoped Mrs. Conisbrough was better.

"Yes, thank you. I believe she is nearly well now."

"Do you know all the Misses Conisbrough?" pursued Miss Danesdale, equally anxious with Miss Askam to learn something of the terms on which Aglionby stood with those he had dispossessed, but flattering herself that she approached the subject with more *finesse* and delicacy.

Aglionby felt much as if mosquitoes were drinking his blood, so averse was he to speak on this topic with all these strangers. He looked very dignified and very forbidding indeed, as he replied coldly:

"I was introduced to them yesterday, so I suppose I may say I do."

"They are great friends of Randulf's," said Miss Danesdale exasperated, as she saw by a side glance that her brother was still paying devoted attention to Mrs. Malleeson. Also she knew the news would create much disturbance in the bosoms of those her sisters then assembled; and, thirdly, she had an ancient dislike to the Misses Conisbrough for being poor, pretty, and in a station which made it impossible for her to ignore them.

"Are they?" said Aglionby simply; "then I am sure, from what I have seen of my cousins, that he is very fortunate to have such friends."

"There I quite agree with you," drawled Randulf, whom no one had imagined to be listening; "and so does Mrs. Malleeson. We've been talking about those ladies just now."

A sensation of surprise was felt among the company. How was it that those Misses Conisbrough had somehow engrossed the conversation? It was stupid and unaccountable, except to Miss Askam, who wished she had never given those tiresome men the chance of talking about these girls. But the severest blow had yet to come. When the nerves of those present had somewhat recovered from the shock of finding the Misses Conisbrough raised to such prominence in the conversation of their betters, Miss Danesdale said she hoped Bernard would soon come and dine with them. Was he staying at Scar Foot at present? All the matrons listened for the reply, having dinners of their own in view, or, if not dinners, some other form of entertainment.

"I hardly know," was the reply. "I shall have to go to Irkford soon, but I don't exactly know when."

"Irkford! That dreadful, smoky place?" said Miss Askam. "What possible attractions can such a place have for you, Mr. Aglionby?"

"Several. It is my native place, and all my friends live there, as well as my future wife, whom I am going to see. Perhaps those don't count as points of attraction with you?"

While the sensation caused by this announcement was still at its height, and while Randulf was malevolently commenting upon it, and explaining to Mrs. Malleeson what pure joy it caused him, Sir Gabriel entered, creating a diversion, and covering Miss Askam's confusion, though not before she had exclaimed, with a *naïveté* born of great surprise:

"I did not know you were engaged!"

"That is very probable; indeed, I do not see how you possibly could have known it," Bernard had just politely replied as Sir Gabriel made his appearance.

There was a general greeting. Then by degrees the ladies took their departure. Aglionby managed somehow to get himself introduced to Mrs. Malleson, whose name he had caught while Randolph spoke. Bernard said he had found Mr. Malleson's card yesterday, and hoped soon to return his call; he added, with a smile into which he could when, as now, he chose, infuse both sweetness and amiability, "Miss Conisbrough told me to be sure and make a friend of you, if I could, so I hope you will not brand me as 'impossible' before giving me a trial," at which Mrs. Malleson laughed, but said pleasantly enough that after such a touching appeal, nothing could be impossible. Then she departed, too, and Aglionby felt as if this little aside alone had been worth the drive to Danesdale Castle ten times over.

Sir Gabriel asked Aglionby to stay and dine with them as he was. They were quite alone, and Philippa would certainly excuse his morning dress. He accepted, after a slight hesitation, for there was something about both Sir Gabriel and his son which Bernard felt to be congenial, unlike though they all three were to one another.

After Philippa had gone, and the wine had gone round once or twice, Sir Gabriel rose to join his daughter, with whom he always passed his evening, and to do Philippa Danesdale justice, she looked upon her father as the best of men and the finest of gentleman. Her one love romance had occurred after her mother's death, when Randolph was yet a child, incapable of understanding or sympathizing, and when her father was bowed down with woe. Philippa had given up her lover, and remained with her father, who had not forgotten the circumstance, as some parents have a habit of forgetting such little sacrifices. Thus it came to pass that if "the boy" was the most tenderly loved, it was Philippa's word which was law at Danesdale Castle.

"Suppose we come to my room, and have a chat," suggested Randolph. "We can join the others later."

Nothing loth, Aglionby followed him to a den which looked, on the first view, more luxurious than it really was. When it came to be closely examined, there was more simplicity than splendor

in it, more refinement than display. In after-days, when he had grown intimate as a loved brother with both the room and its owner, Bernard said that one resembled the other very closely. Randolph's room was a very fair reflex of Randolph's mind and tastes. The books were certainly numerous, and many of them costly. There were two or three good water-colors on the walls; some fine specimens of pottery, Persian, Chinese, and Japanese; one or two vases, real Greek antiques, of pure and exquisite shape and design, gladdening the eye with their clean and clear simplicity. In one corner of the room there was an easel with a portfolio standing on it, and two really comfortable lounging-chairs.

"The rest of the chairs," said their owner, wheeling one up for Bernard's accommodation, "are uncomfortable. I took care of that, for I hold that, in a room like this, two is company, more is none whatever, so I discourage a plurality of visitors by means of straight backs and hard seats."

He handed a box of cigars to Aglionby, plunged himself into the other chair, and stretched himself. Somewhere in the background there was a lamp, which, however, gave but a dim light.

"Do you know," said Randolph presently, "I was in the same condition as Miss Askam this afternoon. I didn't know you were engaged."

Aglionby laughed. "She seemed surprised. I don't know why she should have been. I thought her somewhat impertinent, and I don't see what my affairs could possibly be to her."

"She is a precocious young woman—as I know to my cost. Of course your affairs were something to her, so long as you were rich and a bachelor. Surely you could understand that."

"Good Lord!" was all Aglionby said, in a tone of surprised contempt.

"My affairs have been a good deal to her up to now," continued Randolph tranquilly. "I was amused to see how she dropped me as if I had been red-hot shot, when you appeared on the scene and——"

"Don't expose her weaknesses—if she has such weaknesses as those," said Bernard, laughing again.

"I won't. But she is very handsome—don't you think so?"

"Yes, very. Like a refined and civilized gypsy—I know some one who far surpasses her, though, in the same style."

"Who is that?"

"The youngest Miss Conisbrough."

"Yes, you are right. But is it allowable to ask the name of the lady you are engaged to?"

"Why not? Her name is Elizabeth Fermor Vane, and she lives at Irkford, as I mentioned before."

"It will be a matter of much speculation, among those ladies whom you saw this afternoon, what Miss Vane is like."

"Will it? How can the subject affect them?"

"Well, you see, you will be one of our leading men in the Dale, if you take that place among us that you ought to have—and the wife of a country gentleman is as important a person as himself, almost."

Bernard paused, reflecting upon this. The matter had never struck him in that light before. Lizzie taking a leading part among the Danesdale ladies. Charming creature though she was, he somehow failed to realize her doing it. He could have more easily imagined even his little tormentor, Miss Askam, moving with ease in such a sphere. After a pause he said, feeling impelled to confide to a certain extent in Randulf:

"I had not thought of that before, but of course you are right. But I am very undecided as to what my future movements will be. I do not in the least know how Miss Vane will like the idea of living here. Before I can decide anything, she will have to come over and see the place. I have asked my aunt, Mrs. Bryce, to come and see me, and I shall try to get Miss Vane to come here soon. I think she should see the place in winter, so that she can know what she has to expect when it is at its worst."

"Queer way of putting it," murmured Randulf, thinking to himself, "perhaps he wants to 'scare' her away. Why couldn't he have married one of the Conisboroughs and thus settled everything?"

Bernard proceeded succinctly to explain how Lizzie had become engaged to him under the full conviction that he would always inhabit a town. Randulf murmured assent, surveying his guest the while from under his half-closed lids, and remarking to himself that Aglionby seemed to speak in a very dry, business-like way of his engagement.

"Influence of Irkford, perhaps," he thought. "And yet, that fellow is capable of falling in love in something different from a business-like way, unless I'm much mistaken about him."

The conversation grew by degrees more intimate

and confidential. The two young men succeeded in letting one another see that each had been favorably impressed with the other; that they had liked one another well, so far, and felt disposed to be friendly in the future. They progressed so far, that at last Aglionby showed Randulf a likeness of Lizzie, after first almost upsetting his host's gravity by remarking, half to himself:

"If I have it with me. I may have left it——"

"In your other coat pocket," put in Randulf, with imperturbable gravity, whereat they both laughed, and Bernard, finding the little case containing his sweetheart's likeness (to which he had not paid much attention lately), handed it to Randulf, saying:

"Photographs never do give anything but a pale imitation, you know, but the likenesses, as likenesses, are good. She 'takes well,' as they say, and those were done lately."

Randulf, with due respect, took the case in his hand, and contemplated the two likenesses, one a profile, the other a three-quarter face. In the former, she had been taken with a veil or scarf of thick black lace, coquettishly twisted about her throat and head; the photograph was a good one, and the face looked out from its dark setting, pure and clear, with mouth half smiling, and eyelids a little drooping. In the other, Miss Vane had given free scope to her love for fashion, or what she was pleased to consider fashion. The hideous bushy excrescence of curls bulged over her forehead; ropes of false pearls were wound about her neck; her dress was composed of some fancy material of contrasting shades, the most *outré* and unfitting possible to imagine for a black and white picture. And in that, too, she was triumphantly pretty.

Randulf had asked to see the likeness: he was therefore bound to say something about it. After a pause, he remarked:

"She must be wonderfully pretty."

"She is a great deal prettier than that," replied Bernard amiably, and Randulf, thanking him, returned the case to him.

Now Randulf had a topic very near his heart too—a topic which he thought he might be able to discuss with Aglionby. The two young men had certainly drawn wonderfully near to each other during this short evening of conversation. The fact was, that each admired the other's qualities. Aglionby's caustic abruptness; his cool and steady deportment, and his imperturbable dignity and

self-possession under his changed fortunes, pleased Randulf exceedingly. He liked a man who could face the extremes of fortune with unshaken nerve; who could carry himself proudly and independently through evil circumstances, and could accept a brilliant change with calm nonchalance. Randulf's *sang froid*, his unconventional manner; his independence of his luxurious surroundings—his innate hardness and simplicity of character pleased Aglionby. But Bernard's feelings toward Randulf were, it must be remembered, comparatively uncomplicated; Randulf's sentiments toward Bernard were vaguer—he felt every disposition to like him thoroughly, and to make a friend of him; but he had a doubt or two: there were some points to be decided which he was not yet clear about. He said, after a pause:

"I was very cool to ask you to show me Miss Vane's likeness. I owe you something in return. Look at these!"

He rose, and opening the portfolio before spoken of, drew out two sketches, and bringing the lamp near, turned it up, and showed the pictures to Bernard.

"What do you think of those?" he asked. Aglionby looked at them.

"Why, this is Danesdale Castle, unmistakably, and well done too, I should say, though I am no judge. It looks so spirited."

"Now look at the other."

It was Randulf and his dogs. Aglionby, keenly sensible of the ridiculous, burst out laughing.

"That's splendid, but you must be very amiably disposed toward the artist to take such a 'take-off' good-naturedly."

"Isn't it malicious? Done by some one, don't you think, who must have seen all my weak points at a glance, and who knew how to make the most of them?"

"Exactly," said Bernard, much amused, and still more so to observe the pleased complacency with which Randulf spoke of a drawing which, without being a caricature, made him look so absurd. "Is he a friend of yours—the artist?" he asked.

"It was left to my discretion, whether I told the name of the artist or not. You must promise that it goes no further."

"Certainly."

"They were drawn by Miss Delphine Conisbrough."

Bernard started violently: his face flushed all

over—he laid the drawings down, looking earnestly at Randulf.

"By Judith Conisbrough's sister?" he asked.

"The same," said Randulf, puffing away imperturbably, and thinking, "It is just as I thought. That little piece of wax-work whose likeness I have seen cannot blind him so that he doesn't know a noble woman when he meets her." And he waited till Bernard said:

"You amaze me. There is surely very high talent in them: you ought to be a better judge than me. Don't you think them very clever?"

"I think them more than clever. They have the very highest promise in them. The only thing is, her talent wants cultivating."

"She should have some lessons," said Bernard eagerly.

"So I ventured to tell her, but she said" (he paused, and then went on, in a voice whose tenderness and regret he could not control) "that they were too poor."

He looked at Bernard. "If he has any feeling on the subject," he thought, "that ought to fetch him."

It "fetched" Bernard in a manner which Randulf had hardly calculated upon. He started up from his chair, forgetting the strangeness of speaking openly on such a subject to so recent an acquaintance. He had been longing to speak to some one of his griefs connected with his cousins: this was too good an opportunity to be lost.

"Too poor!" he exclaimed, striding about the room. "She told you that? Good God! will they never have punished me enough?"

The veins in his forehead started out. His perturbation was deep and intense. Randulf laid his cigar down, and asked softly:

"Punished you—how do you mean?"

"I mean with their resentment—their implacable enmity and contempt. To tell you that she was *too poor*—when——"

"It must have been true."

"Of course it is true; but it is their own fault."

"I don't understand."

"But I will explain. It is a mystery I cannot unravel. Perhaps you can help me."

He told Randulf of his desire to be just, and how Judith had at first promised not to oppose his wishes. Then he went on:

"What has caused her to change her mind before I spoke to her again, I cannot imagine. I fear I am but a rough kind of fellow, but in

approaching the subject with Miss Conisbrough, I used what delicacy I could. I told her that I should never enjoy a moment's pleasure in possessing that of which they were unjustly deprived—which I never shall. I reminded her of her promise; she flatly told me she recalled it. Well——" (he stood before Randolph, and there were tones of passion in his voice) "I humbled myself before Miss Conisbrough, I entreated her to think again, to use her influence with her mother, to meet me half-way, and help me to repair the injustice. I was refused—with distress it is true—but most unequivocally. Nor would she release me until I had promised not to urge the matter on Mrs. Conisbrough, who, I surmise, would be less stern about it. Miss Conisbrough is relentless and strong. She was not content with that. She not only had a horror of my money, but even of me, it appears. She made me promise not to seek them out or visit them. By dint of hard pleading I was allowed to accompany them home, and be formally introduced to her sisters—no more. That is to be the end of it. I tell you, because I know you can understand it. For the rest of the world I care nothing. People may call me grasping and heartless if they choose. They may picture me enjoying my plunder, while Mrs. Conisbrough and her daughters are wearing out their lives in—do you wonder that I cannot bear to think of it?" he added passionately.

"No, I don't. It is the most extraordinary thing I ever heard."

"You think so? I am glad you agree with me. Tell me—for I vow I am so bewildered by it all that I hardly know whether I am in my senses or out of them—tell me if there was anything strange in my proposal to share my inheritance with them—anything unnatural?"

"The very reverse, I should say."

"Or in my going to Miss Conisbrough about it, rather than to her mother?"

"No, indeed!"

"It never struck me beforehand that I was contemplating doing anything strange or wrong. Yet Miss Conisbrough made me feel myself very wrong. She would have it so, and I own that there is something about her, her nature and character are so truly noble, that I could not but submit. But I submit under protest."

"I am glad you have told me," said Randolph. "Now all my doubts about you have vanished."

"Could nothing be done through these drawings?" suggested Aglionby. "Could you not tell Delphine that some one had seen them who admired them exceedingly?"

"I see what you mean," said Randolph, with a smile. "She has great schemes for working, and selling her pictures, and helping them, and so on. But I have a better plan than that. I must work my father round to it, and then I must get her to see it. She shall work as much as she pleases and have as many lessons as she likes—when she is my wife."

Aglionby started again, flushing deeply. Randolph's words set his whole being into a fever.

"That is your plan?" said he in a low voice.

"That is my plan, which no one but you knows. However long I have to wait, she shall be my wife."

"I wish you good speed in your courtship, but I fear your success won't accomplish my wishes in the matter."

"Miss Conisbrough must have some reason for the strange course she has taken," said Randolph. "Do you think we are justified in trying to discover that reason, or are we bound not to inquire into it?"

There was a long pause. Then Aglionby said darkly:

"I have promised."

"But I have not."

Bernard shook his head. "I don't believe, whatever it may be, that any one but Miss Conisbrough is cognizant of it."

"Well, let me use my good offices for you, if ever I have a chance. If ever I know them well enough to be taken into their confidence, I shall use my influence on your side—may I?"

"You will earn my everlasting gratitude if you do. And if it turns out that they do want help—that my cousin Delphine has to work for money, you will let me know. Remember," he added jealously, "it is my right and duty, as their kinsman, to see that they are not distressed."

"Yes, I know, and I shall not forget you."

Randolph, when his guest had gone, soliloquized silently:

"That fellow is heart and soul on my side. He doesn't know himself whither he is drifting. I'd like to take the odds with any one, that he never marries that little dressed-up doll whose likeness he is now carrying about with him."

(*To be continued.*)

LITERARY WORK OF THOMAS CARLYLE.

BY ROSALIE A. COLLINS.

CARLYLE'S works may be divided into histories, critiques, and what, for lack of a better name, I shall call Jeremiads. The first division includes his "Life of Cromwell," "French Revolution," "Life of Schiller," "Life of John Sterling," "History of Norway Kings," and "Life of Frederick the Great," not to mention the "Reminiscences." His critiques embrace an almost exhaustless list of subjects, prominent among which are "Diderot," "Goethe," "Novalis," "Jean Paul Richter," "Mme. de Stäel," "Voltaire," "German Literature," "Burns," and "Hero and Hero-Worship," perhaps the best-known of all his works. Of his Jeremiads, "Past and Present," "Chartism," "Sartor Resartus" (sternly sad at heart despite its grim jesting), and "Latter-Day Pamphlets" may be specially mentioned. I leave out of view his various translations from the French and German, among which one is surprised to find a translation of "Legendre's Geometry." The translations from the German doubtless had decided influence in forming Carlyle's peculiar style. One notices many Germanisms in his characteristic works, the unique form of the genitive case being an instance in point, he rarely using our plain English possessive. Thus we do not read of "his face" or "her beauty," but "the face of him," "the beauty of her." While speaking of these peculiarities, I may as well mention others which characterize Carlyle's style. He never hesitates at the regular form of the superlative degree, however awkward the result; "imperishablest," "beautifullest," and "indefatigablest," all have a kind of "linked sweetness long drawn out" which charms *his* ear, if no other. He has "dittoes" *ad nauseam*, and frequently confronts one with such startling words as *vestural*, *deliriation*, *visualised*, *complected*, etc., not to mention his odd combinations as "to insure one of misapprehension," "snow-and-rose-bloom-maiden," "cunning enough significance," and so on. I know of no other author who has so extensive a vocabulary, except the divine Shakspeare, and I cannot help regretting that one who was so richly furnished with language should occasionally express himself so awkwardly.

I will speak of very few of Carlyle's works in detail. His histories are rightly considered the most dramatic works of the kind in any language; the only historian I can now think of who at all approaches him in the ability to give this vivid, effulgent glow of life to his scenes is our own Motley. His "Rise of the Dutch Republic" has somewhat of the highly pictorial style which in a great degree characterized Carlyle's "French Revolution." Every touch of Carlyle's is an illuminated point, and we feel that we have been in the very midst of that terrific explosion of hostile forces which resulted in that direful chaos "when all the stars of heaven were gone out." It is not my purpose, however, to do more than merely allude to this mighty work in which the philosophy of the French Revolution is once forever explained. I must barely mention also his posthumous work which has produced a decided sensation, but will, of course, add nothing to his literary fame. He jotted down, as memory suggested them, these various reminiscences of his relatives and friends, never supposing that in that crude, disjointed form they would go to publication. I am grateful to Mr. Froude, nevertheless, for having published them, because it is encouraging to see how tiresomely geniuses can scribble when they once condescend to write for themselves and not for eternity. So we must blame—and thank—Mr. Froude as well as Mr. Carlyle when we read such sentences as these: "Old Esther judged it more polite to leave her old riding-habit to the parish, ah! me!" "I found, when I went to Edinburgh, Glasgow, and other places, that it was not or by no means so perceptibly was." "Self-delusion or half-knowledge could not get existed in his presence." "Of the children I recollect nothing that was not auroral—matutinal."

To my shame, I must confess that my first opinions of Carlyle were far from complimentary. About the first work of his that ever fell into my hands was that on "Chartism," after reading which I thought of its author what some one once said of Coleridge: "Excellent? Yes, very, if you let him start from no premises and come to

no conclusion." "Sartor Resartus" and "Characteristicks" remained sealed books to me until after I had read some of his less obscure works, which did not need to have their explanations explained to my obtuse understanding. Now I rank myself among Carlyle's most ardent admirers, and as it was his *Life of John Sterling* which first completely won my own heart, it is that which I prefer now to review and that which I most confidently recommend to all those who have not yet the good fortune to feel themselves *en rapport* with the magnificent genius of our author. It is my ideal biography, and I write it first on the list of those which completely satisfy my heart and place me in such vivid contact with their subjects that it seems as if a new and precious friendship were added to my blessings. The list is short, indeed, including only "John Sterling," Mrs. Gaskell's "Charlotte Brönte," Archdeacon Hare's "Memorials of a Quiet Life," Mrs. Kingsley's *Life of her husband*, and Fanny Kemble's "Records of a Girlhood." Some one has said that Tennyson's "In Memoriam" and Carlyle's "John Sterling" are the two monuments of the nineteenth-century friendship, and so they are, with this difference: Tennyson's polished and gilded and artistic piece of work is a sepulchre so exact, glittering, and obtrusive, that one inevitably turns from it doubting the sincerity of the mourner who could so publish the bitterness of his grief to the world. A woe which can never forget the metre and the rhyme may be very graceful, but it is not apt to be very deep. Elegant as it all is, Tennyson's elaborate wailings for Arthur Hallam can never stir the depths of sympathy as did the one heartfelt cry of that Hebrew poet who, before the great tragedy of his life, forgets his poetry, and cries in anguished and touching prose, "Oh, Absalom! my son, my son! would God I had died for thee!" The same sad sincerity of grief and earnestness of love glorify the little book that Carlyle has written about his friend; it is no painted and gilded monument like that of Tennyson, but is hewed with reverent hands out of the very granite of friendship.

Carlyle did not approve of biographies. "It is best and happiest," he says, "to return silently with one's small, sorely-foiled bit of work to the Supreme Silences, who alone can judge of him and it." Feeling thus, he would have left "John Sterling" in happy obscurity had it not been that

he was already before the public in the beautiful life of him written by Archdeacon Hare. Carlyle felt that Mr. Hare had unintentionally thrown only a half light on the picture of their friend. He was willing that Sterling should be forgotten, but not willing he should be misremembered, hence this inimitable biography of a noble and beautiful human soul. Can we not see Sterling as, "armed with his little outfit of heroisms and aspirations," he steps into line, ready to do what sovereignty and guidance he can in his day and generation? We plunge with him into the tumultuous vortex of Radicalism; with him we try "all manner of sublimely illuminated places." Later we see "the sun of English priesthood rising over the waste ruins and extinct volcanoes of his Radicalism, with promise of new blessedness and healing on its wings." Sterling as curate, "rushing like a host to victory; playing and pulsing like sunshine or soft lightning; busy at all hours to perform his part in abundant and superabundant measure"—surely there was never a more radiant picture. Alas for the Church, that Sterling soon saw this sun of the English priesthood going down in his sky, a delusion and disappointment. Happy for us could we have retained such an Ithuriel in our ranks, one who had "an eye to discern the divineness of heaven's splendors and lightnings; the insatiable wish to revel in their godlike radiance, and a heart, too, to front the scathing terrors of them, which is the first condition of conquering an abiding place there." He had what Carlyle considers a truly pious soul, one devoutly submissive to the will of the Supreme in all things, "the highest and sole-essential form which religion can assume in man, and without which all religious forms are a mockery and delusion."

Later still, we watch Sterling as a husband, a father, a son, and friend. We read his beautiful letters; we sit opposite him as he writes his favorite poetry whenever his constant and increasing illness allows him a painless hour. We hear him in argument, dashing into our midst like a troop of Cossacks, and scattering weak forces right and left. We could almost adore the transcendently hopeful creature as he looks over his unmanageable, dislocated, and devastated world, and yet sees it glistening in fairest sunshine. Nothing more tender was ever written than these beautiful words describing Sterling a short while before his

death: "Sterling's face still; the same that we had long known, but painted now as on the azure of eternity, serene, victorious, divinely sad; the dust and extraneous disfigurements imprinted on it by the world now washed away forever."

Not the least attractive feature of this book is the fact that it presents Carlyle himself in an altogether more lovable form than anything else that has ever been written about him. It is gratifying to see our gloomy iconoclast thoroughly enjoying an entirely human friendship. Their differences of opinion were many; but in their intercourse, with Sterling's revivifying influence to encourage him, I have no doubt that Carlyle blossomed out into more tenderness and hopefulness than he ever showed to any other creature. Even he could not help turning his sunny side toward this radiant young son of the morning. What the friendship was to Sterling himself is best told in his brief letter of farewell to Carlyle, written a few weeks before his death:

"MY DEAR CARLYLE: For the first time in many months it seems possible to send you a few words, merely, however, for Remembrance and Farewell. On higher subjects there is nothing to say. I tread the common road into the great darkness without any thought of fear and with very much of hope. Certainty, indeed, I have none. With regard to you and me I cannot begin to write; having nothing for it but to keep shut the lid of those secrets with all the iron weights that are in my power. Toward me it is still more true than toward England, that no man has been and done like you. Heaven bless you! If I can lend a hand when there, that shall not be wanting."

Of the second division of Carlyle's works, his criticisms, I have little or nothing new to say, criticising a critic being a work of supererogation for which I have neither the ability nor inclination. He brought to this department of his work what few critics have to bring,—a clear, penetrating glance into the beauty or deformity of every life and mind. He sees straight down into the heart, and if, in its darkest corners, unknown to ourselves or others, there is one unworthy motive lurking, he hunts it to its gloomy hiding-place and drags it cowering to the light. Of all his critiques that I have read, perhaps the two on Burns and Voltaire pleased me most. What can I say of the tender touch of that hand which sketched for us Robert Burns as no

other hand *could* have done? The sympathy which thrills through every word, even the words of censure; the ready genius which has transfigured that poor life-picture, spreading even athwart *its* dark clouds the bright arch of the rainbow—these are things that I have no power to describe. The criticism on Voltaire is essentially a masterpiece. Never before had this man had simple justice done him. His cohorts of admirers had written lives without number, many of which might better have been called the apotheosis of Voltaire; his defamers, looking at him always with the chancel-rail between them, have been more than ready to make a warning *auto-da-fé* of him and his writings, and to paint him almost as the arch-fiend himself. Not so Carlyle. He looks at Voltaire as a man, and as a brother-man he does him justice, a justice in whose fierce, white light we see Voltaire, a shrunken figure, indeed, but still not less than human. He shows that it was quite impossible such a thorough child of that age could be in any true sense a great or deep thinker, for what was the age itself but one of superficial polish, mockery, selfishness, and skepticism? He frankly reminds us, though, that we yet owe to Voltaire one debt of gratitude, for it was he who dealt the death-blow to superstition, which "now lies cowering in its lair; its last agonies may endure for centuries, perhaps, but it carries the iron in its soul and cannot vex the earth any more."

These, and all his other criticisms, show Carlyle to be a discriminating, sympathetic, and thoroughly just judge. A man with such a consuming spirit of earnestness is not apt to slur over any part of his work, or be satisfied with anything short of his very best efforts. Indeed, next to the varied and profound genius of this author, it is his great earnestness which most impresses the candid reader. I am aware, of course, that Mr. Henry James, in a recent "Atlantic Monthly," has informed the world that Carlyle was simply a great comedian, caring nothing for sincerity, truth, and work, except as convenient subjects to write and rant about. Mr. James complacently announces himself as one of Carlyle's intimate friends,—strange, by the way, how many intimate friends have come to light since the poor man's death,—as one who thoroughly understood and respected him. And *this* base caricature is the outcome of his devotion! It is a veritable Brutus-stab, it seems to me, for certainly, if Carlyle were *not* in

earnest, he was the most contemptible of men. A huge sham, spending a life-time in the effort to upset and explode all other shams, and conscious all the time of his own duplicity, is a monster not even deserving Mr. James's admiration. Carlyle *was* desperately in earnest; his sincerity and his gloom are alike unquestionably all-pervading in the remaining department of his work which we are now to consider. By this class of his writings he is usually judged, and it is this which has given him his individual and peculiar position in literature. I am convinced, though, that his most honorable and lasting laurels have been won on other fields, and rather regret that, after considering him as a critic and an historian, my work is still incomplete. There is yet another path in which we must follow him. About fifty years ago this modern Jeremiah first lifted up his voice in wailing for the sins of his people, a voice heart-piercing in its pathos, appalling in its hopelessness. It awoke dismal echoes in many a thoughtful heart: like an elegy of tears, it arrested, for the moment, at least, the astonished and indignant notice even of that large class of people who may aptly be termed the ephemera of life. Their place in the world is like that of the evanescent foam above the great, busy, restless heart of the ocean. To-day they toss and froth and sparkle perhaps, to-morrow they are not, and there is no added moan in the great waves of society to show where they have gone down. Like the surging of the billows beneath this foam was the influence of that mighty mind which now, at last, *knows* what "the doubtful prospects of this painted dust" may be. From the first, Carlyle felt himself the one real man looking with clear, sad eyes upon the real problems of life, which the rest of us phantoms, as he calls us, peep at through the holes in our masks, or touch but with phantom lances. A desolate isolation, indeed, to be the one philosopher in this mammoth masquerade. Ah! well; he had never *been* one of the ephemera. Perhaps if he had, he would have known that even among *them* there is a little more eager questioning of Fate, a little more bitter disappointment at its sphinx-like silence, than he ever imputed to them. It is something to be a giant among pigmies, certainly, but to be a Giant Despair is an appalling and mournful destiny. An intolerable gloom, a hopeless, overwhelming sadness of heart, enthralled this man, who was never king over himself. He had passed far beyond the

heights for which we common mortals sigh, the heights bathed forever in the fair sunlight of peace, freshened forever by the glad breezes of heaven. He was one of the few in this generation who have reached the very peaks of intellectual life, the bare peaks which invade the misty cloudland itself. The sunbeams seek humbler eminences; the rainbow itself spreads its bright arch beneath those lofty summits, which are cloud-capped, storm-swept, lightning-blasted. Upon such a towering peak stood Carlyle, looking down toward us pigmies patiently toiling far beneath him; looking down with withering contempt and pity upon us, because we knew no better than to be happy and glad in our sunlight and bow of promise. We look up to him; inevitably we *must* look up. His elevation is too great for us to dare to sympathize; but strange to say, pigmies though we are, we *do* dare to pity the giant who has climbed so far above us that he has even passed the heights of repose and hope. A Goliath, indeed, he may be, but never more a child of light, which is a happier though humbler title. These are the feelings with which one lays down "Past and Present" or "Latter-Day Pamphlets."

Carlyle has been aptly termed the iconoclast of the nineteenth century. It is interesting to watch him, hitting straight out from the shoulder every time, and ruthlessly knocking images right and left. It does seem that he is either hopelessly behind what we are pleased to call the spirit of our age, or else about a thousand years ahead of it. It is amusing to see how many of our pet theories are ground to atoms by his vigorous blows. When once he has found what he considers a truth, he rushes impetuously forward with it, never pausing to see whether the crowd be huzzaing at his back or not. Usually the crowd is doing exactly the reverse, but it does not disconcert him. It is certainly not advisable that I should do more than merely mention a few of his peculiar views, all of which one may readily find elaborately presented in the works I have named. Carlyle altogether disapproves of the non-interference theory of government, believes in the one-man power, and particularly admired the Czar of Russia as a consistent exponent of that idea. He objects to the freedom of the press, and declares the first step toward reforming Parliament should be to turn out the ubiquitous reporters. He was a staunch advocate of slavery, and I have an idea

that he never changed his opinions on that subject, Mr. Moncure Conway to the contrary notwithstanding. He abhors democracy; undaunted by the tramp of its million feet in all streets and thoroughfares and the roar of its bewildered, thousand-fold voice in all writings and speakings, he meets it with "Avaunt! Vex not my sight!" To the passionate, stormful outbreak of "Char-tism" he has the one reply: "It is the everlasting privilege of the foolish to be governed by the wise. The first inalienable rights of men is to be guided in the right path by those who know it better than they." He has no faith in the future of America, a country where "the votes of Jesus and of Judas have equal weight." The question of Carlyle's religious views as presented in his works would certainly be an interesting one if I had time for it. Suffice it to say simply, that, though Carlyle was a deeply religious man, unlike the man in "Pilgrim's Progress" he did *not* like religion in her silver slippers. Far from it. When religion walked abroad so attired, Carlyle was all too apt to sit in the seat of the scornful and hoot.

My ardent admiration for Carlyle is qualified

by exactly two objections. The first is one that I have seen urged before. He is not sufficiently practical. It is all very well for him to exhort us to absolute sincerity, ceaseless endeavor, etc., but his directions are all expressed in such very general terms that I do not see how they can be of any special help to the individual worker. There is one other defect that I cannot forbear mentioning. He saw the emptiness, squalor, and falsity of life, and moaned over it bitterly. He would have seemed to me a greater man had he been slightly more of an optimist. He might at least have comforted us with the assurance that eternity would set all things right, however distorted they may become in this life. But he lacked faith in his race, and had little hope for their future. He looked upon man with angry despair, and toward God with awe and dread. He would have been a happier and greater man could he have felt more constantly the full beauty of those dear words of Mrs. Browning:

"I smiled to think God's goodness flows around our incompleteness:
Round our restlessness, his rest."

UNATTAINED.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

ALONE we stand to solve the doubt,
Alone to work salvation out,
Casting our helpless hands about

For human help, for human cheer,
Or only for a human tear,
Forgetting God is always near.

The poet in his highest flight
Sees ranged beyond him, height o'er height,
Visions that mock his utmost might.

And music borne by echo back
Pines on a solitary track,
Till faint hearts sigh, alas! alack!

And beauty born of finest art
Slips from the limner's hand apart
And leaves him aching at the heart.

The fairest face has never brought
Its fairest look; the deepest thought
Is never into language wrought;

The quaint old litanies that fell

From ancient seers great hearts impel
To nobler deeds than poets tell.

We live, we breathe half unexpressed,
Our highest, noblest in the breast
Lie struggling in a wild unrest,

Awaiting fibres that shall leap,
And an exulting harvest reap
At death's emancipating sleep.

Our onward lights eternal shine:
Unconquered by unmanly pine,
We royal amaranths may twine.

The great God knocks upon the door,
Ready to run our chalice o'er
If but the heart will ask for more;

If, hungering with a latent sense,
We know not, ask not, how or whence,
But take our consecration thence.

The wine-press must alone be trod—
The burning plowshare pressed unshod—
There is no rock of help but God.

LOST ON LAKE DRUMMOND.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE DISMAL SWAMP.

BY FRANK H. TAYLOR.



UNCLE JOE.

"'SPEC' I 'scober de light ob day, gen'l'm."

These words were uttered in a sepulchral tone by an ebony apparition in scant garments, which suddenly appeared through a hole in the attic floor. The strange and startling effect of such a visitation in the early hours before dawn, carrying its own illuminating accessory in the shape of a tallow dip, which threw flickering, ghostly shadows on the wall, aroused us from troubled slumber, and startled us into a sitting posture, with a decided inclination to yawn and rub our eyes.

The little word "us," in this instance, stands for the writer and his three companions; and as to our quarters, where we had spent a portion of the night, they were by no means fashionable—luxurious coverlets, downy pillows, and all that; on the contrary, our bed-chamber was a garret of limited proportions, in which you could not stand upright without bumping your head against

rafters, and our bed consisted of two boards and divers old blankets.

Seeing that we continued to yawn, and still appeared very sleepy, the ebony-colored ghost, with the spluttering candle, which showed us the whites of his rolling eyes in weird relief against their dark background, repeated his remark:

"'Spec' I 'scober de light ob day, gen'l'm."

"Uncle Joe" was the landlord of the Civil Rights Hotel, located about midway between Norfolk and South Mills, North Carolina, upon the road leading, in company with a canal, through the great Dismal Swamp. The establishment was not of regal dimensions, and did not possess all the facilities which would be required to make it a favorite resort, but looked more like a barn struck by lightning than anything else; while its proprietor, the sable dispenser of bed and board referred to, under the name of "Uncle Joe," was

lavish in his attentions, and the term of "polite and hospitable host" would not be misapplied in qualities which fitted them for the several duties assigned.



THE CIVIL RIGHTS HOTEL.

his case. Of course, the corn pones and sweet potatoes set before us a little later lacked some of the adjuncts considered indispensable in first-class hotels, but we were in the heart of the Dismal Swamp, and could scarcely expect luxury.

"I doesn't need no clock, boss," said Uncle Joe; "I kin tell when I sees de light."

But for once his anxiety that we should not sleep too late was stronger than his visual sense. Perhaps it was a morning star or a phosphorescent swamp light; it certainly was not daylight, for we were well through with our breakfast before the fringe of woodland back of the house began to appear in silhouette against the eastern sky.

To explain how it came about that we were the guests of this colored landlord it will be necessary to look back a day or two.

At lunch with the ward-room officers of the U.S.S. Plymouth, moored at the Gosport Navy Yard, the writer, who shall be hereafter known as the Historian, suggested a visit to Lake Drummond, that mysterious body of water reposing in solitary state in the middle of the Dismal Swamp. The proposition was favorably received, and bore fruits in the fitting out of the ship's yawl-boat and the departure of the expedition upon the following day with sails, camping equipage, and well-stocked hampers, with a crew of sailors and marines.

The party of explorers comprised the Lieutenant, the Middy, the Baron, and the Historian. The command devolved upon the first of the quartette, while the remaining three developed

By dint of sailing, rowing, and towing along the canal, we had managed to reach the Civil Rights Hotel late at night. The ancient Boniface was peacefully engaged in smoking his pipe, and baking his bald pate before the chimney-place; and his "ole woman" dreamed in drowsy numbers of the hoe-downs and jigs of "de good ole days," when they were startled by our formidable naval expedition, seeking shelter from the somewhat frosty November air.

The Dismal Swamp is probably less understood than any other stretch of country upon the Atlantic seaboard. It is thought to be an untenable morass where none but refugee negroes of "Dred" type formerly existed, safe from the fangs of bloodhounds, and where venomous reptiles bask in the sun undisturbed, save by the fierce birds of



THE LANDLORD OF THE HOTEL.

the air; where the murky waters are burdened with the scum arising from ages of rank under-

growth and decay. This certainly is true as to a part of the section; but a very large proportion has been reclaimed, and while not productive to the extent found in the western soils, it still affords subsistence to a large but scattered population, both white and black. Saw-mills are numerous, and great quantities of railroad ties are shipped annually, as well as staves and shingles. The overhanging verdure scarcely gives back the kaleidoscopic tones, or richer madders, found in our northern woodlands in October. But this is fully compensated for by the wilder, denser nature of the trees and their parasites. All of the delicate shades of gray, brown, deep-green, umber, and Indian-yellow light up, when the morning or evening sun is aslant the scene, in all the mellow textures of which rainbows are made.

Legions of dead and blasted trunks rise everywhere. The mistletoe clings to their limbs; the wild grape enwraps them, and the eagle builds his nest in their topmost branches. They look, at a little distance, like fleets of oyster pungies in harbor after a storm.

The water, too, is bright with the stain of the juniper. Where it pours through the locks it has the color of lager beer. Some saponaceous quality throws it into great masses of froth, which bubble up to the tops of the lock-walls, creamy or chocolate-like. At one of the locks we were edified by the sight of an avalanche of *blanc-mange* enveloping our craft and its contents, until nothing was to be seen except the masts and part of a sailor, who stuck to the deck "whence all but him had fled."

Bordering the canal, which, by the way, the Government proposes some day to use as a link in a national coastwise ship-channel, is a good road, its most frequent traveler being the driver of the mail wagon. This faithful African, who takes the rickety mail wagon three times a week to Elizabeth City, North Carolina, and back to Norfolk, is an old man—yea, very old. He has a fringe of woolly whiskers from ear to ear under his chin, wears an indescribable something in the way of a hat, and has a pair of square-rimmed spectacles perched upon his nose. These last are of no earthly use to him, because he always looks over and never through them.

Through storm and sunshine for many years he has driven his almost equally ancient team to and fro. He is a great personage in the eyes of the negroes generally, for he visits the almost

unknown cities upon the northern edge of the swamp. He is respected in accordance with his fame as a traveler, and his position as custodian of the United States mail. His head is stored with a great fund of tradition and fact as to the history of the swamp lands, and a judicious series of questions propounded from time to time as you would throw sticks of wood upon a waning fire serves to keep him busy in the intervals of urging his team and dropping mail-bags at infrequent post-offices, with the delivery of long-drawn ram-



THE MAIL WAGON.

bling responses spoken over one shoulder and much as though he were talking to himself.

"Uncle, were you brought up in this region?"

"No, sah. I was raised 'way down that-a-way, in Pasquotank. Reckon it's mor'n thirty miles from heah."

"Married man, of course?"

"Yes, sah. I'se had a power o' chil'n. You see, I was married a secon' time, an' de lady on dat 'casior bein' a widder, she had seberal ob her own. But deys mos'ly all gone out ob dese parts sence dey growed up. 'Spec' deys los' de ole man's trail. I was mighty jubous wen dey was growin' up an' I seen 'em tryin' to comb de kinks out ob dere har. W'en de chil'n does dat, it am a sign deys shamed ob dere old brack daddy, who had kinks nuff in de har fore he los' it all."

"Did you ever see any run-away slaves in the swamp before the war?"

"Nevah seen 'em, no, sah. In dem times de niggahs nevah seen nothin'. Her'n tell ob 'em plenty times. Her'n tell my fader was in de brush. For a fact, I never seen him. Dey told me he war sold by his owner an' den run away. Dey was a powerful bad lot, de swampers. Wors'n bars; but I neber hab no trouble wid 'em. I hab ordahs to 'fend de mail wid my life, and dey know'd I'd do it, sho' 'nuff."

Breakfast over at the Civil Rights, our crew quickly completed preparations for the day's work. The masts were unstepped, all luggage closely stowed, and setting-poles cut. As we moved away, Uncle Joe stood upon the bank, and, hat in hand, poured a stream of good wishes after us, with assurances of plenty to eat should we escape the perils of the thicket and return to him. Half an hour later we were in the wildest part of the swamp, poling along through the narrow channel, while our own hunter, the Baron, kept his eye open for bears.

As we neared the lake we came upon the last evidence of habitation, the house of the lock-tender. And here we met the only true and genuine "Lady of the Lake," a colored specimen, who stood upon the banks and gazed after us with speechless wonder, for we were probably the first and only "white folks" who had passed her single-roomed cottage for years. Upon the sunny sides of the house numerous skins were stretched,



THE BARON.

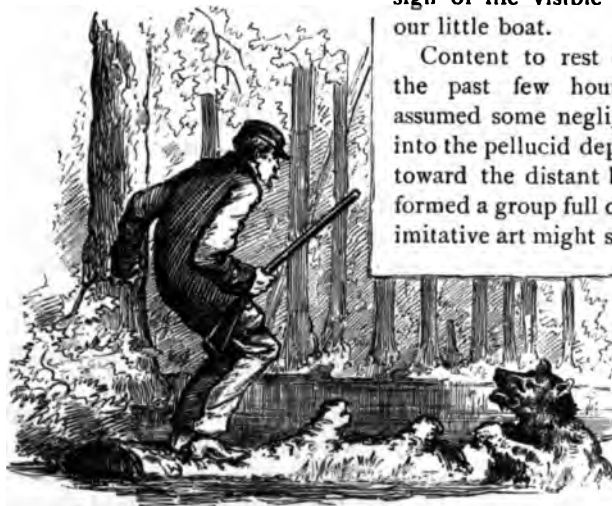
giving token of the skill of the young hunter whose wife and youngsters tended lock while he paddled the lonely waters in his dug-out.

The first impressions made upon the mind when our little craft moved out from the embowered tunnel and floated upon the mirrored surface of the open lake might be likened to those of the disembodied soul which timidly enters the unknown confines of hades. The most intense silence reigned—silence such as one but seldom finds below that great realm of cloudland known only to aeronautic explorers, broken anon by the faint murmur of the swaying branches, suggesting a passing

rush of angel wings. Then the long sweeping curves of the bordering forest, always emphasized by groups of dead and whitened cypresses upon little necks of land jutting out into the lake, whose spectre-like arms reach menacingly over the water. On through the ever-changing vistas beyond, with light and shadow playing amid the mossy drapings and murky, lifeless waters of the impenetrable swamp. High up above the lake an eagle moved in ever-narrowing circles, the only sign of life visible beyond the confines of our little boat.

Content to rest from the hard labor of the past few hours, each of our party assumed some negligent pose, some looking into the pellucid depths, and others dreamily toward the distant horizon, and, resting so, formed a group full of unstudied grace, which imitative art might seek almost vainly to portray.

And so, with half-bent sail, we drifted far outward till the great cypress fringe seemed a circle of rushes. Then we feasted from our somewhat depleted hamper. Rank was almost forgotten for



THE BARON AND HIS BEAR.



A "POLER" EXPEDITION.

the time, and, with that instinctive feeling which in the midst of solitudes makes all mankind akin, officers and men partook alike, the spell being broken finally by the voice of the commander calling on the sailors to row.

Fifty minutes of steady pulling by the oarsmen brought us back under the shadow of the trees, where we disturbed a small community of wild geese, which flew close along the surface of the water, leaving a ruffled track with their startled wings. According to our compass, we were one-quarter of the lake's circumference from our point of entry, and it was determined to continue our explorations to a point midway from the feeder and then return directly across.

A short distance further along we found a corduroy road of uncertain stability, which led back into the swamp from a floating platform of poplar logs chained to the stumps. This was built by the negro lumbermen for the purpose of hauling logs to the boats, which sometimes get up into the lake. At this point in our journey that portion of our party known as the Baron became excited. His Teutonic visage lighted up with a glow of expectancy. He was a little man, with a fierce moustache and goatee, which, under the influ-

ence of undue emotion, bristled all over, as if each hair desired to start in business for itself.

The Baron's highest ambition in life was to kill a bear, and here he would find his bear. His soul stirred within him at the thought. Alas! could we but see a fraction as far in prospect as in retrospect, how much of disaster might be avoided. All through, to the end of life, we travel, as it were, in a fog, and as we paddle down stream seldom know when we have drifted out of the channel until we strike a snag, or find ourselves high and dry upon a shoal.

The Baron grasped his Remington, and in a little while he was almost lost to view, as he jumped nimbly from log to log. The last we saw of him was the skirts of his coat, flopping up and down in the dim distance. Perhaps twenty minutes had passed when, clear and sharp, rang out the crack of his rifle, followed by a great splash and sounds of combat.

The Baron had found his bear. Or stay, perchance the bear had found his Baron.

The latter impression was greatly strengthened by a continuation of the noises in the swamp, in which our Nimrod's voice mingled constantly: "Ach, himmel! Vy dond you kom? Donner und blitzen,



THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

vat make you shtop, don't id? Ze beast vill haf me eat."

With one accord, over the logs, through the water and brush, our whole party rushed madly to the rescue, forgetful of falls and wettings, and rewarded at length by a sight too ludicrous for equanimity, even when a friend and fellow-voyager stood in imminent peril at the paws and teeth of an enraged and wounded bear.

The Baron stood in a half-stooping pose upon one end of a log, which rolled and pitched about, threatening to precipitate him into the water through the efforts of his brute adversary at the opposite end. Bruin sprang to the attack with renewed vigor upon our arrival, and his victim

beleaguered hero did not bethink himself of a providential Bowie-knife concealed in his boot, and, producing the same, succeed in holding that bear by an ear while he tapped its life-blood. Not so. Such scenes are the proper sequence of adventures in fiction. They are the exclusive prerogative of the writers of unverified facts. My duty compels me, as a faithful historian, and at the risk of marring the interest in this record, to state that the beast, becoming disgusted, perhaps, at the unwonted excitement about him, incontinently turned tail and trotted lamely up the corduroy roadway, stopping occasionally to vent a little ursine profanity toward our party.

The ensuing hour's debate may be properly



OLD HOUSE AT DEEP CREEK.

hopped about on that log like a French dancing-master, and wildly grasped at the air for support as his precarious foothold seemed every moment to slide from under. When bruin essayed a nearer approach to his enemy, the latter, using the butt of his rifle as a ram, would force him over into the water again. This performance was repeated several times, the besieged officer, meantime, keeping up a continual fusillade of entreaty and objugation, while we ran helplessly about, for, be it known, the Baron held our entire armament in his hands and had neglected to take the reserve ammunition from the boat, and was, furthermore, so placed upon the log that any aggressive measures upon our part must have driven the enraged brute to more active efforts to dislodge the enemy.

I wish a strict regard for facts might permit the record of a triumphant return to the boat with the dangling form of bruin carried upon a sapling by the sailors. A pity that, at the last moment, the

ignored. It was emphatic, especially on the part of our Teutonic sportsman, whose moustache and goatee bristled with unwonted fire for a long time after, and who handled the cartridges he had left in the boat with much the same air as the man who holds a lottery ticket just one remove from the number drawing the first prize.

Our masts were reset and sails trimmed to catch the faintest breeze, and so we skirted along the shores for hours. Swamp-oaks, junipers, and poplars braided their outstretched foliage together, forming a dense background for the whitened trunks of submerged and blasted cypress-trees. Dismal indeed was the scene, even in its brightest mood, on a sunny November day.

We had been favored thus far with a fair wind, and calculated that we were about half-way around the lake, or opposite our point of entrance. The breeze now died out, and we drifted along with the occasional use of the oars, hoping for a re-

newal of the favors from the wind sprites. It was evident enough, soon after, that we had incurred their anger in some way, for they persisted in giving us head-winds, with little, chopping seas, during the remainder of the afternoon. Our sailors and marines worked well at the long oars; but long before we could discover the little white rag left fluttering upon a cypress limb at the feeder, twilight came down, and night followed the twilight.

Many and often-repeated false alarms were given, as some one fancied he saw the signal-flag through the gloom, and several times we were involved in a labyrinth of half-sunken logs and cypress-trees, to our imminent peril. Then came debates as to the probability of our having passed the feeder mouth. And we doubled on our course, hoping to verify the vehement assertions of the Middy, that he had seen an opening in the trees. Alas! it was a delusion. The Baron had given up all hopes of meeting another bruin long before night set in, and had relapsed into a moody reverie. Some of the other members of the crew, when unemployed at the oars, tried hard to emulate his stoical nursing of his pipe, while, it may as well be confessed, vivid visions of a ghostly boat's crew, rowing around the lake in never-ending circles, obtruded themselves.

Perhaps some Moore, of coming lyric fame, might chance upon these lone shores, and embody our fate in immortal verse; but what good? we would not be there to read it. Of what practical use is posthumous fame? Better far a warm corner in even so humble a cot as that of our last night's occupation. The Civil Rights Hotel and its sable proprietor would have been hailed with joy at this moment. Possibly we might meet the lonely paddler called to mind when our commander recited:

"They made her a grave, too cold and damp
For a soul so warm and true.

And she's gone to the lake of the Dismal Swamp,
Where all night long, by her fire-fly lamp,
She paddles her white canoe."

"By Jupiter! I believe you've exorcised her. See there!" exclaimed the Middy, and, looking as indicated, we caught the distant gleam of a little light, sometimes dipping and disappearing entirely, then sparkling again, and finally throwing an uninterrupted streak of light across the intervening water.

"Ve vill try the effect of a salute on her ladyship," said the Baron, taking up his rifle.

Then the sharp crack of the weapon rang out and died away in rippling detonations upon the opposite shores.

The approaching light waved and tossed in reply, followed by an answering shot. An end to romance. We knew, then, that our visitor was, without doubt, the bear hunter from the lock. And so it proved. His family had told him of our visit in the morning, and he rightly guessed, when we failed to come by at night, that we were lost, and so started in his dug-out to put a light at the signal tree. Our lantern had been discovered almost as soon as his.

A night upon the floor, in the midst of an already closely-stowed circle of sleepers, seemed luxury indeed, after the escape from the chilly confines of the lake; and a dull, rainy day following was accepted as the brightest of morns as we poled along the current setting toward the canal. Somewhat later, in clearing weather, we were exhilarated by a race with the steamer from Elizabeth City to town.

The adventures of the "Dismal Swamp Exploring Expedition" will occupy a prominent place in the annals of the Plymouth's quarter-deck, and without doubt was told to the marines by their returning comrades with embellishments suited to the tastes of that highly credulous branch of the service.

MARY KNOWS.

SLY about it as a witch,
Mary does the strangest sewing;
Ruffle and embroid'ry stitch—
What it is is past man's knowing;
Mary knows, Mary knows.

Just the oddest bits of clothes
Made like doll things, quaint and funny;
O'er them how her bright face glows—

Does she work odd spells for money?
Mary knows, Mary knows.

Ah! she thought no one was near
When in scented drawer she laid them;
Why did dear wife drop a tear
As she stood and softly kissed them?
Mary knows, Mary knows.

G. B. G.

AN EXPERIENCE WITH MODERN GHOSTS.

By E. P. B.

PART I.

It is proposed in the following pages to set forth the experience of three amateurs who attempted for themselves to investigate and explore a few of the mysteries of that which has commonly been called "spiritualism." They were especially prompted so to do at the particular point of time selected, by the fact that just then a fresh wave of superstition seemed to be sweeping over the community, even the daily secular newspapers containing provokingly mysterious accounts of "mediums," "*séances*," "manifestations," and "materializations." A very natural desire not to be too far behind the age, even in a knowledge of other "spheres" than their own, led them to inquire into the meaning of the strange phrases which seemed so familiar to the ears of some. The party who set out with this end in view were by no means disciples of the faith they were about to question, but, on the other hand, were rather skeptical in their sentiments. Not so much so, however, that they felt unable to render an impartial verdict upon the evidence. One of the three investigators was an author, S—, whose name would be well known if mentioned. Another was a physician, whose skill in the diagnosis of disease led to the hope that he would detect any delusion or hallucination of which his friends might become the victims; a third was the writer, who proposes to tell "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." They wished to examine, on different evenings and in different places, two phases of professed spiritual manifestations; viz., "materialization of spirits," and "independent writing."

With this object in view, then, the trio ascended the steps of a moderately respectable mansion in a moderately respectable portion of the city at about eight o'clock on a winter evening. This house contained the apartments, temporarily hired, of the medium, or professor, whose card, with the exception of the proper names, was as follows:

HENRY S. JOHNSON,

Medium for Full-Form Materialization in the Light Select Séances.

No. 111 W— St.

Sunday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday Eve'gs. 8 o'clock.

The Wonderful Child Medium Magnolia will be present each evening.

We pulled the bell, the door opened, we entered a dimly-lighted hall, and a rather short, squarely-built, sharp-featured, low-browed, pock-marked man, perhaps thirty-five years of age, stood before us.

"Is Mr. Johnson in?" we asked.

"I am Mr. Johnson," said the door-tender.

Mr. Johnson did not impress us as a man who would be a very skillful manipulator in any attempt at tricks of legerdemain. He shot quick, nervous glances from his deeply-set blue eyes, and the expression of his countenance was that of one habitually suspicious, and on the defensive against prejudice, criticism, and ridicule. He had not the cool, collected, self-possessed manner which we supposed would characterize an adept in deception. That he was an illiterate man was soon made evident by his conversation.

We explained the object of our call, were courteously received, and ushered into the front parlor.

The room was modestly furnished, its walls were hung with pictures, the gas was lighted, a fire was burning in the grate, and there was a general air of homeliness and comfort which might prove attractive to the average spirit from some less favored sphere. We found it already comfortably filled with about eighteen people, all of them appearing respectable and intelligent, even more so, perhaps, than the medium himself. Among them were long-bearded, dreamy-eyed, solemn-visaged old men, who, we learned, had been wrestling for years with the mystery called spiritualism; of these, one was a very intelligent old gentleman, a member of the editorial staff of an important newspaper, and one who had entire confidence in the truth of that which others in the room believed to be a delusion. Of the latter class were several keen-eyed skeptics, one a wide-awake newspaper reporter, who, like ourselves, had come to witness developments. We noticed some well-dressed sad-looking ladies, whose countenances wore the anxious expression of those who possibly might be hoping to obtain some token of

remembrance from those whom they had loved and lost. There were other females less refined in their appearance, who, we learned, were regular *habitués* of the place, and who assisted the medium by spiritual songs, and such other devices as might be suggested to them. One, in particular, was a burly, masculine-looking, self-possessed female, who patronized medium, audience, and spirits alike, offering her advice to all indiscriminately with the greatest self-satisfaction and complacency. But the bright particular star of the evening was "the wonderful child-medium Magnolia," a pretty-faced, gentle, modest, guileless little girl, perhaps twelve years of age, who said her real name was "Jenny." The frank expression of countenance and her simplicity of manner at once disarmed all suspicion of any attempt on her part at deception or fraud, or of any collusion with such an attempt by others.

Connected with the front parlor with sliding-doors, which were open, was a second room, containing a bed, a clothes-closet, and the "cabinet." This cabinet, which seems to be an essential feature in all spiritual "materializations," was a four-walled tent of green cloth, perhaps five feet square and six feet high. It stood on a line with the folding-doors, with its front facing the spectators in the front parlor. Its door was made by the drapery, which could be drawn aside or closed at pleasure. It contained only a wooden stool, whose back was an upright post, in which were some stout iron rings.

"Now," said the medium, "any gentlemen who wish may examine the cabinet and all that is in the room. You see the solid iron rings, the strong post, the locked doors, and no way of entering, except from the parlor."

The doctor, S—, myself, and one or two other skeptics examined the cabinet and the contents of the rear room, to our own satisfaction, at least. There was visible to mortal eyes of ordinary powers of vision a double bed without an occupant, a clothes-closet without the customary contents, an ingrain carpet on the floor, without any perceptible place for a trap-door from beneath, a tent formed of green cloth, supported by a slender iron frame large enough to accommodate in a standing position perhaps half a dozen persons in the flesh and, we were afterward forced to assume, an immense number of those out of it.

We were obliged to confess that we could dis-

cover no intricate machinery, and no place in walls or ceiling of either room for magic-lantern slides. The fact that the rooms were only temporarily hired for the evening performances by the medium, while the rest of the house was still in possession of the usual occupants, seemed to militate against the idea that any elaborate contrivance for deception could remain long undetected.

The unbelieving ones having thus had their suspicions of "confederates in the rear," temporarily at least, set at rest, the legitimate exercises of the evening seemed about to commence. The medium just arranged the chairs in the form of a horse-shoe or a bent magnet, the two ends being at the sides of the cabinet next the sliding-doors, while the arc extended nearly to the front windows of the parlor. He then commenced singling out individuals and assigning them seats. It was the faithful and believing who were particularly favored, for they were placed near the cabinet, while far away in the crescent of the arc were bestowed the skeptics and unbelievers. One burly individual, doubtless by design, had already planted himself near the cabinet.

"Will you sit here?" said the medium, indicating a seat near the toe of the horse-shoe.

"Thank you; I am very well satisfied with my present seat," said the victim.

"Excuse me, but I am seating you by 'impression,'" said the medium, with an impressive inclination of the head.

The stout unbeliever succumbed.

"Now," said the medium, commencing a short speech, "we are all to be bound by the conditions of our contract. I promise, on my part, to give you a satisfactory *séance*; and if any gentleman is not satisfied after he 'has saw' the manifestations, his money will be returned to him."

It should be stated that our tickets of admission to the other world cost us a dollar each.

"The thing that I ask of you," continued the medium, "is that you shall 'harmonize'; you must 'harmonize'," said he, with emphasis.

How this harmony could be effected we could only conjecture; but we trusted that the inspiration of the occasion would be sufficient for the emergencies as they arose.

"Now," said the medium, unexpectedly producing from some portion of his dress a number of stout strips of muslin cloth, three inches wide and half a yard in length, "let some gentleman tie

the little girl. You may do it, as you are one of the skeptical ones," said he, offering the strips to the doctor.

The doctor modestly declined the ungrateful task.

"Or you," said he to the writer; "you are one also" (this assertion of the medium is offered as a proof that the writer is not a spiritualist in disguise), "and I wish a committee to be selected to see that the work is thoroughly done."

Under the direction of the medium, the hands of the child were tightly bound together behind her back. She was then placed in the cabinet, seated upon the stool, and firmly fastened by the strips to the rings in the upright post. Her neck, her hands, and her feet were thus securely and immovably fixed.

"Now," said the medium, "let all examine to see that the little girl is securely fastened; she is a good little girl, who likes to go to school, and has taken a prize for scholarship, which she is very proud of," said he, pointing to a small medal hanging from her neck.

The medium then produced two small dinner-bells, one of which he placed in the child's lap, and the other on her head, and dropped the curtain which closed the tent, shutting her from the view of the spectators.

"May I stand in the other room in the rear of the cabinet?" said the writer, who was still acting as a member of the skeptical committee.

"Certainly you may; we wish to give every opportunity for investigation," said the medium. "But wait; we must first see whether the power is present," he continued. "Now let us all sing; we generally use the melodeon, but our performer is not here this evening."

The lights in the room were still burning brightly. The stout lady commenced singing the words, "Nearer my God to Thee." Perhaps the third line had been reached, when there was a decided if not a violent ringing of bells in the cabinet, and the sound of one dropping on the floor. The curtain was thrown open, and there was the child medium, bound as immovably as at first.

It seemed quite evident that the "power" of some kind was present, and two or three skeptics, the writer included, proceeded to act as rear guard, to protect the tent from intrusion in that quarter.

A large brass ring, six inches in diameter, was then placed on the child's lap and the tent closed. The medium followed the skeptical guard to the rear, took their hands in his own, and joined with the chorus of songsters in front:

"Though like the wanderer
The sun gone——"

"Light," called the child-medium from the cabinet, and medium and skeptical guard, who had discovered no surreptitious invasion of the tent, darted to the front. The drapery was raised and Jenny was seen sitting demurely with the ring around her neck, which, a moment before, had been in her lap. It certainly had not been placed there by her own hands, for they were firmly bound.

"But see," said the medium, "those flowers," evidently himself somewhat surprised at what seemed to be an unexpected and unusual part of the programme. And, truly enough, from Jenny's pretty mouth were hanging by the stems two beautiful carnation pinks in full bloom.

"See," said the stout female, "a materialization of flowers."

What may have been meant by "materialization" may be somewhat obscure, but that the flowers were material was evident, for the writer selfishly secured one of most delightful fragrance, placed it in his button-hole, carried it home, and still preserves it as a souvenir of Jenny and her spiritual confederates.

"Oh! what beautiful flowers! Will not the spirits send one to me?" said one of the sad-looking ladies in the circle.

"Darkness be over me,
My rest a——"

Again, at a signal from Jenny, the curtain was raised, and between her lips two more flowers were seen, one a white, the other a red carnation pink. "One for this lady, and the other for that," said Jenny, indicating the direction by a glance of the eyes; and she was not satisfied until she saw the flowers in the possession of those who, something had impressed her, were the rightful owners.

"Will some one lend me a finger-ring?" said the medium. A heavy gold one was loaned by one of the spectators, and was placed in Jenny's mouth. The curtain dropped:

"So let the way appear,
Steps unto——"

"Light!" called Jenny, and light was afforded.

"Now examine and see what has become of the ring," said the medium to the skeptical committee advancing from the rear. One did so examine and discovered the ring on the forefinger of one of the little hands bound behind the back to the ring in the post.

"Now," said the medium, "some of our visitors say the child manages to throw the ring from her mouth and catch it on her finger. Now let us see if she can throw it back again into her mouth."

The curtain was dropped. "Light," called Jenny, almost before the light had been fairly excluded. The curtain seemed not to have been closed for more than a few seconds. The ring was shining again in the mouth of the child, which a minute before had been upon her finger.

A tall silk hat was placed on Jenny's lap, the tent closed and opened, and the hat was seen covering her head completely. The curtain was dropped, and in a few moments the hat had been carefully replaced in her lap, and with this manœuvre the part taken by the child-medium in the *séance* was at an end. She was not unbound, but cut loose from her fastenings, and the red marks and ridges around her slender wrists showed that they retained their original position. The careful watch of the skeptical committee in the rear could discover no movement in the tent curtains during the performance; neither did there seem to be any material or materialized trap-door, however necessary it might be to afford a satisfactory explanation of the "phenomena."

"Did you see the flowers, Jenny," asked a skeptic, "before you went into the tent?"

"Oh, no; they were put into my mouth."

"But what put them there?"

"A hand. Sometimes I see the whole arm up to here," said the girl, pointing half-way from her elbow to her shoulder.

"But how did you know what ladies to give the flowers to?"

"Oh, I knew."

"But don't you feel afraid in that dark tent?"

"Oh, no; not at all," said Jenny, with a smile at the thought.

In answer to another inquiry, she said that the medium was her brother.

This part of the *séance* having closed, the more serious work of the evening was about to commence.

"Now," said the medium, "if any person present should be called up to meet the 'materialization,' he will be introduced by one of the ladies," meaning, as we afterward learned, one of the females at the ends of the circle, who acted as assistants. "If the spirits should offer to shake hands, you are at liberty to take the hand so offered; but remember on no account to attempt to lay hold of or to interfere in any way with the manifestations."

The medium then placed a chair in the cabinet, turned down the gas, leaving only a small lamp burning near the front of the room, so shaded that only the outlines of the tent were dimly visible in the obscurity. He then most earnestly requested all in the audience to join in the singing, retired to his tent, now no longer guarded, and closed the folds which formed the door.

Again the concert, led by the stout female songstress, heartily seconded by Jenny, commenced.

"Come, spirits, come,
Come now with power."

If it is a land of song where spirits dwell, they would hardly have been induced to leave it by the melody furnished by the two end ladies. For a time the harmony seemed productive of no good result.

"Please all join in singing," said the stout lady.

"If you don't all sing, how can you expect them to come?" said little Jenny, a trifle pettishly, it must be confessed. Gradually, however, probably for the sake of obeying the order to "harmonize," some of the faithless ones, who probably never had made the attempt before, and it may be hoped never will again, added to the lack of harmony by sundry quavers of treble and base. At last, on the dark background of the tent there appeared to glide stealthily along a whitish triangle with its apex downward; above the base a circular dish. The triangle soon became evidently the shirt-front, and the dish the face of a figure, whose outlines became more or less visible to those nearer or more remote. The apparition did not walk, it glided, or slid, as if on parlor skates, first outward and then modestly backward toward the cabinet, much as a spoiled

child or an unsociable poodle might be expected to do when coaxed by visitors to approach. The flow of melody was checked as necks were stretched, and the whisper went from one to the other in the circle, "Do you see that?" All did see it, but those near the cabinet with much more distinctness than those more remote.

"Good-evening, Mr. Baxter; we are all glad to see you, Mr. Baxter," said the stout end lady. "Won't you please to come out a little further so that all can see you?" she continued, in her most winning tones, and the figure glided out perhaps five or six feet from the cabinet in the midst of the circle. "Ah! that is very fine, thank you, Mr. Baxter. Now, Mr. Baxter," said the stout lady, who seemed to recognize the apparition as an old acquaintance, "won't you be so kind as to tell me of something which occurred during your life by which I can identify you, so that I may be sure that it is you who are here?" Mr. Baxter responded in a voice which was inaudible to those at a little distance, but which it seems was not so to the questioner, for she said he mentioned visiting an ice-cream saloon with her in life, a circumstance which she remembered distinctly. The history of Mr. Baxter, as we afterward learned it, was this: He was a believer in spiritualism, and one of the regular attendants upon the *séances* of the medium. At last he was missed from his accustomed seat, and nothing was seen of him for several weeks, when unexpectedly he advanced one evening in front of the cabinet. At first, we were told, it was thought to be his bodily presence, but it soon became evident that it was the "materialized" and not the material form. His first visit was made, it was said, while his body was yet unburied, and since that time he has attended the *séances* with all the regularity which characterized him in the flesh.

The form, after sundry slides in various directions, like the figures in a Punch and Judy show, finally slipped out of view altogether. Music revived, when again another shirt-front appeared, above it a heavy gray beard, and above that the dim outlines of a face. The classic sheet in which ghosts of olden times were enshrouded seemed to have been laid aside, and the clothing, so far as it could be discerned on our present visitor, was substantial and befitting the inclement season. It was the ordinary dress of a respectable citizen, made with all a tailor's care, and

covered by a heavy black cloak trimmed with fur. All this the writer saw, upon closer inspection, with his own eyes, if, in fact, he was at the time possessed of his ordinary vision and presumed mental sanity. The two end ladies did not recognize the newcomer. He was evidently not an acquaintance of the regular visitors, but might be of some of the new ones. Perhaps this thought may have inspired the medium, for out of the tent, in an unnatural, hoarse, whispering voice, came the words, "Let the two squaws lead up the brave S——, and hold his hands."

"Yes, Chippewa," said the stout woman.

In explanation of the apparently impolite form of address to the ladies, it should be stated that the medium, Johnson, while within the tent, enters upon a trance condition, and is immediately taken possession of by a Chippewa chief, who, through him, directs all the movements within the circle, the medium himself being entirely passive, and after the *stance* is over knowing nothing of what has occurred while in the trance.

How the Chippewa, however, who in other respects seemed well acquainted with the English language, should have failed to learn the impropriety of addressing the respectable females of the circle as squaws, is not explained.

In obedience to the command of Chippewa Johnson, the brave S—— advanced, and with his hands firmly held by the two end squaws, was introduced to the stranger.

"Let the brave S—— bring his friend," said the medium.

The voice came from the tent while the apparition was standing and bowing the compliments of the season to S—— outside, so that the unknown form was not Medium Johnson himself in a re-organized shape, unless he had the faculty of leaving his voice behind him in the cabinet. It happened that S—— had two friends with him, the doctor and the writer, and it became a question which of the two was to be honored. The end lady was appealed to to decide.

"Will the spirit tell if it is this one?" she asked, pointing to the doctor.

A single rap from an obscure corner said, "No."

"Or this one?" indicating the writer.

Three raps responded, "Yes."

That individual advanced, and, in obedience to orders, took the hand of S——, whose other hand

was secured by one of the two end squaws. The three were then within two or three feet of the apparition, which at this distance could be seen with greater distinctness by the writer, though not by the doctor, who remained in his seat. The figure was that of an old man, with a rather florid complexion, gray hair, and a heavy white beard, with eyes, or rather the place where the eyes should be, appearing like two dark dishes, and with a general expression of countenance which was anything but agreeable. With one hand the figure seemed to draw around him what appeared to be a cloak, while he made to the writer a profound bow, the politeness of which contrasted so strongly with the villainous look of the spectre, that it seemed cynical and sarcastic. Certainly the nearest and most distinct view which could be obtained by the writer left upon his mind a disagreeable, if not a horrible, impression. He congratulated himself that the spirit, if such it was, was no acquaintance that he could recognize, and he doubted whether it was one of those happy, contented beings direct from the mansions of the blessed. A heaven made up of such materializations would seem to be one of questionable desirability.

"Let the other friend come up," said Chippewa Johnson from within the tabernacle. And the unbelieving doctor approached, when the unknown slipped away into obscurity and was seen no more.

"There are so many in here crowding to get out, that they interfere with each other," said the medium. One might imagine them to be the *inhumata turba* of Virgil, who caused so much annoyance to the Stygian ferryman as he approached the shore.

"Now, spirits, do be considerate; don't interfere. You know we are all considerate out here, and you should be the same," said the stout end lady in a patronizing but slightly reproving tone of voice, as if calming an incipient insurrection in a nursery of children.

"Your pappoose is here," said Chippewa Johnson to the stout end squaw.

"Oh, my darling boy! Can't you come out here, my dear boy?" But the child did not appear.

"Elisha Kent Kane," announced the medium, and a tall form was dimly seen in front of the cabinet, and S—, together with the spiritualistic

editor, already mentioned, was summoned to chaperon the guest. The editor shook hands with the form whose hand could be seen extending itself, even at the front of the room. S—, near at hand, stated that he saw the features, not dissimilar to the engraved likeness of the doctor.

The form resolved itself into the darkness, and a female figure appeared, which was also interviewed by the editor just mentioned.

After shaking hands, "Can you not tell me your name?" kindly inquired the editor.

There was a whispering trill in reply heard all over the room, but not with sufficient distinctness, even by the questioner, to be understood.

The figure of a child appeared for a moment and vanished.

Darkness now for a few moments brooded over the tabernacle undisturbed. The melody, of which "Home, sweet Home" was now the burden, was resumed, at this time without the aid of Jenny, who was soundly sleeping in her chair, when the most remarkable manifestations or hallucinations of the evening, as the case may be, occurred. A cloud of white phosphorescent vapor-like substance floated in front of the darkened tent, lighting up it and its surroundings. The cloud quickly formed itself into the shape of the classic sheeted ghost of ancient times, if we can accept the theatrical delineation of such spectres as authority; it remained an instant and resolved itself again into the white vapor, which faded away into the dusky shadows of the room. Then sparks, or walls of flame, which, we were told, were "spirit-lights," slowly floated upward, apparently coming through the floor.

Next appeared the form of a bishop, clothed in white gown and black stole. The figure was marvelously distinct, and, like the last spectre, seemed to fill the room with light emanating from itself. It raised its hands as if pronouncing the benediction, moved backward slowly, not into the cabinet, but apparently through it, and disappeared. The end lady seemed to regard it as an old acquaintance, mentioning the name of a famous American bishop of the Episcopal Church,—a name which shall not be profaned by repetition in such a connection as the present.

"The manifestations are becoming weaker, and the *séance* must now be closed," said the medium in his Chippewa tone of voice.

The stout woman turned on the gas and drew

back the folds of the tent. The medium was sitting in his chair, apparently asleep. He languidly moved his hands, rubbed his eyes, and seemed to arouse from his trance.

"You have been entirely unconscious and don't know what has taken place since you have been in the cabinet?" kindly questioned the end lady, so that the audience might learn the fact.

"I was so entirely," said the medium.

One of the spectators of the evening was a reporter of a prominent newspaper, who had just published an account of the "materializations" of the Eddy brothers. He considered their manifestations much more marvelous than those we had just witnessed, and he was incautious enough to express his sentiments. The stout woman rebuked him in a tone of voice in striking contrast with the gentle, winning style of address with which she had just been coaxing bashful spirits to "come a little further out." She declared that the skepticism of the reporter had made the evening performance more unsatisfactory than it otherwise would have been, and she charged him with having "gobbled up" much of the "influence." When most of the company had retired, the medium took a solid iron ring, perhaps five inches in diameter, in his left hand, while with his right he laid hold of the hand of a skeptic. This he held firmly, and drew it into the cabinet with himself, leaving the doubter outside, with the exception of the forearm, which was concealed with the medium by the curtain of the tent. The skeptic, still holding the hand of his coadjutor in his own, in a few moments felt the iron ring slipping over the clasped hands and encircling his own arm. This spirit trick was accomplished with three individuals in succession. A cruel distrust suggested the thought that a series of rings might be concealed under the coat-sleeve of the juggler, instead of expanding so as to pass over his whole body, which otherwise would seem necessary. But a strict examination of the coat-sleeve showed that its diameter at the wrist was not so great by one-third as that of the ring. Neither did the ring contain any concealed clasp which was discernible by material eyesight.

PART II.

With convictions somewhat unsettled, if not with minds unbalanced by the mysteries of their late entertainment, the three investigators, on a

following evening, were found in the parlors of another medium, who possessed a special faculty for the production and exhibition of "independent writing," another phase of the alleged spiritual manifestations. The medium was a slim, modest-looking young man, apparently not yet thirty years of age, evidently more intelligent and cultivated, and with a more pleasing expression of countenance, than the professor of materialization whom we had lately encountered. He had jet-black hair, small features, large liquid black eyes, and cheeks with red hectic-looking spots in the centre which, taken in connection with his narrow chest and stooping form, were suggestive of pulmonary disease. From our intercourse with him during the evening, we were led to believe that he was making no attempt to deceive us; that, on the contrary, he was outspoken, frank, and truthful, and that if there was any deception practiced he was a victim of it as well as ourselves. The room into which we were introduced was an ordinarily furnished back parlor, with a centre-table upon which were pieces of blank paper and slates; of these, two were small ones, similar in shape and size, the other a pair of folding-slates opening with a hinge.

We gathered around the table. The medium appeared to select the doctor for the first convert. Handing him a long slip of paper, "Now," said he, "write upon it in order the names of a dozen persons. Let one be the name of some one deceased with whom you would like to communicate. Let the others be the names of living or of fictitious persons." The doctor did so, and, in accordance with directions, he tore the slip of paper in a dozen pieces, each piece containing a name. These he crumpled up into little pellets, so that no writing was distinguishable, and deposited the paper balls upon a slate.

The medium now requested S——, who of course knew nothing of what the doctor had written, to take up the pellets singly and drop them one by one upon the table. As S—— dropped the first one, directly beneath the table on the floor came a single rap or knock, "No." A second was dropped; a single rap, "No." A third, "No," and so on, until one was reached in response to which came three raps, meaning, "Yes."

The pellet remained untouched and unopened. The medium, after an interval of apparent ab-

straction, during which he appeared to be listening to something, and his handsome black eyes appeared to be gazing into vacancy, took a pencil and upon a piece of paper he wrote a name, that of a lady, "Mrs. H. L. Manners."

"Is that the name?" said he, handing it to the doctor.

The doctor's face flushed as he read it, for it was the name of a deceased patient. Exactly the same experiment was tried with the writer later in the evening, and the name of one of the living persons mentioned was given in the same way by the medium, instead of the deceased. The doctor now requested to know where his patient died.

"The spirit will tell," said the medium. "Write the names of as many places as you choose, and let one be the name of the place, and crumple them all up as before."

This was done, and the raps indicated the correct name, "M—— City." The pellets were so commingled that no one could tell which contained the correct signature, until the apparent intelligence beneath the table gave the indication which the bit of paper, when unfolded, verified.

In discussing the merits of the case among ourselves, the doctor was questioned as to the cause of death of his patient. This was rather a puzzling question to the doctor himself, for the death was somewhat sudden and the symptoms obscure.

"Perhaps the spirit will inform us," said the medium.

"Will you do so?" said he, addressing the carpet.

Three raps promptly responded, "Yes."

"Will you write upon the slate?"

Three raps.

The medium then took the folding-slate, such as can be found on the desks of almost every school-house in the land, cleaned it carefully inside and out with a moistened cloth, and allowing us all to see that there could be no writing within, and moreover nothing with which writing could be made, not even the point of a pencil, he closed it, and gave it into the hands of the doctor. The doctor held one end of the closed slate, the medium the other, with a firm grip, the slate touching the edge of the table, but not lying upon it. S—— and the writer were interested spectators.

The doctor's face wore a serious and puzzled look as he said, "I hear writing and I feel the vibration within the slate;" and in fact the sound of a slate-pencil at work, which no one who has ever been a school-boy will ever mistake or forget, was distinctly heard by every one in the party, apparently proceeding from within the closed slate. In a short time the scratching sound was heard no longer; the doctor opened the slate, and within he found one side covered with writing made by a slate-pencil, which itself was not to be found inside.

The communication was written in a clear, bold, running hand. It was to the effect that the writer was troubled by the number of spirits who were present, and who were all "clamoring" for an opportunity to manifest themselves. The statement was also made that the cause of death was an affection of the head, and the technical term was given, "concussion of the brain." The doctor, however, with that professional perversity which will never allow a patient the right of private judgment on any question of therapeutics or pathology, boldly declared that the "diagnosis" was incorrect, the symptoms not being characteristic of the disease mentioned. Whether the patient, like some in the flesh, became irritated at a doubt thus thrown upon her diagnostic skill, may not be certain, but about this time a rattling noise was heard upon the wall, and a commotion of some kind at the same moment under the table.

"Look! look!" said the medium, pointing in the direction of a picture hanging upon the wall, from whence the sounds appeared to come. We looked as hastily as possible, and the picture, an engraving of the "Signers of the Declaration of Independence," was viciously throwing itself backward and forward against the wall with such violence that there seemed some danger that the glass enclosed in the frame might be broken. The medium asked us if we did not see the form of a hand moving the picture, and stated that it was perfectly distinct to his own vision. After our "materializing" experience of the preceding evening, we were not inclined to charge him with a falsehood, although we did not ourselves witness this feature of the phenomenon. The medium also said that he saw a hand upon the left shoulder of S——, and asked him if he had felt a touch. S—— had not, but he noticed that a drawer of the table which was directly in front of him had

been driven out during the excitement, as far as was possible without coming in contact with his rather portly abdomen.

Symptoms of uneasiness now began to manifest themselves in a hat of one of the party, which was now lying upon a table in the rear of the room, and we were advised to keep a bright lookout for developments in that quarter, as we were told that such articles were sometimes transferred bodily, without visible agency, from other parts of the room to the centre-table. No such performance was witnessed by ourselves.

Different messages came, but one predominant intelligence, the alleged spirit of the doctor's patient, seemed to drive the less demonstrative or weaker ones away. The medium stated that such was often the case. It seemed that selfishness might be a characteristic of spirits as well as of mortals, and that the rules of politeness were sometimes forgotten in the struggle for precedence, in the invisible as well as the material world.

Two initial letters, "J. N.," were written by the medium at the professed dictation of a spirit. No one of the party recognized them as belonging to an acquaintance. Again they came, this time "J. V. N.," and the same a third time without recognition, although the medium stated that the spirit was desiring to communicate with some one present.

On our way home, in reviewing the events of the evening, it suddenly occurred to the doctor that the initials were those of an uncle long since deceased, with whom in life he was intimate, and at whose house he had spent many months. A peculiar form given in life by his uncle to the letter "N" he thought he recognized in the initials furnished by the medium.

The writer, in accordance with the direction of the medium, had written the names of some deceased acquaintances, none of them, however, those in whom he felt the interest of relationship. As the pellets containing the names were dropped in due form upon the table, the single rap indicated either that the spirits named were not present, or had no inclination to communicate. A blank paper, by the advice of the medium, was also placed between two slates, which were carefully held together. No communication from spirit, good or evil, could be found upon it after the most patient waiting. The evening was far spent, the raps were becoming less energetic in response

to questions, and it seemed to the writer that the *séance* would close with nothing new added to his own personal experience of the mystery under investigation.

Those whose spirits he had invoked were not those with whom he would have sought an interview if he had felt a confidence in the genuineness and authenticity of the professed revelations. He now wrote upon a slip of paper the name of one with whom he would gladly communicate if he were certain such a communication were legitimate and possible. He folded the paper so that no one but himself could know the contents, and asked if the spirit were present. Three raps came in immediate response.

"Will the spirit please indicate its presence by three raps here?" said the medium, indicating a point on the surface of the table.

The raps came upon the precise spot indicated.

"Will the spirit write upon the slate?"

Three raps.

The two smaller slates were placed side by side, to "magnetize" them, the medium said, while a circle of touching hands was made by those present. Then, in accordance with directions, the writer placed together the two slates, which were thoroughly cleansed of any suspicion of a mark. No pencil was placed between them for the convenience of any being, visible or invisible. The writer now held with a firm grasp the two slates, and became aware that writing was going on within. The sound ceased. He opened the slates, and there, in a delicate hand, he read on one these words: "We cannot communicate more to-night. Good-night all." It seemed evident that some unknown intelligence had left its imprint within the covers of the slate, but the writer could not believe that the communication came from the spirit of the person named upon the slip of paper. If so, the character of that person seemed to him to have strangely altered, and the first address after years of separation seemed lacking in the quality of affectionate remembrance which would naturally have characterized it, but on the contrary seemed to be heartless and unsatisfactory.

The writer had once received a professed communication from the spirit he now sought to interview, brought to him by a messenger from a "circle" at which he was not present. He had made no response. He now asked:

"Did you ever communicate with me before?"

Three raps.

"Through whom?"

The writer had in his mind the messenger who brought him the communication.

"Through 'Mansfield.'"

The medium wrote at the supposed dictation of the spirit, saying that it was the name of the medium through whom it came. No such medium was known to the writer, and so he stated. A second reply was made that the message was sent through a young lady.

A lady was probably the presiding priestess at the "circle" mentioned, and it is possible that her name, which the writer does not know, may have been Mansfield.

The medium now said that the spirits had left for the evening, and that the *séance* was at a close. The writer was not satisfied as to the authenticity of his communications. He felt as Æneas felt when the "Infelix Dido" spurned his kind advances on the plains of Hades. Notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, and the possible impoliteness of detaining spirits who had expressed a desire to retire for the night, he ventured to request the spirit who had communicated with him to give him one further proof of its identity.

"Will not the spirit, before it goes, write its name upon the slate?" he asked.

"The spirit hears the request that has been asked," said the medium. "Will it grant the request?"

Three raps.

Again, as before, the slates were held. The sound of writing was heard within, the slates were opened, and, instead of the name which the writer was expecting to see, were found these words, "I am your wife," and the name written upon the slip of paper was that of a wife eight years deceased.

The raps ceased, and a half hour was spent in an interesting conversation with the frank, intelligent medium.

"Can you tell what is the intelligence that communicated with us?"

"I do not know. Some think it is some unknown force in nature."

This explanation may be a lucid one to those who are more capable than ourselves of comprehending its meaning.

"Do you yourself think they are spirits who send the communications?"

"I do."

"Have these spirits ever given any definite idea of the land they inhabit—any real information concerning the other world?"

"Accounts have been given of different spheres. Andrew Jackson Davis has quite a description. But different accounts come through different spirits, and the communications are not reliable. Some of them say that the world they inhabit is our own world, and in fact that they hardly know the difference between their present condition and that when in the flesh—they hardly know they are dead."

"Has any good ever resulted from the supposed communications?"

The medium looked at the question from a pecuniary standpoint.

"If much could be gained by it, we mediums would not all be quite so poor as we are at present. I myself lost two thousand dollars in an investment from following the advice given by a spirit. Such advice is entirely unreliable, so far as money is concerned. A gentleman once placed a bank-note of large amount between the slates on this table, and offered to give it to me if a single word was found written on the slate when opened, and not a word would come then, though they would come fast enough at any other time. The spirits can't be bought. But I think my life was once saved by a communication from a spirit which prevented my sailing in a steamship which was lost, the Pacific."

"Why would the spirit not stay longer to-night?"

"I can't tell. They come and go as they please. I have no control over them. In fact, when I am perfectly indifferent and care little about the manifestations, they are often the most satisfactory."

"How, then, can you always produce the spirits on the arrival of any new visitor?"

"The spirits come with them, those they are expecting to meet. Our *séance* to-night was not so satisfactory, because so many visitors were present. It is better when only one is present. The new visitors bring new energy, and the spirits stay until the force is expended."

We could hardly see the force of this explanation, supposing the spirits to be independent beings with energy of their own.

"How do these manifestations affect yourself?"

"I feel weaker after the *séance* is over."

"Do the spirits ever trouble you when you do not wish to be disturbed?"

"Years ago, when I commenced giving *séances*, they did so; now I have become quite indifferent to them."

"How did you first learn that you possessed the unusual powers of a medium?"

"I used to hear the rappings even when I was a child."

We were not so heartless as to believe that the medium was an impostor deliberately attempting to deceive us. We felt rather that he was as much mystified as ourselves, and rather deceived than a deceiver. We did not discover any indications even of an attempt specially to "impress" us with a sense of his remarkable powers. He seemed to take our acceptance of the fact of his possessing peculiar faculties as something established beyond question.

We have thus attempted to give a statement of actual occurrences, as plain and undistorted as if we were testifying in a court-room, with the prospect in view of an immediate and rigid cross-examination. To those who deny the strict veracity of the tale just told, we have no reply to make. To those who say that the whole party were the victims during both evenings, of hallucinations and delusions, or of that mysterious mesmeric or psychological influence which made them all believe that they saw that which did not occur, we can only reply, that, if so, we were utterly unconscious of such an influence, and, if so, then we can never feel sure hereafter, on any occasion of interest or importance, that we are not similarly controlled, and we might well fear, even in the affairs of daily life, that some unseen magician may be leading us at his will by his noxious power. If the testimony of thousands is to be rejected on this ground, then human testimony in general is more unreliable than has been supposed, the belief in miraculous interventions at any former time must be discarded, and the whole system of accepting evidence in courts of law should be revised.

If an explanation is asked for the occurrences we have described, the answer may be given that, having the facts, every reader is at liberty to

judge, theorize, or guess for himself. The conclusions which will be drawn will vary according to the prejudices of the judges.

Notwithstanding the remarkable phenomena witnessed, and the apparent presence of some unseen intelligence other than ourselves, especially in the mysterious writing within the closed slates, the writer still doubts that the alleged communications were authentic. The fact still remains that although for now nearly half a century a correspondence has been daily kept up with an innumerable throng of professed spirits in some other world, yet we are just as ignorant of that world as ever, not a single new or reliable fact concerning it having been obtained. On the contrary, the most inane of empty drivings have been promulgated to eager, expectant, and intelligent audiences, which might well excite the suspicion that the spirit-land is really some grand and charitable lunatic asylum for the universe of which we are a part.

If the school-boy of ten years' growth, returning from his daily task, when interviewed by his mother, could give no more satisfactory description of his school-room, teachers, and playmates, than the alleged spirits have given of their home, surroundings, and occupations, the boy would doubtless be re-interviewed by his irate mamma in a style approved by Solomon, in which the manifestations would probably be decidedly vivid, material, and striking. The thought is a most revolting one, that those who have once been in this world happy, contented beings, in pleasant homes, should now be skulking in and out from dusky cabinets at the bidding of Chippewa Indians and vulgar females, to gratify for a few moments the curiosity of a gaping crowd. Spirits, if so they are to be called, who can take pleasure in such interviews, would seem rather to belong to that unhappy throng who would gladly return to the world from whence they came, but who, perhaps, by way of retribution, are allowed to catch only occasional glimpses of that which they once misimproved and lost, and who now, like the waves of the sea, are stayed by the supreme command, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further."

A STRANGE RETRIBUTION.

BY C. H. AMBERS.

CHAPTER I.—“PEACEFUL DAYS.”

MY name is Thomas Rivers. Captain Rivers I am called now. It used to be Tom Rivers, in the old times when I was a lad going every day with a green baize bag full of books to Rathminster School. Rathminster, a small town in the south of Ireland, containing about two thousand inhabitants, was, as I first knew it—and it has not changed much for the better since—a quiet and rather sleepy place, with little stir or life about it, save twice in the year, when the judges entered it to hold the spring and summer assizes; for though so insignificant in itself, it had contrived somehow to retain its position as the county-town; and contained on one side of its rather large and empty-looking square the county jail, and on the other the court-house. There were no signs of progress or improvement of any kind about Rathminster, but the reverse. In wealth and industry it seemed to have retrograded, to judge from a closed factory or mill standing in one of the little streets that led into the square, and an unkept-up sort of appearance about the principal houses. The town had, moreover,—speaking from an ecclesiastical point of view,—seen better days, for Rathminster had enjoyed the honor and benefit of having a bishop resident in its neighborhood, before the suppression of some dozen Irish bishoprics in the early part of this century; and the ivy-covered wall of the ruined palace and the stately trees of the domain, now let for grazing, while they added to the picturesque appearance of the town, seemed somehow in keeping with its drowsy and unprosperous character. Another indication of what had in bygone days been a paramount influence in Rathminster still survived, in the sign which hung over the door of an hotel, certainly too large for the present requirements of the place, where a faded golden mitre was portrayed on a rusty chocolate-colored ground. At some little distance from the town stood the church, or cathedral I suppose it should be called, once a fine building, but of which now only the chancel was standing; large enough, however, for the congregation it had to accommodate, and surrounded by some fine old oak and elm trees.

And yet, though there was rather a deserted air about the town, and blades of grass might be seen springing up here and there on the steps of some large house, and though there was a tinge of green over the square, and it was but too plain that Rathminster had seen its best days, still, with the wooded hills and rich meadows by which it was surrounded, the old trees of the domain, the ruined palace, the ancient church, and the pretty little river that wound through the valley on the sloping side of which the town stood, Rathminster presented a very pleasing and picturesque appearance. Of one good thing time had not deprived Rathminster; namely, its excellent school, a school sufficiently well endowed always to secure the services of a competent head-master; and at which the sons of the gentry, the trades-people, and the farmers in the neighborhood, together with some twenty or thirty boarders, received a thoroughly good education. It was partly on account of the school that I had come to Rathminster. My father, who had been in the merchant service, had been drowned at sea. My mother had survived him but a few years, leaving me at ten years old an orphan, alone in the world, without brother or sister, or any near relation except an aunt, my mother's sister. This aunt, Mrs. Pearson, was a widow, living in Rathminster, where she owned one or two of the houses; and where, by keeping a book and stationer's shop, she was able to add something to the small income she derived from her rents. To her, therefore, I went upon my mother's death, having no other home; and Rathminster School offering to me, as a day-boy, an education such as elsewhere, and with the means my parents had left me, would have been quite out of my reach. Mrs. Pearson having no son of her own, and only one daughter, Annie, about a year younger than myself, made a son of me, and was as kind and loving as any mother could have been.

About a mile out along one of the roads leading from Rathminster, or about half that distance if you took the path leading through the churchyard, there was a pretty little farm-house, with some trees about it. In front there was a garden,

with flower-beds and walks bordered with box, and a few shrubs and fruit-trees at each side. A broad and neatly cut hedge of thorn and beech mixed separated the garden from the road. And through some silver firs at one side of the house, which hid the farm-buildings behind, and along that side of the garden, there ran a little brook, which the high-road crossed by means of a rather picturesque ivy-covered bridge, just opposite the house. The house itself was a rather small two-storied house, with a rustic porch and bay-window, and three small windows in the story above. It would have been a plain-looking house but for porch and trellis-work, and the creepers with which its front was ornamented. As it was, covered with climbing-plants, with its well-kept garden, neatly-cut hedge, the grove of firs, and the little brook, "The Cottage," as it was called, presented a very pleasing and comfortable appearance.

The owner of this house was Farmer Stockdale, a hard-working, careful man, who was supposed to have saved a considerable sum of money, and had indeed the reputation of being somewhat of a miser. Avarice, however, was not the old man's ruling passion. Even to the end of his life, the love of money, which is usually supposed to increase with years, yielded at once before the nobler, though often injudiciously operating love of his only child. No wish the boy expressed but was gratified if possible by his indulgent old father, and no expense thought excessive if only it was supposed to minister to his son's pleasure or advantage. Poor old man! it was well he could not see into the future, and that he did not live long enough to have any doubts as to the prosperity and happiness in store for his dearly-loved son.

Robert Stockdale was, like myself, a day-boy at Rathminster School, and it was there I first saw him. He was about two years my senior; a tall, active lad, generally reckoned handsome, but with a hard expression, or rather, as I should call it, want of expression, in his insularly dark eyes. Somehow, I took a dislike to the boy from the first, and so never became intimate with him during the five years we were schoolfellows. Of young Stockdale in his school-days I have no occasion to speak; and I turn to a pleasanter subject, for they were pleasant days these old school-boy days, bright and hopeful, and saturated with the freshness of life's spring-time.

And of all the sweet memories they bring to me, that of my lovely cousin Annie Pearson is the sweetest. A dear, bright, kind girl she was. I have no portrait of her; but I need none; better to me than any portrait is my own recollection of that graceful figure and sweet and winning face. She was a delicate little creature, fairy-like in her figure and her movements. I don't think I was a romantic boy, and yet I remember that, as I watched the pretty child come stepping down some rocky path, or tripping with light little steps along some plank or fallen tree, I used to fancy that the ground scarcely felt her weight; that the little feet that touched it so gently, perhaps need not touch it at all; and that I should not be greatly surprised to see her some time step daintily out upon the air itself. There was something, too, it seemed to me, I don't say fairy-like or elf-like, but yet very strange and fascinating in the girl's lovely face, where a glad and happy expression seemed to light up, as it were from within, a countenance that was of a grave and rather sad cast. The features themselves were regular and beautifully formed; the mouth perhaps a little too large for perfection; the complexion was fair and pale; the hair a light-brown, but shed with ruddy gold. The eyes, however, were, I think, the most remarkable feature of her face; it was their expression that first struck you when you saw her; and it was the recollection of them that haunted you when you looked at her no longer. They were dark-gray eyes, very large and soft, and with a look in them as if they could see the wondrous things of some unseen world around.

Annie Pearson was, as I have said, an only child; and when I came to live with Mrs. Pearson we became fast friends, and loved each other as brother and sister, only with an affection perhaps the sweeter because it did not come of natural relationship, but was the voluntary offering of each of our hearts. To Fairy—that was my cousin's pet name—I was a devoted slave before our acquaintance had ripened into many hours.

The country around Rathminster was very picturesque—hilly, almost mountainous, and well wooded. Half an hour's walk would take one to the foot of some steep hill-side covered with natural oak, birch, and hazel; and through these rocky woods, in the bright warm weather, Fairy and I used to wander, looking for birds' nests or gathering hazel-nuts or bilberries as the case might

be, always pleased and happy in each other's company. In the long summer days when the school was closed for vacation, we used to make still longer excursions, taking our dinner with us. Then we would often make our way through these woods, and out on to the open moorland beyond and wander through the long tufted heather, till at length, tired with our walk, we would find some cozy spot where we might sit down almost hidden by the heath and bracken and eat our dinner. And there we used to sit, with the warm sun and clear heaven above us, and rest ourselves, and talk and listen to the eerie call of the curlew, the cry of some disturbed lapwing, or the mysterious bleating of some snipe describing its strange circles far out of sight in the clear blue overhead. Oh those glorious, dream-like, enchanted summer days, when the golden light of Paradise itself seems about you, and the soft whispering air is ever on the point of revealing some sweet and wondrous secret, that nature at such a time longs to disclose—would that but one of them might come back to me again! and Fairy sit once more by my side, if only that I might tell her that those long-past days are not forgotten, and that somehow I have the hope that we shall meet one day where the light will be yet brighter, and the secret nature cannot tell shall be revealed.

And here I shall mention an incident of the days when Fairy and I were children together, not because I attach any importance to what occurred, for I do not. I would not have it thought for a moment that in my mind it had any relation to subsequent events; my conviction is that it had no such relation whatever, and I should consider it quite childish and absurd to think otherwise. I mention the circumstance merely because it seems to me to throw some light upon the fanciful or imaginative side of Fairy's character, because it is one of those incidents that in a peculiar way cling to my recollection of the child, and because a casual allusion to it led to an important discovery many years after. We had been playing together on an autumn afternoon in one of those rocky woods not far from the town; we were at the margin of the wood, where there was a steep moss-covered rock, at the foot of which was a little well of clear, cold water, which came trickling out from a hollow in the rock. It was, I believe, a "holy well." Its romantic situation was pretty sure to gain for it such a character.

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Some way up the rock was growing a little mountain ash or rowan-tree, its tiny branches bending with their load of scarlet berries. Fairy chose to have some of these berries, and so I climbed a good way up to gather them. When I reached the ground again, she said to me:

"Tom, if you had fallen down there you would have been killed."

"Perhaps I might," I replied.

"And it would have been for my sake, you know," she added. "I am sorry I asked for the berries. Now, Tom," she continued, "what if we were to pledge ourselves always to be near and help one another in any trouble or danger? I'd like it so much! Should you?"

"Oh, nonsense, Fairy!" I answered. "I shall be far away at sea, you know, and you will be here at home. How could we do it?"

"We might do it," she said, "in our prayers. Anyway, I should so like to make the promise; and this is just the place for it."

There was no refusing her, of course. I shall not describe the curious ceremony that, under her direction, we performed, though I well remember it; but I have often wondered at it, as well as at the strange satisfaction she seemed to feel when it was completed.

It requires an effort to turn my mind away from those happy days; but I must proceed. Vivid as the memory of them may be to me, and full of an interest such as I do not care to describe, they have little place, I feel, in the narrative of facts which it is my purpose to relate.

My school-days came to an end when I was about fifteen. The company in whose employment my father had lost his life offered me a berth in one of their ships. I had always looked forward to the sea as my profession, and was aware that such an offer would in all probability be made to me by a firm of owners who never forget the families of those who had served them well. I therefore left Rathminster school; my home, as I had come to consider Mrs. Pearson's house, and hardest of all to part from, my cousin Annie, and went to sea.

CHAPTER II.—THE LOVER'S LEAP.

It was five years before I returned to Rathminster. In the meantime I had done pretty well. I had passed the examinations for which my length of service had qualified me. I now held a first

mate's certificate, had earned a good character with my employer; and few of my standing, it was thought, had a better chance of promotion. Some changes had of course taken place at Rathminster during my absence. Of my old school-fellows, many had left; among others, Robert Stockdale, who was now at the university. Farmer Stockdale had thought that his son's education would be incomplete if he were to learn nothing more than was taught at schools; and that it would be a benefit to the young man to associate with gentlemen. So he had entered him at Trinity College, in Dublin. As my visit was in the spring of the year, and before the long vacation had commenced, Robert Stockdale was still from home. Upon my Aunt Pearson those five years had produced, I thought, but little change. Perhaps the lines upon her placid face had deepened slightly, and there was a little more silver in her hair. And the place, the old house, the quiet square, the school, the old church, all looked just as I had left them.

In two respects, indeed, there had been a great change. I myself was changed. Five years at that time of life effect perhaps greater alterations than at any other period. I had left Rathminster a boy, and I returned to it a man—a man, too, who had seen a good deal of the world in those few years, and who had in that time received a training above all others calculated to develop such manly qualities as decision of character, self-reliance, and self-command. Fairy, too, was changed. Those five years had made a woman of her. I find it hard to say in what the change consisted; and yet I distinctly remember that on my first seeing her again, a feeling of mingled surprise and admiration almost took from me the power of speaking. She had been pretty as a child. She was now absolutely lovely. And yet, though changed, she was the same. There was still in those large dark-gray eyes the wistful look, still in that figure—taller, though light as ever—the graceful ease that had earned for her her pet name. And there was still in her fair pale face that same contrast between the two opposite expressions of happiness and sadness which marked it when she was a child. She was still fairy-like and fragile, so that one could not help feeling as one looked at her that she was intended by nature to be much beloved and carefully tended; and that should it ever be her lot to meet with harsh-

ness or neglect, she would not have to endure their blighting influence for long.

We were at once upon our old footing, Fairy and I. We had, of course, much to hear and to tell. I had my life at sea to describe; for though I had written from time to time, my letters had been very short, not having, as I supposed, much to tell beyond the fact that I was in good health. But when I came to talk with Fairy, almost forgotten incidents and adventures were brought to my recollection by her inquiries. There were a thousand things she wished to know, a thousand places which I must describe. Fairy, too, had many things to tell me of her mother and herself and of their neighbors. And I soon perceived that though her life was almost as quiet and retired as ever, yet her beauty had earned for her—as indeed it could not help doing—an amount of notice and admiration that would have turned the head of any one less simple-minded than herself. I could see, moreover, that Fairy had many admirers—though none of them, I was glad to think, seemed to be specially favored—and in the list was, as I imagined, young Stockdale, who, Mrs. Pearson told me, was much improved.

"It is very pleasant, Tom," said Fairy, "to find people so civil; but you can't think how delightful it is to me to have you at home again. You know, except mother, you are my only real friend. And with your busy life, so much to do and see, you could never imagine how I have missed my old playfellow."

I had been at home but a few weeks, as it seemed to me, when I received an intimation that I had been appointed to the Niobe, and must join her at once. The time had passed with me as in some delightful dream, from which my employer's letter brought a sudden and most unwelcome awakening. I need hardly say that I was in love with Fairy, and that it only needed the thought of separation to open my eyes to the fact. I had been for some time trying my best to forget that such a thing was impending, desirous only to drift on as I was doing, and keeping no "lookout." Now I was brought up "with a round turn." There was but one day more with Fairy, and what was to be done? It seemed to me that, with my future so uncertain, I could not there and then propose to her. It would not be fair, I thought, to inflict on the girl an engagement of such dreary length as I then thought it must be, neither could

I bring myself to speak on the matter to Mrs. Pearson. One thing, however, I thought I might do—I might reveal the nature of my feelings to Fairy, and, without seeking any pledge or promise on her part, tell her that as soon as I was justified in doing so I should ask her to be my wife. Then, with my happiness trusted to her keeping, I should go to do my best to attain such a position in my profession as would justify me in making a formal proposal. It was with this purpose in view that next morning I asked Fairy to walk with me to the Lover's Leap—a romantic spot, where, in by-past times, some nameless hero had won a fair damsel's admiration and her hand by leaping across a deep chasm in the hill-side through which a mountain burn flowed; promising success—tradition had it—to any enamored youth who should follow his example.

It was along the course of this burn that Fairy and I strolled that summer morning. For some distance, at first, where the little river made its way through the meadows, the banks were low, and the motion of the water sluggish; but as we followed its course upward through the oak and hazel woods, the current of the bright, clear water became more rapid and broken. The banks grew high and rocky, and clothed with ferns and heather. Here we descended to the bed of the stream itself, now shrunk to its summer bulk, and made our way among its smooth stones and water-worn rocks, past many a deep, clear pool, and up many a steep, rocky incline, where the winter torrents had for untold ages been graving and polishing the gray sparkling limestone; the sides of the rivulet becoming, as we advanced, more precipitous, and fringed at the top with the mingling branches and roots of trees, and hanging festoons of the small-leaved ivy.

And so we rambled on, that lovely morning, not talking much, for Fairy was unusually silent, and I could scarce think of anything but what I was going to say when we should arrive at our destination. After an hour's walk, we reached the spot. Some short distance before the precipitous nature of the banks had forced us to leave the bed of the stream, and we had followed its course through the hazel coppice above; and now we came out on the little open space from which the lover was supposed to have leaped across. It was a spot we had often visited as children, to watch the trout swimming in the clear pool below, or

the little water-ousel, unconscious of our presence, carrying the produce of his diving operations to his safe but rather damp home behind the water-fall. We sat down in the old place upon the heath-covered bank, with the noise of the falling water in our ears. And now the time was come to speak.

"Fairy," I said, "this is like the old times."

"Oh, yes, Tom," she replied.

"And yet it's different," I continued. "I used to be able to say just what I liked to you; and I find that so hard to do now. And you remember how you used to order me about as you pleased, and how you would reward me for doing as I was bid. Things have changed a good deal with us, have they not?"

"That's because we have both grown older, I suppose," she answered.

"In one or two ways, Fairy," I continued, "I should like to have the old days back, or one of them. Shall I tell you why?"

"Oh, I know why, Tom. It's just the way we all have of wishing for what we can't get. There, do you see that little flower?"—pointing to a solitary primrose which was growing upon a ledge of rock some twelve feet or so down on the opposite cliff—"that's no better than any other primrose, I suppose; but for the last five minutes I have been wishing to have it, just because it's quite out of reach."

"You shall have it, Fairy," I said, starting to my feet; "but remember, I must have my reward."

"It's impossible to clamber to that place, it's overhanging. Oh, don't attempt it, Tom," she cried.

Fairy was right about the climbing; but I saw that I could leap across from where I stood. It was an easier feat than that which the traditionary lover had performed, as there was so much of a fall. There was, besides, a strong ivy stem which I could grasp, and steady myself with when I alighted; then a drop of ten feet would place me on a ledge below by which I could descend. I felt—I knew that I should succeed.

"I am not going to climb, Fairy," I said; "but I am determined that you shall have your wish, and then, perhaps, I may obtain mine." I had stepped back from the edge as I spoke; a moment more and I was safely on the other side. The thing looked difficult, but really was not so. I got the flower, descended, crossed the stream, climbed up the other side, and rejoined Fairy.

"And now," said I, "what about the reward?"

"What is it to be?" she asked, as I held the flower toward her.

I was about to say that all I asked was that she should let me tell her that I loved her, and would always do so, and one day, if I lived, would ask her to be my bride; but just as I began to speak I heard the branches of the hazel being pushed aside, and the next moment a young man stood before us. It was Stockdale. He had returned home unexpectedly the night before. On walking over to Mrs. Pearson's, he heard that we had gone to the Lover's Leap; and being anxious, he said, to see me, had followed us.

My disappointment at this untimely arrival may be imagined, and for a few moments I found it difficult to speak civilly to the intruder. There was nothing for it now, however, but to wait for another opportunity, which I hoped might occur in the course of the day. I carefully placed the primrose in my pocket-book, and we turned our faces homeward. Stockdale returned with us, and, much to my annoyance, did not take his leave till quite late in the evening. And no opportunity of speaking to my darling occurred.

I was to leave very early next morning; and that night, after considering the matter, I concluded that my best course would be to write to Fairy. I could make her understand perhaps better in that way that I merely declared my own love and asked no pledge from her. She would have time to reflect, too, before making any reply. If she cares to have my love, I thought, she will be happy to know she has it. If she does not, she will be free to reject it. So, having made up my mind to write from Liverpool, I went to bed to sleep, for the last time, as it turned out, under Mrs. Pearson's kindly roof.

In the morning, when I came down to my early breakfast, I found Stockdale with the ladies in the parlor; he had come, he said, as he had seen so little of me, just to say good-bye. I disliked the fellow thoroughly, and what had happened the day before had not disposed me to regard him more favorably. His manner and his eyes were, it struck me, shifty; and as he stood at the door with the others, proffering his hand with effusive cordiality, I could hardly bring myself to take it in mine.

"Confound the fellow!" I said to myself, as I

drove off; "he seems determined to get in my way. It will be the worse for him if he does."

A day or two after my arrival in Liverpool I wrote a letter to Fairy, describing my new vessel, and indicating our destination. With this, which I knew would be read by Mrs. Pearson, I enclosed a smaller note, carefully sealed, and marked "Private." In it I told Fairy all that I had intended to say to her that morning at the Lover's Leap, adding, that I should not allude again to the subject until I should be able to ask her to be my wife, and that from her I asked, for the present, nothing beyond, perhaps, some slight token that she was not displeased at my confession. I had just sealed this private note, when I remembered the primrose. I had said nothing about it, and it was now too late to insert it there; so feeling certain that Fairy would understand its reference to the inclosed letter, I placed it in the outer one, adding a postscript, that I had inclosed the primrose which I had carried away. Then fastening the letter with wax, upon which my initials, T. R., stood clearly out,—there were no adhesive envelopes in those days,—I posted it with my own hands.

After a few days, the reply came—a letter altogether on general matters, but containing a piece of folded paper, on opening which I found a lock of Fairy's golden hair. My happiness was complete. True, she had not referred to the subject of my private note; but then I had not asked her to do so. She had, however, in sending me the lock of hair, given me the token I desired. What one better or dearer to me could she have sent? "It was like her dear self," I said a thousand times, "to think of it." It was not necessary now that one word more should be spoken. If she cared for me—as I felt sure she did—she would wait. If not—

Three years passed by, during which I wrote to and received letters from the Pearsons occasionally. It is not easy when one is at sea for months at a time to keep up anything of a regular correspondence, and our letters could give but a meagre account of what was passing in our lives. Feeling this, I suppose, we wrote but seldom. The interrupted and fragmentary nature of our correspondence will be easily understood when I say that the *Niobe* sailed from Liverpool round Cape Horn to Valparaiso and other ports in the Pacific, and was

often absent from Liverpool six or eight months, during which I rarely received a letter, my address being uncertain; and so receiving but few letters, and those written at long intervals, I knew but little of what was occurring at Rathminster. I did not of course at the time suspect *how* imperfect was my information, and merely mention this now by way of explanation.

I had been for upwards of two years first mate, in which capacity I was acting on board the *Miranda*, one of our owners' finest ships, when fortune seemed to put within my reach the prize for which I was so anxious. An opportunity was given me at the same time of saving the firm from a serious loss of money, to speak of nothing else, and establishing my own reputation. We were outward-bound, and off the east coast of South America, somewhere about thirty degrees twenty minutes south latitude, and twenty-nine degrees west longitude, when we encountered a heavy gale from the northeast, so severe that we had to put the ship before it, and run under close-reefed main and foretopsails. During the night the gale increased, and by morning a very heavy sea was running. The glass was low and falling, and there was no sign of the weather moderating. The ship was now straining very much, and the waves threatened to momentarily overwhelm her. At length the maintopsail was with some difficulty got in, and we ran under the foretopsail alone. I was standing on the quarter-deck beside the captain, when the carpenter came up to report the depth of water in the hold.

"Rivers," exclaimed the captain, "if this lasts two hours longer, we shall founder."

"Would it not be better," I said, "to lay to?"

"Far better," he replied; "but it would be madness to attempt to round her to, with this sea running."

I answered that I thought it might be done with care, and that it was our only chance of saving the ship and our lives.

The captain did not answer me, for a cry was raised, "Look out astern!" and we turned round in time to see rapidly overtaking us an enormous mass of dark water, which, as we sank down into the trough of the sea, seemed to hang right over us, its side becoming more and more nearly perpendicular every moment. It broke; then there was a stunning blow, a singing noise in my ears,

and a rush of water which seemed as if it would never end, and the force of which nearly tore me from the rail I had laid hold of. As soon as it was possible to see what had happened, I perceived that the two men who had been at the wheel were gone; they had been swept forward, and, singular to say, were, as it turned out, but little hurt. The captain was lying motionless near the poop-rail. Another roller was approaching, and the ship in imminent danger of broaching to. I rushed, of course, to the wheel, and steadied her while that sea and the next one passed us—fortunately, without breaking. Meanwhile, the captain, who had received a severe blow upon the head, and was insensible, was carried below. I was now in command, and determined, if possible, to get the *Miranda's* head to the wind. Accordingly, I had the storm forestaysail bent, and set the maintopsail close-reefed. Then taking the helm, I watched anxiously for my opportunity when the approaching seas should seem more moderate in height. At length a chance seemed to offer; and I gently gave her a spoke or two of helm to round her to, bracing up the yards as we flew up into the wind. We succeeded; but it was touch and go with us, for, as she rounded to, I heard some one sing out, "Hold on there for your lives!" And a moment after a heavy sea struck her on the broadside, shaking her fore and aft as if we had struck on a rock, knocking away the bulwarks in the waist, and sweeping one man, our boats, and spare spars away to leeward. As she came up to the wind, I set the forestaysail, furling the foretopsail, and setting a mizzen-trysail. The gale lasted for about twenty-four hours, during which the *Miranda* lay to; and after that we were able to put her on her course again.

The captain, who was not seriously hurt, acted very kindly by me in the matter, mentioning me most favorably, as I afterward learned, in the account which he sent to our owners. The effect of what I had done, and of my captain's representations, was this, that upon the morning after the *Miranda* arrived in Liverpool I was sent for by the head of the firm, who, after thanking me in very flattering terms, informed me that one of their captains had been taken ill, and that they had decided to offer me his post; and also that the *Petrel*—the ship I was to command—must sail in three days.

I was, as may be supposed, delighted at my good fortune. I was very young to be placed in so responsible a position. I had been put over the head of many of my seniors, and in the ordinary course of things could not have hoped to be in command of a ship for several years to come. Now, however, I was in a position to marry. The time had come when I might ask Fairy to be my wife. I had intended on this occasion to visit Rathminster, and now my good fortune, while it made me the more anxious, put it quite out of my power to do so! I had but three days, and enough to do in them to keep me busy every moment. Well, it was only a delay now of another four or five months at most; and, provoking as that might be, I had every reason to be thankful for what had occurred; and though I could not go and see Fairy, I could write to her.

The Miranda had reached Liverpool a fortnight earlier than I expected when I last wrote to the Pearsons, and so I found no letter awaiting me on my return. My own had been very brief, merely mentioning the time at which I hoped to see them.

On the night before the Petrel sailed I wrote a letter to Fairy, telling her of my promotion and how it came about. Then I reminded her of our old friendship, and of the years that I had loved her as only I, who knew her so well, could love her. I told her that it was with the thought of her in my heart that I had striven to rise in my profession; and that I now asked her if she could give me that for the sake of which alone I valued my success. I concluded by begging her, if she found herself able to give me a decided answer, to write to the address which I enclosed, and said that, at any rate, in a very few months I should, I hoped, see her, and urge my suit in person. It was a long letter, and I remember that I sat up half the night over it and some other letters which I had to write. The next morning I posted them with my own hand, reading the address of each as I put it in, and seeing that each was properly sealed, with my initials, T. R., distinctly marked in the centre of the red wax. A few hours afterward I was on board the Petrel, the ebb-tide and an easterly breeze taking us rapidly out of the Mersey.

CHAPTER III.—LINKS IN THE CHAIN.

IT was about five months before I returned to Liverpool. In the meanwhile, I had had no reply from Fairy. Though somewhat disappointed at

this, and anxious, I comforted myself by the thought that had she decided against me,—she certainly would not have left me in suspense; and I argued, that if not refused at once, I should be accepted in the end. On arriving in Liverpool, however, I found a batch of letters awaiting me, several being from the Pearsons; and of these I took the one that had the latest postmark, and opened it. It was from Fairy. How I read that letter to the end, I cannot tell. The words danced and swam before my eyes. I seemed as if in a dream. I read the same sentence over and over again, and could not gather its meaning. The one thing I knew as I laid it down was, that she was engaged to be married to Robert Stockdale, and had written to tell me, and to ask me to be present at her wedding. Now, I am not going to attempt to describe what I felt. I could not do it, and would not if I could. And it must be remembered that the story I am telling is about others rather than myself. It is necessary, however, for me to say what I learned from the letters I received from Fairy and Mrs. Pearson. It was this: That, in the first place, they had received no letter from me for many months, so that my last letter must have miscarried. Again, that though neither Fairy nor Mrs. Pearson had mentioned it, Robert Stockdale had for a considerable time been paying attentions to my cousin; that about five months ago he had proposed to her, and had been accepted, and ever since had been most anxious to have the ceremony performed; and would have carried his point but for a severe and protracted illness from which Mrs. Pearson had but just recovered. Not hearing from me for so long, they had written to the firm to ask where I was, and had been informed that I was expected shortly in Liverpool; and so the letter which I had opened first had been written.

I wrote as soon as I was able—that very evening, I think—to Mrs. Pearson, and told her the truth; but I could not go to see Fairy married to Stockdale, and I had no reason but the true one to give. And I left it to my aunt to tell her as much or as little as she thought fit. And then, with a prayer that my darling Fairy might meet with as true and faithful a love as mine would have been, I bid her and my aunt farewell.

Now, there is one thing which I must say here; and it is, that I do not and never did blame Fairy. I am glad to have it now to say that never—not

even in my darkest moments—did I think evil of her, or let the shadow of a doubt disfigure Fairy's image in my heart. I felt certain that, whatever the explanation of her conduct might be, she had not intended to deceive me with false hopes. Over and over again the idea would suggest itself that my first letter must have miscarried. The last had done so. But then how account for that lock of hair sent in answer to it? And I would take out the locket, to assure myself again and again that it was indeed Fairy's hair. The explanation was simple enough, when time afterward revealed it; but many a weary, wakeful night did I spend trying to discover it. An explanation I knew there must be, for Fairy could not be to blame.

Nor—let it be remembered as I tell what I shall have to tell of Stockdale—is Fairy to be censured for accepting such a man as her husband. The peculiarity of my cousin's disposition must be borne in mind. Her sweet, pure heart never dreamed of evil; and her imagination, like a magic wand, made all she loved beautiful and good. She carried with her into womanhood that happy power, which she possessed as a child, of making kings and heroes out of the poorest materials. She was indeed mistaken; and alas! met with one whom her love was incapable of elevating.

The weeks and months passed by after my disappointment as they did before it. I heard occasionally from my aunt. At first, too, I received letters from Fairy. After a while, she ceased to write, and only sent me verbal messages through Mrs. Pearson; and so the time wore on.

It was about two years after the marriage, that an event occurred which led to my revisiting Rathminster. I had returned with the Petrel to Liverpool, and had taken up my quarters as usual in the Neptune, a quiet little hotel in a quiet little court off Dale street. You might walk up and down that busy street all your life, and never discover the court, to say nothing of the hotel. It was an old-fashioned inn, furnished and conducted in the old way, where you were always recognized, greeted as a friend, and your tastes and ways remembered. There was no fuss or overcrowding inside the place; no rattle of carriages or tramp of passengers or cry of newsboys before its doors. I feel inclined to describe at

length the place which was for many years my home, if such a wanderer as I can be said to have had a home—the room always considered mine—which was bedroom and sitting-room in one—with its low ceiling, its massive mahogany furniture, its pair of comfortable old-fashioned arm-chairs, one on each side of the broad fire-place, its table covered with books, for I was fond of reading, and the quaint old oak cabinet full of drawers, in which these books and other articles used to remain stowed away during my absence. But I must hurry on. It was on the evening of the second or third day after my return that, as I entered the hotel, the waiter handed me a letter.

"It came, sir," he said, "a day or two before you arrived, and was put aside; and so we forgot to give it to you."

I was somewhat angry at this neglect, and more so when I read the contents of the letter; and I gave strict orders that for the future my letters should be placed in a certain drawer in the oak cabinet I have spoken of.

The letter in question was from Fairy. It was to tell me that her mother was seriously ill, and to beg of me to come to Rathminster at once. I could not refuse, nor did I wish to do so. I knew by this time that I should have to carry with me through life the sorrow that had come upon me, and that I should have to endure it. But I had no other relations in the world; and I was longing to see Fairy again—my little sister—as I had now taught myself to think of her. Mrs. Pearson, too, had been as a mother to me; she was in danger, and not a moment should be lost in going to see her; so, early the next morning I set out for Rathminster.

I arrived at my aunt's house not an hour too soon. She was still alive, but sinking rapidly. I was taken at once to her room by Stockdale, who told me that she seemed very anxious to see me, and had asked several times that morning whether I had come. Fairy was in the sick-room, and met me at the door. For a few moments the pleasure she felt at seeing me was reflected in her face; she seemed almost unchanged since I had seen her last. But as the momentary brightness passed away I could not help noticing that she was pale, and that there was resting on her countenance a look, not so much of temporary grief, I thought, as of settled melancholy.

Mrs. Pearson opened her eyes as I came to the bedside, and I perceived that she knew me perfectly. After looking at me for a few moments, she seemed anxious to speak, and made one or two unsuccessful efforts to do so. At last—Stockdale and his wife were standing beside me at the time—she made another attempt, and in a very low voice said, "Tom, watch over my girl." I forget what answer I gave at the moment; but she did not seem satisfied, and we heard her say, "Kneel down, and promise." Fairy was weeping bitterly, and did not speak. I was about to say something, when Stockdale exclaimed hastily, "Oh, Mrs. Pearson, Rivers has found that such a promise is needless. I'll take good care of her, you know." But she only said again, "Promise!" and I knelt down and did as she wished. She seemed satisfied, and closed her eyes. That word "Promise!" was the last she ever spoke. She was buried in the old church-yard of which I have spoken, just outside the town.

Whatever aversion I had to Stockdale, I had never noticed up to this any sign of dislike on his part toward me, but rather the reverse. Now, however, though we had not met for many years, and I had certainly done nothing to displease him, I could not help perceiving that his manner toward me was cold and distant, and that he seemed anxious to avoid me as much as possible. And when, a few hours after my arrival he was taking poor Fairy for the last time from the house that had been her home, he said to me: "Well, Rivers, I am sorry that under the circumstances I cannot ask you to the cottage; but you surely won't go away without saying good-bye to us?"

Hearing this, I made up my mind to leave Rathminster as soon after the funeral as I could, unless indeed Fairy should wish me to remain; for I was beginning to fear that she had made an unhappy marriage, and that Stockdale was unkind to her. I was quite unable, it is true, to imagine how I could be of any use to her, were such the case. Still, she had written for me to come; and then there was the promise which Mrs. Pearson had required me to make. What could be the meaning of it? Fairy certainly seemed the reverse of happy; but had that been all, her mother's illness and death were enough to account for it. But I thought there was, over and above all this, something unusual in my cousin's manner—a kind of

timidity and restraint, as if she were *afraid* of her husband. Well, I should make an effort, I thought, to find out the truth. I should have a talk with Fairy before I left. My promise to her mother, it seemed to me, required at least so much as this. And then, while I was turning the matter over in my mind, one thing suddenly struck me as singular; I mean the expression used by Stockdale, "Rivers has found that it is needless to make such a promise." I remembered the words perfectly, and now wondered that their strangeness had not occurred to me before. If he had merely said that such a promise on my part would be useless or unnecessary, that would have been natural enough—but "Rivers has found." Now, why should he have said that? If he had ever heard of that childish agreement which Fairy and I had made, that might explain it; but how could that be? Fairy certainly would not have told him of it; probably she had forgotten the circumstance. I do not think that even as children we had ever spoken of our promise after the evening we made it by the Holy Well. It was a passing fancy of my little cousin's—a childish whim which, even had she remembered it, she would never have thought of relating. Yet that expression of Stockdale's was very strange: "Rivers has found." The more I thought of it, the more unaccountable it seemed. How could he have known that I ever had made any promise of the kind?

All at once it flashed across my mind that in the letter in which I had asked Fairy to be my wife, and which she had never received, I had spoken of that old compact that there was between us, and said that I trusted she would give me the right to be indeed her protector—or something to that effect. How that letter had miscarried, I had never heard, nor indeed inquired. Now the suspicion forced itself upon me Stockdale had seen that letter. The words he had spoken had fallen from him in an unguarded moment, and I felt sure that he had unconsciously betrayed himself. Then, too, I remembered that, by my aunt's account, the time of Stockdale's proposal and his sudden anxiety to hasten the marriage just tallied with the time at which my letter should have been received. Yes; I understood it now. He had intercepted my letter; he had read it; he had kept it from my cousin, and had urged his own suit with eagerness. And he had succeeded. He had done me a wrong greater, it seemed to me, than if he had robbed

me of life itself, for had he not taken from me all life's hope and happiness?

I shall not describe the dark and bitter feelings that then filled my soul. I thank heaven that they have long since passed away entirely; I thank

heaven, above all, that my arm was never raised to inflict punishment for the injury that was done me, great as it was; for I have seen enough to make me ever remember who it is that has said, "Vengeance is Mine."

(*To be continued.*)

LORA.

BY PAUL PASTNOR.

NINTH MOVEMENT.—THE TRUE PRINCE.

LOVER and maid, in the stillness of twilight communing,
Rode through the frost-painted valleys and hills of the island,

Thoughtless of all save the charm of enchantment that bound them.

Starlight fell down on the uncovered tresses of Lora.

"Are you not cold?" cried her lover, with sudden remembrance,

Tenderly placing his own jaunty cap on her bare head.

"What does it matter!" she answered, with fond eyes uplifted.

"You are my prince!—that is all I can think of or care for."

"But you are dearer to me!" cried her lover, with passion.

"Lora, I love you! You know not how fondly I love you—

Better than stars love the night sky, or flowers love the spring-time!"

Thus, as he pleaded, the beautiful face of the list'ner,

Like the pure face of a saint from some cloister-cell lifted,

Turned to the Hesperus star, where it gleamed in the gloaming;

Though she beheld but a star, and the blue shield that bore it,

Heaven and faith were too deep for the eye of her spirit!

Noiseless and swift as a thistle-down flock in the autumn
Vanished the hours; and the crescent-browed herald of midnight

Stood in the east, ere the lovers returned from their wooing,

Finished their route of romance round the shores of the island,

Sealed their "good-night" with a long, burning kiss, and a promise.

When the light wheels of the carriage had died in the distance,

Lessened in sound, till they melted away in the midnight,
Lora, with trembling and shame, tried the door of the cottage,—

Stood in amaze, for the home of her childhood refused her!
Loudly within purred the range, and the drowsy tin kettle,
Also the clock on the mantel was ticking and purring.

All things in deep, happy slumber seemed selfishly buried,
While on the step stood the pride of the household,
forsaken,
Shiv'ring with grief and the chill early breeze from the water.

Outcast and lone, the poor girl wrapped her garments around her,

Sank on the rough, dewy door-stone, and bitterly waited.

For, "I will not stir a lid of their slumber," she faltered.

Better to perish than wake them from visions so peaceful."

Hark! The sad face, wet with tears, from the threshold is lifted.

Heard you that faint, wind-borne rumble, like wheels huge and heavy,

Rolling with haste in a valley that muffles their thunder?

Lora has risen—her grieved lips are parted—she listens:

Ah! now she knows; 'tis the lumbering family wagon!

"Lora, my child!" cried the farmer, with joy and reproval
Struggling for mastery, as he drove up in the darkness,

Where have you been, foolish girl? We have spent the night searching

Hither and yon for the knave who was taking you from us.

But I'll not chide my poor child!—you are shivering, crying!

Tell me what ails, and perhaps I can give you some comfort!"

"Nay," sobbed the maid, "blame not *him*, oh, my father! but rather

Censure your child, for my heart has gone forth to this stranger.

Gentle he is, and so fond! and with truth has he won me."

"Let us be sensible, honest, and free in the matter,"

Said the kind father, descending, and kissing his daughter.

"There, go within, and let mother console you till I come."

So they went in, then, the mother and daughter together;

Presently, also, the farmer returned from the stable.

"Naught but your blessing can comfort me, father," sobbed

Lora,

Laying her head on his breast in the old, child-like manner.

"He is my prince among men, and my heart is his beggar!"

"Child," he replied, "you are foolish, and full of strange fancies.

Men were not made to be worshiped by women and maidens,

But to be served, and to love in requital for service.

Men may admire, may go wild over beautiful faces;
 Women must choose with discretion, with sober far-seeing.
 Woman must fail without man, for her life is dependent;
 Men may exist without woman, if apt in self-serving.
 Therefore, you see, my dear child, that when father and stranger
 Sue for the faith of a maiden, her trust should be given,
 Not to the stranger, the alien, but unto that other,
 Who has protected and loved her from infancy upward,
 Whom she has served in her willingness—he is the true
 prince!"

Now there was sound of swift feet in the footpath approach-
 ing,
 Also of voices that murmured in childish compassion.
 Straightway a flock of brown faces appeared in the door-
 way,
 Saw the dear sister at home, and poured in all together!
 "We have been over ten fields!" cried Gillaume, with
 caresses.
 "Look at the dew on our trousers!—and here you sit,
 talking!"
 Then did the others assail her with kisses and questions.
 But she was silent, and blushed at their innocent prattle.

"Look at the clock!" cried the toll-keeper, hastily rising.
 "Hurry to bed, one and all, or the sun will not rouse us."
 So they went out; and the fire fell asleep, and the kettle.
 There was no sound in the house, save the whispers of
 silence.

Even the wind had lain down for a nap ere the sunrise.
 Over the island the sky, like a sea-shell, was bending,
 Roaring with stillness and stars; and the tide of night-
 voices
 Ebbd in the pools and the fields; and the brooks were
 bedraggled
 With grass; and Lora's dark locks swept the tear-wetted
 pillow.

TENTH MOVEMENT.—THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

FARMER Loroix had returned from the depths of the orchard,
 Bringing his hat full of apples, the first of the season—
 Yellow, insipid, and sweet, lacking pungence and flavor,
 Lacking the frost and the spice of the real harvest ripe-
 ness.

Still they were welcome, and Lora sat down to prepare
 them.

Round went the knife, and the apples grew smaller and
 smaller.

Thus as she watched them, the maiden fell into a study:
 "Now I am unrolling life!—I begin at the small end;
 Over and over the apple keeps turning and turning;
 Round goes the knife, and the rind dangles down like a
 record;—

See! I have come to the stem, and the coil is unbroken!
 So may my days in unconscious completeness be finished;
 May I not know when I pass from year's circle to circle,
 But may my life be a pure, perfect whole—love unchanging!"

Dim were the eyes of the maiden, and on her dark lashes
 Shimmered a tear-drop; but quickly dispelling her sadness,
 Laughing, meanwhile, at her fancies, she caught up the
 paring,

Tossed it, full length, o'er her shoulder, and, eagerly turning,
 Watched it descend on the floor, and its slow, viscous spirals
 Settle at last in the form of a fanciful letter.

Then she stooped down with a blush of delighted amaze-
 ment,

For at her feet lay an "L," though grotesque in proportion.
 "Luke!—it is he! it is he!" she exclaimed with excite-
 ment.

Ev'n as she spoke she felt a quick shadow flung o'er her.
 Startled, she lifted her eyes, and behold! 'twas her lover.
 He at the window was standing, and smiling so strangely,
 With mingled pity and pride, on the beautiful maiden.
 "Listen, my darling," he said. "In the dusk of the evening
 You must come down to the shore, at the foot of the beech-
 grove.

There I will meet you, and if, as I hope, the wind favors,
 We will sail into the South—to our beautiful future!"

"Stay, stay!" she cried. "Speak a word to my poor, trust-
 ing father.

Ask him once more—only once—for his blessing and favor."

"Nay," he replied, and the fierceness of shame dyed his
 forehead,

"He has forbidden my suit, and I never will urge it.

So now, my darling, it lies between Luke and your
 father——"

Ev'n as he spoke, on the young man's broad shoulder
 descended

Sternly the hand of the sire; thus they stood for a moment:
 Luke, the proud lover, with brow like the rain-bringing
 storm-cloud,

Holding his breath, and his quivering fingers restraining;
 And the tall father, the locks on his white temples shaking,
 Tossed, but unstirred, like a weather-worn oak on the hill-
 top.

"Young man," he cried, and his voice was like storming of
 dried leaves

Whirled by the wind in a cave on the rocks everlasting,

"Yon is thy bound! at thy peril henceforth shalt transgress
 it!

Lora, my child, I command your obedience also."

Thus spoke the sire, and, with quiet authority, pointed

To the low fence that divided the yard from the highway.

"Why do you stay, stubborn boy? Do you linger to mock
 me?

Go! lest my years are forgotten, and passion unman me!"

Then, with a light laugh and scornful, the lover departed,
 Vengeful and slow, and his shadow was still in the door-
 yard

When he had passed through the gate and was skirting the
 roadside.

Soon rose the laughter of wheels, full of mocking derision,
 Dying away in a hiss on the sand of the shore-road.

(To be continued.)

SATSUMA AND KIOTO WARE.

BY ELEANOR MOORE HEISTAND.



A NANKIN GOLDFISH CISTERN.

AMONG the nondescript collections of pottery and porcelain with which the late impetus to ceramic art has crowded our emporiums of *bric-à-brac*, there is no *faïence* more familiar or more popular than the quaint creations of those two famous manufactories of Japan, Satsuma and Kioto, unless we except the vast quantity of pseudo Majolica with which our shops are so liberally stocked. Our taste, of old, was crude enough to rest satisfied with mere beauty in the *objets de vertu* with which we filled our cabinets; but latterly a super-refined æsthetic appreciation has directed our fancy toward the most bizarre forms of ceramic invention. We run after rococo effects in that artistic frenzy which is so far-sighted as to discern a new and subtle charm in that art whose exponent is the grotesque. This metamorphosis of taste which induces us to rave over the many astounding conceptions of Mongolian art is happily only an affectation, as is evident from our preference for such unaccentuated principles as are expressed in Satsuma and Kioto ware.

We Americans, who are as yet mere imitators

in the fine arts, have felt obligated to accept the fiat of taste which has gone forth from the seat of distinguished creative power. We have honestly tried to assimilate our preferences to a proscribed ideal, and, conscious of our shortcomings, we have snatched at the least offensive objects presented for our admiration. Supreme among these have been the two varieties of Japanese porcelain before alluded to. In them are to be found qualities which, while they are only lightly esteemed by the ultra-artistic, yet entitle them to be classified with the new *régime*. At the same time, they have certain features in which we trace the lineaments of a much-beloved but outlawed style, and which



A SOFT PORCELAIN VASE.



A MANDARIN VASE.

are a gracious concession to our outraged taste. To use an expressive though degenerate phrase, they are not too grotesque—just grotesque enough.

A somewhat self-sufficient connoisseur in ceramics observes of Satsuma ware, from which Kioto is hardly to be distinguished :

“Many of the products are very ingenious in form and odd in effect ; but the ware has little to commend it either in beauty or national characteristics.”

But here we beg leave to differ. To our thinking, the rich, creamy tints of Satsuma, its curious *craquelé* enamel, and bamboo twigs in bas-relief, with their slender leaves heavily gilded, are much more pleasing to the eye than the intermingled roses and ribbons, cherubs and doll-faced adults, which are the outgrowth of the French school, or the most fanciful creations of that art whose fundamental principle is the distortion of nature.

It seems hardly necessary to enter upon a description of these wares ; but, lest the omission be noted, we will venture a reminder that, compared with other kinds of Japanese porcelain, their ornamentation is simple and scattered. The ground is invariably a rich cream, which is the natural color of the clay as it is brought out and enhanced by a clear vitreous enamel. In Satsuma ware, which is the more highly prized, the rarer and more expensive of the two varieties, the coloring of the clay is paler ; but this difference is hardly appreciable unless the *faïence* be closely compared with a piece of Kioto. The enamel, which is traversed by a myriad of minute cracks, is one of the strong points in both wares. This *craquelé* effect is a special achievement of Japanese art, as the wonderful *cloisonné* enamels have likewise been. It was first applied to Satsuma ware, which was manufactured under the patronage of a



A NANKIN VASE AND COVER.

long line of mikados. This variety of porcelain had an origin most remote, and it is therefore possible to occasionally pick up pieces of Satsuma

a free hand in the famous Chinese black. The drawing itself is more effective than it is correct, and many are the improvements (?) on nature which the decorator achieves with his fearless brush. I have noticed, however, that the artists of Satsuma and Kioto do not discard symmetry in their unique designs; but their idea of symmetry does not signify similarity. Each design has a central figure or object of special prominence, which is flanked by a number of details the sums of which appear to have about the same specific gravity; but on one side there may be two cranes *volant*, and on the other a single ornithological nondescript of twice the size. There is, however, a suggestion of equilibrium in the various parts of the design.



No. 1.—A marine-blue and white round pot and cover for rose-leaves, decorated with dragons and flowers.
No. 2.—A mandarin vase richly decorated with gold figures, flowers, and birds.
No. 3.—Chinese gray crackle vase decorated with blue birds and figures in relief.
No. 4.—A Honan vase with elephant head for handle.

of real antiquity; but it is a *faience* which preserves so well the semblance of youth that the dubious question of its age can hardly be discussed with satisfaction. Kioto is nothing more than an imitation of Satsuma; but so perfect is it, and so like the genuine, that its depreciation has no basis save in the over-nice discriminations of connoisseurs who are apt to assign a fabulous value to mere age, and who discard all imitations, no matter how meritorious.

The colors used in the decoration of these two kinds of *faience* are, for the most part, pure, and are offset by patches of gilding. They run through an octave or so of the chromatic scale, but are applied in such judicious quantities that their variety produces only a pleasing effect. The decoration is wholly superficial, being applied after the enamel has been hardened, except where the fancy of the potter has prompted him to raise in bas-relief a sprig of bamboo, the pinion of a bird, a blade of grass, or an anomalous flower.

The pigments used are mixed in a peculiar way, or it may be that after they have been applied they are coated with enamel; at all events, they are smooth and shining, being used merely to fill in the outlines of figures and objects drawn with

I have in my possession a *tête-à-tête* set of Kioto which I regard as particularly beautiful. It consists of a small tea-pot, a sugar-bowl, a cream-pitcher, two cups, and two saucers, the whole being arranged on a lacquered tray. To convey some idea of the relative cost of this ware and Satsuma, I will say that my *tête-à-tête* set cost me only ten dollars, tray included. The same thing in Satsuma would cost about three or perhaps four times that price. This set, however, is very simply ornamented. The more elaborately decorated pieces are more expensive. Its design is nevertheless a typical one, and, in my opinion, one of



No. 5.—A Miaco flower-pot, pale-lustrous brown, glazed ground, and white flowers in high relief.
No. 6.—A quaint Nankin blue and white vase.
No. 7.—A Kioto vase, blue ground, white medallions, colored flowers, some enriched with *cloisonné* enameling.
No. 8.—An Awaji vase, brilliant green, purple, and white "splash" glaze.

the most graceful. The shapes of the various pieces are very comely, the cream-pitcher in particular having a form of unique beauty. This little vessel has been fashioned in accordance with

one of the strangest fancies of the Kioto potter, who has deftly bent back the sides of the mouth

madness of the Japanese artist which enables him to venture upon the most startling and inharmonious effects in color, and yet produce an *ensemble* of pleasing character.

It is hardly possible for the collector or the every-day buyer to fail to recognize Satsuma and Kioto ware. True, he is more than apt to be at loss to determine which is which, but he is morally certain to know whether or not the article he purchases is one of the two. Their style is unique. The characteristics I have pointed out in them are combined in no other *faience*. Their cream-colored clay and *craquelé* enamel is not to be mistaken. More than once, I imagine, some unconscionable dealer will cheat you with Kioto when you wish to buy Satsuma. It really makes very little difference. It is quite as pretty. Only, on principle, one doesn't like to be deceived in



9.



10.



11.



12.

No. 9.—A jar and cover in Hizen porcelain, ornamented in blue and white with "Hawthorn" design intermixed with bamboos.

No. 10 is similar in decoration to the preceding one, and No. 11 shows a Pekin pilgrim bottle, in enameled colors, painted figures, medallions of birds, flowers, etc., in relief.

No. 12.—A Chinese vase, with white ground and pencilled drawings.

when the pitcher was yet soft clay in his hands, and left them to harden into two curled lips that quaintly droop over the sides. You will see that little touch frequently given to the rims of vases, to dishes in basket shape, and to many small pieces of varied utility.

The handles of the Kioto tea-cups which are now before me, and of a tall vase that is standing by, are odd little elbows of porcelain bamboo, colored a vivid green and with the joints gilded. The cups and the rest of the tea-set represent what appears to me a shallow marsh. In the foreground there is a plant with long reedy stems and dull-red flowers. Overhead a number of parti-colored cranes, and gilt-winged birds are circling amid sparse little patches of gold clouds. That is all. But the effect is singularly pleasing.

The vase, on the other hand, is literally overrun with flowers which are not unlike our clematis blossoms, but are colored brick-red, and a muddy plum. Down in one corner I see a knot of something that looks like violets, and overhead there is the inevitable stork in giant proportions. The centre of the design consists of two shoots of bamboo, with its long-fingered gilt leaves in bas-relief. I

such a matter. But what are we going to do about it? Study Japanese, perhaps, in order to be able to decipher the variable hieroglyphics which constitute the trade-marks and reveal the names of the manufactory and the maker? I hardly think so. Nor will we be likely to institute such careful and tedious comparisons as alone can teach us to tell the one ware from the other. We will buy Kioto and Satsuma indiscriminately, as we buy some of the beautiful Jones Majolica, and fancy it is the product of the world-renowned manufactories of Majorca or Faenza. And shall we be less æsthetic,



13.



14.



15.



16.

No. 13.—A Pekin vase, with colored enamel painting in medallions.

No. 14.—A dark-blue Qusaji vase, decorated with white flowers.

No. 15.—A Pekin vase, covered with ruby glaze.

No. 16.—A Nankin gourd-shaped vase, with blue and white scroll decoration.

because of this? We opine not, since few can distinguish the true from the false.

THE ANGLING OPTIMIST.

BY FRANK H. STAUFFER.

"I IN these flowery meads would be;
These crystal streams should solace me,
By whose harmonious bubbling noise
I with my angle would rejoice."—WALTON.

IZAACK WALTON, sometimes called the angler optimist, was born at Stafford in 1593, and passed his early manhood in London, where he carried on the business of linen-draper. In his fiftieth year he retired from trade with a competency sufficient to satisfy his modest desires. It was probably his marriage with a sister of Bishop Ken that brought him in contact with so many eminent men of his day; and so exquisitely pleasing was his manner, and such the simplicity of his character, that it is not strange that what might have been a mere transient acquaintanceship soon became a solid and life-long friendship. He died on the 15th of December, 1683, at the great age of ninety, in the house of Dr. Hawkins, his son-in-law, prebendary of Winchester Cathedral, and was buried in the vault of that sanctuary. It has been truthfully said that no character, whether personal or literary, is more perfectly enviable than that of Walton.

His first publication was the "Life of Dr. Donne," which was followed in order by the lives of Hooker, Sir Henry Wotton, George Herbert, and Bishop Sanderson. The lives, though far less widely known than "The Complete Angler," are, in their way, not less exquisite and unique. Wordsworth dedicated a beautiful sonnet to them, in which he speaks of the five saintly names of the subjects of them as

"Satellites burning in a lucid ring
Around meek Walton's heavenly memory."

These biographies are unlike any other biographies; they charm us with their simple grace, their unaffected fervor, their personal attachments, their undisguised piety.

"The Complete Angler; or, Contemplative Man's Recreation," was published in 1655. A *fac-simile* of the original edition was issued in 1875, and, from first to last, more than fifty editions have appeared. As a treatise on the art of an-

gling, it may almost be regarded as obsolete, but it continues to be read for its charming simplicity of manner, its pastoral freshness, and the pure, peaceful, and pious spirit which is breathed from its quaint old pages.

The title-page of the first edition contained the following verse from John xxi. 3: "Simon Peter said, I go a fishing; and they said, we also will go with thee."

The following is a verbatim copy of the first advertisement of the book. It appeared on the back of an almanac published for the succeeding year:

"There is published a Booke of Eighteen-pence price, called *The Complete Angler*, or, *The Contemplative Man's Recreation*, being a Discourse of Fish and Fishing. Not unworthy of perusall. Sold by *Richard Marriott* in *S. Dunstan's Church-yard, Fleet street*."

It was certainly a very unpretentious announcement. A second part was added to the book by Charles Cotton, his friend, and his rival in the passion for angling. It is somewhat inferior, but breathes the same spirit, and contains many simple yet exquisite lyrics. Cotton owned a fine estate in Derbyshire, upon the river Dove, celebrated for its trout. Walton spent considerable of his time there, and the two friends were very congenial. Shaw gives Cotton a place in his "Manual of English Literature," seemingly for two reasons: first, because he was best known as the friend of Walton, and secondly, because he wrote the "Voyage to Ireland," which, Campbell remarks, to a great extent anticipated the manner of Anstey in "The Bath Guide." The latter was published in 1766, and became the most popular work of the day. It was not the dry, statistical, overpractical book which might have been inferred from its title. No one was more agreeably surprised than Walpole, who pronounced it "a set of letters in verse, in all kinds of verse; . . . so much wit, fun, poetry, and originality never met together before."

"The Complete Angler" is something almost absolutely unique in literature, because of its inimitable descriptions of nature, quaint dia-

logues, pious philosophy, and evident gratitude for the sweet enjoyments of life. The expressions are as pure and sweet and graceful as the sentiment, and the occasional occurrence of a little touch of old-fashioned pedantry only adds to the indefinable fascination of the work, "breaking up its monotony like a ripple upon the sunny surface of a stream." "The slight tincture of credulity and innocent eccentricity which pervades his works," says Mr. Mills, "gives them a finer zest and more original fervor, without detracting from their higher power to soothe, instruct, and delight."

This genial optimist, this lingerer in the sunset hour, this loiterer in the soft gray dawns, caught his inspiration from nature. Nature is man's best teacher, for she is wisdom's self. It is through her that we view nature's God, for

"She has made nothing so base, but can
Read some instruction to the wisest man."

His organism appreciative, his heart full of love, his observation keen, his life quiet and unobtrusive, no wonder he appropriated so much that was pleasing and instructive in the rural scenes around him.

"Nothing is lost on him who sees
With an eye that genius gave;
For him there's a story in every breeze,
And a picture in every wave."

Oh, how much that is sweet and fair and pure Walton saw and heard in those long, almost numberless days which he spent by purling brook, placid lake, and silver-sheeted river!

The dusky dells, the torrent-torn ravines, the breezy hills, "where cliff on cliff like fiery ramparts rise," the pathless woods, the daisy-starred meadows; the silent, bright-hued, perfume-breathing flowers, beneath which "so many tender thoughts are lying," and whose "daintiness touches us like poetry;" the sluggishly-drifting clouds, "softly shaking on the dimpled pool prelude drops;" clouds massive, black, portentous, "the angry gleam of the red lightning cleaving the frowning folds;" the sun dispelling the mists of the dawn, "bannered with glory and burnished with gold," or its last red rays lost in the gathering twilight; "the nightingale the only vesper bell;" the tinkling of streamlet, the roar of cataract, the wash of restless waves; the whistle

of the quail in the stubble; the song of the thrush, "running through the sweetest length of notes;" the wood-lark, "shaking from its throat such floods of delicious music that woods and waves seem to listen;" the whippoorwill "singing his fitful hymn in the drowsy watches of the night;" the caw of rook, the scream of jay, the hoot of owl; the winds sweeping the skirt of some green-spreading wood, "its music not unlike the dash of ocean on his winding shore;" each tree a natural harp, each different leaf a different note, "blent in one vast thanksgiving."

Spending so much of his time among those sweet secluded spots where

"The murmuring brooklet told its babbling tale
Like a sweet under-song,"

he, indeed, could have exclaimed with Cowper:

"—meditation
May think down hours to moments. Here the heart
May give a useful lesson to the head,
And learning wiser grow without her books."

Or, with Emerson:

"Laugh at the love and pride of man,
At the sophist's school and the learned clan;
For what are they all, in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet?"

Walton knew how to appreciate life; he did not regard it as a mazy web of circumstances. It cannot well appear mean to one who uses it nobly. Mind unemployed is mind unenjoyed. His charming little book was not the product of an idle thinker, but rather of a thinker's idleness. The most pleasant things in the world are pleasant thoughts, and the great art of life is to have as many of them as possible. Walton's thoughts were intuitions that came to him in the patient practice of his out-door propensity. Is it any wonder he wrote so prettily about the things to which he was wedded, any more than that Æschylus should recount in imperishable language the overthrow of the Persians, when he himself "was one of the gallant band who charged down the plain of Marathon in the decisive battle of the world?"

Bovee says: "Our impressions usually relate to what is visible to us. Out-door thoughts are, therefore, apt to be more comprehensive than in-door thoughts. Our in-door thoughts are usually

subjective, introspective, or retrospective; our out-door thoughts are objective or prospective, and healthier in their tone."

Emerson must have had the same idea in his mind when he wrote:

"We go out daily and nightly to feed the eye on the horizon, and require so much scope, just as we need water for our bath. . . . The blue zenith is the point in which romance and reality meet."

In contradiction of this idea some might instance the fact that Goldsmith wrote "The Deserted Village" just under the shadow of Newgate Prison, or Washington Irving his delightful legend of "Sleepy Hollow," so full of rural scene painting, by the light of a candle, during one of the dullest and darkest of London fogs. But the contradiction is robbed of all its force when we remember that merely the mechanical part of both works was accomplished under such seemingly adverse and non-suggestive circumstances. Both writers simply reproduced from prepared negative plates, as it were, all the delightful scenes which at other places and under other circumstances had awakened all that was thoughtful, appreciative, and appropriative in their natures.

"The finest productions of the mind," some one has said, "are not the fruits of hasty impulse, the unfolding of a sudden thought, the flashings of intuitions, or the gleamings of fancy." It may have taken but three hours to compose the article; but the reflections of three years, perhaps of thirty, may have been tending to that result. The mere words are no part of an author's labors; they but represent long previous mental action. The observations of the world are matured in the silence of the study. A man can speak with authority only of that which he has himself felt or known. "A man cannot paint portraits," says the country parson, "until he has seen faces." Emotions will be very poorly described by one who takes his notion of them at second-hand. We can have the faculty of expressing pleasing thoughts pleasantly. Warm affections are as necessary to the writer as a clear intellect. The greatest intellectual brilliancy, unless vitalized by kind and genial feelings, imparts merely the glitter of frost-work. Walton had a brilliant intellect and a warm, throbbing, sympathetic heart, and that is why his writings charm us so much.

WAGES.

I.

It was a merry brook that ran
Beside my cottage-door all day;
I heard it, as I sat and span,
Singing a pleasant song away.

I span my thread with mickle care;
The weight within my hand increased;
The spring crept by me unaware;
The brook dried up—the music ceased.

I missed it little, took small thought
That silent was its merry din,
Because its melody was wrought
Into the thread I sat to spin.

II.

It was a lark that sang most sweet
Among the sunrise clouds so red;
I knew his nest lay near my feet,
Although he sang so high o'erhead.

And though he sang so loud and clear
Up in the golden clouds above,
His throbbing song seemed wondrous near;
I twined it with the web I wove.

The long days' glory still drew on;
Then autumn came; the summer fled;
The music that I loved was gone;
The song was hushed—the singer dead.

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III.

I wove on with a steadfast heart;
My web grew greater, fold on fold.
I bore it to the crowded mart;
They paid my wages in good red gold—

Red gold, and fine. I turned my back.
The city's dust was in my throat—
No brook ran babbling down its track;
No bird trilled out a tender note—

But city noise and rush and heat.
The gold was red like minted blood.
Oh! for the cool grass to my feet,
The bird's song, and the babbling flood.

IV.

I turned me, and I went my way—
My lonely, empty way, alone;
The gold within my bosom lay;
My woven web of dreams was gone!

Did the gold pay me? No; in sooth.
Gold never paid for brook and bird,
Nor for the coined dreams of youth,
Nor for the music that I heard.

My web is gone! The gold is mine.
And they who bought it, can they see
What dreams and fancies intertwine
With every woven thread for me? F. C. A.

CURRENT TOPICS.

Civil-Service Reform.—It is very wrong, as all will admit, that a man should be put and kept in office without regard to his fitness, and simply because he is a personal or political friend of somebody who has influence with the appointing power. But what are we going to do about it while politicians are enabled by this means to discharge debts of friendship, or to reward those who have secured or aided in securing their election?

The partisan spoils system, so thoroughly engrafted upon the body politic of our Republic, has proven a sore bane to the vitality and political condition of the Government. Public sentiment has been awakened, and is pointing out the evils and absurdities of such a system, and is canvassing the possibilities of a better one. Statesmen and writers are giving their best thought to the subject, and if some plan is not eventually devised which will be better than the wretched eleemosynary system so long in vogue, it will not be for want of dispassionate and able discussion.

We are not discouraged with the impracticabilities of the question, and still firmly believe that the time will come when some such system as the *merit* system will supersede and utterly remove all vestiges of the objectionable one now in operation. True, it requires some effort of the imagination to get a clear idea of the manifold effects in detail of the profound influences upon the relations of citizens to parties and to office—of the stimulus to education, and to independent, manly thought, speech, and action which such an exchange of systems would cause. Where now we see all thought, all hope, all influence, all effort, concentrated upon partisan cliques, upon jobbers in influence, upon official and unofficial patronage mongers, upon what good-natured citizens may be unduly persuaded to recommend in aid of an unworthy office-seeker, henchman, or dependent, we should see exertions to educate one's self up to the standard needed for official duty, concern to keep one's character above danger of attack at a public competition, encouragement to independence in politics, study of whatever would contribute to the acquirement of a just distinction for ability and efficiency in the discharge of official duty, upon which all promotions would depend.

With the greater ability and higher character which such improved methods would bring into the public service, its self-respect and its public estimation could not fail to be enhanced. Our politics would tend to rise from the degradation in which vicious and corrupt methods have involved them, and to take the position befitting a science which deals with the greatest affairs of a nation and the profoundest human interest of a people.

It is not essential that we should refer in detail to the evils which result and have resulted from the practice of making appointments, promotions, and removals in the subordinate civil service, on the basis of official favoritism or partisan interests. Sufficient to know that they have at length arrested public attention, and have excited the indignation and the fears of all thoughtful men. Public senti-

ment has been aroused, and it demands a change from a system so subversive of true popular government.

Deeply impressed with the importance of eradicating an evil whose growth has been so recent, and yet so rapid, and which threatens not only the utter demoralization of the civil service, but the intensifying of partisan strife of the lowest character, to the point of danger to our institutions, many of our most eminent public and private men, as well as writers of distinguished ability, are giving their time and labors to its accomplishment. And in their honest efforts in this direction they should have the earnest support of all upright and right-thinking men.

All too soon have we had a fearful example of the results of this pernicious "spoils" system in the assassination of President Garfield. But if this one act, deeply deplored as it is, shall bring the American people to a realizing sense of its pernicious and degrading character, we might safely say that this brave and worthy man has died, if die he does, for the good of his country. But we pray that this bitter cup may not pass to his lips, that the tedious and agonizing sufferings through which he has already passed, and which may yet be in store for him before entire convalescence, should he recover, will sufficiently atone for the evil influences and pernicious results of the system.

No man, more than President Garfield himself, realized the magnitude of the evil attending the spoils system. In 1877, in writing upon the subject, he said, "The present system impairs the efficiency of the legislators; it degrades the civil service; it repels from the service those high and manly qualities which are so necessary to a pure and efficient administration; and finally, it debauches the public mind by holding up public office as the reward of mere party zeal." And in closing, "To reform this service is one of the highest and most imperative duties of statesmanship."

In the light of this fact, together with the many evidences given of his determination to correct these abuses, since his induction into office, there can be no doubt as to what the result would have been, had he not been so ruthlessly stricken down upon the very threshold of his administrative career. What it will be, should he survive the assault and be restored to his wonted strength of mind and energy of body, may also be assumed; but should he die! Would civil-service reform meet with a set-back? or is public sentiment so actively imbued with the imperative necessity of a change that his successor would fear to brave it? This is the question of the hour, and it behooves proper consideration.

Nihilism.—It has become the fashion of late days to dispose of high officials in a very off-hand manner. If you do not like the governor, blow him up! This may be all well enough for the belligerents, but it is hard on the governor. Besides, it is a question whether assassination is ever productive of good results. Can a crime so mean, cowardly,

and contemptible bring prosperity and peace in its train? It is doubtful.

Two wrongs will never make a right; and, while it is admitted that the Russian Nihilist is oppressed and has cause for complaint, we do not believe dynamite to be the proper instrument of redress. When a body of people have taken it upon themselves to right a national wrong, let them rise in open and honorable revolt if they will, use force of arms if force be necessary, and in thus securing their freedom possess the honest sympathy of their fellow-men throughout the world.

But who can look upon the cringing assassin without a feeling of contempt as he glides on his bloody errand with wary, noiseless steps and frightened glances through the darkest alleys and most unfrequented thoroughfares? Where can any one find the semblance of an honest man in such a picture?

The Irish as well as Russian agitators have adopted this mode of redressing their grievances, and are now threatening to blow up English merchant vessels and destroy innocent life if their terms are not speedily accepted.

Italian bandits are no worse than this. They simply enclose a captive's nose or ears in a letter to his friends if the ransom is not forthcoming at the proper moment, while the destruction contemplated by Irish Land Leaguers is on a more extended scale and no less diabolical in its conception.

So long as such questionable means are resorted to, the cause, be it ever so just, will fail, and deservedly so, since the reverse would prove a premium upon the foulest grade of crime.

It is a pleasure to note as an index to popular opinion on the matter of assassination, that Mr. David Dudley Field moved a resolution, at the Conference at Cologne, providing for its exclusion from the category of political crimes in all extradition treaties and for the denial to assassins of the privilege of asylum.

The resolution was carried by general acclamation, and if the worthy example be followed in turn by the law-making powers of other nations, asylums for political cranks of this character will be wiped out, and we shall hear less of such schemes against the lives of the rulers of men.

College Criminals.—The reflecting gentleman of to-day, I think, rises from his reading of "Tom Brown's School Days" in England forty years ago, somewhat cynical in his remarks upon the young men and the schools of that time and country. If he has not enjoyed the higher educational facilities, he upbraids Tom and Co. with a criminal waste of opportunities which he thinks he would have made much of for good; and, thinking of his own sons at school, he closes with a bit of American self-esteem, "Well, I'm glad that boys at school nowadays, and in this country, don't thus badger their betters, bully their juniors, torment their teachers, and fool away their time generally."

Now, I am not going to either moralize intensely on this average father's conclusion, or write a college story; but I will lay you out a row of skeletons which you may galvanize into stories as long as Tom's, if you like. (Or do you, too, think to find no "skeleton" in the closet of the modern American college?) And by these simple bones of scenes

under my own eye, and chiefly within the year 1880, I think to convince you that to-day's non-resident of the college town, trusting to his imagination for his facts, is mistaken; and that the traditional evils of England's boys corraled at school have been generously transmitted to the present, and some of them invigorated by a sea-voyage.

Clustered within one educational town stand a college of arts and sciences of good rank, a theological seminary, a department preparatory to both, and that popular "annex" of our day, a college for women, the classmates of young men in all studies. Here are all the ages between fifteen and its double, and, over all, that theoretical charm against ill-conduct, co-education. Another fact which one might think the pledge of steady habits, is that the majority of the students are of country parentage, many of them thus offered the rare food their fathers pined for. Still stronger tonic for peace, and antidote to youthful depravity, should be, perhaps, its religious character. The group of schools form one university of a large denomination of Christians. Surely, you say, no wild capers and social crimes can climb in at windows thus nailed down.

But see, father, what mischief to screen folly your heir-apparent can invent! Recitations have scarcely worn out the opening month, when he holds them a day at bay for all his three hundred fellow-students. Having completed the week's appearance before professors at noon of Friday, your Charley (his mother is very proud of his morals at home) and his chum hammer the afternoon out of mind with a game which they call "old sledge," spend Saturday and night questionably away at a city, sleep on Sunday, and realize at lamp-lighting that they have no lesson learned for Monday.

This is their folly. What is their malicious mischief? Why, too proud to utterly fail and stand black-marked, too "honorable" to feign sickness, they bring "genius" to bear on the emergency—also a pot of plaster of Paris and a dark lantern. At an hour when industrious students sleep, they enter the hallway, whence open all the rooms for recitation, and "genius" deposits damp plaster in every key-hole. Monday at nine o'clock it is beautifully hardened. The young men are a success—in their line. Janitor Joe puts the forenoon and some profanity into the key-holes to expel the plaster. No classes recite to-day. It is one day annihilated to three hundred students and a score of teachers. The boys you and your neighbor are spending money to make gentleman of have robbed their fellows of a year's time! And, perhaps, the saddest of it is that they do not see it. The stolen time is worth one thousand dollars. This crime they call fun. "Nothing mean about it, just a crackin' good joke."

These moral buds of the intellectual future scorn failure; they will not sham sickness and cloak it with a lie—only steal a day from each of three hundred and twenty innocents. There was no act meaner, more hostile to morals and culture, in English schools forty years ago.

Is this the spirit of the average American youth who is sent to college? Let us seek answer in further and assorted facts. An election of national importance has occurred. Those who win rejoice, and the rudest citizens of the town resort to a night fire of barrels and boxes. Intelligence

must excel ignorance. The village simple must, of course, be clouded by the college vandal. The latter musters two hundred strong, and at bed-time they burn the kitchen relic of a past fire, with condiments of tar and oil added, resist the fire department, and hack its hose. Yet whenever young men become gentlemen it is not by the "fire-bug" spirit, but by getting over it.

Meantime, some spirits of the "annexed" walk abroad and are loud in very common, if not coarse, campaign songs and political soprano cheers. Is this a natural crumb of co-education? Would not Tom and Co., forty years ago, have quit roguery and turned back blushing to see their sisters thus far following?

Again, an unknown quantity of collegiate genius plants powder beneath an inferior campus structure, wasting corporate funds and awakening the town at midnight.

Anon the night-watch within the boarding-hall for girls slumbers, while its great side-board is plundered of all pastry—"nothing mean, just a joke." Other burglars may say the same. And four years of arduous devotion to "jokes" gets a diploma that is "just a joke."

The dean was dreaming of the hour
When youth, his knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at her power;
When, lo! through street and court, he bore
The trophies of a conqueror—

four hundred feet of fencing from before the Ladies' Hall—another ancient barrier between the sexes gone! Also gone another barrier to mischief among future men.

And the learned jesters are no respecters of days. A brace of intellectual athletes, having left the ladies' parlor by Sabbath gas-light, with "mittens" in their experience, gallantly return at 10 P.M., resolved that "the girls" shall have "company" of one sort, if not another. They have caught the public goat, and, muffling his bell as far as the threshold, they introduce their substitute within the main corridor, and send him up the stairs at a jingling gallop. A trait as apart from manhood as nadir from zenith—revenge for fair defeat—is thus fostered. True, the act is varnished, "a joke;" but the young man who grows up nothing better than a joker is a sham, a despicable neighbor, and favorable soil for crime. Indeed, a premeditated jest that wounds has no palliation; a crime may have.

The old English system of "fagging" has no part in our American college; but where the old class system remains, there bullyism exists by classes. Are freshmen about to partake of a private class supper, their "superiors" raid them, and carry off their supplies and their pleasure. Are they about to give a public entertainment in oratory, their speakers are kidnapped and confined till the "entertainment" is spoken of in the past tense. Nor is Tom's old theory, that "teachers and students are natural enemies," left unapplied among us. That the practical motto of many in school is, "anything to get through," is a fact as plain as the college tower.

"Ponies" of Latin and Homeric mane have their private stalls, and are often out for exercise. As I see it, "cribbing" is still a very common release from hard study—and from close knowledge. Even English composition is second-

hand furniture. For instance, is an essay on "Hamlet" called for, the professor gets, not undergraduate thought upon the play, but the digest of a critic's essay or an editor's notes. And a student in theology starts out to teach the world the good, the true, and the beautiful by "cribbing" his graduating oration from a bishop's sermon, without the loss of a single flower!

Many crooks and follies in collegiate life have been charged upon the dormitory system. But this system does not prevail at the seat of these episodes. And if there was more elaborate fighting behind the chapel in Tom's dormitory days, there was also the safer system of putting every youth into his room at nightfall, and into bed at a seasonable hour. With us many nights are largely given to carousals by squads of "congenial souls" in rooms remote from all guardianship. A cold lunch, bottled beer, and cider, cards, pipes, oaths, and unclean stories, are their night's bill of fare—a wretched deformity upon the generous desires of those who "foot the bills."

These "eccentricities" of college life in its very latest year are not at all what I surmise, but what I *know* to be within the record of an educational precinct whither many look for an educational model. That institution does not stand alone on this line, either.

Stepping backward a few years, and beneath the caves of a more noted American university, I see a sophomore's room broken into at night by seniors, and its inmate bound and sheared of all his headlocks, because he loves them long. There, too, I see a freshman's room entered by false keys, the victim carried quickly from bed to an old buggy, pinned there by two sophomores in masks, and, by other "educated" asses, hauled a half mile through the town and abandoned to a winter's midnight walk home, clothed in the simple folds of a cotton nightgown. Yet another freshman I see beguiled, by the aggravated lie of "a telegram from home," into opening his door in the dark, whence he is rushed under the pump, ducked, and deposited in the centre of the sandy street. This last was the "amusement" of a dozen from the junior class. And more might be told.

Is there not room for reform still in our college customs and management?

J. C. A.

President Garfield.—The removal of the President from Washington to Long Branch was successfully accomplished, and it now remains to be seen what effect a healthy and invigorating atmosphere will have upon his greatly debilitated system. It is very certain he was not removed any too soon from the malarious influences which surrounded him at the White House. The fact that malaria must be combated became only too apparent to his physicians, and the risk of a removal was forced upon them as the *dernier* resort.

Our hopes for his final recovery must now depend upon the effect which a change of air and locality may produce, with the aid of the invigorating stimulus which the salt water breeze so materially affords to all enervated systems. And we are inclined to believe that our hopes will be realized. The wonderful vitality shown by the man through every stage of the disease, thus far encourages us to the belief that he will in the end come out the victor in the great struggle he is now making. His has been a life of struggles indeed,

and in the last, the greatest of them all, he has not only the sympathies and prayers of a nation of fifty millions of people, but of the whole civilized world.

The Succession.—Since the assassination of the President, much discussion has been entered into, both by individuals and the press, as to the rights and duties of the Vice President in the premises; and, judging from the importance given to the subject, one is led to believe that there is room for grave doubts as to the proper course to pursue in the case of the President's inability to act. Even statesmen, in a number of instances, we observe, have expressed themselves in direct antagonism to one another upon this point. Why this should be we cannot account for on any other hypothesis than that partisan bias is present.

Now, if any person will take the trouble to examine the Constitution of the United States, under Article II., Sect. 1, he will find the words, "In case of the removal of the President from office, or of his death, resignation, or *inability* to discharge the powers and duties of the said office, the same shall devolve upon the Vice President, and the Congress may by law provide for the case of removal, death, resignation, or inability, both of the President and Vice President, declaring what officer shall then act as President, and such officer shall act accordingly, *until the disability be removed*, or a President shall be elected." Here we have, as one of the contingencies, the *inability* of the President to discharge the powers and duties of the said office, in which case the "discharging of the powers and duties of the said office" shall devolve upon the Vice President. Is there anything in the language of this clause which indicates that this duty shall devolve upon the Vice President permanently, as in the very nature of things it would, in either of the other contingencies mentioned? By no means. While, on the contrary, the closing words of the section, "until the disability shall be removed, or a President shall be elected," only too plainly indicate the meaning and intention of the framers of the Constitution. And just here we will state further that no Vice President can ever become President *de jure* in either of the above contingencies. He is elected as Vice President, and goes out of office as the Vice President-elect. Under the letter and spirit of the Constitution, "the discharge of the powers and duties of the said (Presidential) office" devolve upon him, and as the "Vice President-elect" he is simply *acting* as President *until the disability is removed, or a President shall be elected*.

We are aware that it has been the rule in past cases to accept and recognize the Vice President elect as *the* President, but this has clearly been in opposition to the letter and spirit of the law. Neither Tyler, Fillmore, nor Johnson were more than Vice Presidents, with the powers and duties of the President's office devolving upon them, *until a President was elected*. So, it follows clearly, to our mind, that in the event of the death of President Garfield, should such a contingency occur, from that moment "the discharge of the duties of the position" devolves upon Vice-President Arthur. It will not make him President *de jure*, and he cannot of right be *sworn into* the office as such, but only to faithfully discharge and perform the duties of the position while *acting* President.

As to the question of inability to perform the duties of his

position, much has been said *pro* and *con*. It is asked, very naturally, Who is to determine this? A natural course of reasoning would lead us to the conclusion that the President's attending physicians would, after all, be the ones to determine the question of his inability. Conceding this, and presuming they had pronounced him so much disabled as to be unable to properly perform his duties as President, what becomes the status of the Vice President? Clearly, in the language of the Constitution, the performance of these duties devolves upon him. There is no avoiding or shirking it.

The argument advanced, that Congress alone can make provision for such a contingency, is not borne out by the letter of the Constitution. Congress may by law provide only for the case of removal, death, resignation, or inability of both the President and Vice President, and declaring what officer shall then act. But in the case of the President alone, the law is explicit when it says that the duties shall devolve upon the Vice President. He is pointed out and designated by the Constitution in express terms as the officer whose duty it is and shall be to assume the functions of the Presidential office, in cases of removal, death, or resignation, until a President shall be elected, and, in cases of inability on the part of the President-elect, shall continue to act in the performance of the Presidential functions, until such inability shall have passed away, and of which the President himself must be the judge.

The argument, that such a construction would establish a fearful precedence for a counterpart of Aaron Burr, is simply the vaporing of a species of croakers who are ever prognosticating consequences dire and dreadful. But these are false prophets, and their predictions cause but a slight disturbance of our political equanimity. Usurpation could never meet with public sanction in this country, and the man that would brave the will of the nation would simply bury himself politically deeper than plummet ever sounded.

A word as to Vice-President Arthur, and we shall have done. For ourselves, we have no reasons to doubt his ability to perform the duties of the position with credit to himself and to the honor of the party which elevated him to the position he now holds; and, furthermore, we believe, that, should the contingency arise, he will be equal to the occasion. That he will place himself in antagonism to the well-defined policy of the present administration, we do not believe. On the contrary, public opinion of men and political measures is too thoroughly comprehended by him, that he should be likely to inaugurate a new line of policy in direct antagonism to the one which meets such general and almost universal approbation at this time. His extreme conservatism and well recognized patriotism ought to be an assurance of much weight with the American people, and lead them to feel that should God in his providence see fit to remove our beloved President from his post by death, they need have no cause for anxiety on his account. Presidents have died in office before, and the "ship of State" has weathered the gale under far greater adverse conditions than exist to-day. Such a crisis now would have none of the conditions which existed in 1865, when the lamented Lincoln succumbed to the assassin's bullet. Therefore there should be no fears for the national safety. Whatever the day may bring forth, it is always well to remember that "the Government still lives."

LITERATURE AND ART.

A Brief History of Ancient Peoples, with an Account of their Monuments, Literature, and Manners. New York and Chicago: A. S. Barnes & Company.

This is the latest of Barnes's one-term series of school histories. The book fills a want in a sphere in which few text-books have as yet been prepared. Our schools have, at most, up to this time, mainly concerned themselves with modern nations, as though history had no meaning but in so far as its results could be measured by the material prosperity of the present.

This book takes the scholar or common-school pupil—for though it may mostly be used in the higher schools, there is no reason why schools of intermediate grades should rule it out of their curriculum—this work conducts the pupil through the most interesting fields of ancient history, giving an account of the ancients in Egypt, the centre of the archaeologist's interest at present; Babylonia and Assyria, the birthplace of mankind; Phœnicia, that proud maritime people; Judea, the parent of true religion; Medea and Persia, the symbol of despotic power; India, the wise; China, the conservative and selfish; Greece, the refined; and Rome, famed for law and triumph of right; and in its course holds the attention breathless.

Its contents are a marvel of information and afford food for thought—a feature so lamentably absent in most school-books. The illustrations are of the finest, as indeed is the typography of the book throughout. The manners and customs of the people invest the dry detail of slaughter and conquest by fire and sword with a living interest, and relieve the work of that strangely painful impression commonly made upon the young mind, that history is but date and fact and incident, with no human men and women who figured in them. The maps are useful and generally correct.

It is singularly free from the useless embellishment of figure and phrase, and it is almost incomprehensible how, in one instance, at least, the author could allow himself to be betrayed into what, in view of the Biblical narrative of the miraculous darkness brooding over Egypt at the time of the exodus, may prove misleading. "For about four hundred years a darkness as of night rested over the land," is merely a figure for abject slavery on the part of the people. Such *lapsi penne* are very few, and happily so.

Altogether the work cannot fail to awaken an interest in ancient history in our schools, and that interest once excited will find itself to a large extent satisfied by the book before us.

No Laggards We. By ROSS RAYMOND. New York: George W. Harlan.

This little volume carries with it the refreshing breezes from "old ocean," smacking extensively of the fashionable watering-place, and inducing divers visions of dips in the "briny deep." It treats essentially of that most ancient and mightiest of human passions, love; is bright, vivacious, and brimful of interesting situations. And, be it said to the

author's credit, the "old, old story" is here told once more in a new guise. The characters introduced are well drawn and skillfully manipulated; and the plot, though not a deep one, will excite the reader's sympathies in its development. The heroines—there are two—are beautiful, of course; the heroes all that could be desired in man, and everything is made to turn out happily in the end. From first to last it is entertaining, witty, and in many places the author adds a touch of pathos.

Valuable Cooking Receipts. By THOMAS J. MURREY, late caterer of Astor House and Rossmore Hotel, of New York, and Continental Hotel, Philadelphia. New York: George W. Harlan.

Judging from the practical experience which the author of this work must have had in the culinary art, we should consider him quite competent to furnish both practical and valuable recipes. Some of those which he furnishes have been tested, we are given to understand, and were found to be of a most excellent character. Unlike the majority of cook-books given to the public from time to time, this commends itself wholly through the extreme simplicity and practical character of its details. It is a work that should fall into the hands of many of our would-be cooks.

Monsieur, Madam, and the Baby. By GUSTAVE DROZ. Translated from the French by REAVEL SAVAGE. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.

In this series of essays or sketches, each independent of the other, the reader will find considerable pathos and dreamy philosophy. Slightly off in some points, we are, nevertheless, pleased to see that there is a writer among the French who possesses some philosophy not wholly repugnant to our better moral nature.

In speaking of the family, in his last chapter, he says, "If the word 'sacred' has still a meaning, in spite of all the offices it has been made to perform, I cannot conceive of a better position for it than beside the word 'family!'"

"We speak of progress, of justice, of the general well-being, of politics and of patriotic devotion—very proper subjects of conversation, I acknowledge, but the entire golden horizon is covered by those three words, 'Love thy neighbor,' and, in my opinion, at least, it is precisely this that is most neglected.

"To love one's neighbor is as simple as 'good-morning;' but to discover one who entertains this most natural feeling requires a lantern with a more powerful reflector than that reputed to have been used by Diogenes. There are people who exhibit to you the seed of this affection in the palms of their hands, but seedsmen are the very last persons to show you the plant in full bloom.

"Well, dear reader, this little plant which ought to thrive in France like the corn-rose amid the grain, this little plant, which we never see higher than the water-cresses of the spring, but which ought to grow taller than the oaks, this

little plant, so difficult to find, is—I will tell you where: It is at the family fireside, between the shovel and tongs, and beside the pot of boiling soup. It is there that it is perpetuated, and it is to the family that we owe its present existence. I love nearly all the philanthropists and protectors of humanity; but I have faith in none but those who have learned to love others by kissing their own children.

"We cannot remodel man to suit humanitarian theories; he is selfish, and loves, above all things, that which pertains to himself. This is the human and natural feeling, and we should encourage, extend, and cultivate it. In one word, in the love of family is included the love of fatherland, and, as a consequence, the love of humanity. It is the fathers who make good citizens."

Then, again:

"Scoff at marriage, if you will; it is easily ridiculed. All human contracts are faulty, and faults always seem ludicrous to others than the victims. There are husbands who have been and are deceived; that is quite certain. But the first thing we do on seeing a man fall—no matter if he break his neck—is to laugh heartily. Hence the immense gayety that invariably greets Sganarelle!

"But let us give the matter more serious attention, and we will find that, hidden beneath all this misery, all this dust of disappointed vanity, all these ridiculous errors and comical passions, lies the very pivot of society. And we must acknowledge that all this is for the best, since family love and protection are not only the basis of the world, but also its greatest sources of consolation and joy."

"**God Bless the Little Woman.**"—This is the title of new song and chorus, just published by F. W. Hilmick, music publisher, of Cincinnati, and a copy of which has just reached us. The song is founded upon the following incident, the circumstances of which are, no doubt, familiar to all of our readers. Immediately after the President was shot, he dictated a telegram to his wife, informing her of the sad occurrence, remarking in a most affectionate manner to those beside him, "God bless the little woman." The song refers to the noble wife of the President, who has stood by her husband so faithfully during the terrible struggle for life in which he has been engaged since July 3, cheering him, encouraging him, urging him to keep steady, persevere, and he would yet conquer. The following words constitute the chorus of the charming little song:

CHORUS.

Stand by him, little woman!
Stand firm and brave and true!
And, remember, little woman,
We will always stand by you.

Fiction.—Under the caption of "Fiction," we have a new candidate for public favor. It is an attractive weekly of thirty-two pages, quarto size, printed on heavy white paper, in large, legible types, and contains installments of two interesting serials, and two bright short stories, all original, but printed anonymously. It is the venture of the Messrs. Keppler and Schwarzmenn, publishers of *Puck*, and bids fair to meet with success.

How Some Authors Work.—Intelligent people are generally curious about authors and authorship. They long to know how certain ideas originated in the minds of the writers. Was such and such a book composed under the influence of sudden inspiration, or was it the slow product of laborious thought? Was it written off at once without stop or stay, or was it corrected and revised with years of anxious care? There are indeed few things more interesting, though few more difficult, than to trace the growth of a book from its first conception till it develops into full life and vigor. For the growth is different in different minds; and authors are peculiarly chary of lifting the veil, and letting outsiders penetrate behind the scenes.

It is only comparatively recently that we knew to a certainty how the idea of "Adam Bede" began to arise in George Eliot's mind. The usual report was that the Quakeress, Dinah Morris, was literally "copied" from Elizabeth Evans, George Eliot's aunt, who had been a female preacher at Wirksworth, in Derbyshire. But from George Eliot's own account, given in her letter to Miss Sara Hennell, we find what the facts of the case really were. She only saw her aunt for a short time. Elizabeth Evans was then a "tiny little woman about sixty, with bright, small, dark eyes, and hair that had been black, but was now gray;" of a totally different physical type from Dinah. For a fortnight Elizabeth Evans left her home and visited her niece in Warwickshire. One sunny afternoon she happened casually to mention that in her youth she had, with another pious woman, visited an unhappy girl in prison, stayed with her all night, and gone with her to execution. "This incident," adds George Eliot, "lay on my mind for years, as a dead germ apparently, till time had made a *nidus* in which it could fructify. It then turned out to be the germ of 'Adam Bede.'" We may take this very remarkable account as a fresh proof of the adaptive faculty of genius. A slight newspaper paragraph, a passing word in ordinary conversation, a sentence in a book, a trifling anecdote, may suggest ideas which will eventually blossom out into volumes of intense interest. That germ is, however, the root of the matter; it is the mainspring on which the whole depends.

Mr. James Payn, the novelist, tells us that when he was a very young man, and had very little experience, he was reading on a coach-box an account of some gigantic trees. One of them was described as sound outside; but within, for many feet, a mass of rottenness and decay. "If a boy should climb up, bird-nesting, into the fork of it, thought I, he might go down feet first, and never be heard of again." "Then," he adds, "it struck me what an appropriate end it would be for a bad character of a novel. Before I had left the coach-box, I had thought out 'Lost Sir Massingberd.'" Such a process lasted for a shorter time with Mr. Payn than with the majority of novelists; with many, the little seed might have germinated for years before it brought forth fruit. Yet Mr. Payn is remarkable for the clearness and coherency of his plots; they always hang well together, and have a substantial backbone.

Other writers do not lay so great a stress on plots. Dickens's plots are rambling and discursive in the extreme. They resemble a high-road that winds, now into a green lane, now up a steep hill, and now down to a broad valley,

while we are quite unable to tell how we arrived there. His personages are his strong point; it was they who haunted his imagination day and night. He wrote under strong pressure, and with an intense consciousness of the reality of his men and women. For the time being he lost his own identity in that of the creations of his brain. The first ideas that came to him were at once eagerly seized and committed to paper, without any elaborate circumspection, though he was at infinite subsequent pains to revise and correct both MS. and proof. With regard to Kingsley, we learn from his "Life," that none of his prose fictions, except "Alton Locke," were ever copied, his usual habit being to dictate to his wife as he walked up and down his study. Hence, probably, the inequality of his writings. His habit was thoroughly to master his subject, whether book or sermon, generally out in the open air, in his garden on the moor, or by the side of a lonely trout stream, and never to put pen to paper till the ideas were clothed in words. And these, except in the case of poetry, he seldom altered.

Charles Lever was one of those authors who hated the drudgery of copying and revising. He says himself, "I wrote as I felt, sometimes in good spirits, sometimes in bad, always carelessly, for, God help me! I can do no better. When I sat down to write 'O'Malley,' I was as I have ever been, very low with fortune; and the success of a new venture was pretty much as eventful to me as the turn of a right color at *rouge-et-noir*. At the same time, I had then an amount of spring in my temperament and a power of enjoying life, which I can honestly say I never found surpassed. The world had for me all the interest of an admirable comedy." Lever had remarkably little of the professional author about him; and his biographer tells us that no panegyric about his last book would have given him as much satisfaction as an acknowledgment of his superiority at whist!

It constantly happens that authors themselves prefer those of their books which the public fail to appreciate. This was certainly the case with the late Lord Lytton. In one of his letters to Lady Blessington he says, "I have always found one is never so successful as when one is least sanguine. I felt in the deepest despondency about 'Pompeii' and 'Eugene Aram,' and was certain, nay, most presumptuous about 'Devereux,' which is the least generally popular of my writings." In the same way, George Eliot was far more anxious to be known as the author of "The Spanish Gypsy" than of "Adam Bede." It is quite natural that authors who make composition a study should pride themselves on those books which have cost them most pains and trouble. But these books are not always their masterpieces. The comic actor who is full of the idea that his forte is tragedy suddenly and unexpectedly finds himself hissed.

Hardly any form of composition seems as easy as a good comedy; yet those theatre-goers who smile at the sparkling dialogue of "The School for Scandal" would hardly believe the amount of thought and labor it cost Sheridan. The characters were altered and recast again and again. Many of the speeches put into the mouths of Sir Peter and Lady Teazle are so shifted and remodeled from what they were in the first rough draft, that hardly a word stands in the same order as it originally did.

Of all literary workers, Balzac was certainly the most extraordinary in his *modus operandi*. At first he would write his novel in a few pages—hardly more than the plot. These would be sent to the printer, who would return the few columns of print, pasted in the middle of half a dozen blank sheets in such a way that there was an immense margin left all round. On this margin Balzac would begin to work, sketching the personages of the story, interpolating the dialogue, perhaps even completely altering the original design of the book. Horizontal, diagonal, and vertical lines would run everywhere; the paper would be scrawled over with asterisks, crosses, and every kind of mark. The dreams of the unlucky printers must surely have been haunted by those terrible sheets, besprinkled with all the signs of the zodiac, and interspersed with long feelers like the legs of spiders. To decipher such hieroglyphics must indeed have been no enviable task. Four or five times this process was repeated, until at last the few columns had swelled into a book; and the book, in its turn, never went through a fresh edition without being revised by its over-scrupulous creator, "who sacrificed a considerable portion of his profits by this eccentric plan of building up a book."

Harriet Martineau at first believed copying to be absolutely necessary. She had read Miss Edgeworth's account of her method of writing—submitting her rough sketch to her father, then copying and altering many times, till no one page of her "Leonora" stood at last as it did at first. But such a tedious process did not suit Miss Martineau's habits of thought, and her haste to appear in print. She found that there was no use copying if she did not alter, and that if she did alter she had to change back again; so she adopted Abbott's maxim, "To know first what you want to say, and then say it in the first words that come to you."

We have a very different style and a different result in Charlotte Brontë's toil in authorship. She was in the habit of writing her first drafts in a very small square book or folding of paper, from which she copied with extreme care. Samuel Rogers's advice was, "To write a very little and seldom—to put it by—and read it from time to time, and copy it pretty often, and show it to good judges." Another contemporary authoress, Mary Russell Mitford, frankly confesses that she was always a most slow and laborious writer. "The Preface to the Tragedies was written three times over throughout, and many parts of it five or six. Almost every line of 'Atherton' has been written three times over, and it is certainly the most cheerful and sunshiny story that was ever composed in such a state of helpless feebleness and suffering."

Every author must choose the mode of composition which suits him or her best. With some, copying may be but a needless labor; but to beginners it is almost indispensable; and the work which is not subjected to such careful consideration and revision is not likely to serve more than a temporary purpose. From this may be excepted the work of daily journalists and others whose writings are demanded as fast as they can be penned; but on the part of those who would aspire to do work that seeks a permanent place in the world of literature much care as well as never-ceasing diligence is required.

this

HOME AND SOCIETY.

The Power of Home.—Women who have sons to rear, desiring them to grow up into useful manhood, and who dread the demoralizing influences of bad associates, should strive to thoroughly understand the nature of youth. It is excessively restless; it is disturbed by vague ambitions, by thirst for continuous action, by longings for excitement, and by irrepressible desires to touch life in manifold ways.

In a boy of sixteen some satisfying occupation is as constantly necessary as the air he breathes, because his whole being is boiling over with the electricity of youth.

If you, mothers, rear your sons so that their homes are associated with ideas of the straight-jacket, and with everything that is disagreeably stiff and uncongenial, if you rear them with the idea that home is only a place to eat and sleep in, and that when they enter the house they must leave their natural instincts outside, you will be sure to throw them into society that, in any measure, can supply the need of their hearts. They will not go to the public-house for love of liquor, at first—very few people like their first taste of liquor; they will go for the animated and hilarious companionship they find there, which they discover supplies the desired action for their minds, and does so much to repress the disturbing restlessness in their breast. See to it, then, that their homes compete with public places in attractiveness.

Bar-rooms are not the most comfortable places in the world, and sand upon the floor is not the most attractive carpet; but these are accepted in lieu of those sweeter attractions at home, because they bring with them no sense of painful primness or galling restraint.

Open your blinds by day, and light bright fires at night. Illuminate your rooms. Hang pictures upon the walls. Put books and newspapers upon your tables; have music and entertaining games; banish the demons of dullness and apathy that have so long ruled in your household, and bring in their stead mirth and good cheer.

Invest occupations for your sons; stimulate their ambitions in worthy directions, and, while you make home their delight, fill them with higher purposes than mere pleasure. Whether they shall pass happy boyhood, and enter upon manhood as useful men, with refined tastes and noble ambitions, depends upon you, and upon the influence for good which you may weave around them if you will.

Do not blame miserable bar-keepers if your sons stray from the straight and narrow path. Believe it possible that with exertion and right means a mother may have more control over the destiny of her boys than any other influence whatever; rearing them to be a pride and comfort in her old age—a stay in her declining years.

Hand-shaking.—The different modes of shaking hands will delineate human character better than any other single act can do, and many peculiarities of different persons may be noted in the performance of this social custom.

Who would expect to get a handsome donation—or any donation at all—from a man who will give two fingers to be shaken, and keeps the others bent as upon an “itching palm”?

The hand coldly held out to be shaken and drawn away again as soon as it decently may be, indicates a cold, selfish character, while the hand which seeks yours cordially, and unwillingly relinquishes its warm clasp, gives token of a genial disposition, and of a heart full of sympathy for humanity.

How much that is in the heart can be made to express itself through the agency of the fingers! Who, having once experienced it, has ever forgotten the feeling conveyed by the eloquent pressure of the hand from a dying friend when the tongue has ceased to speak?

A right hearty grasp of the hand indicates warmth and ardor, while a soft, lax touch, without grasp, indicates the opposite characteristics. In the grasp of persons with large-hearted, generous minds, there is a “whole-soul” expression most refreshing and acceptable to kindred spirits.

But when a man presents you with a few cold, clammy, lifeless fingers, feeling very much like a dead fish, and expects you to do all the shaking, it will naturally make you think of the hospital, and other cheerful things.

Contrary to this style, there is a habit among a rude class of giving your hand a crushing grasp, which is often most painful. In these cases, there may be great kindness, and “strong” affection, but it is as crude as it is hearty.

If the grasp is warm, ardent, and vigorous, so is the disposition. If it is cool, formal, and without emotion, so is the character. If it is magnetic and animating, the disposition is the same. As we shake hands, so we feel, so we are.

But why do we shake hands at all? It is a very old-fashioned way of indicating friendship. We read in the Bible that Jehu said to Jehonadab:

“Is thy heart right as my heart is with thine heart? If it be, give me thine hand.”

And it is not merely an old-fashioned custom. It is the contact of sensitive and magnetic surfaces through which there is, in something more than merely a figurative sense, an interchange of feeling. The same principle is illustrated in another of our modes of greeting. When we wish to reciprocate the warmer feelings, we are not content with the contact of hands, we bring the lips into service.

Are we Deteriorating?—Somewhere in Oriental countries the traveler is shown a prodigious footprint in solid rock, which the natives aver was left there by our ancient progenitor, Adam, when the rock was soft earth. It is about twenty inches long, and, if really the footprint of Adam, would indicate that this gentleman so famous in Bible history was a giant compared with the puny specimens of humanity to be seen at the present day. It is true there are some pretty large feet around even now, but the bodies attached cannot compare as favorably in size as they did years ago.

Be that as it may, of one thing we are certain, the human race has greatly degenerated physically since ancient times, and physical deterioration is bound to bring about a corresponding mental incapacity. That we are daily growing “weaker and wiser” may be true as to the “weaker” part;

but, if we are increasing in wisdom, it is more because we benefit by the knowledge of those who have gone before than from any growth of brain-force in ourselves.

To prove the truth of these assertions it will only be necessary to compare the average longevity of man to-day with that of the ancients. Abraham lived one hundred and seventy-five years; Moses, one hundred and twenty. From that time the allotted term of existence dwindled down to three-score and ten, from which it has gradually receded until at the present time it is doubtful if the average will reach three-score at most.

To account for this is not difficult.

We are continually practicing many things in direct violation of the rules of nature; and nature's laws are inexorable. If we outrage them, certain consequences must ensue; we will suffer for our temerity. Whether in ignorance or otherwise, it matters not. A child may innocently enough thrust its hand into the flame, but will not be saved from a burn simply because of innocence. Neither will we, when daily and hourly violating nature, be saved from direful consequences, nor can we expect health and long life until some serious reform is attained and our habits made to conform to the principles of existence. That we may live and properly enjoy the good things our beneficent creator has provided, fresh air and exercise are paramount necessities; but how few of us get either! On the contrary, a majority of the great mass of humanity is employed in ill-ventilated workshops or foul factories from sunrise to sunset, while others toil in consumptive postures over counting-room desks, no less slaves than were the negroes of the Southern States before our late rebellion.

What is the result of this confinement? A miserable race of dyspeptics, with long-drawn faces and a host of complaints too numerous to category; in fact, it would be difficult to discover in any of our great cities a dozen men who are not afflicted with some ailment.

You meet your friend Brown on the street. He is a merchant in a small way, tolerably prosperous, but very attenuated from close confinement over musty ledgers for ten hours every day. His mouth is drawn down at the corners, his face is sallow, and dark rings encircle his sunken eyes.

You say to him:

"Why, Brown, you're not looking well."

He sighs a weary, sickly sigh, and replies in mournful accents:

"No, I'm not feeling very well; the doctor says it's dyspepsia."

"Why don't you take a run in the country and get some fresh air?"

"Oh, I can't do that; I can't leave the store. I'm taking some of Quackem's antiseptic instead."

And then, with languid steps, he passes on, a candidate for the coffin.

Along with his drudgery at the desk this same Brown combines a habit of eating too hastily, and in this one respect he represents a large class of business men who lunch down-town near their places of occupation and eat heavy dinners later in the day, when they should be partaking of a light repast.

The American is noted for his energy and vim. He is

always in a hurry; but never more so than at lunch time.

When the clock hands indicate noon, he starts up, smashes his hat on, and races for the nearest chop-house, putting his arms in his coat-sleeves as he runs. The establishment is generally in a cellar, and at the imminent peril of breaking his legs he dives down into it, drops into a seat, and gives his order all in one breath. The desired viands being brought, the performance—it is nothing more—begins.

"S-l-o-u-u-p!" The coffee has disappeared.

"Slap—dash—gulp!" The meat is gone.

An instant later his mouth opens again, there is an unearthly sound, quite impossible to transfer to paper, and a batch of potatoes has also disappeared in the same way.

Then with a mouth crammed full of bread-and-butter he fires a twenty-cent piece at the waiter, hops lightly into outer air, buys a cigar, and goes back to his labors as if a load was off his mind—transferred to his stomach.

Yet this man will possess the impudence to tell a friend that he has "a lazy liver."

As to the female portion of our community, they are trying hard to ruin health and reach an early grave in divers ways. Tight-lacing is the principal mode in vogue at the present day, and has ably aided old Father Time to "nick the thread" of life in numerous cases.

If you were to wrap your hand with a cord until it gave you pain and you could move none of your fingers, it would scarcely be expected you could produce with that hand, so hampered, any delicate or beautiful piece of workmanship. No more, then, can your vital organs perform their proper functions when forced from their proper places and crowded one upon another.

For this evil we are indebted to Fashion, since a slender waist is considered the perfection of human grace. Perhaps it is; but I am inclined to think the Creator of us all is capable of judging beauty better than Fashion, and that we will never be able to improve on his handiwork, in design or any other respect.

Would that the incidents I have cited were all the ways in which we are constantly violating nature's laws.

There are many others; but every one is so familiar with them, it would be useless for me to mention them here; and it is only a wonder, in this age of societies, that philanthropists have not taken the matter in hand long ago, and started some sort of Physical Improvement Association.

If we go on as at present and our children follow in their parents' footsteps, it is no more than reasonable to suppose that at the expiration of another thousand or so of years the human race will live as the butterfly, for one brief season only, and then pass away.

T. T.

Eating should be a fine art. Our tables should be spread as if the Immortals were to sit at the board and consecrate our necessities. Doubtless we eat too often and too much, degrading the sweetness of life with undue kitchen service, devoid of those æsthetic intimations which nature is herself so careful to suggest. She paints the commonest vegetable with colors that vie with the rainbow; golden carrots, creamy turnips, purple beets, and rose-tinted potatoes. Nothing is utterly exiled from the realm of beauty that is designed for

a wholesome nutriment to man. The fruits revel in an atmosphere of gorgeous coloring, from the lowly-trailing crimson cranberry up to the delicious sunny-sided peach and glowing apple, as if it were a sin to devour for appetite's sake, and not ascend therewith into a diviner element.

I have great admiration for the vegetarian, so-called, and have at various intervals totally abjured the "flesh-pot," however savory; but the inconvenience of it has been in the way of entire devotion to the vegetable world, as well as the lack of entire conviction on the subject; a theory also of utilitarianism supervening, whether it may not be wiser and better to submit my grasses to the wholesome chemistry of the bovine mill, at least in part. Perhaps, too, a certain lumbering, disagreeable conceit on the part of a multitude of men and women, who reject animal food, may have created something like repulsion, as if their feed inclined them to a mannerism akin to the herbivorous creature.

I remember to have more than once feasted at the table of our modern Plato, Benson A. Alcott, presided over by his most queenly wife, where the condiments were worthy of the servitorship of the cup-bearer of the gods. Purely vegetable, except cream, all so delicately compounded, and so artistically presented, that the memory of it is a distinct pleasure, even as the memory of a peach causes the mouth to water.

Milton had an æsthetic sense of the delight to be derived from a table spread with becoming taste and wholesomeness, and scorns not to make his beautiful Eve careful of the elegant rites of hospitality when preparing a feast for her angel guest:

"Fruit of all kinds
Heaps with unsparing hand; for drink, the grape
She crushes, inoffensive most, and wreathes
From many a berry; and from sweet kernels pressed
She tempers dulcet creams; through groves of myrrh,
And flowering odors, cassia, nard, and balm;
A wilderness of sweets."

Among modern poets, Keats is pre-eminent in this delicious sensuousness, turning our ordinary hunger into a delicate internal sense, akin to the nectar and ambrosia of Olympus. Spreading a feast in hope of awakening dreams of her lover on St. Agnes Eve, he says:

"Soft he set
A table, and, half anguished, threw thereon
A cloth of woven crimson, gold and jet.
And still she slept an azure-lidded sleep,
In blanched linen, smooth and lavendered,
While he from forth the closet brought a heap
Of candied apple, quince, and plum, and gourd;
With jellies soother than the creamy curd,
And lucent syrups, thinct with cinnamon."

Elaborate as is this description, and appealing mainly to an inferior pleasure, so delicately does the poet keep within ideal prescriptions, that the imagination revels in Arcadian dreams and tropical munificence, and is scarcely conscious that these luxuries are to be eaten, not dreamed over merely.

It is the vice of the age to undervalue the mission of the poet, but it is nevertheless true that all that is refined, beneficent, and ennobling have received their onward progress from the inspirations of the seers, prophets, and poets, for the terms are synonymous.

E. O. S.

An astute observer will find food for reflection even in a shoemaker's shop. There is much significance, if we have but the wit to perceive it, in a pile of half-worn shoes whose honorable holes, like dumb mouths, do ope their leathern lips to beg the noise and utterance of our tongues. Silent they may be, but their silence is eloquent in dispraise of the abuses to which a horde of inconsequent owners have subjected them.

The lowliest disciple of St. Crispin can tell you that a well-made shoe is constructed upon a beautiful hypothesis. Those parts which receive the worst usage are made most durable, and their relative strength so nicely proportioned that, presumably, on the foot of a person who does not maltreat his shoe leather, neither the sole, nor the toe, nor the heel, nor any other part will show special signs of weakness, but that the whole shoe will wear out at once. But, fortunately for the cobbling trade, very few people justify this presumption. *Entre nous*, I suspect the wily shoemaker is not without an eye to the main chance. What a millenium this would be for the pedestrian, if the man of boots and shoes were disinterested enough to ask his customer whether it was the toe or the heel or the ankle that he wished most strongly fortified! "That were a consummation devoutly to be wished." But we must live and let live. By making our shoes in accordance with his fine theory, the shoemaker knows, perhaps, that he is laying a trap for custom. Not one person in a hundred wears a shoe as the present system of manufacture presumes that he does. The consequence is that the greatest strain, the roughest usage, is often brought to bear upon the weakest parts of the shoe, which naturally give way, and lo! the shoemaker plies his art of patching, or he has an order for a new pair of shoes. But would it not be more reasonable for us to learn to wear our shoes aright, than to ask or expect that those which we buy should be adapted to our faulty steps?

It is too nice a point to admit of international comparisons, and we have no opportunity of judging exactly how we stand alongside of our neighbors and foreign friends in the science of pedestrianism. What I say I know from observation, and certain I am that, however it may be with other people, with us Americans each individual seems to have his own peculiar way of getting his money out of his *chaussure*, and that for this reason the condition of a man's shoes may be safely accepted as an exponent of his gait. It is the indubitable evidence of the cobbler's bench that deprives us of the last hope of vindicating our claims to be considered a nation of pedestrians.

Do you for one moment imagine that the person who runs down his heels to the right or the left, behind or before, can walk with a stately step, or even with proper dignity? Of course he cannot! He is too indifferent as to the manner in which his feet come down. He lets them wiggle to one side, and, worst of all, he projects the weight of his body, not on his toes, where nature designed it to fall, but on his heels, forsooth! But how many of us wear our heels off square and smooth? How many of us are there whose shoes bear witness that we do not wiggle when we walk?

Nor is the man who is down at the heel our only pedestrian anomaly. His mode of locomotion is not more eccen-

tric than that of the man who wears holes in odd places through his soles. This man must walk like an elephant. He sets down his feet with singular emphasis. He is a careless walker, and it is not long before his suffering shoes show the effects of the persistent pounding they have received against every jagged obstacle that lay in his path. He is one of your ponderous walkers. The heels of his shoes have not so much as the ghost of a chance to perform their function, which was to give additional elasticity to the plantar arch. He is sure-footed, perhaps; but how ungraceful.

One of the most unfortunate of pedestrians is the man who does not lift his feet, but shoves them along, like a human locomotive afraid of getting off the track, or drags his heels like a Latin spondee, and stubs his toes perpetually. He is "slouchy" beyond a doubt. He walks like a man who has neither physical nor moral backbone; but don't the shoe-makers dote on him! The ways in which he abuses shoe leather are too numerous to mention. He has a rival, however. It is the man with the tip-tilted toes, who flings his feet like a fractious filly, and gives a thousand inadvertent kicks at unkickable objects till he succeeds in supplying his shoes with a sky-light. This is one of the men who, in his childhood wore copper toes, and for whom, later on in life, the protecting "box" was happily invented.

There are those among us, though, who have still another way of walking. The representative of this class makes it a point of honor to keep his foot forever parallel with the curb-stone, while he holds his legs like a closed compass rubbing off the nap of his pantaloons, and worrying a hole in each of his shoes at the ankle. This man may walk fast, but he looks about as graceful as a peripatetic bean-pole. Nor is he the last or the queerest of the kind. But the mind grows weary of so many instances. Let us sum up the evidence. It brings us to the conclusion that if we have any curiosity to know how our friend's new shoes will look six months hence, we have but to watch how he walks. Conversely, if we wish to know what kind of a gait a man has, we need but to look at his shoes.

It is somewhat surprising that we Americans, among whom professional pedestrianism is so highly esteemed, should be individually such poor walkers. (I refer more particularly to the quality of our walking). Ah! but you see, this is an independent country and an independent people. The primary privilege is "go as you please," and, in every-day life, we don't take much stock in legs. That seems a great pity, though, does it not? The average American, lithe, sinewy, and active as he is, would have a great deal of spare capital to invest in a good gait. Speed he has already attained; he has even gone beyond the desirable limit, as many a slow-going foreigner will testify. But this is only of a piece with his general conduct. He does everything with a rush and with lightning rapidity, a fact, which, if remembered, would often serve to tranquillize phlegmatic Europeans, who, as they saunter leisurely along our thoroughfares, are confused by what seems to be myriads of detached arms and legs shooting past them like meteors. Oh, we can *go*! But what unsightly pieces of mechanism we are when we are set going!

In childhood we are merely taught locomotion. The

science of walking we pick up for ourselves, and naturally we do not become very proficient in it, especially as we change our gait from time to time to make it accord with "the latest thing in walks." So often does fashion exact these changes that, by the time we are old enough to scorn such caprices, we are quite demoralized, and our movements are an unhappy combination of all the artificial graces we have successively practiced.

What could be more objectionable, in an artistic sense, than the style of walking so popular with the young ladies and gentlemen at present? The revival of eighteenth-century costumes has been signalized by the invention of a new gait. It is quite heart-breaking to notice the persistency with which the many pretty girls who array themselves in the scanty drapery, the picturesque hats towering with plumes, the embroidered kerchiefs and long-wristed gloves to be seen in the famous portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds, do so completely destroy the effect of these quaint but exquisite toilettes by their unnatural and ungainly walk. I confess that I experience a feeling very much like disgust whenever one of these affected pieces chanced to approach me, with her body inclined forward so that a vertical line dropped from her nose would touch the earth a foot or so in advance of her toes; with her chest contracted and her shoulders rounded, arms akimbo and hands stiffly crossed over a satin reticule which she carries in front; with a mincing step, nodding her head like a toy donkey with every foot she advances. I say to myself: This woman has perverted all the beauty and grace of her sex. May the Lord forgive her! Of her it could never be said as of the mother of Æneas when she met her son on the shores of Africa, that "by her gait was revealed the true goddess." This fashionable crick in the back is more of earth than heaven.

Seriously, though, is this silly demoiselle any more than her bejacketed escort who executes that bow-armed, bow-legged evolution called "doing the English"? Are they not both in "d—euced bad form, you know"? There have been many atrocious styles, of which, perhaps, the memorable "Grecian bend" was the most notorious; but none of them surpassed in ineffable ugliness the present pedestrian mode. Think, too, that in acquiring it we have not relinquished our hold on any of the others. Souvenirs of their supremacy are still to be found among a crowd of promenaders. There have not been wanting enough consummate fools to perpetuate these libels on nature. The newest walk comes to us not as a substitute, but as an addition. It has gained the popular approval in spite of many a caricature and satire, in spite of the outcry of physicians, and the sharp criticisms of the æsthetically refined; and there is nothing to hinder its efforts to control the movements of quasi-fashionable society.

Many a person may consider this too strong a statement of the case; but let such a one judge for himself. Let him station himself on one of our prominent thoroughfares on any warm week-day afternoon, except Saturday; that is the sauntering-day when society is on dress-parade, and its movements are self-conscious. Choose a day when people are more likely to be out for business than pleasure; then in the space of a half hour carefully count the number of persons you see who are really good walkers, who hold themselves erect, carry the chin close to the neck, keep their eyes

to the front, support the arms gracefully without pinioning them to their side or swinging them like pendulums, their hands supine, meanwhile, and their toes turned out not much more or less than an angle of 45°. If you are anxious to vindicate your fellow-citizen, the result of this brief observation will be painful in the extreme. By far the vast majority will be found to amble aimlessly over the pavement, to stride as though shod in seven-league boots, to turn their toes too much out or too much in, to swing their arms like

pump-handles, to stoop as though they were about to perform a salaam, to thrust the chin forward as a vanguard for the rest of the body, or to violate in some one of the many other ways the harmonious laws of nature. Whatever individual peculiarities such an observation may make known to you, the general impression they will create will be one of uniform awkwardness, which the most lenient critic can hardly reconcile with the idea of fine pedestrianism.

E. M. H.

POT-POURRI.

Good example is infectious, as in the case of a bright boy in Galveston, who reads the papers. The other morning the old man asked Patrick, junior, why he didn't return the change from the marketing. There was no answer, except that the boy muttered, "The toirant!"

"Have you fed the pig, Patrick?"

A stony stare was the only reply. Then, for about fifteen minutes, there was a vision of a son closely pursued by a bareheaded father, revolving around the house until the former overtook the latter, and yanked him over a water-barrel.

"I was only thrying Boycott on yez, feyther; for the sake of ould Ireland, lave me alone."

"It's a boy caught, ye are," panted the old man. "I'll tache yer to thrifle wid a home ruler," and he reached out and gathered a barrel-stave.

The application of coercive measures could be heard four blocks off.

Some astonishing disclosures are sometimes made in court-rooms. A fellow being called as a witness in one of the English courts, the judge demanded:

"What is your trade?"

"A horse chanter, my lord."

"A what?"

"A horse chanter."

"Why, what's that?"

"Vy, my lord, ain't you up to that ere trade?"

"I require you to explain yourself."

"Vell, my lord, I goes round among the livery stables—they all on 'em knows me—and ven I sees a gen'man bargaining for an 'orse, I jest steps up like a teetotal stranger, and says I, 'Vell, that's a rare 'un, I'll be bound,' says I; 'e's got the beautifulest 'ead and neck as I ever seed,' says I. 'Only look at 'is open nostrils—'e's got vind like a no-gomotive, I'll be bound; he'll travel a 'undred miles a day, and never vonce think on't; them's the kind of legs as never fails.' Vell, this tickles the gen'man, and 'e says to 'imself: 'That ere 'onest countryman's a rare judge of a 'orse;' so, please you, my lord, he buys 'im, and trots off. Vell, then I goes up to the man vot keeps the stable, and axes 'im, 'Vel, vot are you going to stand for that ere chanty?' and he gives me a sovereign. Vell, that's vot I call 'orse chanting, my lord. There's rale little harm in't; there's a good many sorts on us. Some chants canals, and some chants railroads."

Caution is a good thing when not carried to excess, but Jake, our porter, usually carries it to excess. We saw him nailing up a box the other day containing some articles which he intended sending by express. From the nature of the contents, we knew it was essential that the box should not be inverted on the passage; so we ventured the suggestion to Jake to place the much-abused "*This side up!*" etc., conspicuously upon the cover. A few days after we saw Jake.

"Heard from your goods, Jake? Did they get them safely?"

"Every one broke!" replied Jake sullenly. "Lost the hull lot! Hang the express company!"

"Did you put on 'This side up,' as we told you?"

"Yes, I did; for fear they shouldn't see it on the kiver, I put it on the bottom tew—confound 'em!"

The following incident is illustrative of the way many promises made in prayer are kept.

A French peasant saw in the river a floating egg. He thought he could catch it with his hand, but, in the attempt, fell into the water, and the egg escaped him. The water was deep and he could not swim. In terror, he believed that God was thus punishing his greediness. To propitiate his fate he vowed that if he escaped he would never eat another egg. Instantly a branch of a tree presented itself to him, by means of which he gained the banks of the stream. Shaking himself, he said, "I suppose, O Lord, that you, of course, understood me to say raw eggs."

The sailor is always ready with his yarn, and never lets an opportunity slip of telling one. One evening, when the clouds looked wild and whirling, I asked the mate if it was coming on to blow.

"No, guess not," said he; "bum-bye the moon'll be up, and scoff away that loose stuff."

His intonation set the phrase "scoff away" in quotation-marks as plain as print. So I put a query in each eye, and he went on: "There was a Dutch cappen onct, an' his mate come to him in the cabin, where he sot taking his schnapps, an' says:

"'Cappen, it's agittin thick, an' looks kin' o' squally; hedn't we's good shorten sail?"

"'Gimmy alminick,' says the cappen. So he looks at it a spell, an' says he, 'The moon's due in less'n half an hour, and she'll scoff away ev'ythin' clear agin.'

"So the mate he goes, an' bum-bye down he comes agin, an' says:

"'Cappen, this ere's the powerfuller moon ever you did sec. She's scoff'd away the maintop-gallants'l, an' she's to work on the foretops'l now. Guess you'd better look in the alminick agin' an' fin' out when this moon sets.'

"So the cappen thought 'twas 'bout time to go on deck. Dreadful slow them Dutch cappens be."

Mr. Alison, English Envoy in Persia, was a man of uncommon abilities and brilliant powers, though with a vein of eccentricity which made him many enemies. He was a great favorite with the Turks, however, and especially the Grand Vizier, Reshid Pasha, who made quite a spoiled child of him.

When this great Turkish statesman retired from his position, he was succeeded by a fanatical old fellow by the name of Raouf Pasha.

Mr. Alison, having to transact some official business at the Porte, was received very differently from what he had been accustomed to. So marked were the respect and cordiality entertained for him by the former Grand Vizier, that he would meet him at the top of the principal staircase, take him by the hand, and conduct him through the crowds in the antechambers to his own room. On this occasion there was nothing of the kind. A servant led him to the presence of the great man, to whom he was announced simply as a Secretary of the English Embassy. Raouf Pasha took no notice. Mr. Alison put his hands in his pockets and began whistling a tune, while he looked at the pictures on the walls. The servant ran up to him, saying that the pasha on the sofa was the Grand Vizier.

"Impossible," exclaimed Mr. Alison in Turkish. "That must be some flunkey. The Grand Vizier would receive me like a gentleman."

Raouf Pasha stood up in apparent astonishment. Mr. Alison took a seat, and in his most patronizing manner invited the great man to sit down. He then explained the case he had to lay before the Porte. After a long discussion of it, the Grand Vizier looked at his watch, said it was the hour of his prayer, and knelt down at the end of his sofa, as the Turks delight in doing in the presence of foreigners. The Mussulman prayer winds up with a damnatory clause against all infidels, and Raouf Pasha rolled it out in a stentorian voice, as if leveled at his visitor, who knew enough Arabic to understand that a deliberate insult was intended by the emphasis laid on the words. The Grand Vizier then returned to his seat, and resumed the official interview. When the affair under consideration was settled, Mr. Alison in his turn looked at his watch, remarked that it was his prayer-time, and went to the other end of the sofa, where he went through a variety of gestures and genuflections, ending with a vociferous anathema against all Turks, Mussulmans, and other unbelievers in the holy Christian faith, declaimed in pure Arabic, as understood by all pious Mahometans. He then walked out of the room without taking the least notice of the astounded Grand Vizier.

Snake stories are becoming quite common of late days, and some are appalling in their strict adherence to truth;

but the following, told by a farmer of the far West, is a forcible example of that old saying, "Truth is stranger than fiction." It is to be hoped no one will have the temerity to doubt what this Western man says:

"While my wife and I were busily engaged back of our log-cabin, clearing the ground, our little four-year-old girl had strayed away from the house into the deep, dark forest. We looked all that evening for her, but could find no trace of her whereabouts. We came back, but sleep was far from us; we sat and speculated all night. The next day several of the neighbors joined in the search, but to no avail. We camped out that night, and at midnight were aroused by many and loud hissings and rattlings. We jumped up and followed in the direction whence the sound came, and had not gone far when we all stopped suddenly, as if we had been rooted to the ground, for before us we beheld our little girl, surrounded by three dozen of rattle-snakes, varying in size from three inches to fifteen feet, the larger ones standing on their tails in a circle with erect bodies and necks curved down toward the head of the infant in the centre.

"We looked on in horror, but could do nothing, the girl was in too dangerous a position. But soon after, the snakes having, as we supposed, danced their war dance and sung their war song, the largest ones made each for the lowest branch on one of the trees in a direct line with our cabin. Wrapping one end of their bodies around the branch, they dropped the other end toward the ground. In the meantime, two large snakes had wrapped their bodies around the child, so that one of their heads was on one side, and the other on the opposite side. One of these snakes then tied itself with the one hanging from above; they then swung themselves, together with the child, till the other snake on the child could catch the snake hanging on the adjoining tree, when the former let go and the latter swung the child to the next. During this novel proceeding, the other snakes kept up an incessant jubilee rattle till the child was landed inside our cabin, safe and sound, when they once more repeated the scene in the woods by dancing around her, after which they left."

Visitors in foreign lands who do not speak the language are often placed in embarrassing positions. An Englishman in Paris went into a restaurant to get his dinner. Unacquainted with the French language, yet unwilling to show his ignorance, he pointed to the first line on the bill of fare, and the polite waiter brought him a fragrant plate of beef-soup. This was very well, and when it was dispatched he pointed to the second line. The waiter understood him perfectly, and brought him a vegetable soup.

"Rather more soup than I want," thought he; "but it is Paris fashion."

He duly pointed to the third line, and a plate of tapioca broth was brought him. Again to the fourth, and was furnished with a bowl of preparation of arrow-root. He tried the fifth line, and was supplied with some gruel kept for invalids. The bystanders now supposed that they saw an unfortunate individual who had lost all his teeth, and our friend, determined to get as far from the soup as possible, pointed in despair to the last line on the bill of fare. The

intelligent waiter, who saw at once what he wanted, politely handed him a bunch of toothpicks! This was too much; the Englishman paid his bill and left.

A writer who has traveled in the Western States has discovered the scale by which titles are given:

A speaker at an American "Convention," being addressed as "colonel," declared he was not even a captain.

"Don't you live in Missouri?" he asked.

He owned that he did, and in a house with two chimneys.

"Then I was right," exclaimed the man. "Over there if a man has three chimneys on his house, he's a general; if two, he's a colonel; if only one, he's a major; and if he lives in a dug-out and has no chimney, he's a captain, anyhow."

The power that lies in a name is instanced in a striking manner by the following anecdote:

Mr. Rushum was a peculiar man in one respect. He never had any money, never paid a debt if it was possible to avoid it, and yet he managed to owe almost every one who knew him, and it was astonishing what a number of acquaintances he had and how often they called on him.

"My dear sir," Rushum would say, with a benevolent smile to a creditor who called for money, "I mean to pay that little bill; in fact, it should have been paid before, but I was disappointed in not receiving some money which I had calculated on. Mr. Cash owes me money, and I have expected it every day for a month. When he pays up, I'll pay you."

At the mention of Mr. Cash's name the confiding creditor always pricked up his ears and appeared to take courage, and in this way, continually keeping Cash's name in the foreground, Rushum was enabled to move along and contract new debts.

One day, Cash, who was noted for his wealth, called on Rushum.

"Look here," said the former, "I owe you ten dollars. Give me a receipt and I'll pay you."

"In the name of heaven I beg of you not to do it!" cried Rushum in alarm, all of his cool assurance leaving him.

Cash looked at the man in astonishment.

"Don't want your pay?" he gasped.

"Not a shilling of it. Keep it for me, and don't pay me until I tell you that I am in earnest in wanting it!"

"What is the meaning of it?"

"I'll tell you," replied Rushum, in a confidential tone.

"By the means of that ten dollars which you owe me, I am enabled to get credit for a thousand, besides bluffing all my old creditors."

Cash turned and walked away, marveling at the power of a name.

There is nothing like making sure of results. During the war between Augustus Cæsar and Marc Antony, when all the world stood wondering and uncertain which way Fortune would incline herself, a poor man at Rome, in order to be prepared for making, in either event, a bold hit for his own advancement, had recourse to the following ingenious expedient:

He applied himself to the training of two crows with such diligence that he brought them to the length of pronouncing, with great distinctness, the one a salutation to Cæsar, and the other a salutation to Antony.

When Augustus returned conqueror, the man went out to meet him with a crow suited to the occasion perched on his fist, and every now and then it kept exclaiming, "*Salve, Cæsar, Victor, Imperator!*"—Hail, Cæsar, Conqueror and Emperor! Augustus, greatly struck and delighted with so novel a circumstance, purchased the bird of the man for a sum which immediately raised him into opulence.

OVER THE BANISTER.

Over the banister bends a face,
Darlingly sweet and beguiling;
Somebody stands in careless grace
And watches the picture smiling.

Over the banister soft hands fair
Brush his cheek like a feather;
Bright brown tresses and dusky hair
Meet and mingle together.

There's a question asked, there's a swift caress,
She has flown like a bird from the hallway;
But over the banister drops a Yes,
That shall brighten the world for him alway.

A common inscription in front of Neapolitan wine and macaroni houses is "*Domani si fa credenza, ma oggi no.*" "To-morrow we give credit, but not to-day."

A new way of paying old debts: There had been a great deal of bad feeling between two Galveston families; hence, there was much surprise when they intermarried. A friend in speaking to the father of the bride, asked if the families had made friends. "Not a bit of it. I hate every bone in my son-in-law's body." "Why did you let him marry your daughter, then?" "To get even with him. I guess you don't know that girl's mother as well as I do."

"My 'sperience in dis life," said an aged colored individual, "has taught me dat de man who swaps mules wid his eyes shut am sartin to git the wust of it. Brudderly feeling goes a good ways in case of sickness or want or death, but it seldom reaches down to a hoss trade. If I war buyin' a mule of a man I had knowed all my life, I should begin at de hoofs an' look dat animile ober cla'r up to de point of his nose. I shouldn't spect him to tell me dat he had filed down any teef or puttied over any hoof cracks. My advice am not to lie or deceive in tradin' mules, but to answer as few qeshuns as you kin an' seem sort o' keerless whedder your offer am 'cepted or not."

The numerous instances of mistaken identity on record are constantly receiving new additions. There is an amusing account of a French lady who was very jealous of her husband, and determined to watch his movements. On one occasion, when he told her he was going to Versailles, she followed him, keeping him in sight till she missed him in a

passage leading to the railway station. Looking about her for a few minutes, she saw a man coming out of a glove-shop with a rather over-dressed lady. Making sure from the distance that this man was her husband, she came suddenly up and, without a word of warning, gave him three or four boxes on the ear. The instant the gentleman turned round she discovered her mistake, and, at the same time, caught sight of her husband, who had merely called at a tobacconist's, and was crossing the street. There was nothing for it but to faint in the arms of the gentleman whose ears she had boxed, while the other lady moved away to avoid a scene. The stranger, astonished to find an unknown lady in his arms, was further startled by a gentleman seizing him by the collar and demanding what he meant by embracing that lady.

"Why, she boxed my ears, and then fainted," exclaimed the aggrieved gentleman.

"She is my wife!" shouted the angry husband, "and would never have struck you without a cause."

And worse than angry words would probably have happened had not the cause of the whole misunderstanding recovered sufficiently to explain how it all happened.

Here is an instance of wit gaining the day in a courtroom:

A liquor case was being tried, and as a part of the evidence a pint of whisky was produced by the Commonwealth, and it was clearly shown that the identical whisky was seized from the premises of the defendant, who had it there with intent to sell, and whom we will call Michael McCarty. It was not a very extensive seizure, but still the intent was just as bad. When the district attorney arose, he stated the case; said that he had no doubt but that his brother on the other side would make fun out of it, as was his wont, and ended by charging the jury to dispassionately try the case simply on its merits. As he sat down, Michael's attorney arose.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he said, "the learned district attorney says he wishes you to try this case on its merits. So do we. Michael McCarty, take the stand."

Michael did so. He was a great, burly man, with a jolly countenance and exceedingly red nose.

"Michael," continued his lawyer, "look upon the jury. Gentlemen of the jury, look upon Michael McCarty. Notice his beaming countenance, his jolly, rubicund face; and now, gentlemen of the jury, do you believe, and are you prepared to state on your oaths, beyond a reasonable doubt, that if Michael McCarty had a pint of whisky he would sell it?"

It is needless to say that they didn't.

Too Old.—Mr. and Mrs. Jones were starting for church. "Wait, dear," said the lady, "I've forgotten something; won't you go up-stairs and get my goats off the bureau?"

"Your goats!" replied Jones; "what new-fangled thing's that?"

"I'll show you," remarked the wife. And she sailed up the stairs and down again with a pair of kids on her hands. "There they are," said she.

"Why, I call those things kids," said the surprised husband.

"Oh, do you?" snapped the wife. "Well, so did I once,

but they are so old now, I'm ashamed to call them anything but goats."

Then they went to church. The next day Jones's wife had half a dozen pairs of new gloves in a handsome lacquered box of the latest design.

A severe repartee is recorded of Foote, the comedian, who, in traveling through the west of England, dined one day at an inn. When the cloth was removed, the landlord asked him how he liked his fare.

"I have dined as well as any man in England," said Foote.

"Except the mayor," cried the landlord.

"I do not except anybody whatever," said he.

"But you must!" bawled the host.

"I won't!"

"You must!"

At length the strife ended by the landlord (who was a petty magistrate) taking Foote before the mayor, who observed it had been customary in that town for a great number of years always to "except the mayor," and accordingly fined him a shilling for not conforming to this ancient custom. Upon this decision, Foote paid the shilling, at the same time observing that he thought the landlord the greatest fool in Christendom—except the mayor.

The power of becoming invisible has often been displayed by the heroes of fairy tales, and it was formerly believed to be procurable by means of fern-seed; but no peculiar power of rendering people invisible resides especially in the seed of the fern. Put on any very *seedy* suit of clothes, and walk about in the streets, you will very soon find that your acquaintance will pass you without seeing you.

Some people do not seem to take a proper interest in anything. A lightning-rod man drove up to a fine new house, out West, and told the man sitting in the door that he ought to have lightning-rods on it. The man said he had not thought about it, but had no objections. So the lightning-rod man put a rod up on one corner, and asked the man, who was still reading the newspaper, if he had any objections to his putting up rods on the other corners, and the man said no. When the job was done, the peddler presented his bill.

"What's this?" said the man, yawning, and folding up his paper.

"Bill for the rods," explained the peddler.

"Rods! I didn't order any rods!"

"Why, certainly you did."

"Not at all. I only said I had no objection to your putting them up. And I hadn't. This is the county courthouse. I don't even live in this house. Of course I had no objections."

She murmured to Adolphus, while her eyes were all a-dream, "I hear the merry jingle of the peddler of ice cream;"

But she looked as black as thunder, and her rapture did explode,

When she learned the bell was jingled by a heifer down the road.

POTTER'S AMERICAN MONTHLY.

VOL. XVII.

NOVEMBER, 1881.

No. 119.

ALONG THE MOSELLE AND THE RHINE.

BY GEORGE BANCROFT GRIFFITH.



KOCHER, ON THE MOSELLE.

WE are gliding down the Moselle to its junction with the Rhine. The spot where a tributary flows into the main river is always noteworthy. Here the hills are of various formations, and the waters intensely green and of a crystal clearness. Ehrenbrietstein rises from the river in steep terraces opposite, and is cut out from the other heights by a narrow valley on either side. It is imposing and apparently impenetrable. Casemates yawn from each terrace, and the whole surface is intersected by massive walls and occasional stone stairways.

Glancing up the Rhine!

"Within whose broad, mellifluous tide
Inveterate souvenirs abide,

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Of saintly trust, of knightly pride,
Going forth as dread invaders.
Perpetual visions crowd its banks
Of stalwart steeds with blazoned flanks,
That Eastward bore, in tireless ranks,
The old hardy-thewed Crusaders!"

On the left shore are steep hills planted with grapevines and crowded with forests, and there remains only space enough for a railroad and highway between their base and the stream. Here and there, where a brook forces its way through a narrow cleft in the hills, a village nestles, with one row of houses to the Rhine, while the others crowd up the tiny valley. On

the right shore, where the Salm flows into the Rhine, the hills are lower and the valleys broader, but they soon push forward to the river, and where the eye glides up the steep and sterile rock, to which Marxburg clings dizzily, they have left but a few narrow fields at their base. Above Marxburg the hills crowd past each other, and cut off the Rhine from our view; but it is still long traceable through the day by the conical hills which guard its shores, and in the evening by the silvery veil which floats above its surface. The Moselle is visible but a short distance above its junction, where it sweeps in a large curve around the city of Coblenz. Upon the low, sloping hills of the further shore are several pretty villages and well-tilled farms. With the exception of Rolandseck, this is regarded by many as the most beautiful spot on the Rhine.

"What Christly influence wraps this stream,
With delicate sanctity supreme,
Like slumberous mists that brood and gleam
When summer dawns are breathless!
What songs its haunted bosom sings
Of reverend legendary things,
In soft, mediæval murmurings,
Melodiously deathless!"

Who that has once heard the soft ripple of the green Rhine can ever forget it? And how beau-



RUIN OF VELDENZ.

tiful is the scene when the pear-trees are whitening, the valleys and the apple-blossoms are gleaming in the sun; when the golden sheaves are scattered over the table-lands, and the heights are wreathed in the crimson shades of autumn, and when it all

sleeps dreamlessly under the winter snows! These scenes haunt the traveler for years. The day before, I had crossed the market-place of Coblenz, threaded my way into a side street, and soon came out to the Moselle. Pausing on the middle arch, I watched the clear green flood, eddying and foaming round the stone piles, and listened to the murmurs of the waves which had washed the base of the low hills and the edges of fertile fields, all the long way from sunny France. The eager little wavelets trembled impatiently against the shining stones, over and over each other, and past whirling bits of wood, nor were they quiet till they sank with a faint murmur beneath a white line of foam into the arms of the Rhine flowing gently past. At the right lay the city. Old patrician houses looked over the low stone wall bordering the river; here a balcony crowded between outjutting buildings, there a bay-window hung airily upon a commanding corner, and upon slanting roofs arched and pointed dormer windows crouched as if weary from a long flight. Many a window was open to the sweet spring air, and as muslin curtains swung back and forth, revealing blooming hyacinths and budding camelias, my thoughts went back nearly a hundred years. I almost wondered that I did not see some of the beautiful women of the French emigration, who were one day fleeing from the guillotine, and another day on their knees, begging German rulers to lead them back to the pleasures and—alas!—vices, to all the emptiness of a crumbling Past. How many a slender form may have leaned hungering and shivering in these high-perched dormer windows! How many a darkly-glowing eye may have faded while gazing up the blue Moselle for news from a quiet France, driven back into the traces of despotism.

Coblenz was the headquarters of the Emigrant army, and the small city was filled with arrogance and weakness. A friendlier vision also appeared to me while gazing into the swift, green waters. In one of these side streets stands the house where Henriette Sontag was born, the great songstress, the pure but unfortunate woman. There were two sisters, but one immured herself in a convent, and she had the greater talent of the two. Which may have been the happier? The woman whose voice rolled up the dim aisles of convent chapel and broke in silence the fretted roof, heard only by a few bent nuns and sallow priests, and perhaps

by the angels, or the one whose public life was a march of triumph over two continents, her voice still ringing down the aisles of time, but whose private life, shared with the dissolute Count Rossi, led to poverty and renewed effort, and a grave in a foreign land? The whispers of the tumbling waves were unintelligible to me, and I cannot say whether a secret consciousness of great power is not sweeter to a proud spirit than all the applause which men can give. So musing, I returned to my hotel.

And now the waning glories of the sunset warn me that my river excursion must speedily end if I would join my companions at tea, and I turn back into the city by the nearest way, feeling that I had looked upon this lavish beauty for the last time. And with a sigh I bid the familiar heights, the lovely valleys, my favorite mountain, all good-bye.

Augusta, the Queen of Prussia, passes much of her time in Coblenz, and rules over the hearts of its inhabitants. She has contributed large sums toward beautifying the "Anlage," a promenade, stretching from the city a long distance up the Rhine and thickly strewed with natural and artistic beauty. She is known to be a woman of superior intellect. The first years of her life were spent at the Court of Weimar, and her first impressions were formed and trained by the "Meistersaenger" Goethe.

Just above Coblenz is the quaint town of Rhens, famed as the spot where the German emperors were elected in the olden time.

The next morning dawned clear and beautiful, and we were up betimes to take the train. Friends gave a last greeting, and almost like one in a dream I found myself at the depot, and we were soon fairly off again, wife and I, rushing along between frowning fortifications; our destination, Heidelberg. It seemed scarcely a week since the rainbow that greeted us as we rolled over the Rhine bridge had faded into blue air, yet more than a fortnight's light and shadow had been flung upon the mighty stream, winding among its storied hills, since we had entered Coblenz.

A bend to the right, and bridge and moat flew behind, and then the Rhine lay beside us, dancing in sunlight and dreaming where graceful branches bent above. For an hour and a half we skirted the shore, except where this was not possible, when we swept suddenly into a tunnel and out

again, and the train passed under the shadow of Stolvenfels, caught a glimpse of the delicately-traced chapel hanging upon the steep rock, then turned from the dark and dripping walls to the gleaming river, the friendly Lahn Valley, and the



RUINS OF GRAFENBERG.

old town of Lahnstein, lying quietly under the guardianship of the gray castle Lahneck. In another quarter of an hour the train had swept round the bend in the river, one wave of light broke upon the tinned roof of Lahneck's tower, another upon Stolvenfels, then familiar balcony and cornice and chapel-spire slipped behind the wooded hills. The vineyards crept in serried ranks up the steep hill-side, and from their crests old castles frowned down upon the attack. Rough promontories pushed out defiantly into the stream, but we slipped under them, and the locomotive came out with a shrill laugh of triumph upon the other side. We cannot keep the details of the countless ruins which crown the Rhine hills, but will try to here and there catch a voice full of melody from the Past and give it words.

The "Brothers" are two ruins near together, with a high blank wall between them. The story is simple and natural. There were two brothers who quarreled, swore deadly enmity, and built a high wall and broad between their two strongholds. Years passed, during which neither saw the other's face. They had grown old, and were weary of tournament, song, chase, and war; the flow of their emotion turning back upon itself, rested again in their childhood. One morning the elder brother climbed up to the top of the

intervening wall, if possible, to catch a glimpse of him whom he only remembered as a young, stalwart knight, whose blonde hair fell in long curls upon his gleaming armor. At the top he stood suddenly face to face with an old man who had climbed up on the other side. Two old men whose hair streamed long and thin upon the wind. "Art thou Rupert?" "Art thou Wolfram?" They crept down again, a door was cut in the dismal wall, the old offense was forgiven and forgotten, and the former harmony was restored. We ought to regard it as true, for we were shown the two ruins, the blank wall, and the doorway in it!

Making a sharp curve, the train enters a tunnel and comes out into a beautiful basin, walled on either side by high, perpendicular rocks, and closed above and below by a bend of the river. This is the far-famed Lore-Lei basin, and the opposite rock, which protrudes semicircularly into the stream, is the Lore-Lei rock. The poetic legend attached to it is the most curious of all that the river offers to travelers throughout its course. At this place the river becomes narrow and dark, its current is more rapid; for, in a distance of five hundred paces, its waters have a descent of five feet. The Lore-Lei rises like a gloomy promontory, and above the surface of the water appear the points of rocks which have rolled down its sides, and have strewn the place with dangers. On the summit of this mountain dwelt the fairy Lore.

She was a beautiful young girl of seventeen or eighteen years, so fair that the boatmen descending the Rhine forgot, at the sight of her, the care of their boats, so that they were dashed against the rocks; and not a day passed that there was not some new accident to deplore. The bishop, who dwelt in the city of Lorch, heard of these accidents, and, regarding them as the effect of some fatal influence, when the relatives of those whose death she had caused came, in garments of mourning, to accuse the fair Lore of magic, he commanded her to appear before him. He was prepared to question her severely, but hardly had he seen her, than, yielding to the universal charm, he fixed his eyes upon hers, and his accents betrayed the pity he felt for the young girl. She denied being an enchantress, for she had no charm to retain her lover, and only sat day and night on the summit of the rock waiting for him,

and singing the song he used to love. She then began to sing the ballad, and the bishop perceived that she was mad. For her spiritual welfare he ordered her to be conducted to the convent of Marienburg. Mounted on the gentlest horse that could be procured, with her conductors she set forth, and all went well until they came in sight of the rocks where she was accustomed to sit, waiting for her lover. Then she asked permission to ascend them, that she might look out once more upon the Rhine, and see if he, whom she had so long awaited, would not appear. Her guards assented, and two of them followed her a few steps to detain her if she attempted to escape. But scarcely had she touched the ground than she began to run so lightly that she seemed like a swallow skimming over the earth. She reached the summit of the mountain where it overhung the river, in a moment, gliding like a spirit rather than a being of earth, and, advancing to the extreme verge, she took up the harp she had left there the day before, and with that plaintive voice which cast a spell over those who heard it, she began to sing her accustomed ballad. The song ended, she pressed her harp to her bosom, and raising her eyes to heaven, with her hair floating in the wind, she slowly descended, not like a body falling, but like a dove flying away; at the same instant those who accompanied her uttered a loud cry; the beautiful Lore had disappeared beneath the flood.

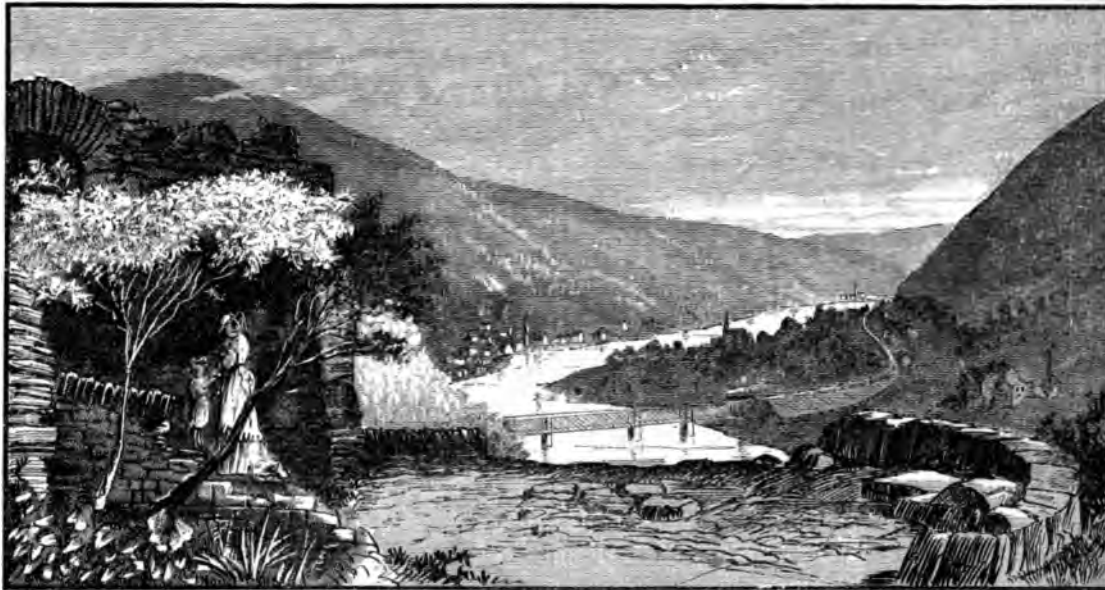
On hearing of this the bishop sent for a learned man versed in affairs of magic, who, on consulting the stars, told him that Lore was indeed dead, but that, as her death had been a crime, she was condemned to revisit the place where she had dwelt when living, and that she would re-appear thus till she met a young knight who should make her forget her first love. This continued for more than a century. The bishop died. The generation who had known the poor Lore in life disappeared, leaving her story to the generation which followed.

Still the years rolled by. The Emperor Maximilian reigned in Germany, and Roderic Borgia, of terrible memory, was pope at Rome. One evening a young hunter, having lost his way in the valley of Ligrenhof, came suddenly to the opening of the valley in view of the Rhine. It was a warm summer twilight, and the cool, limpid water tempted him to bathe. Wishing to apprise

his companions of his whereabouts before going down to the river, he sounded his horn; immediately the notes were repeated, so distinctly that he thought some huntsman had answered him. Another flourish was reproduced so perfectly that he began to doubt. After a third trial, he shook his head, saying, "It is the echo," and, placing his horn on the ground, he threw off his clothes and plunged into the river. The name of this young swimmer was Walter, son of Count Palatine, not only the handsomest, but the bravest and most accomplished lord who dwelt on the banks

time, and by his strength and skill he regained the shore. He soon found his companions, and all the hunters set out for the castle together; but while every one else gayly talked of the exploits of the day, Walter was silent, and thought of that grateful apparition which had lasted but for an instant but which had left so deep an impression.

The next day, and for days after, the fishermen looked in vain upon the Lei; no fairy was to be seen. One afternoon the young lord's hounds were pursuing a roe, and he had dismounted to follow it over the steep paths, when suddenly he



THE VALLEY OF THE MOSELLE.

of the Rhine. At the sight of this youth, whom she had first mocked by returning the sound of his horn, the fair Lore experienced a sentiment which she had long since believed dead in her heart. He perceived her seated on a rock, and began to swim toward her. Lore joyfully saw him approach, and began to sing that ancient ballad which all around her had forgotten. Suddenly the fairy bethought herself that, between the young swimmer and herself, was the abyss in which so many unfortunates had been overwhelmed. She at once ceased singing and disappeared, and silence and darkness fell on all around. Walter saw that he had been the sport of an illusion, and while he felt attracted in spite of himself, he remembered the gulf. Happily, there was yet

became bewildered, and it seemed to him that, by some unaccountable magic, objects had changed their form. But, as if impelled by an unseen power, Walter still went on. He walked thus from nightfall till midnight, hearing constantly the sound of a harp, whose music receded as he advanced. Then he found himself on the summit of a high mountain which overlooked the Rhine. On right and left the river glided through the valley, like a broad, silver ribbon. On a lofty peak he beheld a female seated. She held in her hand the harp whose music had guided him; a soft light like that of the dawn enveloped her, as if she could only breathe in an atmosphere different from ours, and she bent on him a smile of wondrous sweetness. Walter recognized at once

the mysterious being whom he had seen on that night when he bathed in the Rhine. His first impulse was to approach her, but after taking a few steps he remembered all that had been told him of the Lore-Lei, and made the sign of the cross. Instantly the light vanished, and she from whom it had emanated uttered a cry, and disappeared like a shadow. But though vanished from his sight, she was, from that moment, present to his spirit. He fell into a deep melancholy, for, in comparison with this image, constantly present to his thoughts, no woman appeared lovely; he felt instinctively that he yearned for something which was not of earth. One day his father announced to him that he was to prepare to set out for Worms, where the emperor held his Court. War was to be made against the King of France, and Maximilian had called to his aid his bravest knights. Walter's eye sparkled for an instant with joy at the idea of the glory he might achieve, and he declared his readiness to set out. The next day, however, he fell again into his accustomed melancholy. The night before his departure he told his squire that, before leaving the country, he had resolved to have one more fishing on the Rhine, and asked him to accompany him.

It was a lovely evening; the breeze had a strange melody, and a mysterious perfume floated in the air. The river reflected the heavens like a mirror, and the falling stars traversing the azure sky seemed, amid the universal calm, to rain literally upon the earth. Old Blum cast in the nets; but Walter, instead of attending to the fishing, was watching the heavens, and left the boat to drift with the current. Suddenly a well-known melody fell on his ears, and there, in her accustomed place on the rock, sat the fair Lore, with the strange harp in her hand. It was the third time that she had appeared to him; and this time, as he had come to seek her, he had no thought of retiring; he seized the oars, and began to row toward her. At this unexpected motion, which distended the nets, the squire raised his eyes, and saw that the barque was steering directly toward the gulf. It was too late to seize the oars, and he begged his master to leap into the water with him, and make for land. But Walter's arms were extended toward the magic apparition, which seemed to be gliding down the mountain side to meet him. Repulsed in his attempt to grasp

him round the waist and plunge with him into the river, the faithful servant, seeing that he could not save him, resolved, with a prayer on his lips, to die with him. The fairy Lore, enveloped in the soft light within which burned a flame, drew near with a sweet smile, extending her arms toward the young man, as his were extended toward her. Light as a mist, she seemed to glide over the water. The boat trembled and shivered like an animated being which approaches its destruction. Poor Blum had only time to make the sign of the cross, for his head having struck against a rock, he felt that he was losing consciousness.

When he came to himself it was broad daylight, and he was lying on the sand at the bottom of the rock. He called for Walter, but the mocking echo of the Lei alone replied. Sorrowfully, and as best he could, he made his way back to the castle. He besought the count to let him choose men-at-arms and attempt to rescue his young master from the accursed enchantress. The count bowed his head, and hurried to his oratory, where for hours he was heard weeping and sobbing. With his picked seneschals, Blum returned to the scene of disaster; but when he saw and threatened to avenge upon the form of the fairy his lord's death, she gently raised her head, and said:

"I am but a spirit, and the young count belongs no more to the earth. He is my wedded lord. He is the king of the river, as I am its queen. He wears a crown of coral, he has a bed of sand strewn with pearls, and a lofty palace of azure, with pillars of crystal. He is happier than he ever would have been on earth; he is richer than if he had succeeded to his parental inheritance; for he has all the wealth the Rhine has engulfed, from the day of creation till to-day."

"Thou liest, wicked fairy," answered Blum; "thou thinkest to escape my vengeance."

So saying, he drew his sword, and approached her.

"Wait," replied the enchantress, in a thrilling voice.

She detached her necklace from her snowy neck, and took from it two pearls, which she threw into the river. Instantly the waters were agitated, and two enormous waves, of that uncertain and fantastic form which is ascribed to sea-horses, rose to the summit of the rock. On

one of these sat a beautiful youth with pale face and floating hair; Blum recognized the young count, and became motionless with amazement. Meanwhile, the two waves had risen till they bared the feet of the fairy. Lore seated herself on the other, and entwining her arms about the youth, kissed him. Then the waves began to recede, and, seeing that the fairy was about to escape him, Blum would have followed her. But the youth looked at him, smiling, and then said:

"Blum, go and tell my father to weep no more, for I am happy."

With these words, he returned the kiss of his bride, and both disappeared in the river.

Since that day no one has seen the fairy Lore, and the boatmen may no longer hear her siren song. All that remains of her is a mocking echo, which repeats four or five times the notes of the horn, or the national air which the pilot does not fail to sing in passing the rock of Lore-Lei. How true it is that the poetry of a primitive people clings to rock and tree and stream long after the decadence of science and culture.

Centuries hence, when men have forgotten that the rocks have been blasted and the channel deepened, the traveler will be thrilled through and through with the melody of this pass.

"The aromas of romantic lore
Yet linger round this sacred shore,
Where ghostly nixies combed of yore
Blonde locks that coiled and glistened!
Ah, still gold-haired Gunhilda tells
The undying tale of Drachensfels;
Through Zündorf still, by darksome spells,
The wasurman spreads deep sadness."

Now the train whizzes past the Pfalz, crowning a rocky mass in the middle of the Rhine, past the Mouse Tower, nestling upon the other islet, past the rapids at "Binger Loch," and then comes to a stand under the depot in the suburbs of Bingen. An hour's rest, and we are again journeying toward Heidelberg.

When the banks of the Rhine were governed by the Electors Palatine, Heidelberg was their capital. It has as much history as any place of its size in Europe. But its magnificent scenery is the hinge on which turns the secret of the charms that cluster about the old town. It would be called a city in the United States. Like the good old German dame on Christmas eve, Heidelberg has a gift for all who will visit her. It is a bouquet

of many various flowers. True, there are no Raphael Madonnas or Canova busts; but that castle is worth them all. Here is no Rigi or Mont Blanc or Lake Lucerne, but the heights back of Heidelberg and the playful Neckar are worth going far to see.

There is a sad contrast between the natural beauties here unrolled and the dark deeds that men have done in the midst of them! There have been places where nature, in her quiet landscape and wild grandeur, has conquered the conqueror. Yes, even art conquered Napoleon several times. But the beauty of Heidelberg seems to have been its curse. When the heart is alive with



HEIDELSTEIN.

a religious feeling and the sword lifted in a religious cause, war is always most terrible in its ravages. This is why Heidelberg is hardly a skeleton of its former self. High hills rise on the north as well as the south side of this beautiful place. The hills flatten to the right, and the country becomes a broad plain, which is only limited by the distant mountains of France. The train crosses a part of this plain, and here we are dropped in the vine-covered station of Heidelberg. It is at the western end of the town, and by following the main street by cab a mile and a half we reach the hotel on a market-place, the Prinz Carl, a few yards to the left of the great church that stands on a line with the bridge.

We find that Heidelberg numbers less than twenty thousand inhabitants, and yet it has been

the scene of more bloodshed and heroism, and romance, too, than any other place in Europe oftentimes its size. It has been Bunker Hill and Bladensburg, Gretna Green and Whitehall, Berlin and Wittenburg, altogether. It has now been likened to old Coventry and lovely Kenilworth.

In the days of the Counts Palatine, nature, science, and royalty held Court here together; but it was one of the many fair spots in Germany which was blighted by the Thirty Years' War; and it is sad to remember that that long contest, which divested the popes of so much of their power, should have stripped Art of so many of her laurels. Bloodthirsty Tilly besieged it in 1622. He conquered; and what mercy could you expect of him who cruelly butchered thirty thousand Magdeburgers, without regard to age or sex, and then boasted in the dispatch announcing his triumph, that, "since the destruction of Jerusalem and Troy, such a victory had not been!" He gave his soldiers three days to sack Heidelberg, which was like a lion taking a day to devour a lamb.

After the Imperialist soldiers had remained in possession of the place eleven years, Gustavus Adolphus came at the head of the Protestants to recapture it. They succeeded; and near where we are stopping is the public-house whose landlord can show you the very room in which the great Swede slept. Scarcely had a half century elapsed before Louis XIV. sent Turenne with an army of French soldiers to punish Charles Louis, the elector, for a piece of independence. It is said that the elector watched the progress of the army from a window in the Heidelberg castle, as the smoke of burning villages all along the plain announced the approach of the invader. Soon he reached Heidelberg. The elector's defense was weak; he challenged Turenne to single fight. The marshal refused the challenge, and Heidelberg was chastised for its master's spirit. As soon as Charles Louis died, the French emperor sent another army to Heidelberg to take possession of the Rhine provinces. The cruel Melac headed the forces, and burnt Heidelberg in 1688. For years after this the French besieged the ruins that their predecessors had left. Chamilly was leader then, and his inhuman barbarities even surpass the cruelties of Tilly, and deserve to be compared with the bloody ferocities of Attila, Nero, and Tamerlane. The Protestants were

butchered without mercy, and the banks of the Rhine became French territory. The houses, of course, with few exceptions, now bear no traces of any great antiquity, nearly all of them being the work of the last century. There is but little of that sombre look about the place which is so peculiar to old Brunswick and Nuremberg. But Heidelberg is the German students' land of promise; their hearts are fit to burst with enthusiasm about its beauties, and during the Franco-Prussian war their voices sang the praises of the Neckar and the German Rhine nightly.

"It never shall be France's,
The free, the German Rhine,
So long as youth enhances
His fervor with its wine.

It never shall be France's,
The free, the glorious Rhine,
Until its broad expanse is
Its last defender's shrine."

Happy the one who has yet to take a first view from Heidelberg Castle! It is the first view that pictures itself upon the mind. Subsequent visits may afford a clearer sky and more acquaintances, but the first view is the standard picture. Future views are judged according to their approach to that first one. "Mountains are a feeling," says Byron, and it is not more so with mountains than anything else in nature. Every time you see the same beautiful scene another link is formed which binds you to the spot. But the first view you remember longest.

Let us cross the market-place and then take this little path up the hill. The ascent begins in earnest, not by the path to the left above the town, but by another, through the thick fir and linden-trees that grow between the town and castle. The outer gateway is reached. By passing through it and a subterranean, or, rather, sub-castle passage, we emerge from its gloominess into sunshine again. All at once, without expecting it, we stand upon one of the front balconies of the castle. The view from where we stand was described in the "Halle Year-Book" a number of years ago.

Looking down with unaided eyes ourselves upon the town, we can but feel that Heidelberg has no need to boast, through its many lovers, of its charming situation. Woods and plains, smiling and fertile fields, the shining Neckar, its banks

vocal with music, all disclose a scene of remarkable beauty. The university is about equidistant from the two large churches; standing in a market-place, and is an unpretentious building. It was founded in 1386, and is, therefore, one of the most ancient of the many German universities. The library numbers over 120,000 volumes. It is said that the Palatine Library contained many rare and choice books, but when the town was captured by the united Catholics in the Thirty Years' War the most valuable portion of it was sent to Italy as a present to Pope Gregory XV., in token of a Roman Catholic triumph. They

honor list in the universities of Germany. The students board and lodge in the town where they please. So the universities are thus but little more than examining and lecturing bodies. Looking in the faces of the students, you are surprised to see how many of them are disfigured by long scars and patches. You might almost imagine that they had all been engaged in a battle with furious cats, and that the cats had had the best of it. Your astonishment is increased by learning that the students are proud of these scars on their faces, and regard them as so many badges of courage and honor. They receive them in the duels



MARIENBERG CASTLE.

were placed in the Vatican and there remained almost two centuries, and were finally restored by Pope Pius VII., in 1815. This library contains Luther's manuscript translation of the Psalms, his "Exhortation to Prayer against the Turks," and his notes written in an old Heidelberg catechism. When Tilly sacked the city, he made beds for his horses of the elector's Library, and it was not a generous heart or conscientious scruples that prevented him from putting as speedy an end to all the books as Cæsar did to the first Alexandrine Library, or as the Caliph Omar did to the second.

The university is far less imposing than the picturesque and hoary old college palaces of Oxford and Cambridge, nor will it compare with cosy Harvard and Yale edifices and greens. There is no compulsory degree, but only a voluntary

which they are in the habit of fighting, a custom quite frequent, and no less disgraceful, among German students.

In 1817, when the German nation was beginning to recover from the terrible disasters it had suffered at the hands of France, two professors conceived the idea of uniting all German students into a military body for the protection of the country. This notion was readily adopted by the universities, and corps and Burschenschaften, the chief peculiarity of German student-life, were ultimately formed. The lecture-rooms of the university are on one side of the square, in the rear are the museum and reading-room, while opposite the lecture-rooms is a row of jewelry, clothing, confectionery, and other shops. The German students have ever kept alive a spirit of liberty and

devotion to the Fatherland which cannot be too much admired. Some of their corps songs, notably those which have come from the meistersaenger, are extremely beautiful and possess an historical interest. The fervor of lofty patriotism and fiery courage breathes in every note.

A short distance from the southwest corner of the square in which the university stands is St. Peter's church. A shapely little spire identifies it. It was the first one built in Heidelberg, and John Huss nailed his theses on its doors. "He there expounded the Reformation doctrines to a large multitude of hearers assembled in the adjoining church-yard." In this church may be seen the tomb of Olympia Morata, the female philosopher of Italy, a remarkable and attractive woman. The quiet town of Ferrara was her home, and she was instructress to the Duchess of Ferrara, but, espousing Protestant principles, her presence became odious at Court. Owing to her father's death, she was obliged to take charge of her three younger sisters and one brother, in whose education she took especial interest. A German student, who was attending medical lectures in Ferrara, became greatly enamored with this gentle lady, and she gave him her hand and heart in 1548. Returning with him to Germany, she delivered lectures in the University of Heidelberg. She died at the early age of twenty-nine, and after her death her works, comprising many volumes of a literary and religious character, were published at Basle, in Switzerland.

The church of the Holy Ghost, which contains the dust of the electors, and is divided by a partition, so that the Roman Catholics worship in one part and the Protestants in the other, is the largest in Heidelberg. On the outskirts of the town, to the left, is an English grave-yard, and the names of many Americans are there. That hill which rises so high upon the opposite side of the Neckar is the Mountain of the Saints. At the foot of it are the remains of the little house where Luther rested on his way from the Diet at Worms. This mountain was once crowned with a Roman fort. Subsequently one of the French kings had a summer residence there, and with a telescope we can still see the ruins of the castle and church of St. Michael. A visit will reveal the trenches which Tilly dug for besieging Heidelberg.

The Philosopher's Path for centuries has wound

up amid the vineyards toward the summit of the Heiligenberg, and is still the favorite promenade of many of the German thinkers. This was Hegel's chosen walk, and some believe it was here that he conceived his pantheistic essays. In one of the string of houses on the opposite bank of the Neckar lived Chevalier Bunsen, and, close by, the melancholy Strauss, the author of the rationalistic life of Christ. He is said to have once been a room-mate of our venerable Dr. Nast, but how different was their old age! Nast grew old in beautifying the temple which Strauss spent his life-time in trying to deface and ruin.

The different parts of the famous castle display the different taste of the German princes, as well as the style in vogue in the several periods when they were built. The statues in the niches of the façade are the representations of Charlemagne's successors. How fierce their thick armor and heavy battle-axes make them look! They are carved from red sandstone, and the ivy vines are winding more of their arms around them with every passing summer. There is an intelligent female castellan who will lead the visitor through. It is said that Mr. Longfellow spent many a day in the different parts of this castle, and here he wrote a large portion of his charming "Hyperion." He gave a choice copy of his book to the guide who was so willing to be his fair attendant. We must some time visit the Golden Star Inn, down in the town, where Longfellow roomed. He was always a great favorite in Heidelberg.

We are now to be conducted to the most beautiful part of the castle. Walking through the central court, we pass into the second and through an old gateway whose portcullis holds its fierce and jagged teeth above our heads, and then into an adjoining court by another gateway. This latter gateway is quite unique. The sides are knotty and gnarled to represent cedar posts, though composed of red sandstone. They were chiseled more than two hundred and seventy years ago, and yet so natural are those pillars and so delicate and perfect the tracery of the leaves and branches of the parasitical ivy, that you are inclined to question the fact the longer you behold it. Our conductress calls it the "triumphal arch," which calls to mind a bit of English history.

The Elector Frederick V. married an English princess, Elizabeth Stuart, a daughter of James I. of England, and granddaughter of Mary, Queen

of Scots. This gateway was built by the elector for the reception of his English bride. Awhile after their marriage the elector was tendered the crown of Bohemia. At first he refused to accept it; but Mrs. Jameson, with a few master touches, gives the whole picture:

"When her husband hesitated to accept the crown of Bohemia, this high-hearted wife exclaimed, 'Let me rather eat dry bread at a king's table than feast at the board of an elector;' and it seemed as if some avenging demon hovered in the air to take her literally at her word, for she and her family lived to eat dry bread, aye, and beg it too, before they ate it; but she would be a queen!"

Away up the Neckar, all along its banks, are castled ruins clinging to the rocks. No one knows their history. They are much older than most of the Rhine castles. It would certainly be a wise man who could write a true chapter in the history of a European castle. If we sometimes regret the absence of such grand legacies as the Middle Ages have bequeathed to Europe on river bank and mountain peak, we may be thankful that we have none of their dark history. With what secret dungeons, what instruments of torture, what unheard mercy-cries, is every old castle ruin associated! Well that those old stones can never tell the world what they have seen! The Rhine is the home of legendry, the Neckar is a string of antique pearls, and as such the world regards them—let the bright side of the picture greet our vision ever.

Now we stand upon the point to the right of the castle, and yonder are the blue mountains that rise as the eastern bulwark of France. It is almost sunset; the last rays of the sun are now leaving our feet; now they slide down the mountain sides; now they make the winding Rhine a row of golden-sheened mirrors; now they take their leave of the Schwebsingen poplars; now they say "good-night" to the spire at whose base lies the dust of the Hapsburgs; now they tinge the prison walls where Cœur de Lion was caged; now they cast their parting smiles upon the Mannheim spires; now they reach—they pass the hills of France.

And now, as we leave this romantic spot, the ladies of our party say we must slip away, tomorrow, toward Weimer, *via* Bingen—"fair Bingen on the Rhine." We submit with graceful obeisance.

Back again to Bingen, and here we are in the very heart of the wine lands! A low headland near Bingen yields the golden Scharlachberger; directly opposite, on the bare, blank promontory, Rudesheimer and Assainushäuser clasp hands, the one covering the hills up and the other down the river, both laying claim to the sunny slopes of the vertical chasms. These are known to be the best red wines of Germany. Below Bingen the stream is narrow and swift, winding among steep hills all the way to Bonn, but above it widens into a placid sea. The left shore falls back in gentle undulations to the horizon, while the right rises more abruptly to a range of hills, the spur



BERNKASTEL.

of the Taunus Mountains. A short distance up the river a sudden eminence stands out of the general slope, bearing upon its brow a beautiful and modern palace. This is Johannisburg. It was formerly a monastery, but during the Napoleonic wars it changed hands, and now belongs to Metternich, late Austrian Minister to the French Court.

It was a wonderful scene which met our gaze. The land, darkly-spotted with patches of pine forests, sloped evenly down to the river, two miles distant, upon which two islands lay still and brooding. The Tunnel Mountains, rising steeply out of rye-fields and vineyards on the other side, traced pale purple lines against the dim eastern sky. The whole Rheingau, rich and fertile, was visible from Mainz to Bingen, the sun-rays kissing each trembling wave!

Glorious old Mainz! The principal stronghold

of Drusus twelve years before Christ! Yes, the Roman Emperor Augustus sent this, his step-son, to the province of Gaul as long as then, to begin at the Rhine the work of conquering Germany.

Between here and the North Sea he erected fifty citadels, but they were all destroyed in 70



STREET SCENE IN BERNKASTEL.

A.D., by an uprising of the Germans, to be rebuilt by Trajan in 97. Then Attila, with his half million rapacious Huns, swept by here! After him came the Franks and built palaces upon the ruins. Pepin lived in the palace at Ingelheim, and here his son Charlemagne was born, in 742. Charlemagne built the "Reichs Palast," but all that remains of this palace are the Basilica and two cellars, in one of which are two stones with Roman ornaments. The Basilica consists of part of a choir niche and the cornice of an arch of triumph. After this palace was destroyed by the fiendish armies of Louis XIV., in 1682, its hundred marble, granite, and sienite columns were scattered over Germany. A certain number were carried to Heidelberg, and placed in the castle we have described. Four of them stand round the "Schloss Brunnen." A sienite column ten feet high stands by the well on the Schiller place in Mainz. The large space which this palace once covered in Ingelheim is still called by the villagers the "Saal."

But the swiftly-gliding train is now bearing us on again toward Frankfort, and our retrospect must end, for the ladies whisper among themselves that their escort is lost in a fit of abstraction. I once more give them my undivided attention,

and in due time we reach Frankfort. Here we stop for the night, and the next morning at early dawn are bound for the little city of Weimar. From the station, one-fourth of a mile north of this home of Schiller and Goethe, we look down upon the quaint little place nestling among the trees. The houses are plain and unpretending. Half a dozen tall spires are distributed among them, while a low range of hills appears stretched out for miles beyond. The wooded eminence behind is Ettersberg, which was the summer residence of the grand duke, where the plays of Goethe and Schiller were often acted beneath the trees by members of noblemen's families, unencumbered by the trappings of costume and art which were regarded essential in the theatre.

We resign ourselves and luggage to the care of a dapper, honest-looking young German porter, who escorts us to the Golden Eagle Hotel. As soon as we had lunched, we were out to see the city. On the esplanade at one side of the town stands the poet's house, an unadorned, two-story edifice, plastered on the outside, and painted yellow. On the front was inscribed, "Here lived Friedrich Schiller." Only one suite of rooms in the upper story is shown to visitors. The other rooms are occupied by a family. For myself, I could not, without deep emotion, cross the sill of this modest dwelling, mount those well-worn stairs, trodden for years by his feet, and enter the room consecrated by his genius. Years and years ago I had been charmed by his characters and scenes, which now stood forth like a gallery of pictures in the halls of memory, and most sincerely sympathized with him in his youthful struggles with poverty and want, as he rose from humble life to the highest place in the temple of fame. In this unpretending home his greatest works were written, and here the noble son of the muses, "to whom the gods had given the kiss of immortality," finally breathed his last.

Goethe's house, situated on another street only a few rods from Schiller's, is closed, except to occasional visits. It is more stately and imposing than the humble dwelling of his brother poet. In the front hall are two bronze figures of men and a deer, and a grayhound between them, suggesting one of Goethe's favorite sports. His study-chamber is still kept with scrupulous care, furnished similarly to, yet more richly than, Schiller's.

The streets on which their houses stand are in both cases named for them. Schiller is the favorite author in the schools of Germany, and next to him, Goethe. Schiller is more popular with readers under twenty-five years of age, and Goethe after that. This is owing to the fact that Schiller has more of the impulsive feeling of youth, Goethe more of the calm dignity that characterizes matured age. Millions of copies of their complete works are scattered over the land in cheap editions, but for some reason Schiller undoubtedly gets more readers at the present day.

On the Theatre platz, in the south part of the city, in front of the theatre, a plain building where their dramas used to be enacted, stand the bronze statues of the two poets, side by side, like two loving brothers, as they were, their feet resting on a solid granite pedestal. Schiller is slightly taller than Goethe, his left hand bearing a scroll, his eyes looking up as if gazing upon the divine ideals of his own creation; Goethe stately, dignified, his eyes looking straightforward like Michael Angelo's in Overbeck's "Triumph of Belgium in the Arts," turned neither up nor down. These two postures illustrate the nature of the two poets. Goethe was of the earth, earthy. He dealt in purely secular themes, while Schiller, with

"The poet's eye, in fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven."

Both were true poets; but the latter dwelt more in celestial spheres. Goethe's right hand holds a wreath with which he is about to crown his brother poet, who died some twenty-seven years before him. They are worthy monuments of two noble, genial spirits.

Goethe and Schiller learned to understand, appreciate, and love each other. They walked, meditated, talked, wrote, ate, slept, planned, wept, and rejoiced together. Their mutual intercourse was most delightful to both. Goethe was ten years the senior of his friend, and his views may have been more matured and fixed when they first met, but this seemed not in the least to diminish their mutual friendship. Coolness and distrust marred not their intercourse after they fully understood each other. They loved even unto the end. Hence it is fitting that their statues should stand upon the same pedestal. Though Goethe outlived Schiller more than a quarter of a century, yet finally their bodies rested in the same

vault near where they lived, labored, and closed their eventful careers.

One of the most beautiful cemeteries in the world lies in the eastern suburbs of the city. Flowers, shrubbery, tall grass, evergreens, grow among the simple gilt and iron crosses which mark the mounds. Near the centre of the plot rises up a little chapel with four Egyptian towers surmounted by elegant domes. The interior of the chapel is adorned with paintings of Scripture scenes indicating cheerfulness and hope; statues, bas-reliefs, and carved work. From a large opening, surrounded by a balustrade in the centre of the room, we descend to the vault where repose the remains of Goethe, Schiller, the Grand Duke Charles Augustus, their patron, and other members of the ducal family. The monuments are beautiful, the vault light and free from dampness. The bodies of the two poets lie side by side about three feet from the ground, enclosed in plain cherry caskets. Faded wreaths cover them, which have been placed there by pilgrims who have come to the shrine of genius. A rich silver wreath lies at the head of Goethe's. The duke requested that his body might be placed between those of Schiller and Goethe, whom he so generously befriended in life. But Court etiquette forbade it,



STREET SCENE IN ENKIRCH.

and he was placed by the side of his father, his good mother Amelia, and his wife Louisa, in another part of the vault. The royal tombs lie neglected, while those of the poets, adorned with a hundred wreaths, are honored by the presence of admirers from foreign lands. The un-

adorned tombs of Luther and Melancthon in the centre of the old Castle Church at Wittenberg are visited by thousands, who scarcely deign to look at the stately statues of the electors John and Frederick in the front part of the same church. Such is the way of the world; it suffers factitious notoriety and high rank to pass into oblivion, but persists in expressing its admiration for genius.

On our return from the cemetery, we pass by the colossal bronze statue of Wieland, the author of "Agathan and Oberon," and the first translator of Shakspeare into German. Herder is another great name in Weimar. His house, the parsonage of the city church, is unknown to tourists as the place where "lived, labored, and died Johann Gottfried Von Herder," according to the inscription on the front tablet. The church is a large building with a quaint roof, and a spire on each end, erected in 1400. Herder rests in the nave of the church, and his statue stands directly in front, with a scroll in his hand, on which is inscribed the German words, "*Licht, Lieben, Leben*"—Light, Love, Life. This church contains some of the finest paintings by Cranach.

The grand ducal palace, erected under Goethe's superintendence, contains some good frescoes. There are four rooms named from these four literary characters: Schiller's, containing illustrations from "Wallenstein," "Marie Stuart," etc.; Goethe's, illustrations from "Egmont," "Faust," etc.; Wieland's, scenes from the "Oberon;" Herder's, adorned with symbolical characters of his different professions. The whole is remarkably rich and suggestive, like the best illustrative engravings

of a celebrated author's works. Here also is shown the armor and other relics of Grand Duke Bernard, one of the Protestant leaders in the "Thirty Years War," who died in 1639, and was buried in this city church. Thus have the rulers of Saxe-Weimar remembered and honored the men who have contributed to the greatness of their realms. Charles Augustus was the Mæcenas of German literature. He made little Weimar "the Athens of Germany," and the parks that to this day add so much to the picturesqueness of the city have been to Germany what the groves of the Academy were to Greece.

The park extends along the charming banks of the Ilm, containing trees and shrubbery, fountains gushing forth from the living rock; *Denkmels*, or rude stone monuments; bowers and summer residences, and the beautiful *Romische Haus*, built in the form of a Grecian temple, standing in the midst of a grove where Goethe used to spend the warm season. A botanical garden adorns the centre of the park, and a fine old avenue of trees connects it with the palace-like chateau of Belvedere. The ducal library is a fortress-looking building with a quaint old tower of the mediæval style on one end, and contains nearly one hundred and fifty thousand books and MSS., and busts and portraits of distinguished men who have resided at Weimar. It also contains some interesting relics, the gown worn by Luther when a monk, Goethe's Court uniform, the belt of Gustavus Adolphus, and other curiosities pertaining to literature and history. The most brilliant period of Weimar's history seems to be opened to view here. It is veritably a school of genius and lofty valor.

"NICHT VERSTEH'."

"ANY broken ware to mend to-day?"
Said the German who rang the bell;
"I will make it strong, and mend it well,
And the sharpest eye can never tell
Where lies the seam in the mended clay."

"Now tell me, sir, if you have the art
Not only cracked dishes of clay,
But things that are fairer by far than they—
Treasures now crumbling fast away—
To join so firmly they never will part?"

"The shining links of a golden chain
I fondly thought for aye would hold
The friend to me more precious than gold,

Dearest of all in the days of old—
Can you join these broken links again?

"Now tell me the truth, good man, I pray;
Have you the skill, the mystic art,
To keep from snapping, ere life depart,
The jangled chords of a broken heart?"
But he only answered, "*Nicht versteh'.*"

And he smiled as he turned from me away,
Trudging along with might and main,
Happy each day a pittance to gain.
The song of his life has this refrain:
"Any broken ware to mend to-day?"

EGBERT L. BANGS.

ELECTRICITY—THE FORCE OF THE FUTURE.

By JOHN A. BOWER.

WHAT is electricity? This is a question which has always perplexed us and perplexes us still. This perplexity is, however, of little consequence, for we have of late years made enormous strides in the application of this subtle force. We are now getting a fair acquaintance with electricity, and this acquaintance is giving us lessons as to the sources from which it can best be obtained, and how it can be employed.

We read of the old philosopher Thales rubbing a piece of yellow amber on his rough baize garment, and then picking up with it bits of down and floating feathers. This experiment of the old Greek philosopher, dated 600 years before Christ, seems to have no connection whatever with the elaborate plans now adopted for developing electricity that gives us light of such intensity as to compare with the sun for brilliancy, and heat so intense that it can even volatilize refractory carbon. In both cases, however, the force is the same, the difference is in the intensity. Thales not only rubbed the amber and lifted up light substances by its influence, but he endeavored to explain the cause. He said the amber held a soul or essence which was awakened by friction, and went forth from the body in which it had previously lain dormant, and brought back the small particles by the invisible effluvium which it emitted. This was the first hint given to the world of this subtle force which resides in everything and is as universal as gravitation itself; and from this substance, amber—electron—the name electricity itself is derived.

We have after this no more direct notice of this force till the beginning of the seventeenth century, when Dr. Gilbert announced to the world a list of about twenty substances, which he rubbed, and with them attracted not only light floating bodies, "but all solid matters whatever, including metals, water, and oil."

We next hear of Mr. Boyle and Otto Guericke making experiments, and to the former is accredited the first seeing of the electric light, while the latter was the first to make an electric machine. This machine consisted of a sulphur ball which was turned on an axis, and the hand was pressed

near it to serve as a rubber. From this the delighted philosopher obtained not only flashes of light, but the snapping of the electric spark. To this philosopher is accredited the discovery of electrical repulsion.

He observed that when a feather or any light substance was electrified and detached from the surface of the body from which it was charged, it would not again go near that body, but was driven away. Upon these experiments of attraction and repulsion, Otto Guericke endeavored to explain the motion of the moon around the earth, and it was not till the discoveries of Sir Isaac Newton were made known that this notion was dispelled.



FIG. 1.—THE GALVANIC BATTERY.

Thus little by little more became known. Experiments also proved that certain substances conducted electricity freely and others did not; and that those substances which gave out electricity freely when excited were the very worst conductors, and *vice versa*.

Next came the discovery of the Leyden jar, by which it was found that electricity could be stored up; and a number of Leyden jars were arranged in a series, and thus a battery was formed. With batteries of this description Franklin is said to have succeeded in magnetizing steel needles. This is the first notice of the connection between magnetism and electricity. Among other experiments, he drew electricity from the clouds by means of a kite, and proved it to be identical with that obtained by an ordinary machine.

A new phase was given to the science when, at the end of the eighteenth century, the discoveries of Galvani and Volta led to another method of setting free electricity, by the combination called the galvanic battery. In all such battery arrangements electricity is set free by chemical force, *i. e.* by two metals of an opposite character, one of which readily dissolves in the acid liquid used in charging. A simple cell of such an arrangement we show in Fig. 1.

How, then, is electricity produced? In many ways. If we take the ordinary plate or cylinder machine, mechanical energy must be employed to



FIG. 2.—THE ELECTRO-MAGNET.

work the machine; this energy is changed into electric energy; in the battery, chemical action of acid on the zinc, *i. e.* chemical energy, is changed into electrical energy.

We cannot create force, any more than we can create matter. A force of one kind can only be gained at the expense of another kind of force. Take an ordinary case of rubbing two bits of wood together: they become heated; the mechanical work of friction is thus changed into heat. In the case of rubbing a piece of amber, sealing-wax, or ebonite with flannel, muscular force is used, and the force is transformed into electric force, that gives to the amber, sealing-wax, or ebonite the power of lifting bits of paper, pith-balls, or any light substances. When the force is dissipated, another supply of mechanical energy is necessary to excite the electrical; and we must bear this in mind, that any force generated will give out exactly as much energy as is given to it; but a good deal goes off as heat.

In the ordinary electric machine the electric energy produced is entirely developed from mechanical work; but not all the mechanical work is changed into electricity, for a part of it is dissipated in heat. A very pretty illustration of

mechanical force developing electricity is to take two plates of metal, one of copper, another of zinc; having attached an insulating handle, join to each plate a wire connected with a delicate galvanometer; on gently striking the plates together, a current of electricity is detected by the deflection of the needle, and a similar current is produced on separating them, but the needle will move in the opposite direction. The mere act of stirring up a little milk as it is boiling is sufficient to set free electricity, and even the smallest mechanical action can, under proper control, be shown to produce electricity.

Again, on the other hand, electric action can be changed into mechanical energy or heating energy; and chemical energy can be changed into heat, force, and electric energy.

Take, for example, a current of electricity from a battery: this can be carried by a wire, which must be covered with some insulating substance, several times round a piece of soft iron, as in Fig. 2; the iron at once becomes a magnet. It at once, if free to move, arranges itself north and south, and acts in every way like a permanent magnet. Here the chemical force from the battery is changed into magnetic force, which travels along the wire. In fact, the wire itself acquires magnetic powers, and magnetism is only another form of electricity. If we take a helix of wire by itself, as in Fig. 3, and send through it a current from the battery, the wire becomes strongly magnetized, which may readily be tested. If the N end of a permanent magnet be presented to the N end of the coil, repulsion at once takes place, but if the S end be presented attraction is the result. The wire will also be found to have risen in temperature. A part, therefore, of the chemical force is changed into electrical and a part into heat force.

A bar of iron magnetized from a battery is called an electro-magnet. The difference between a piece of iron that is not magnetized and a magnet is that the former attracts both poles alike, but, in magnets, like poles repel and unlike poles attract.

Several discoveries of the late Sir Humphry Davy were due to the chemical work which he was able to get out of the first really large battery that was made. This was at the Royal Institution of Great Britain, where he put together as many as two thousand cells of copper and zinc couples. With a current from this enormous arrangement,

potassium and sodium were first separated in their elementary form from the salts containing them. With this same arrangement which gave such good chemical results, Sir Humphry Davy first produced the heating effect on two charcoal points at the ends of wires leading from the battery, so as to get a very brilliant electric light. This was the first electric light of any intensity that had ever been witnessed. In this case zinc was being dissolved in the battery by the acid, thus setting free chemical force and heat force of very great intensity. The zinc, in fact, was the fuel employed for supplying the energy.

Still later, M. Gassiot made a much larger battery, consisting of nine thousand couples; but this has been eclipsed by an immensely larger and more powerful arrangement by Dr. Warren De la Rue. This is the largest battery, we believe, that has ever been made, and consists of the enormous number of fourteen thousand six hundred cells, and its results are as magnificent as the proportions of the battery itself.

Electric force developed in this form from batteries at the expense of zinc is too costly for general employment as a mechanical or lighting agent. The electricity employed for all working purposes is more cheaply derived from the combustion of coal, and the battery, for these purposes, has been discarded.

The steam-engine has become our great producer of electric force, and the one object of inventors now is to get out of the engine the utmost electric energy at the least possible cost.

Combined with the steam-engine, we must mention the discovery of the late Dr. Faraday, the discoverer of electro-magnetism, who first contrived a very ingenious machine for showing that not only will a magnet revolve round a wire, carrying a battery current of electricity, but that such a conducting-wire itself will revolve round a magnet. The powerful magneto-dynamic machines that are now used to produce powerful electric currents are the results of the labors of this earnest philosopher. Another important discovery due to Faraday is, that electric currents can be induced or given to wires, or cores of iron, without their being in actual contact with the sources of electricity. The skillful combinations of these principles have been applied in the construction of the Gramme, the Siemens, the Brush, the Bürgin, and the various other magneto-motor

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machines which are now giving us the electric light at a comparatively small cost. A brief description of the earliest and simplest of these machines must suffice for our purpose; the later and more complicated forms are only more complete developments of the same principles.

A very simple experiment will suffice to show even the most uninitiated what is meant by an induced current. If a small permanent magnet be held near to a piece of soft iron, the piece of iron becomes a magnet, and will hold up small pieces of iron or iron filings; on removing the iron from the influence of the magnet, the force disappears, and the pieces of iron no longer cling to it. The same effect is produced if a bar magnet is placed in a coil of wire, also if one coil be inserted within another coil. This was the discovery of Faraday in 1831, and it was very quickly applied in the construction of the various magneto-electric machines. The first was made by causing a magnet to revolve close to a double coil of wire, and this developed in the coil powerful currents of electricity. The next most successful arrangement was that which fixed the battery of permanent magnets and made a double coil of wire to revolve close to and opposite the poles of the

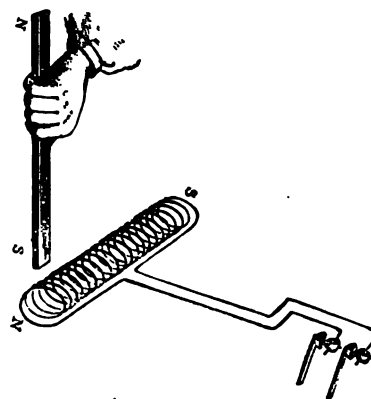


FIG. 3.—A HELIX OF WIRE.

magnet, before which they are rotated with great speed by an endless band carried round the circumference of the axis and of the large wheel. This is known as Clarke's machine, and is shown in Fig. 4. Here again the mechanical energy of turning the handle which rotates the double coil is changed into electric energy, and the more rapid the rotation, the greater the amount of electricity set free.

Just one word of explanation as to how the electric currents are formed.

The cores of the electro-magnets are fixed to an iron plate, so that they really form an electro-magnet of the horse-shoe form. By magnetic repulsion the N end is always opposite the S end of the permanent magnets, and the magnetic intensity is greatest when the electro-magnet is horizontal, as in Fig. 4; but in the course of its rotation it is as often vertical as horizontal, then the current is weakest. Then at every half revolution it will be horizontal, but its magnetism will be reversed, for the coil being reversed, its poles must necessarily be changed. These rotations are, how-

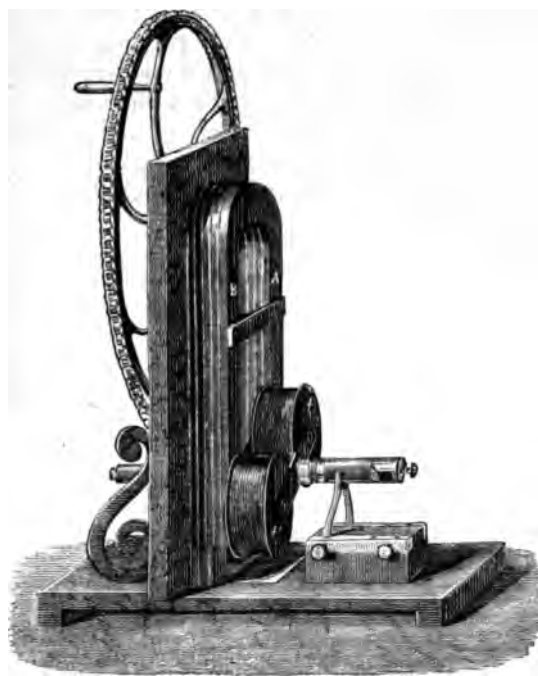


FIG. 4.—CLARKE'S MACHINE.

ever, so rapid, and the change of polarity equally rapid, that the effect is apparently to produce a continuous current. This current is conveyed along wires, and can be used for lighting, heating, or chemical work, as may be required. The wires are connected with metallic springs that press continually on the axis of the electro-magnet, which axis is cut in two, and a piece of bone or box-wood inserted, to insulate one-half from the other. The current circulates in one direction only as long as the electro-magnet is passing from one

horizontal position to the other, then it is reversed, and so on during every half rotation.

In this simple machine we have the secret of all the elaborate electro-motors now used for lighting purposes. The permanent magnets are, however, frequently replaced by electro-magnets; or, if permanent magnets are employed, they are generally very weak, for the rapid rotation of the electro-magnet is found to react on the other so that each is immensely strengthened. The magnets are combined in series so as to produce the greatest effect, and the rotation of the armatures in many cases reaches as many as eight hundred revolutions per minute. A small machine of this kind will drive a lathe or work a saw; a large one will give a powerful light, or do such heavy mechanical work as driving looms, turning larger lathes or heavier saws.

As we have referred to both the galvanic battery and the steam-engine as our source of energy for working these machines, we may note this difference. In burning coal a large portion of its energy is dissipated in heat, whereas when a battery is employed nearly eight-ninths of its work is converted into electric energy. One pound of coal, however, will do as much work in a steam-engine in driving a dynamo machine as nine pounds of zinc burnt in a battery; and thirty pounds of coal cost the same as one pound of zinc, which is considerably in favor of coal. We have also several engines well adapted for the purpose of driving dynamo machines, worked entirely by gas. In many respects these gas engines are preferable to the furnace engines in which coal is used, for they are cleaner, and are always ready for work. Falling water may also be employed for developing electric energy. This is not merely an idea, but has been worked out, in fact; for Sir William Armstrong, at Craigside, near New Castle, is now using the water from a running brook to work a turbine which produces a force equal to that of a four-horse-power engine, so, as he says, "the brook lights his house." It has been said that the Falls of Niagara could develop enough electricity to light the whole city of New York, and that the electric current for such a purpose could be brought to that city by means of a small wire. In our sketch we have supposed that the falls are not only able to light the city of New York, but that the electric motors, worked by large turbines, with water diverted from the Falls, could work

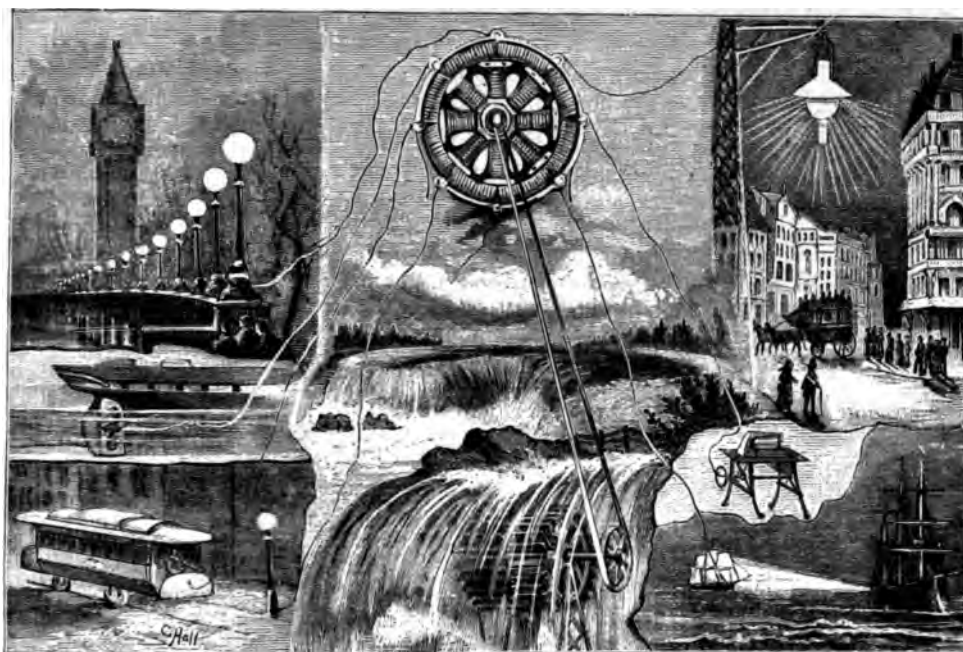


FIG. 5.—ELECTRIC FORCE FROM THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

looms, drive tram-cars and boats, and supply houses with small currents for working even the sewing machine. On the same principle sufficient energy might be developed by the rise and fall of the tidewater of the Thames to light up a great part of the city of London. With proper application, the greater number of waterfalls and running streams—energy now wasted—could be utilized, and electricity as an illuminator could be cheaply enjoyed. Windmills could even be employed for the purpose; but the uncertainty of this force could not be relied upon, so that as a substitute merely could it be employed.

The various methods by which electricity is best conveyed from the generator to the spot where it is destined to perform its work must be left out here. Some philosophers of the present day have proposed that we should have gigantic central engines to work dynamo-electric machines, and from these wires should be laid conveying a current of electricity to various towns requiring it for work of different kinds. These engines, if steam were employed, should be near to our coal-pits, so as to cheapen as much as possible the cost of production. If placed at the bottom of the coal-pit, the fuel for such an engine could be used

without even the cost of bringing the fuel to the surface.

In our remarks we have confined our attention mostly to electricity employed for lighting purposes. We are not limited to this use, for it is already being employed to drive a locomotive in Paris; and a railway made at Berlin, by Messrs. Siemens, is still successfully at work, while an experiment of the same kind is going on at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham; this may be a mere beginning of its use for putting off our lines the engines worked by steam. Electricity for driving engines on the Metropolitan lines of railway, on our various tram lines, and especially on such a line as is proposed for the channel tunnel scheme, would be a very great advantage over the now old steam-engine system. Not the least advantage of using electricity for purposes of locomotion would be the lighter construction of cars, lines, and bridges, thus cheapening considerably the first cost of construction. Another advantage would be that every car would carry its own motor, and would therefore be more easily controlled, both for stopping and propelling purposes.

When electricity is employed either for lighting or engine purposes, the air is not contaminated by

carbonic acid gas and other poisonous products which make ventilation a matter of so much difficulty in all tunnel schemes. Electricity may also be used for heating purposes—water can be readily boiled by its application.

We have not, in this paper, answered our first question, but we have shown how readily electricity can be developed from other forces, and how easily it can be itself converted into an energy of another kind. What electricity will do for us in the future we will not attempt to predict beyond this, that it admits of being employed in so very many ways that it undoubtedly will do more for us than the most enthusiastic among us have ever yet ventured to hope. Even while we write, we see that a Frenchman has discovered an arrangement by which electricity can be stored in small quantities and made available for household lighting and work-shop appliances.

Sir William Thomson's experiments on this battery arrangement are so interesting and important that we cannot close this paper without taking some notice of them.

The battery itself, which is called a secondary battery because it receives its charge of electricity from either a dynamo machine or another battery, is the invention of M. Faure. It consists of two lead plates covered with red lead enclosed in felt and, to keep them in small space, rolled up. Those sent to Sir William Thomson consisted of four separate batteries, each rolled into a spiral of about five inches in diameter and ten inches in height. They contained alternate sheets of metallic lead and lead-oxide wrapped in felt, moistened with acidulated water. The whole was enclosed in a wooden box of about a cubic foot and weighed seventy-five pounds. The electrodes were flattened down outside the box, and the battery, after being charged by M. Faure at Paris, on a Tuesday, reached Sir William Thomson at Glasgow late on the Thursday evening following, or about seventy-two hours after it was charged. "This wonderful box of electricity," as Sir William Thomson called it, "held in the space of one cubic foot a power equivalent to nearly one million of foot-pounds." Imagine this box, brought all the way from Paris to Glasgow, with its store of electric energy which could be used in any way and at any time, and losing none in its transit!

This storing of preserved energy for use at any

time has long been a problem that electricians have endeavored to solve. As Sir William Thomson says, "It is an aspiration which he scarcely expected, or hoped to see realized." Should the severe tests that this eminent electrician is carrying out prove satisfactory, the problem may then be said to be fairly solved.

One very interesting application was of a surgical kind, and is given by Sir William Thomson as follows: "A few days ago my colleague, Professor George Buchanan, carried away from my laboratory one of the lead cells, weighing about eighteen pounds, in his carriage, and by it ignited the thick platinum wire of a galvanic *écraseur*, and bloodlessly removed a nævoid tumor from the tongue of a young boy in about a minute of time. The operation would have occupied over ten minutes if performed by the ordinary chain *écraseur*, as it must have been had the Faure cell not been available, because in the circumstances the surgical electrician, with his paraphernalia of voltaic battery to be set up beforehand, would not have been practically admissible."

The announcement that this marvelous box contained a stored energy equal to a million foot-pounds seemed startling. As the amount of energy given out by a machine is always reckoned by what engineers call "units of work," it is well to know what it means. The work required to lift one pound one foot high is called "one unit of work," and to raise one pound ten feet, or ten pounds one foot high, would be ten units of work. So the energy of the electricity stored in this small box was capable, by its proper application to a machine, of raising ten thousand pounds one hundred feet high. The wonderful part is, however, that a portion of the energy can be used at one place and a portion at another, and it may be drawn off, as it were, in driblets for purposes requiring small power, and its total results would be equal to a force required to raise one million pounds one foot high. The energy of this battery can be used for lighting, heating, or mechanical work, or it can be divided among all these purposes. We may therefore in a short time probably be able to get in a store of electricity to light our houses, work the sewing machine, turn a lathe, or boil our kettle, and when this supply is finished send the box back to be freshly filled. This store of energy, how-

ever, must be obtained at a cost less than that of gas to make it popular. But we only have to wait.

In Mr. Hunt's most excellent work, entitled "Poetry of Science" we meet with this ex-

pression, which seems to be every year nearer its fulfillment: "Electricity and mechanics promise to subdue both time and space." What, then, will be the future of the energy of electricity?

LORA.

By PAUL PASTNOR.

ELEVENTH MOVEMENT.—REVELATION.

As when the leaves of a rose that has bloomed for its season
Loosen and fall, and the breeze wafts them out of the
garden,

Thus were the petals of sunset from heaven descending,
Drifting away in the twilight, and melting in shadow.
Lora had roamed through the house and the cool, quiet
orchard

Ever since mid-afternoon; for her heart was so restless!
Soon 'twould be time for the tryst; both her parents were
absent;

Also the children had gone to the field with their mother,
Bearing the laborer's lunch, and the pail of cold water.

"I shall be back before sunset," the mother had promised.
"Tend well the toll, and remember to set on the kettle."

So the poor child was alone with her love and her con-
science!

Fiercely they strove, and their arrows of fire pierced her
spirit.

Wounded and driven of both, in her anguish she faltered,
Sank on her knees at the feet of the passionless Virgin,
'Splendent with beads, and embossed on a bright-colored
background.

"Mother of Jesus, befriend me!" she cried to the picture;
But the calm face only smiled on the love-stricken maiden!
Then she arose, and fled up to the dim, silent attic,
Gazed o'er the fields through the four dusty panes of the
window,

Moaning, "Oh, mother! dear mother! come back ere the
dusk falls!"

"Toll!" cried a loud, angry voice. And the maiden
descended,

Undid the gate, and looked down, in a piteous silence,
While the rude trav'ler complained of his trifling detention.
When he was gone, and the sound of the wheels on the
sand-bar

Echoed no more in her ears with remembrance of insult,
Lora looked forth on the water. Behold, in the distance,
Dipped a white sail, like a bird of the wave, in obeisance.

"Love, thou art coming!" she cried; and a passionate
gladness,

Flooding her soul, seemed to rise from the rosy-hued water.

* * * * *
Just as the first evening star to her Hesperus chamber
Silently climbed, and the sombre-browed queen of the night-
time

Swept up the sky, and sat down in the terrible zenith,
Farmer Laroix hastened back, followed close by his children,
Unto the toll-house, and entered the dark, silent kitchen.

There, by the hearth, sat the mother, her gray-sprinkled
tresses

Sweeping her knees, and her face in her meagre hands
buried.

"Theresa! what means it?" the father cried, sharply and
quickly.

"Where is our child?—where is Lora? Speak out, I com-
mand thee!"

Still the bowed figure stirred not, and the silence was painful;
Even the clock on the mantel ticked harder and louder,
Staring with round, frightened face at the faces beneath it!
Thereupon Farmer Laroix seized the hands of the woman,
Tore them away from her face, and with eyes flashing fierce-
ness,

Bade her speak out, by the pledge of her wifely submission.
Then she, obeying, rose up, and the folds of her garment
Straightened and shook, and a paper fell out from among
them

Onto the floor, and was lost in the gathering darkness.
Straightway the father groped round on the floor till he
found it;

Then, by the light of a candle, they all read together:
"Lora's last words to her parents and brothers and sisters:
I have gone forth, and am no more of your part forever.
God bless you all! is the prayer of your daughter and sister."

"Now may great God hear *my* prayer!" cried the suffering
father;

"Grant me Thine aid, and conduct me to him who beguiled
her!"

Straightway he dashed from the house, and his steps in the
distance

Died like a furious wind in the forest at midnight.

So he rushed on till he came to the bay of the half-moon.

Southward he gazed, and beheld in the distance a whiteness

Fading away like a face in the veil of the moonlight.

Then o'er the still level tide came the laugh of Luke
Gleason,

Also the creak of the boom, as he drew the sheet tighter.

"So she is gone!" moaned the father; "yes, happy and
willing!

Gone with her lover, and left us forlorn and forsaken.

Thus let it be: from my heart will I cast out the false one.
Others there are who have grieved, all these years, for her
portion.

Poor little ones! how the false, selfish maiden has wronged
you,

Making our love all her own, and then spurning it from
her!

Lora—farewell! thou hast showed me thyself, and I thank
thee.

Thou wert too fond to know aught of the love everlasting!
Smiles and caresses were all that thou gavest thy father,—
Smiles and caresses are all thou canst bring to thy lover.
Sometime, perhaps, thou'lt return, with thy husband, before
me.

Then will I say to thee, 'Child, take my blessing! I owe it;
For thou hast taught me life's lesson,—the hardest, the truest:
Set not thine heart upon idols—they perish with having!'"

(Concluded.)

WILD FRUIT.

BY JAMES SHAW.

How long have our lips been purple and our
fingers pink, stained with the delightful juices of
berries which never clog, plucked beside streams
and woods, and eaten at the same table at which
blackbird and chaffinch dine? No doubt all are
boys and girls, whatever their age, who twist
themselves round the boles of trees, leap over the
mountain torrents with long crooks, crawl up
rough precipices, or thread dripping woods to
cull wild fruits in their season; but the boys and
girls who speak for themselves here are those who
wend their way home from school in the long
sunny days of summer or the soberer evenings of
autumn in rural sections where acres are numerous
and inhabitants few.

With rain-washed faces we went out a-Maying
while our very vacant stomachs had to content
themselves with leaves and roots. So we chewed
wood-sorrel, and dug for earth-nuts, and put cress
between leaves of buttered cake. But by and by
came June and July, and as we groped for trouts
at the edge of mossy, flower-crested boulders, we
espied among tufts of heather, or under fragrant
birches on the snowy banks, that bilberries or
blaeberries were ripe; so, with cautious eyes for
adders, we unwound our tucked-up trousers,
crawled through beds of sweet mountain fern, or
bruised the perfume out of the thyme which was
making ant hillocks red.

Fingers, tongues, and lips kept time while sunny
showers and rainbows came and went, while larks
were singing in chorus and disks of wild-roses
were growing broader. When parched lips were
sufficiently moistened, we girls folded up stores of
purple berries in our dadles, or long pinafores,
and so many of us boys whose bonnets were not
mere riddles let ourselves down precipitous banks

with southern exposures, and harvested the wild
strawberries.

And now we cross the stream. How warm it
is! Drop a stone into the dark-brown water of
the pool and the sound will tell how deep it is.
It is the signal for a dive, and soon we are screaming
and fluttering, dancing in the fresh flood or
rnnning races over the daisies of the long level
holm, drying ourselves in the sun.

We held out our tanned fingers to August, for
it filled them with varieties. There was a squalling
as of rooks among the bird-cherry or hag-
berry-trees, and amid the crackling of branches
our cheeks, lips, and fingers got inked all over
with the juice of the astringent little black dots,
many of whose stones slipping over the gullet
gave gastric juice a hard pull. Roadside, wood-
side, burnside meantime glowed with raspberries or
hindberries, of finer flavor than those in gardens;
and were it not for greedy worms that breed
within them and the persistent demand for them
made by parched haymakers and traveling tinkers,
who spoil as much as they pluck, we could have
lived all day on bread, milk, and raspberries, and
taken others home in rush-woven baskets for the
babies.

September and vacation-time has come, and the
wild cherries, or geans, as we call them, are get-
ting first glittering red and then glittering black
and ripe. Few were the songs of blackbirds and
thrushes in spring, for the frightfully cold winter
seemed to have nearly killed them out, and so
the dainty wild cherries have been plentiful this
year.

There is no wild fruit like geans. Our throats
are as black as the back of an oven with them,
and we can never get enough. What trees are



yon, looking rusty-red at bow-shot distance, though the change of leaf has not yet come? We know what gives them that color. It is the berries of the rowan, or mountain-ash, that are now growing ripe and gay. How often this tree grows just where landscape-painters would have planted it, hanging over

cascades or holding on amid the clefts of the rocks! In spring we girls stuck the globe-flower in our hair, having first unfolded its petals, that seem unwilling to share the light. In summer we pinned dog-roses to our breasts, and now we have necklaces of rowan berries as red as coral. But when we eat our necklaces they set our teeth on edge, they are so sour. The berries of the guelder-rose, dog-berries, in our parlance, are as pretty and as lustrous, but they must not be eaten; and after all, they taste like water with ever so little sugar.

October, with shorter days, creeps over our woods, making the trees by the water-courses and around the fine houses like the colors around the setting sun. But still the pastures are as green as they were in May, and afford a fine setting for the colored foliage and the russet hues of the withering brakes. Wayside and woodside bramble-berries slowly begin to get red and then dark and delicious, and at the end of the month we might have of them to preserve, but that in spring the bushes are mercilessly cut down, because their long thorns tear the wool off the sheep. Choops—that is, the heps of the wild-roses—oval or round, smooth or hairy, must not delay us too much, for twilight comes too soon. What time the haws of the thorn-trees get soft and mealy, when you see the blackcock and squirrel among their branches, ere the Evil One has touched them on All Hallows Eve, you may, after eating to pleasure, have bushels of them to adorn toy-houses or patterns sculptured in the river sand.

Do you ask who these are, with little pillow-slips over their arms, all zigzagging in the direction of the hazel covers?

These are boys and girls making for the nut harvest. When the harvest is plentiful, we attack the scraggy wood as soldiers taking a city by assault. Mounted on each other's shoulders, we shake the trees, we bend the branches, and by hook or by crook we gather the nutty clusters in. The wood-cutters on the other side of the glen and the old woman and girl raising potatoes in

the croft below have stopped work to look at the half dozen roebucks whose noontide nap we have broken, and who are now bounding over grassy glade and winstone fence far more gracefully than any horse over a hurdle.

The crab-apples and the bullaces have also their admirers, but they grow only in favored spots, far apart, and are not ripe until the time of turnip-raising. The bullaces this year are in the middle of a field grazed by an uncanny bull, whose bellying is as those of Bashan. Who dare tack and veer around those awful horns? None but the brave, and that by setting sentinels, as rooks do when plundering our potatoes in spring.

Girls only care for the crab-trees' beautiful blossoms, but boys eat anything, and will go miles for juniper berries, and dangle by each other's legs down the sides of precipitous linns for stone-berries, or climb high hills and lose themselves in mists for cloudberry. Have you ever seen them? Knot-berries, we call them; color of an orange and taste of a plum. They fled to the hills when the warm period set in after the glaciers went away, and won't come down to grow in the vales.

As the year draws to a close, berries and berry-hunting wear past, except the sloes, that are never palatable till touched with frost, unless you pull them and ripen them in meal. Close on Christmas big brothers apprenticed in towns scour the woods for holly-berries for the shop windows. On some sunny Saturday in mid-winter the purple bloom feebly revisits our lips and tips our fingers and then fades away, not again to appear until birds are fledged and grasses are in seed. While a drop of ink remains, it may be as well to explain that there are still fairies who are fond of us ragged red-cheeked urchins, with our disheveled locks, touching with their wands our banquets in the fields and giving them a bloom, flavor, and perfume inexpressible; but if you exchange rags for silks, and sit on cushions ready to be served, or even offer money, the fairy won't touch the choicest fruits that ever boy or bird desired, and so the charm of them passes away.

KITH AND KIN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FIRST VIOLIN."

CHAPTER XXIV.—"WINTER OF PALE MISFORTUNE."

AT Yoresett House the winter promised to be a winter indeed; a "winter of pale misfortune." For three days after her conversation with old Mrs. Paley, Judith maintained silence, while her heart felt as if it were slowly breaking. She had revolved a thousand schemes in her mind. Strange and eerie thoughts had visited her in her desolation. She loved her two sisters with all the love of her intense and powerful nature. She cherished them, and always had done; she was capable of self-immolation for their sakes. But her reason, which was as strong as her heart (which combination made her what she was), told her that in this case self-immolation would be vain. Rhoda might be left unconscious and happy for the present, but Delphine must know the truth, and that soon. Immolation would be required from her also. Judith shuddered as she thought of it. When her younger sisters casually mentioned Randolph Danesdale's name, and laughed and jested with one another about him, Judith felt as if some one had suddenly dealt her a stab, or a blow, which took away her breath.

Was there no help? she asked herself. Could this sacrifice by no means be avoided? if *she* kept her lips forever sealed, sacrificed her own future, let them go their way, and took upon herself never to leave, and never to betray that mother who—she resolutely refused, even to herself, to call her mother's deed by any name, repeating, "It was for our sakes, I suppose; it was out of love for her children, as she thought." Would not that do? Were Delphine and Rhoda to bear the punishment for a sin which had been committed before they were born?

More than once a gleam of hope crossed her spirit; she almost thought that her plan would answer. Then came the argument:

"No. You must not allow this affair to go farther. You must not allow one of *your* family to enter that of Sir Gabriel Danesdale, whose unstained name and unsullied honor are his pride and delight. You would let your sister marry a man, for you know he wishes to marry her—she all unconscious as well as he of what hung over

her. You might resolve never to betray the secret, but you can never be perfectly certain that it will not leak out. Some day Randolph *might* discover the truth—and what might he not in his bitterness do or say? Besides, it would be wrong; that is all that concerns you. Do not dally any longer with this chimerical, wicked plan."

She could see no other solution to the question. She closed her eyes—closed her heart, and hardened it against the contemplation of that anguish which was to come; and after waiting three whole days she went to Delphine on the afternoon of the fourth, when the girl was up-stairs with her painting. Rhoda was out. Mrs. Conisbrough was taking her afternoon rest.

Delphine turned a smiling face to her sister. Of late she had bloomed out more lovely than ever. Neither cold nor poverty nor gloomy prospects had had the power to impair her beauty and its development. In her heart she carried a secret joy which was life and light, hope and riches to her. She was going to spend a very happy afternoon. But Judith's presence never disturbed her. She called to her to shut the door, because the wind was cold, and to come and look at her picture, and her voice as she spoke rang clear as a bell.

"Yes," said Judith, "and I have something to say to you which it would not be well for any one to overhear."

She closed the door, and sat down. She trembled and felt faint: she could not stand. It was one thing, and one that was bad enough, to hear the horrid story from other lips; it was another—and a ghastly one—to have to tell it with her own, to her innocent sister. To speak to Delphine about such things—to let her see them near—seemed to Judith to be insulting her. But it had to be done. She gathered up her courage in both hands, as it were, and began.

The conversation was not a long one. It was begun in low tones, which grew ever fainter, and more hesitating. When Judith at last rose again from her chair, and looked at Delphine, the latter looked to her former self exactly what a dead girl looks compared with one living—as a lily after a

thunder-storm has battered and shattered and laid it low, in comparison with the same flower in the dewy calm of an early summer morning.

The elder girl stood with her white lips, and her fixed eyes, and constrained expression, looking upon the other, waiting for her to utter some word. But none came. Delphine—her face blanched within its frame of waving golden hair, her eyes fixed as if upon some point thousands of miles away, to which something she loved had withdrawn itself—was motionless and silent.

Judith at last stretched out her hands and exclaimed :

"Delphine, if you do not speak, I shall go mad ! Give me my due—give me the wretched consolation of hearing you say that I could not have done otherwise."

Delphine smiled lightly, and her gaze came abruptly to earth again. She saw her sister, and said softly :

"Poor Judith ! No. You could have done nothing else. But you don't expect me to thank you for it, do you ?"

"Delphine !"

"You could have done nothing, But you see you had nothing to lose. I had all the world—all the world."

She turned away. Judith went out of the room, away to her own chamber—seeing nothing, hearing nothing. She locked herself up, and, for the first time giving way, cast herself in an utter abandonment of anguish upon her bed, and buried her face in the pillow ; thinking that it would be good for her if she could never see the sun again. If Delphine had known—but she did not know—she never should know. But if she had known—if the story of her sister's heart for the last fortnight could have been laid bare before her—would she have turned away with a few cold words, as she had done—hugging her own grief—oblivious that others could have any ?

"No, no ! Judith swore to herself, with passionate fervor, her sweet sister could not have been so wrapped, so engrossed in herself. She should not know—it would only add poignancy to the anguish she was obliged to endure. The worst, surely, had been consummated, but she did not dare to think of Delphine alone, up-stairs.

The worst, morally considered, was perhaps over, but there were trials yet to come, which were bad to bear. They heard, as in a tiny

country town everything is heard, of Aglionby's departure for Irkford. Then November set in, and the days became shorter, darker, and colder. Mrs. Conisbrough grew more and more fretful and feeble, and still talked sometimes of consulting some other lawyer, of disputing John Aglionby's will, and held forth on Bernard's greed and injustice in a manner which used to send Judith flying up-stairs to pace about her room with every feeling in a state of the wildest tumult.

It was too cold for Delphine to pursue her work up-stairs. The girls had nothing to do ; nothing on which to spend their energies. When the few domestic things were arranged, they had the whole day before them, with absolutely no pressing occupation of any kind. The situation grew hideous and ghastly to Judith. She and her sisters preserved their physical health by means of the regular walks which, so long as it did not actually snow or rain, they took daily. And Delphine had a fitful gayety which oppressed her sister, while neither long walks nor arduous work nor anything else put the faintest flush into Judith's cheek nor called any spontaneous smile to her lips.

She took longer walks than her sisters, went out oftener alone ; penetrated to wilder recesses, more desolate spots than they did. She was, in her stature and her strength, a daughter of the gods, and had always been able to tire out both her sisters, while she herself felt no trace of fatigue. She did not fear the strange and lonely hills ; they had a weird fascination for her, and in this her trouble she was wont often to seek their silent company.

One afternoon, in a wilder and bitterer mood than usual, she had gone out, and, walking fast and far, had found herself at last on the uppermost ridge of a wild mountain road. From where she stood she could see on the one hand into Danesdale—her home, dear to her, despite what she had suffered there ; on the other, into grim Swaledale—always dark and wild, but, in this winter weather, savage and desolate beyond description. Just below her, in the mountain-side, were some ghastly holes in the limestone, of the kind known in Yorkshire as "pots ;" all were grim-looking apertures, but close to where Judith sat she saw the jaws of one of them yawning at her : it was the deepest of all—no one had ever succeeded in fathoming it. Both Rhoda and Delphine disliked this spot, which indeed had a bad name, as being dangerous

to traverse after twilight, and haunted furthermore by a "boggart," who dwelt in this biggest and deepest limestone "pot." Judith had never feared the place. She sat there now, casting an occasional glance at the ugly hole, with its ragged jaws, and her thoughts gathered in darkness and bitterness.

She had been reading a book—a biography, one out of several volumes lately sent to her by Dr. Lowther. It was the Letters and Memoirs of a certain great lady, then not long dead. This great lady had been thrown from her earliest youth into the midst of the gay and busy world. She had lived at courts, and for many years her companions had been courtiers. Even that had been a busy life. Even its recital made Judith's heart throb with envy as she read of it; but when the narrative went on to relate how this lady met a great statesman, politician, and party-leader, and married him, and how her house became a rendezvous of every kind of noted and illustrious men and women, and how for the rest of her long career, not a day, scarce an hour remained unoccupied; how to the very last the game of politics, that most thrilling and best worth playing of all games, remained open to her, and she continued to be an influence in it—then it was that Judith felt her restless longings grow into a desire to *do*, so intense as to be almost torture. This afternoon, alone on the hill-top, she thought of it, and reflected:

"Some women have that—they have everything, and others have *nothing*. I do not want that. I should be thankful for a very little—for a few hours of daily work that must be done—but I cannot get it. It is not right—it is not just that any one should be doomed to a life like mine. How am I different from others? I am as much like other women as Shylock, though a Jew, was like Christians. Yet I have to do without almost everything which other women of my condition have; and I may not even work like women who are born to labor. This woman, whose life I have read, was a clever woman—a born woman of the world. I am not that, I know, but I have sense enough and more than enough to do some of the plain, rough work of the world, and to do it well, if I had it. And I may not. I may sit here and wish I was dead. I may take country walks, and save sixpences, and nourish my mind and soul with wool-work. Oh, what *are* women sent into the world for—women like me, that is? Not

even to 'suckle fools and chronicle small-beer' it seems, but to do nothing. To be born, to vegetate through a term of years—to know that there is a great living world somewhere outside your dungeon, and to wish that you were in it. To eat your heart out in weariness; to consume your youth in bitterness; to grow sour and envious, and old and wretched, to find all one's little bit of enthusiasm gradually grow cold. To care only for the warmth of the fire, and the creature comforts that are left—to linger on, growing more tired and more fretful, and then to die. It is worse than that iron room which grew every day narrower, till it closed upon its inmate and crushed him to death—much worse, for that was over in a few weeks; *this* may last fifty, sixty years. If this is to be my life, I had better read no more. To lead that life, and not go mad, one wants an empty head, an ignorant mind, and a contempt for all intelligence, and I am, by some hideous mistake, destitute of all those qualities."

She smiled in bitter mockery of herself: she felt a kind of grim contempt for herself. And she looked again toward the mouth of the hole in the hill-side.

She rose up, went up to it, and stood beside it. A head that was not very steady must have reeled on looking down into the silent blackness of the chasm, from whose subterranean depths strangely tortured pillars of gray rock ascended, clothed near the surface with the most exquisite mosses and ferns, of that delicate beauty only found in limestone growths. A few fronds of hart's-tongue fern were yet green; a few fairy tufts of the cobwebby *Cystopteris fragilis*, and some little plumes of the black maidenhair spleenwort.

"You beautiful little fringes round a sepulchre!" thought Judith. "If I made a step down there, my grave would receive me and hush me to sleep in its arms. No one would ever know. I should rest quietly there; and who could have a finer tomb?"

She looked around again at the wild fells; still, grand, and immovable. From her earliest childhood her imagination had always connected certain images with certain hills. Addlebrough, down below there, at the other side of Danesdale, was like a blacking-brush in some way. Penhill was smiling; it reminded her of sunny days and picnics. Great Whernside, looking dim in the far distance, was like an old bald head of a giant.

Great Shunner Fell, at the head of Swaledale, under one of whose mighty sides she even now stood, had always put her in mind of secrets, of death, storm, and darkness; perhaps because of the many tales she had heard of the treacherous river which was one of the streams springing from it. Turning again toward Dalesdale, she saw a tiny corner of Shennamere, peeping out from under the shoulder of a great hill. A faint ray of sunshine touched it. Judith's face changed. Scar Foot was there—and Bernard Aglionby.

"I'm sure his creed never told him to throw himself into a hole when things went wrong with him," she said to herself; and, turning her back upon Shunner Fell and the ugly "pot," she walked swiftly homeward.

As she arrived at the door of her home, a man in livery rode up with a note. It was one of the Danesdale servants.

Judith took the note from him. He said he had not been told to wait for an answer, and rode away. The note was directed to Mrs. Conisbrough. Judith took it in and gave it to her mother. She opened it, looked at it, and said:

"It seems like a card of invitation. Read it, Rhoda; I haven't my glasses here."

Rhoda read out, in a loud and important voice:

"Sir Gabriel and Miss Danesdale request the pleasure of Mrs. and the Misses Conisbrough's company, on the evening of Thursday, Dec. 31st. Dancing at 8.30."

"R. S. V. P."

"How absurd to send such a thing!" remarked Rhoda, flicking it with her finger. "It is that horrid, spiteful Philippa's doing. I know she hates us, and she knows that none of you can go, so she adds insult to injury in that way."

"Nonsense, Rhoda!" said Judith. "She has simply done her duty in sending the invitation. It is for us to take it or leave it, and of course that means, leave it."

"Of course," echoed Delphine, whose face had flushed, and whose hand trembled so that her work suffered.

"I do wish," observed Mrs. Conisbrough, in a voice of intense irritation, "that I might be allowed to have *some* voice in the regulation of my own affairs. I must say, you all forget yourselves strangely. The invitation is addressed to me, and it is for me to say whether it shall be accepted or not. I intend to go to the ball, and

I intend you, Judith and Delphine, to go with me."

"*Mother!*" broke from both the girls at once.

Mrs. Conisbrough's face was flushed. There was the sanguine hue, the ominous look in her eyes, which, as Judith well knew, betokened very strong internal excitement, and which Dr. Lowther had repeatedly told her was "bad, very bad." She felt it was dangerous to oppose her mother, yet she could not yield without a word, to what appeared to her in her consternation an idea lit le short of insane. Accordingly, as Mrs. Conisbrough did not answer their first exclamation, Judith pursued gently, yet with determination:

"How can we possibly go?"

"What is there to prevent your going?" asked her mother, trifling nervously with her tea-spoon, and with tightened lips and frowning brows. "We are equal to any of those who will be there, and a great deal superior to *some*."

"Yes, I know; but the money, mother, in the first place. We can hardly present ourselves in spotted muslins, and I really do not know of any more elegant garments that we possess."

She strove to speak jestingly, but there was a bitter earnest in her words.

"Pray leave that to me. I am not so utterly destitute as you seem to imagine. Of course you will require new dresses, and you will have them."

This information was certainly something unexpected to the girls. Judith, however, advanced her last argument, one which she had been unwilling to use before.

"Mother," she said, "you know we—we are in mourning. Uncle Aglionby will not have been dead three months, and—and—every one will talk."

Mrs. Conisbrough's eyes flashed fire.

"It is for that very reason that I shall make a point of going," she said. "I recognize no claim on my respect in that man's memory. I consider the opportunity is a providential one. Half the county will be at the ball, and they shall know—they shall see for themselves, who it is that has been passed over, in order that an upstart clerk, or shopman, or something, may be raised into the place which ought to have been mine and yours."

"*Mother!*" exclaimed Judith, in an accent of agony, while the two other girls sat still; Delphine pale again, her eyes fixed on the ground; Rhoda looking from one to the other with a startled

expression, this being the first she had known of any dispute between her mother and sisters.

"Be silent!" said Mrs. Conisbrough, turning upon Judith angrily; "and do not add to my troubles by opposing me in this unseemly manner. I intend you to go to the dance, and will hear no further complaints. Please to write to Miss Danesdale, accepting her invitation, and let it go to the post to-morrow. As for your dresses, there is time enough to think about them afterward."

Judith felt that there was no more to be said. She was silent, but her distress, as she thought of the coming ordeal, only augmented, until the prospect before her filled her with the most inordinate dread. In anticipation she saw the eyes of "half the county" turned upon them as they entered, and upon Bernard Aglionby, who of course would be there too. It was exactly the kind of thing from which every fibre of her nature shrank away in utter distaste, which attained almost to horror. The whole exhibition would be useless. It would simply be to make themselves, their poverty, and their disappointment a laughing-stock for the prosperous and well-to-do people who had gossiped over them, and what had happened to them—who would, if they had had John Aglionby's money, received them with open arms as old friends, just as they had already received Bernard as a new one.

And her mother? That was a terror in addition. She knew that Mrs. Conisbrough could not go through such an evening without strong agitation—agitation almost as violent as that which had made her ill at Scar Foot? Suppose anything of the kind happened at Danesdale Castle? The idea was too terrible. It made Judith feel faint in anticipation. But the more she thought of it, the less she could see her way out of it all. She scarcely dared speak to Delphine, who, however, said very little about it. Judith at last asked her almost timidly:

"What is to be done, Del? How are we to escape?"

"We cannot escape," replied Delphine composedly. "The only thing is to let mamma have her own way, and say nothing. The more we oppose her, the worse it will be for us."

She would say no more. After all, thought Judith, it was only natural. She could not expect Delphine to expatiate upon her feelings in advance of the event.

Surely never before was preparation made for a ball by two young and beautiful girls with less lightness of heart. Everything about it was loathsome to Judith. Her heart rebelled when her mother informed her, shortly and decidedly, that out of the small sum of money which she had at different times saved, she intended to get them what she called "proper and suitable dresses, such as no one could find any fault with."

To Judith's mind it was like throwing so much life-blood away—not for its own sordid sake, but because of what it represented. It would have gone a long way toward helping them to remove from Yoresett, and that was now the goal to which all her thoughts turned. But Mrs. Conisbrough was not to be gainsaid. She ordered the dresses from a fashionable milliner in York, and they arrived about ten days before the ball. The girls looked askance at the box containing the finery. It might have held a bomb, which would explode as soon as it was opened. Mrs. Conisbrough desired them to try their gowns on that night, that she might see how they fitted, and judge of the effect. It was a scene at once painful in the extreme, and yet dashed with a kind of cruel pleasure. Mrs. Conisbrough had herself planned and ordered exactly how the dresses were to be made, and she had a fine natural taste in such matters.

Judith put on her garment without so much as looking at herself in the glass, unheeding all Rhoda's enraptured exclamations. Delphine, as her slender fingers arranged the wreath of dewy leaves upon her corsage, felt her heart thrill involuntarily as she caught a glimpse of her own beauty, and thought of what might have been and what was.

"Now, you are ready. Go down and let mamma see!" cried Rhoda, who had been acting as Abigail, in an ecstasy. "Oh, it may be very extravagant, Judith, but surely it is worth paying something for, to be beautifully dressed and look lovely, if only for one evening!"

They went into a bare, big dining-room where there was less furniture and more room to turn round than in the parlor they usually inhabited. Rhoda lighted all the available lamps and candles and called to her mother, and Mrs. Conisbrough came to look at her daughters in their ball-dresses, as a happier woman might have done.

Judith's was a long, perfectly plain amber silk,

cut square behind and before, with sleeves slightly puffed at the shoulder, and with no trimming except a little fine old lace, with which Mrs. Conisbrough had supplied the milliner. It was a severely simple dress, and in its rich folds and perfect fit it showed off to perfection the beauty of the woman who wore it.

Judith Conisbrough could not help looking like a queen in this brave attire; she could not help moving and glancing like a queen, and would always do so, in whatever garb she was attired, to whatever station of life she were reduced. She stood pale and perfectly still as her mother came in. She *could* not smile; she could not look pleased or expectant.

The mother caught her breath as her eyes fell upon her eldest girl, and then turned to Delphine, whose dress of silk and gauze was of the purest white, enfolding her like a cloud, and trimmed with knots and wreaths of white heather-bells and small ferns; one little tuft of them nestled low down in her hair.

Delphine looked, as Rhoda had once prophesied unto her that she would, "a vision of beauty." Her face was ever so little flushed, and in her golden eyes there was a light of suppressed excitement.

"Mother, mother! aren't they *lovely*?" cried poor Rhoda, her buoyant paces subdued to a processional sedateness as she circled slowly about the two radiantly-clad figures.

"Of course they are!" said Mrs. Conisbrough curtly, still biting her lip with repressed agitation, but criticising every frill and every flower with the eyes of a woman and a connoisseur. "I defy any of the girls who will be there to surpass them—if they approach them."

She continued to survey them for some little time, breathing quickly, while Judith still stood motionless, her eyes somewhat downcast, wondering wretchedly whether this horrible finery *must* be worn, if this dreadful ordeal was in no way to be avoided?

Raising her eyes, full of sadness, they met those of her mother. Did Mrs. Conisbrough read anything in them? She started suddenly, drew out her handkerchief and put it to her eyes, exclaiming brokenly and passionately:

"Why cannot I have this pleasure, like other mothers? Surely I have a right to it?"

A spasm contracted Judith's heart. No—there

was the rub. She had no right to it. It was all a phantom show—all stolen; wrong, from beginning to end. Turning to Delphine, she said, rather abruptly:

"Well, I'm going to take my gown off again. Will you come, too?"

As they went toward their rooms, she thought:

"It cannot be worse. I cannot feel more degraded and ashamed, even at the ball itself."

During the days that passed between this "dress rehearsal," as Rhoda called it, and the ball, Mrs. Conisbrough's health and spirits drooped, but she still maintained her intention of going to Danesdale Castle. Judith said nothing—what could she say? And Delphine was as silent as herself. Once Randolph Danesdale had called. They had been out, and had missed him. Judith was thankful. They had seen nothing of Aglionby, of course. It was understood that he was away from home. It was quite certain that he was away at Christmas-time.

Three days before the ball came off, Mrs. Conisbrough was too ill to rise. Judith began to cherish a faint hope that perhaps after all they might be spared the ordeal. She was deceived. Her mother said to her:

"I want you to go to Mrs. Malleson and tell her, with my love, that I feel far from well, and would rather not go to the ball, if she will oblige me by chaperoning you and Del. If she can't, I shall go, if it kills me."

"Mamma, won't you give it up?" said Judith imploringly. "For my sake, grant me this favor, and I will never oppose you again."

"Certainly not," said Mrs. Conisbrough angrily. "Understand, Judith, that I have set my mind on your going to this ball, and go you shall. Why are you thus set upon thwarting all my plans for your benefit? How can a girl like you presume to know better than her mother?"

"Don't cry, mother," said Judith sorrowfully.

"I will go to Mrs. Malleson this afternoon."

She kept her word, and found her friend in.

"My dear Judith! What a pleasant surprise! Come to the fire and let us have a chat. How cold and starved you look!"

Judith responded as well as she could to this friendliness, and presently unfolded her errand, with burning cheeks, and a brief explanation.

Mrs. Malleson professed herself delighted.

"There is nothing I should like better than to

chaperon you and Del. And you know, my dear, I think you take it too much to heart; I do really. Would you deprive your poor mother of all natural feelings, of all pride in her handsome daughters? If I were in her place, I should feel exactly the same."

Judith smiled faintly. Of course Mrs. Malleeson did not understand. How could she? She cheered the girl by her chat; gave her tea, and talked about the ball and the gossip of the neighborhood.

"It is to be a very brilliant affair. Sir Gabriel intends it for a sort of celebration of his son's return home. It is the first large party they will have had, you know, since Randulf came back."

"Yes, of course."

"What a nice fellow he is! I do so like him!"

"Yes, so do we," said Judith mechanically.

"Oh, and we have become quite friendly with Mr. Aglionby, of Scar Foot."

"Have you? And do you like him, too?" asked Judith composedly.

"Very much. I couldn't say that to your mother, you know, but I can to you, because you are so good and so reasonable, Judith."

"Oh, Mrs. Malleeson, not at all! The merest simpleton must see that Mr. Bernard Aglionby is not responsible for my granduncle's caprice. So you like him? He has been at Irkford, I hear, visiting the lady he is engaged to."

Judith spoke coolly and tranquilly, crushing out every spark of emotion as she proceeded.

"Yes. Of course he is going to be at the ball; and Miss Vane, his *fiancée*, is going to be there too."

"Is she?" Judith still spoke with measured calmness. Inwardly she was thinking, "It will be even worse than I expected. But I am glad I came here and got warned in time."

"Yes. Mrs. Bryce, Mr. Aglionby's aunt, is staying at Scar Foot. I think he said he wanted her to live there till he was married—if she would. She is very nice! And he is bringing Miss Vane just for this ball and the Hunt Ball on the 3d of January, and in order that she might see the place, Mr. Aglionby says. He let me see her likeness. She must be wonderfully pretty."

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Not to compare with Delphine, though," pursued Mrs. Malleeson warmly. "But then there are not half a dozen girls in Yorkshire to compare

with her. Oh, I quite long for the ball! I am sure Delphine will make a sensation; and so will you, if only you don't alarm the men by your dignity, dear," she added, putting her hand on Judith's shoulder. "Girls don't go in for dignity now, you know, but for being frank and candid and knowing everything, and talking with men on their own subjects."

"I'm afraid Delphine and I will be failures, then, for we know so few men, and certainly we do not know what their subjects are."

"Oh, I didn't say that men liked it; only that girls do it," laughed Mrs. Malleeson, leading Judith to the door. The latter felt now their doom was sealed.

Mrs. Malleeson would not be so kind as to be taken ill before the dance. Judith went home and told her mother of the arrangements she had made, and Mrs. Conisbrough professed herself satisfied with it.

CHAPTER XXV.—"A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YOU."

BERNARD AGLIONBY'S frame of mind was not a happy one on that evening of the 31st of December; it had been anything but cheerful all day; it waxed drearier and drearier during his ten-mile drive to Danesdale Castle with his aunt, Mrs. Bryce, and Lizzie his betrothed. He had brought Miss Vane from Irkford, and introduced her into the halls of his ancestors, and the presence of his mother's sister, last night. The result, he was obliged to own, had hardly been successful. Miss Vane had done little else but shiver since her arrival. She had failed to make a good impression on Mrs. Bryce, whose home was in London, and who had never met her before. She had treated Mrs. Aveson with a vulgar haughtiness, which had galled the feelings of the good woman beyond description. But she had been very amiable to Bernard, and had confided to him that she looked upon this ball as the turning-point in her destiny. Perhaps it was; it was not for him to gainsay it. His moodiness arose from mental indecision. He had not got to the stage of absolute confession even to himself, that his engagement was a failure. He would not confess it. Much less had he allowed even the idea distinctly to shape itself in his mind, that he was, to put it mildly, thinking with deep interest of another woman. Yet the savage discontent and irritation which he experienced were due, could he have known it, to

these two very facts: that his engagement was a failure and he was beginning to find it out, and that his thoughts, whenever he allowed them free course, were engrossed with another woman. He felt all the miserable unrest and irritation which accompanies mental transition periods, whether they be of transition from good to bad, or from bad to good.

Thus they were a silent party as they drove along the dark roads. Lizzie was shrouded in her wraps, and was solicitous about her dress, lest it should be crushed. Mrs. Bryce was not a talkative woman. Bernard had never in his life felt less inclined to speak—less inclined for a festivity of any kind, for sociability in any shape.

At last they turned in at the great stone gateway at the foot of the hill, rolled for half a mile up the broad, smooth drive, and stopped under a large awning filled with servants, light, and bustle.

Poor Lizzie (whom I commiserate sincerely in this crisis of her fate) felt, as she entered, as if she had crossed the Rubicon. The fears which she had originally felt for herself had in a great measure subsided. With the ending of her superfine ball-dress, and the consciousness of her triumphant prettiness, all apprehensions for herself had vanished. With such a frock and such a face one's behavior would naturally adapt itself to that of the very highest circles. All that was needed was to be fine enough; and on that point she had a proud consciousness she had never been known to fail. She felt a little uneasiness about Bernard. She hoped he would tone down his brusque and abrupt manners. She remembered only too well the terrible solecisms of which he had often been guilty at suburban tea-parties, and his reckless disregard of semi-detached villa conventionalities, and a deep distrust of the probable demeanor of her betrothed took possession of her soul.

Bernard at last found himself with Lizzie on his arm, and Mrs. Bryce by his side, in the large drawing-room, approaching Miss Danesdale and Sir Gabriel.

Lizzie Vane's only experience of balls had been such as had taken place among intimate friends, the Miss Goldings and such as they, and partaken of by the mankind belonging to them. She had a confused idea, as she went up the room on her lover's arm, that this was in some way different from those past balls.

Bernard noticed that she grew very quiet, and even subdued. He could not know that her soul was gradually filling with dismay as she realized that her pink frock (pink was the color selected by Lizzie for this her *début* in fashionable society), whether "the correct thing," as the Irkford milliner had assured her, or not, was certainly unique: and that she found the crowd of well-bred starers oppressive. Bernard performed the introductions necessary. Mrs. Bryce and Miss Danesdale had already exchanged calls. The latter cast one comprehensive glance over Miss Vane, then, taking the trouble to speak in a voice which could be heard, she expressed her regret that she had not been able to call upon her before the ball, because of her only having arrived so immediately before it; she hoped to have the pleasure later.

"Oh, yes!" murmured Miss Vane, to whom Miss Danesdale appeared a very formidable personage.

Then Bernard led up Randulf and introduced him. Randulf asked if he might have the second dance with her, and, consent having been given, put her name down and departed. Bernard's dancing powers were not of the most brilliant description, but he managed to convey his betrothed safely through the mazes of the first quadrille, and then led her back into the drawing-room. By this time the greater number of the expected guests had arrived, and Miss Vane was beginning to shake off her first timidity. Ambition began to assert itself in her bosom. She looked very pretty. Her face wore a delicate flush, and her blue eyes had grown more deeply blue; at the end of the first dance every one had seen her, and every one who did not know her wanted to know who she was. All the women said, "What a wonderful dress! Do look at that pink frock! Did you ever behold anything like it?" All the men agreed about the frock (possibly for the sake of peace), but no outlandishly pink raiment could blind them to the charms of the wearer's face. Soon Lizzie was enjoying what was a veritable triumph for her. Her programme was full, to the last dance. Bernard's name was down for one other, a square, toward the end of the evening. He had told her not to refuse any dances on his account, "because I am such a wretched hand at it, you know," and she had fully acted up to his suggestion. Randulf took her to dance the second dance, a waltz, with him. After a short time

Bernard, seeing that Mrs. Bryce had established friendly relations with a distinguished dowager, and was in full flow of conversation with her, left the drawing-room and went to the ball-room. There he stopped for a short time, watching the dancers, noting especially the pink dress and the fleet feet of its wearer. Then he found Philippa Danesdale standing near him, also looking on. (To the last day of his life he remembered every incident and detail of that evening as if they had happened yesterday.)

"You do not dance, Mr. Aglionby?" inquired Philippa.

"Very badly. I should not like to inflict myself as a partner on any of the ladies here."

"Then will you give me your arm to the drawing-room? I just came to see that Randolph was doing his duty; but I know that my guests have not yet all arrived."

Bernard gave her his arm, and they returned to the drawing-room. He remained by her side, conversing with her in the intervals of receiving her guests: by and by the music in the ball-room ceased. The drawing-room was at this time almost empty, and still he stood, his elbow resting on the mantelpiece, talking to Philippa, when the first couples began to come in from the dancing-room. Randolph Danesdale, with Lizzie, was the first to enter. Miss Vane was flushed; her hair had got a trifle disordered; she looked excited. She was not so far at her ease that she had begun to talk, and Randolph had been malign enough to draw her out a little. Her voice, with its unmistakably underbred and provincial accent, was heard, upraised; on this vision Bernard's eye rested, till he suddenly awoke to the consciousness of his duties, and, going forward, offered Miss Vane his arm.

"You're dreaming, Aglionby," observed Randolph lightly.

"Am I? Very likely."

"I can sympathize," added young Danesdale, "for so am I."

"Of what, or of whom?" asked Aglionby, his more genial smile flitting across his face.

Randolph bent forward to him, having first ascertained that Miss Vane's attention was otherwise occupied, and said in a low voice:

"I'm dreaming of dancing with Delphine Conisbrough. She makes me wait long enough, does she not? She ball hasn't begun for me till—why, there they are!"

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"With Del——" Aglionby had just ejaculated, electrified, for he had had no forewarning that any of the Conisbroughs were to be there. His glance followed Randolph's, and he had the sensation of starting violently. In reality he turned rather slowly and deliberately, and looked. His face changed. He bit his lips, and became a shade paler. Every pulse was beating wildly. He was in no state to ask himself what it meant. He watched, as if it had been some dissolving view, and saw how Miss Danesdale, with her prim little smile and her neat little steps, and her unimpeachable etiquette, went forward a little, with outstretched hand, and greeted them. And while she spoke to Mrs. Malleon, Bernard's eyes looked clean over their heads, and met straightly those of Judith Conisbrough. Exactly the same sensation—only far more potent now—as that which had mastered him when he had taken leave of her at her mother's house seized him—a strong, overwhelming thrill of delight and joy, such as no other being had ever awakened in him. And with it, yet more powerfully than before, he realized that not he alone experienced the sensation. He had the knowledge, intuitive, instinctive, triumphant, that she shared it to the full. He saw how, though she remained calm and composed, her bosom rose and fell with a long, deep inspiration; he saw her eyes change their expression—the shock first, the light that filled them afterward, and—most eloquent, most intoxicating of all—their final sinking before his long gaze. He lived through a thousand changing phases of emotion while he stood still there, looking at her; he realized with passionate delight that it was not only he who found her beautiful, but all others who had eyes to see. None could deny that she was beautiful: her outward form did but express her inner soul. A man behind him murmured to another, and Bernard heard him:

"Jove, what splendid-looking girls! Who are they? Are they from your part of the country, too?"

He watched while the two girls shook hands with Miss Danesdale. He saw Randolph go up to them and greet them, and how the first expression of pleasure which had crossed their faces appeared there. Randolph's dream was going to be realized, Bernard reflected, with wild envy. He could arrange things pretty much according to his own pleasure. Delphine had kept him waiting, as he

said; so much the oftener would he make her dance with him, now that at last she was there.

Then Aglionby became feebly conscious that his arm was somewhat roughly jogged, and that a voice which he seemed to have heard fifty years ago sounded in his ear:

"Bernard, are you dreaming? Here's a lady speaking to you."

With a veritable start, this time he came to his senses, and beheld Mrs. Malleson, in black tulle and *gloire de Dijon* roses, holding out a hand to him, and smiling in friendly wise.

"Mrs. Malleson, I—you are late, surely, are you not?"

"We are, I believe, and I am afraid it is my fault. I hope the men are not all so deeply engaged that the Misses Conisbrough will get no dances."

Here some one came and said to Lizzie that he thought it was their dance. Nothing loth, she suffered herself to be led away.

"That is Miss Vane, I know," observed Mrs. Malleson. "You must introduce her later. She is wonderfully pretty."

She was in her turn monopolized and led away. Aglionby could not have replied had she remained. If he had never known, or never admitted the truth to himself until now, at last it overwhelmed him. Lizzie Vane beautiful! Lizzie Vane *beloved* by him!

It was like awakening from some ghastly dream, to be confronted by a yet more horrible reality. He mechanically passed his hand over his eyes and shivered. When he looked round again, he saw that Judith was standing alone. Philippa was receiving some very late guests. Delphine had been led away, so had Mrs. Malleson. Several groups were in the room, but both he and Judith were emphatically alone—outside them all. Presently he found himself by her side—as how should he not? There was no one else there, so far as he knew. On a desert island even enemies become reconciled.

"I hope you have not quite forgotten me, Miss Conisbrough."

His voice was low, and there was no smile on his face, any more than there was on hers. With both of them it was far too deadly earnest to permit of smiles or jests.

"It would imply an unpardonably short memory on my part, if I had," she answered very gravely, and looking more majestic than ever.

He felt her gloved hand within his, and for a blessed moment or two he forgot Lizzie Vane's very existence. With the actual touch of her hand, with the sound of her pathetic contralto voice, the spell rushed blindingly over him. How had he lived out these weeks since he parted from her? How had he been able to think it all over, as he had done again and again, calmly and without any particular emotion? In one of Terguénéff's novels he relates the story of a Russian peasant woman, whose only and adored son is suddenly killed. A visitor, calling a week or so later, finds the woman, to his surprise, calm, collected, and even cheerful. "*Laissez la,*" observed the husband, "*elle est fossilisée!*" Now Bernard knew that was exactly what he had been—fossilized; unrealizing what had happened to him. For him, as for that peasant woman, the day of awakening had dawned.

He allowed his eyes and his voice to tell Judith that in finding her to-night he had found that which he most desired to see. He allowed his eyes and his voice also to question her eyes and her voice, and in their very hesitation, in their reply, in their very trouble, their abashed quietness, he read the answer he wished for. She had not escaped unscathed from the ordeal which had been too much for him. Twice already to-night he had asked her this question, and had heard this answer—merely with look and tone—without any word whatever, and he wanted to ask it again and again, and to have her answer it as often as he asked it. She was standing, so was he. That last long look was hardly over, when he offered her his arm, and said:

"You are not dancing; come to the sofa and sit down."

She complied; mechanically she sat down, and he beside her; he put his arm over the back of the sofa; she was leaning back, and the lace ruffle of her dress just touched his wrist, and the contact made his blood run faster.

"Mrs. Conisbrough is not with you?" he inquired.

"No, she is not well. She made a point of Delphine's and my coming."

Bernard did not ask her for a dance. He felt a sympathetic comprehension of her position. He knew she would have to dance, unless she wished to be remarkable, which he was sure was no part of her scheme. But he knew that it would be against her will—that she would be more

grateful to those who did not ask her than to those who did, and he refrained.

"You said," he went on, in the same low tone, "that if we met in society, we might meet as friends. I have not troubled you since you told me that, have I?"

Judith paused, and at last said constrainedly:

"No."

"No. Therefore I claim my reward now. We are in society to-night. It is the time when we are allowed by your own law to be on friendly terms, and I mean to take advantage of the fact. Will you grant me a favor? Will you let me take you in to supper?"

Judith, in her simplicity and surprise, was quite bewildered, and felt distracted how to act. Evidently he had not given up, and did not intend to give up, any scrap of a friendly or cousinly privilege which might be open to him. If her secret in the background had been less terrible and (to her) tragic, she would have been amused at Aglionby's determination not to be set aside. As it was, she replied at last gently:

"Don't you think there is another lady whom you ought rather to take in to supper?"

He opened his eyes as if not understanding, then remarked:

"Oh, you mean Miss Vane. Do not imagine that I am neglecting her. Her partner at the supper-table is already selected. She told me so herself. She is to dance an "extra," I think she called it, before supper, or after, I forget which—but with some man who is to take her in to that repast. Therefore, may I hope for the pleasure? To "confound the politics" of the assembled multitude, if for no other reason," he added. "They are sure to look for signs of enmity between us, and I should like to disconcert them."

"Very well, if you wish it," said Judith gravely, "and if I must go in to supper, as I suppose I must."

"I'm afraid you have not looked forward with any enjoyment to this ball?"

"*Enjoyment!*" echoed Judith drearily; and added, half forgetting the terms she had herself laid down, "Do not think it very strange that Delphine and I should be here. Mamma insisted, and we dared not thwart her. You do not know how unwilling we were, and how it has troubled us."

"I know what it must feel like to you," he

said; and was going to say more. He was going to say that though he knew what it had cost her, yet that he was not altogether sorry, since it had brought them together, and she would not allow any other kind of intercourse. But just at that moment, Sir Gabriel, whom Judith had not yet spoken to, arrived upon the scene. Sir Gabriel had received an inkling of the truth from his son, who had had it from Mrs. Malleson. Randolph had hastily confided it to Sir Gabriel:

"I wish you'd pay a little attention to the Misses Conisbrough, sir. They didn't want to come a bit—to meet Aglionby, you know, and not three months since their uncle's death; but their mother made them, and they dared not cross her—so if you wouldn't mind——"

The hint was more than enough for the warm-hearted old gentleman. Despite his real liking for Aglionby, he had never ceased to shake his head over the will, and to think that Mrs. Conisbrough and those girls had been very badly used. He had just had Delphine introduced to him in the ball-room, and now he had made his way to Judith.

"Miss Conisbrough, I'm delighted to see you here! I have just been talking to your sister, who is the loveliest creature I've seen for twenty years and more. I may say that to you, you know. If she doesn't turn some heads to-night, why, they are not the same kind of heads that used to be on men's shoulders in my days."

Judith's face flushed. She smiled a pleased yet nervous smile. Yes, Delphine was all that the good old man called her, and how delightful this sweet incense of justice, not flattery, would have been—how grateful, if—if only— She crushed down a desire to laugh, or cry, she knew not which—an hysteric feeling—and answered Sir Gabriel politely, but, as he thought, a little indifferently. But, remembering his son's words, he stood talking to her for some time, and finally offered her his arm to take her to the ball-room and dance a quadrille with her. Aglionby went with them at the same time. So long as he did not exceed the bounds of politeness, he told himself—so long as his outward conduct could be denominated "friendly"—he shook his head back—he *would* not turn himself into a conventional machine to say, "How do you do?" "Good-evening," and no more.

As they entered the ball-room, they were con-

fronted by Miss Vane, more flushed now, more at her ease, and arm-in-arm with a youth who had been introduced to her as Lord Charles Startforth, and who would by his title alone have fulfilled, to her mind, every requisite necessary to the constitution of a "real swell!" She saw Bernard, Sir Gabriel, and Judith enter, and at once inquired of her partner:

"Eh, I say, isn't that Sir Gabriel?"

"That is Sir Gabriel," replied the young gentleman, with *sang froid*. He had found Miss Vane and her provincialisms a source of the most exquisite entertainment.

"I thought so. And there's my beloved with him."

"Your beloved—happy man! Aglionby, I suppose you mean?"

"Yes," said Miss Vane, explaining. "I call him my beloved, you know, because 'Bernard' is too familiar when you're talking to strangers, and 'Mr. Aglionby' sounds stiff, doesn't it?"

"I quite agree with you. Your beloved's aspect just at present is somewhat gloomy."

"My! Yes! He does look as cross as two sticks. But," with sudden animation, "I've seen that girl before who's going to dance with Sir Gabriel. Who is she?"

"She is Miss Conisbrough, of Yoresett."

"Conisbrough—oh, of course! One of those girls who wanted to have Bernard's money," said Miss Vane, tossing her head. "Well, just fancy! only Miss Conisbrough! From her dress, and Sir Gabriel's dancing with her, I thought she must be a *somebody*."

"Miss Conisbrough doesn't go out much, I think," said the young man, instinctively speaking with caution, and unable for his own part to resist looking with admiration at the lady in question. "Your 'beloved' seems to know her, though."

While Lizzie was explaining, her partner advanced and suggested to Sir Gabriel that he and Miss Vane would be happy to be their *vis-a-vis*. So it was arranged, and Bernard retired, after forcing a smile in answer to a coquettish nod from his betrothed. After this dance, Judith found no lack of partners. She was forced to dance and Aglionby saw her led off time after time, and congratulated himself on having secured her promise concerning supper.

As for Delphine, she had not been in the draw-

ing-room after the first five minutes following her arrival. Judith purposely avoided noticing her. She had a vague consciousness that she was dancing a good deal with Randolph Danesdale, and while her reason condemned, her heart condoned, and even sympathized with the imprudence. Even she herself, after a time, fell into the spirit of the dance, and began to rejoice in the mere pleasure of the swift rhythmic motion. Though calm and cool outwardly, she was wrought up to a pitch of almost feverish excitement, and, as is often the case with excitement of that kind, she was able distinctly and vividly to note every small circumstance connected with the course of the evening. She remembered her mother's words, "They shall see who it is that has been passed over," and she could not but perceive that both she and her sister attracted a great deal of attention; that men were led up and introduced to them oftener, on the whole, than they were to other girls—that, in fact, they created a sensation—were a success. She supposed, then, that her mother was right. If they had had that "position" which she so coveted for them, they would not be counted nonentities in it.

Judith also saw, with a woman's quickness in such matters, that which poor Bernard never perceived; the fact, namely, that though Lizzie Vane got plenty of partners, and was apparently made much of, yet that many of her partners were laughing at her and drawing her out, and that they laughed together about her afterward; and lastly—most significant fact of all—that scarce a woman noticed or spoke to her, except Miss Danesdale, who, as hostess, was in a measure obliged to do so.

Gradually she yielded to the spell of the dance, the music, the excitement of it all; to the unspoken prompting within, "Enjoy yourself now, while you may. Let to-morrow take care of itself." Go where she would, dance with whom she would, before the dance was over, sooner or later, once or oftener, as it happened, but inevitably, she met Bernard's dark eyes, and read what they said to her. When supper-time came, and he led her in, and poured out wine for her, and asked her in a low voice if she had ever been to Scar Foot, if she had ever even walked passed it since she had ceased to be his guest, Judith answered, with a vibrating voice:

"No, I could not; and of my own free will I will not."

He smiled, but said little more during the meal. The supper was served in brilliant fashion in an enormous room, at numbers of smallish round tables. Those who had time and attention to spare for the arrangements said it was a fairy scene, with its evergreens, its hot-house flowers, and delicate ferns and perfumed fountains. Judith and Aglionby saw nothing of that; they forced some kind of an indifferent conversation, for under the eyes of that crowd, and surrounded by those brilliant lights, anything like confidential behavior was impossible. Now and then they were greeted by shouts of especially loud laughter from another part of the room, elicited by some peculiarly piquant sally of Miss Vane's, which charmed the chorus of men around her, and gave a deeper flush of triumph to her cheeks.

Just as the noise and laughter were at their height, and the fun was becoming faster, Aglionby said to Judith:

"Let us go away. This isn't amusing."

They rose. So did nearly every one else at the same time, but not to go. Some one had said something, which Judith and Aglionby, absorbed in themselves, had not heard, and a dead silence succeeded to the tumultuous noise. Then a clock was heard striking—a deep-toned stroke, which fell twelve times, and upon the last sound the storm of laughter broke loose, and a tempest of hand-shaking and congratulations broke out.

"A happy New Year to you! I wish you a happy New Year!"

"Here's to the peaceful interment of the old year, and the joyful beginning of the new one!"

Aglionby looked at Judith. His lips were open, but he paused. No; he must not wish her a happy New Year. He knew he must not; and he was silent. Many others had now finished supper. They, too, left the room, and seated themselves, after wandering about a little, in a kind of alcove with a cushioned seat, of which there were many in the hall. Then—for they were as much alone as if not another creature had been near them—Aglionby at once resumed the topic he had been dwelling on all supper-time.

"You have never been near Scar Foot since that day. That means that you are still relentless?" said he, regarding her steadily, but with entreaty in his eyes, and a decided accent of the same kind in his voice.

"It means that I must be—must seem so, at least," she replied dreamily.

"Pardon me, but I cannot see it in that light."

"That means, that you do not believe me?"

"No; I mean that if you would only state your reasons, and tell me the obstacle *you* see to our friendship, that I could demolish it, let it be what it might."

"Oh, no, you could not," said Judith, her heart beating with a wild pleasure in thus, as it were, dancing on the edge of a precipice. "You do not know: it *could* not be swept away."

"And I say it could—it could, Judith, if you would only allow it."

She started slightly, as he spoke her name, and bit her lips; but she could not summon up her strength of will to rebuke him.

"Why—why do you say such things? What makes you think so?" she asked tremulously.

Aglionby took her fan, and bent toward her, as if fanning her with it; but while his hand moved regularly and steadily to and fro, he spoke to her with all the earnestness of which he was capable, and with eyes which seemed to burn into hers—yet with a tenderness in his voice which he could not subdue.

"Because you do not trust me. Because you will not believe what to me is so simple and such a matter of course—that no reason you could assert could make me your enemy. Because there is *no* offense I would not condone. Pah! Condone?—forgive, forget, wipe clean away, to have the good-will and the friendship of you and yours. *Now* do you understand?"

Judith turned paler; she shut her eyes involuntarily, and drew a long breath. Could it be possible that he suspected—that he had the slightest inkling of her real reason for maintaining the distance between them for which she had stipulated? His words hit home to the very core and eye of her distress. The peril was frightful, imminent, and she had herself attracted it by allowing him to advance thus far, by herself sporting with deadly weapons. He was watching her, with every sense on the alert, and he saw how, unconsciously, her hands clasped; she gave a little silent gasp and start, and there actually did steal into his mind, only to be dismissed again, the wonder, "Can it be that there really is some offense which she deems irreparable?"

"Hush!" she said at last. "It was very

wrong of me to allow the subject to be mentioned. And you do not keep your promise. You know that you promised me at Scar Foot, Mr. Aglionby——"

"You also promised *me* at Scar Foot, and then demanded your promise back again," said he, resolved that if he had to give way again (and what else could a man do, when a woman appealed to him for mercy?) that she should buy the concession hard.

"I have told you I cannot explain," she said, almost despairingly.

"Do you mean to make me go over it all again?" A rush of sudden tears filled her eyes. "Do you mean to make me plead it all a second time?"

"I should like to make you do it—yes. And, at the end of all, I should like to refuse what you ask," he said, with a savage tenderness in his voice.

Judith looked steadily at him for a short time, as if to test whether he was in earnest or not, and then said, in a dull, dead voice, "I wish I were dead;" and looked at the ground.

This was more than he could bear.

"Forgive me, Judith!" he whispered. "If you can, forgive me. I will not sin again, but it is hard."

"Yes, it is hard," she replied, more composed, as the terror she had felt on hearing him talk about "offenses" and "condonation" began to subside. "It is hard. But making scenes about it will make it none the easier. We have our duties, both of us—you as a man——"

More peals of laughter, as a noisy group came out of the supper-room—half a dozen young men, and Miss Vane in the midst of them, laughing in no gentle tones, and holding in her hand, high above her head, a flower, toward which one of the said young gentlemen occasionally stretched a hand, amid the loud hilarity of the lady and her companions. The party made their way toward the ball-room, and Miss Vane was heard crying:

"I'm sure I never promised to dance it with you. Here's my programme. Look and see!" They disappeared.

Judith's face burned. She looked timidly at Aglionby, who was gazing after the group, his face pale, his eyes mocking, his lips sneering. He laughed, not a pleasant laugh.

"We all have our duties, as you most justly remark. Mine is to marry that young lady, and

cease to persecute you with my importunities. I see that is what you were thinking. And you are quite right."

"*You* are quite wrong," said Judith. "What I do think is that you are not behaving kindly to her to allow her to—to—she is so young and inexperienced—and so pretty."

"And you and your sister are so old and wise, and so hideous," he rejoined, with a bitter laugh. "That alone is enough to account for your different style of behavior. No. Do not try to palliate it."

"I think you are to blame," Judith persisted. "You have no right to do it—to leave her with all those silly, empty-headed young men. It is not fair. You ought to take——"

"Take her home—and myself too. A good idea. I am sure the carriage will be round by now. But you?"

"Take me to the drawing-room, please. I dare say Mrs. Malleson will also be ready to go."

He gave her his arm. Mrs. Malleson was soon found, seated on a sofa, with Delphine beside her, looking a little pale and exceedingly tired. Bernard wished them good-night, and went to the ball-room. He had seen Mrs. Bryce in the drawing-room, and found that she was quite ready to go. In the dancing-room there was a momentary pause between two dances. Bernard saw Randolph Danesdale promenading with a young lady on his arm, with whom he seemed to be in earnest conversation. At the further end of the room he saw that fatal pink dress; heard the same shrill, affected tones, and the chorus of laughter that followed on them. Nothing could have been more distasteful to him in his present mood than to have even to speak to her, after his parting from Judith Conisbrough. But he walked straight up to the group, most of whom he knew slightly by this time, and offering his arm to his betrothed, said gravely:

"Lizzie, I am sorry to break off your amusement, but it is very late: we have ten miles to drive, and Mrs. Bryce is tired, and wishes to go."

"Oh, Aglionby, don't take Miss Vane away! The light of the evening will be gone. Don't look so down, man! Miss Vane, don't let him drag you off in that way. I am down for a dance."

"And I," "And I," cried several voices.

Bernard's face did not relax. He could not unstiffen his features into a smile. He looked directly at Lizzie, as mildly as he could, and re-

peated that he was very sorry, but he was afraid he must ask her to come away.

"Oh, Bernard!" she began, but then something unusual in his expression struck her. A feeling of something like chill alarm crossed her heart. How dignified he looked! How commanding! How different—even she knew—from the feather-brained fops with whom she had even now been jesting and laughing!

"Well, if I must, I must, I suppose," she said, shrugging her shoulders, and taking his arm. And with a final farewell to her attendants she went away with her "lover."

"Jove! but that girl is a caution!" observed one of the young men, giving unrestrained flow to his mirth, as Bernard and his betrothed disappeared. "I never had such fun in my life!"

"She'll find it a caution, being married to Aglionby," said a second, looking into the future. "Didn't you see him as he came up to us? Lucifer himself couldn't have looked more deuced stiff."

"Yes—I saw. They don't look exactly as if they were created to run in a pair!" said the first

speaker musingly. "But why on earth does he leave her to herself in such a way?"

"He's been dancing attendance on the eldest Miss Conisbrough all evening, and left this little girl to amuse herself with suitable companions."

"On Miss Conisbrough—why, I thought they were at daggers drawn."

"Didn't look like it, I assure you. I can't make it out, I confess. Only, on my honor, they were as good-looking a couple as any in the room. Couldn't help noticing them. But look here, St. John—will you take the odds—ten to one—that it doesn't come off?"

"The wedding?—all right. At all—or within a year?"

"Oh, hang a year!—at all. Ten to one that Aglionby and the little dressmaker don't get married at all."

"Yes; but there must be some time fixed. Ten to one that it's broken off within a year."

"In sovs? Done with you!"

Then the band struck up again for one of the last waltzes, and the young men dispersed to find their partners for the same.

(To be continued.)

THE FURIES.

By SCHILLER.

I.

A SABLE cloak each form enfolding,
Each fleshless hand a torch upholding,
Scatters afar a dull red glow.
In each pale cheek no blood doth flow;
And where, round human forehead cheerful,
The locks are waving free and fair,
Here snakes are coiled, and vipers fearful,
And venom-swollen, cling for hair.

II.

Then, horrible to sight advancing,
Their hymn they sing in circle dancing,
That hymn which tears the heart, to cast
Its bands around the sinner fast.
Maddening, with might the soul to harrow
And rob of sense, that Furies' strain
Sounds striking chill the listener's marrow,
Sounds while no lyres its notes sustain:

III.

"Happy the man with soul unspotted,
Its child-like white by guilt unblotted!
For him our vengeance comes not near,
He walks through life and knows no fear.
But woe! thrice woe! to him who hidden
His murderous deed from mortal sight;
We to his footprints cling unbidden,—
We, fearful children of the night.

IV.

Thinks he our hand to shun by flying,
Swift-winged we follow, straightway tying
Such hopeless snares his feet around
That falling he must kiss the ground.
'Tis thus we chase him, never weary,
Repentance cannot stay our arm,
Still on and on to Hades dreary,—
And even there we work him harm."

LOVE'S JEALOUSY.

LAST summer-time I heard the folks complain,
 Because the Sun, returning to his own,
 Cared not to win with smiles what we had sown,
 But brooded in unkindly cloud and rain;
 And the sad season naught to him would yield,
 Who, like a churl, so scorned the wealth untold
 Which needed but his glance to make it gold,
 Slighting the free-will offering of the field.

Chill hearts, whose fires are low, whose light is dim,
 Even stray smiles—Love's usurers—oft have won
 A mighty harvest at a little cost.
 Love waits until ye crave a gift of him;
 Ye kill his kindness by the untimely frost,
 That cheats the Brethren of their summer sun!

MOSSE MACDONALD.



NATURE'S OFFERINGS.

MARRIAGE NOTES.

BY SARAH WINTER KELLOGG.*

IN the two leading countries of the world, the United States and England, the question as to what is necessary to constitute a complete and perfect marriage is still unsettled.

The Bible account of the institution opens with the expression of God's opinion, that it is not good for man to be alone, with which opinion some men in later and more enlightened ages have asked, respectfully, it is hoped, to differ. Metellus Numidicus said, in an address to the Roman people, that had nature ordained us to live without woman's help, we should be rid of a very troublesome companion, and that he could recommend marriage only as a sacrifice of private pleasure to public weal.

These words are not surprising from the mouth of a pagan, but it is strange that the primitive Christians, in the face of the words, "Therefore shall a man leave his father," etc., and of God's injunction, given before the fall, to the first pair, "Be ye fruitful," etc.—it is strange that they should have held as a favorite doctrine, that if Adam had retained his original innocence he would have lived forever in a state of virgin purity, and that, by some harmless mode of vegetation, paradise would have been peopled by a race of innocent and immortal beings; that the use of marriage was permitted to his fallen posterity as an expedient to continue the race, and as a restraint on licentiousness. As to what, in such a state, would have been the signification of the words father and mother—used previous to the fall—these sages have not left an opinion.

This recalls an anecdote of Lamb, by Hazlitt. At a literary assemblage the question was, "Whom of the dead would you most like to see?" Lamb mentioned Sir Thomas Browne, explaining, as the singularity of his choice provoked laughter and inquiry, "Who would not like to see the lineaments of a man who, having been twice married, wished that men were propagated like trees?"

Whatever may have been God's designs manward, previous to the fall, if the Bible expresses his will, marriage has his sanction. His injunction to the first pair and the accompaniment to every promise of blessing is, "Be ye fruitful, multiply,

and replenish the earth," an injunction, Sydney Smith remarks, which man has more implicitly obeyed than any God ever gave him. Barrenness the ancient Jews regarded as a judgment from God; a numerous family as a blessing; indeed, their nuptial benediction was the invoking a numerous offspring. Two of the Ten Commandments pertain to marriage. The Bible statutes regulating this and divorcement are definite and stringent. Adultery, unless, indeed, the offender chanced to be a man, the Jews punished by death; the debauching of a maid was avenged with severest retribution. Marriage was a subject about which Christ was repeatedly questioned; it was used to express the mystical union between the Church and the Redeemer. He founded one of his most beautiful and solemn parables on the Jewish marriage rites; He sanctioned by his presence the wedding feast in Cana, and performed a miracle for the guests' refreshment; marriage is expressly pronounced honorable in all. Indeed, there is but one passage in the Scripture which may be construed as adverse in any sense to marriage. This is contained in a bit of advice by St. Paul. But in this he states that he speaks as a man, and asserts his liberty to marry. Indeed, there are ancient writers, as Clemens Alexandrinus, Ignatius, and others, who reckon St. Paul in the list of married disciples, and he has never availed himself of spiritual telegraphy to contradict the suggestion.

Glancing at profane history, we find that marriage has enlisted the attention of philosophers and legislators to no secondary extent. Family enjoyments have been very anciently held in high esteem, and to the security of these marriage was essential; so by remote tradition the institution is referred to the bounty of the gods. No nation is so barbarous that it has not its marriage code, even if it aims no higher than that of the Ashantees, which gives their king three thousand women. In the Gallic councils, from the fourth to the tenth century, to which Guizot ascribes a vast civilizing influence, there is scarcely one which has not its marriage enactments. Throughout the State the ancient Greeks encouraged marriage, and a failure to enter the connubial state was at-

tended by loss of esteem and often by the infliction of punishment. Zoroaster condemned celibacy with abhorrence, as a criminal rejection of God's best gift. The saint in the Magian religion was obliged to beget children. The ancient Medes, according to Strabo, enforced polygamy by law. Abstinence from marriage, when there is no just impediment, is held by the Egyptians as disreputable. A temporary sojourner in Egypt records that, having occasion to move his residence, he engaged a house and advanced a part of the rent, when the owner informed him that the inhabitants of the quarter objected to his living among them because he was unmarried.

Among the Arabs marriage is considered so honorable and celibacy such a reproach, that a woman will become second wife to a man already married, to escape the obloquy attached to a single life. Though with us a man has the privilege of living unmarried without incurring loss of esteem, who can claim that woman has such a prerogative?

Contrary to Christ's testimony, that in heaven there is no marrying, Mahomet taught that seventy-two black-eyed girls of resplendent beauty, blooming youth, virgin purity, and exquisite sensibility will be created for the meanest believer. Notwithstanding a vulgar prejudice, the heavenly gates will be open to both sexes; but Mahomet has not specified the male companions of the female elect, lest he should either alarm the jealousy of their former husbands, or disturb their felicity by the suspicion of an everlasting marriage.

So says Gibbon, and this is offered as indicating something of the Moslem's estimation of the conjugal state.

The space the institution occupies in statutes; the volumes given to it—four-fifths of light literature has this for its topic; the lectures—drawing ones—of which it is the subject; the share it has in advertisements, with many another evidence, all attest its vitality. Even the hostility of certain fraternities is proof of its importance; men do not war against trifles. To the three dominant heart-questions, What shall we eat, what drink, and how be clothed? a fourth might be added—Whom shall we marry?

Except in Protestant countries, marriage ranks with the sacraments; for we ever find the institution, with other valued interests, committed to

the people's strongest shelter, and this strongest shelter, except in Protestant Christian countries, is the people's religion. Nations outgrowing priestcraft remove from the custody of the Church a matter so vital. They recognize the need of giving to its protection the strong hand of the law. Hence, in these, marriage is a civil contract, upon which, indeed, the Church, coming to the State's support, lays the hand of benediction, consecrating it as the most solemn and sacred of contracts.

Polygamy prevails over the greater portion of the earth's surface—Europe, except Turkey, and the United States, except Utah, are unstained by it. It is a prevalent idea that the Chinese are polygamists; but while their laws permit concubinage, they allow a man but one *tsy*, or wife. The station from which she is chosen is different from that of his *tsie*, or handmaid, of whom he may have any number. She is espoused with formalities of bewildering number and complexity, and is distinguished by a title.

The ancient Greeks permitted polygamy only after a devastating national calamity, as war or pestilence. Socrates is said to have taken a second wife on such account. The ancient Germans allowed a plurality of wives to their princes, that they might by alliances strengthen the State.

Though polygamy seems opposed to the genius of Roman institutions, it was introduced into the State by Valentinian. The story, which Gibbon pronounces a fable, is, that the Empress Severa, having repeatedly expressed admiration of Justina's charms, the emperor was tempted to take a second wife, and by edict extended the domestic privilege to his subjects.

If there is felicity in a multitude of spouses, woman, for her inequality of privilege in this respect, may find some compensation in the fact that polyandria prevails among classes of Hindoos, and in the very singular kind of polygamy practiced in Thibet, where all the brothers of a family have the same wife, chosen by the eldest.

Though Mahomet had seventeen wives, a modest number when we remember Solomon's seven hundred spouses and three hundred concubines, and when we consider that, by special revelation to the prophet, the whole female sex was abandoned to his desire, the Moslem religion permits a man but four legitimate wives. Many Mahometan nations exhibit a noticeable temperance in the

exercise of their prerogatives. An Arab rarely takes more than two wives, and often but one, though an Arabian wife—like a few American wives—is profitable rather than expensive. This temperance may explain the rarity of separations. These result chiefly from inability to maintain the wife, when she is returned to her friends with liberty to re-marry. The Arabs exhibit a liberality toward woman unusual with Moslems, allowing a wife ill-treated a divorce.

The Afghan is even more temperate than the Arab, generally contenting himself with one wife, and often remaining unmarried until forty, occasioned, perhaps, by his poverty, for he purchases his wife. But though more temperate, the Afghans are less liberal to women, treating them with jealous tyranny. Away from the towns, however, this in a measure disappears. The women go unveiled, and the young people, less restrained, exercise more choice in mating. Indeed, it is possible for a lover of enterprise to obtain his mistress without her parents' consent, by such heroic achievement as the cutting a lock of her hair, snatching her veil, or by throwing a sheet over her, and proclaiming her his affianced wife. Their marriage customs nearly resemble those of their Persian neighbors.

Among the latter any woman outside the prohibited degrees may be taken into the harem by marriage, purchase, or hire.

Though parties are often betrothed in infancy, they seldom see each other till they stand before the priest. The nuptial ceremony must be witnessed by two men, or by one man and two women, from which it will be seen that with these Orientals a woman is reckoned equal to half a man—an approximation toward sexual equality to which some nations more enlightened have not attained. Weddings are occasions of such display as would be considered heresy by a prudent Yankee couple on the eve of housekeeping and a family.

But in wedding extravagancies they are surpassed by the Hindoos. A Bengal merchant often spends sixty thousand dollars on the procession and shows, besides vast sums in presents.

The Persian bride being conducted to her reception-room, the husband enters, and, in a glass, sees her face for the first time. Though the revelation of personal charms may be gratifying, their absence cannot prove very dismaying, since he can divorce his wife at will, though the step may

engender scandal, and involves the relinquishment of the dowry.

The bridegroom then bites a bit of candy in halves, eating one and presenting the other to the bride. By this he perhaps indicates his intention of sharing with her the sweets of life. Throwing one of her stockings over his left shoulder, he places the other under his right foot, and then orders all the spectators to withdraw. What these impressive evolutions are intended to symbolize is left to the reader's conjecture.

We are used to think with commiseration of the Circassian maid sold into Persian or Turkish slavery. But she leaves her home gladly, having been dazzled by stories of palaces, jewels, and finery awaiting her in the far-away harem. And the mother parts from her without reluctance, after infinite pains to render her worthy the brilliant promotion. This is but an outgrowth of the Spartan-like apathy which underlies the Circassian family system, by which the husband never meets his wife, except by stealth, until after the birth of the first child, and is insulted if she is even named in his presence, and by which the child at three years is yielded to some friendly nobleman, not to be seen by the parents until his manhood. We may believe that removal from such a domestic system to that of the Persian harem is promotion.

The Persian ladies of rank dress well. There are meetings to talk gossip and tell stories and to show each other their jewels and finery. They have parties at each others' houses, when they are entertained by singing and dancing women, while at the baths all restraint is set aside, and full rein given to merriment and scandal.

Nor is life in a harem necessarily one of idleness and luxury. The Grand Mogul Acbar had a body-guard of Arab women, extremely well disciplined, and among whom were all the degrees that obtain among men. This recalls the fact that at the battle of Yermuk the last line was held by Arab women, under the sister of Derar, who had enlisted in the holy war, and were skilled in the use of the bow and lance, and who thrice drove back, by their blows and their reproaches, the retreating Arabs against the Roman cavalry.

Acbar's seraglio contained over five thousand women, each having her separate apartment and her vocation. The ladies were presided over by duennas, all being under one superintendent. Women guarded the interior of the palace, the

most confidential being about the gate of the royal apartments.

But, the historian informs us, Acbar disapproved of polygamy and of expensive marriage settlements, of unions between persons of different religions, and between the very young. We smile when told that Lycurgus, to secure a more vigorous offspring, delayed the marriage season for girls to fourteen. An Egyptian girl is often a wife at ten. Mahomet married Ayesha at nine.

Acbar also censured unions between those of near affinity. National customs on this point have ever been divided, as the desire to aggrandize family or to promote the general good was dominant. The Egyptians permitted the marriage of brother and sister. A Spartan might espouse his father's daughter; an Athenian, his mother's, while the union of uncle and niece was applauded as highly felicitous. Though the Roman statutes prohibited the union of near relatives, a man might marry his niece on his brother's, but not on his sister's side, the law being made, doubtless, to accommodate Claudius, who married his brother's daughter; Heraclius following his example by wedding his niece Martina. The wise Solon enacted that an heiress, to keep the property in the family, should marry her nearest kinsman. We find in some North American Indian tribes a regulation against choosing a wife in one's own clan, while the Chinese law forbids the union of persons of the same surname, a law which, among a people so numerous, must give rise to inconvenience, since there are not two hundred surnames in their language.

The feeling of clanship was fostered by the Jews, heiresses being enjoined to marry kinsmen to secure the money to the family. The betrothal was a covenant between the bridegroom's father and the father and brother of the bride, and determined the presents the brothers were to receive and the dowry accruing to the father. The price of a wife in the time of Moses was thirty shekels, though some plain maidens doubtless went without compensation, while others, still less attractive, required the recommendation of a dowry to insure them husbands. Is it different with modern Gentiles?

The engagement season covered twelve months. On the marriage day the bride went to bath and then arrayed herself, particularly the head, in magnificent apparel. Toward evening, the groom,

in festival dress, attended by young men and regaled by music, accompanied the bride, who was attended by maidens from her father's house. The party, in the time of Christ, were lighted by flambeaux to their destination, where they indulged in festivities, the men and women apart, a custom upon which we have improved. The nuptial benediction—the invoking of a numerous offspring—was then pronounced, and the marriage was consummated.

The ideal of woman in India, says Michelet, springs from mystical love. Nowhere is she held in more sanctity. Even common soldiers, amid slaughter and devastation, leave her unmolested. The harem is a sanctuary against the licentiousness of victory, and plunderers, stained with the husband's blood, shrink back in holy horror from the secret apartments of his wives. The Hindoo dreads the exposure of his wife as the gravest dishonor. She is completely in his power, and rarely violates her nuptial obligations.

A Hindoo wedding is celebrated with imposing splendor. Children are often married at three years of age. The victimized pair, who should be in their cradles, are, for several nights, paraded through the streets in the richest dress and radiant with jewels. Torches disperse the night; the streets are crowded by friends and curious spectators, parading with flags and music. The couple are finally conveyed to her father's house and seated on opposite sides of a table, across which they join hands. The priest then covers their heads with a cloth, while he prays some fifteen minutes for their happiness and pronounces the benediction. They are then uncovered, to their relief, doubtless, and the guests are sprinkled till wet with saffron-colored perfumes, and the stained garments they wear for a week, to show that they have been to a wedding.

The ancient Greeks, who originated so much that is graceful and artistic, and among whom the rights of the weak were so warmly protected, celebrated an espousal with the pomp of a religious festival. In the "Travels" of Anacharsis we find a graceful account of the ceremonies. On the nuptial morn the citizens rise before dawn, crown themselves with garlands, and before their doors in the temples seek favorable omens and ceaselessly offer sacrifices to propitiate the gods. The guests being assembled at the bride's house, the door of her apartment opens and she appears with the bride-

groom, followed by their parents and the officer who has drawn the articles of engagement. The guests are arrayed in magnificent apparel, provided by the bridegroom. The bride is dressed in the work of her own hand, wearing a gold-broidered robe of purple and a necklace of precious stones. The hair of each is perfumed and flows over the shoulders, while each wears a crown of poppy, sesamum, and other plants sacred to Venus. Mounting a chariot, they proceed to the temple, the multitude thronging them, scattering flowers and perfumes, and crying in adulation, "It is Apollo and Coronis," "Diana and Endymion," "Apollo and Diana."

At the temple's gate the priests receive the bridal pair and present each with a branch of ivy, symbolical of the bond which is forever to unite them. He then conducts them to the altar, where everything is in readiness to sacrifice a heifer to the chaste Diana. Offerings are also made to Minerva and other divinities who have never submitted to Hymen's yoke. They also employ Jupiter and Juno, whose loves shall be eternal; the heavens and the earth, whose concurrence produces fertility and plenty; the Parcæ, who hold in their hands the lives of mortals; the Graces, because they embellish the loves of happy marriages; and Venus, from whom love derives its birth and who bestows happiness on mortals.

The priests, having examined the entrails of victims, declare the pleasure of the gods, when the party proceed to the artemisium. Here the lovers deposit each on a tomb a lock of hair, that of the bridegroom wound about a handful of grass, that of the bride round a spindle. This is to remind them of the first institution of marriage, where it was intended to signify that the husband was to be occupied in the labors of the field, and the wife to manage the household affairs.

The bride's father, taking her hand, joins it to the bridegroom's, saying, "I bestow on you my daughter, that you may give legitimate citizens to the Republic." The pair swear inviolable fidelity, and new sacrifices are offered in ratification of their vows.

It is now perhaps night, so that the procession to the bridegroom's house, which is illuminated and hung with garlands, is lighted by numberless torches and accompanied by musicians and dancers. As the pair set foot on the threshold, a basket of fruit, symbolical of plenty, is placed on their

heads, while the name Hymenacus is acclaimed on all sides, following the party into the banquet-hall and continuing through supper. Poets enter after the feast and recite epithalamiums. Music, dancing, recitations, and congratulations, accompanied by many symbols of the new duties brought by the new relation, prolong the ceremonies through many days.

But, in spite of these pompous ceremonials, a marriage was easily set aside. The parties had but to certify to the archon their consent to separate. Infidelity, though severely punished, was common. The Grecian women rarely appeared in public, though occasionally seen at solemn festivals, walking in procession with downcast eyes, or surrounded by female slaves. The Lacedæmonian women, however, by the laws of Lycurgus, were compelled to show themselves in public.

From the contemplation of Greece, we turn naturally to the Romans, among whom, Michelet has said, the ideal of woman arrives at the highest pagan morality—to virgin and conjugal dignity. In atonement of the Sabine rape, the violent movers assured to their wives certain privileges: no other labor than spinning was to be required of them; nothing indecent was to be said or done in their presence; they were not to be summoned before a criminal tribunal; and their children—here we see the deathless maternal solicitude—were to wear the pretexta and bulla. But, notwithstanding these pledges, the wife was only a *thing*, to be claimed, like other chattels, by the use and possession of a year. She was sister to her own children, daughter to her husband. Her conduct was in his control, and in his hands was her life. He had the power to adjudge her to death for infidelity or drunkenness or, indeed, if she had but tasted wine or possessed herself of his cellar keys.

After the Punic triumphs, the matrons made a successful effort at securing more liberal terms and a broader liberty; but marriage soon came to be a loose and voluntary compact to which no rites, religious or civil, were essential. "Between persons of similar rank the apparent community of life was allowed as sufficient evidence of nuptials." The Christians restored somewhat the dignity of the institution, regulating it by gospel teachings and synodical customs.

In the worship of the ancient Romans, a peculiar goddess, Viriplaca, or husband-appeaser, was ad-

mitted to reconcile disputes of the married life. The causes of divorce were various, but the husband alone could exercise the privilege. The Romans have been applauded for abstaining from their prerogatives for five centuries; but the fact, a learned historian remarks, evinces the unequal terms of a connection in which the slave was unable to renounce her tyrant and the tyrant was unwilling to relinquish his slave.

But with the larger liberty to the matrons came the new jurisprudence, that marriage, like other partnerships, could be dissolved by the abdication of one of the parties. This privilege was so abused, that the most sacred of connections was debased into a temporary association for profit or pleasure. By legislation attempts were made to remedy the evils from this abasement of the institution, but the Christian princes were the first to define the right grounds of divorcement.

"Their institutions," Gibbon writes, "from Constantine to Justinian, fluctuate between the custom of the Empire and the wishes of the Church. In the most rigorous laws a wife was condemned to support a gamester, a drunkard, or a libertine, unless he were guilty of homicide, poison, or sacrilege, in which cases the marriage, as it should seem, might have been dissolved by the hand of the executioner. Long absence, impotence, and monastic profession would rescind the obligation. One transgressing the permission of the law was subject to heavy penalties. The woman was stripped of her wealth, even to the bodkin of her hair; if the man introduced a new bride, her fortune might be seized by the vengeance of his exiled wife, etc. Justinian's successor yielded to the prayers of his unhappy subjects, and restored the liberty of divorce by mutual consent.

By a proud law of the Republic, inscribed on the altar of St. Sophia, none but free citizens could contract legitimate marriage: the blood of a stranger could never legally mingle with a Roman's. The irrevocable statute made Cleopatra and Berenice the concubines of Marc Antony and Titus. There were occasional Roman princes who, in taking foreign wives, violated the majesty of the purple, though the law excluded such from civil and ecclesiastical communion; but in every such case there were specious reasonings to justify the violation of the law. We recall, in this connection, the union of the Chris-

tian Princess Theodora with a sectary of Mahomet, Orchan, Emir of the Ottomans. "A body of Turkish cavalry attended the ambassadors, who disembarked from thirty vessels before his camp. In a stately pavilion the Empress Irene passed the night with her daughters. In the morning Theodora ascended a throne surrounded with curtains of silk and gold: the troops were under arms, but the emperor alone was on horseback. At a signal the curtains were suddenly withdrawn, to disclose the bride, or the victim, encircled by kneeling eunuchs and hymeneal torches: flutes and trumpets proclaimed the joyful event, and her pretended happiness was the theme of the nuptial song. Without church rites Theodora was delivered to her barbarous lord, but it had been stipulated that she should preserve her religion in the harem of Bursa; and her father, the emperor, celebrates her charity and devotion in this ambiguous situation."

We remember also the marriage of Placidia, sister of Honorius, to Adolphus, King of the Visigoths, after having been subjected to the infamy of following around Italy a Gothic camp. The bride, in the attire of a Roman empress, occupied a throne of state, Adolphus taking an humbler seat at her side. Her bridal present, bestowed after the manner of the Visigoths, consisted of the precious spoils of her own country. "Fifty beautiful youths, in silken robes, carried a basin in each hand, filled, respectively, the one with gold pieces, the other with precious stones. Attatus, so long the sport of fortune and the Goths, was appointed to lead the hymeneal chorus, and the degraded emperor might aspire to the praise of a skillful musician.

Among the Gothic treasures is mentioned a table of considerable size, a single piece of solid emerald, encircled by three rows of fine pearls, supported by three hundred and sixty-five feet of gems and massive gold, estimated at a half million pieces of gold. It was called the table of Solomon, to which prince the Orientals were used to inscribe every ancient work of knowledge and magnificence.

By another Roman maxim a senator was forbidden to marry one dishonored by a servile origin or theatrical profession. Justinian procured a new edict. "A glorious repentance" was permitted to the unhappy women who had prostituted their persons on the stage, and they were allowed

to marry the most illustrious of the Romans. Theodora, whom Justinian made empress, was, if we may trust the "Anecdota" of Procopius, the most abandoned profligate in history. She was daughter of the master of the bears at Constantinople, and made her appearance on the stage in a slave's dress, with a stool on her head. Her skill was confined to pantomime; she excelled in buffoon characters, and as often as the comedian swelled her cheeks and complained with ridiculous tone and gesture of the blows inflicted, the theatre resounded with laughter and applause. Her grace and beauty are described as matchless. But her charms were enjoyed by a promiscuous crowd of citizens and strangers. Every city of the East admired and enjoyed the beauty, though only once did she become a mother. She is charged with the murder of her son, who, when she was empress, gained admission to her presence; yet to this woman were granted honors before unknown to wives of Roman princes. Justinian made her his equal and independent colleague in the rule of the Empire. "The prostitute who, before innumerable spectators, had polluted the theatre of Constantinople, was adored as queen, in the same city, by grave magistrates, orthodox bishops, victorious generals, and captive monarchs."

Gibbon makes this record: "As she persecuted the popes and rejected a council, Baronius exhausts the names of Eve, Delila, Herodius, and then has recourse to his infernal dictionary: *Civis inferni—alumna de monum Satanico agitata spiritu—astro percita diabolico*," etc.

Per contra, the most benevolent institution of the reign is ascribed to Theodora's sympathy for her less fortunate sister prostitutes. On the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus a stately palace was converted into a monastery, and gave refuge to a half thousand women from the streets and brothels.

The Roman youth sought omens in the crackling of leaves in fire, and in the number of apple-seeds, just as do lovers of to-day. The young Roman had some singularities of courtship. He would stroll before the door of his mistress, coughing and whistling to draw her attention. If she failed to respond, he struck the door or broke into a love-song. If other effort were needed to attract, the story of his love was cut on the lintel or suspended over the threshold; or,

perhaps, he made a confidant of the door-post, and poured into its metaphorical ears the story of his anguish, or he sprinkled it with perfume, or hung it with garlands, or—think of it, holy housewife—anointed it with oil or anointed it with libations of wine.

The bride was bought of her parents, and she fulfilled the co-emption by purchasing with three pieces of copper a just introduction to the house and deities of her spouse. Before ten witnesses she placed herself in his arms, and the pontiff offered a sacrifice of fruits. Seated on the same sheepskin, the two ate together a cake of farina, salt, and water, which denoted the ancient food of Italy, and symbolized the indissoluble nature of marriage. On the day of union the bride was taken from her home, robed, veiled, and bearing a distaff. Lighted by a torch in the hand of a youth, she was lifted by two others over her husband's threshold without touching foot to it, a custom, according to Plutarch, which commemorated the Sabine rape, as did that of parting the bride's hair with a javelin. Placing herself on a sheepskin at the entrance, she called to the spouse, who immediately appeared, and offered her the keys to his house. The pair then touched fire and water as emblems of purity and fidelity. Then followed music and feasting and the scattering of nuts among the boys by the husband.

A story told by Tosimus of the marriage of Arcadius shows that the Christians of the East practiced the nuptial rites of antiquity. The daughter of Rufinus, Prefect of the East, had been chosen bride for the emperor. On the marriage day a pompous procession of officers and eunuchs poured from the palace, bearing aloft the diadem, robes, and ornaments of the future empress. Through the thronged and garlanded streets the solemn procession wound till it reached the mansion of Banto, a general of the Franks, in the Roman service. The conspirators, the principal eunuchs, who were banded to substitute another for the elected bride, to whom Arcadius was disinclined, entered his mansion, and to the surprise of its daughter, Eudoxia, invested her with the imperial purple and conducted her to the palace of the emperor.

Here the bride was forcibly conveyed from the parental home. "Our form, with less delicacy, requires the public consent of the virgin."

One other curious extract will close the subject

of marriage among the Romans: Constantine IX. was the last male of the royal race. His elder brother had preferred his private chastity to the public interest. Eudocia, one of the three daughters, had taken the veil, while Zoe and Theodora were preserved in a state of ignorance and virginity to a mature age. When their marriage was discussed in presence of the dying father, the cold or pious Theodora refused to give an heir to the Empire, but Zoe presented herself a willing victim at the altar. A patrician, Romanus Argyrun, of graceful person and fair reputation, was elected her husband, and on his declining the honor he was warned that blindness or death was the second alternative. The motive of his reluctance was conjugal affection, but his faithful wife sacrificed her happiness to his safety and greatness. She entered a monastery and thus removed the only bar to the imperial nuptials.

The ideal of woman, to quote again the sentiment of Michelet, assumes in Germany the features of savage virginity and gigantic force. Here women were educated to suppress every emotion adverse to honor, and the first honor of the sex was chastity. The virtue of the German women Tacitus contrasts with the loose conduct of Roman ladies. Beyond doubt, woman's status was higher among the barbarous Gothic nations than in the polished States of the East. To the esteem with which the Germans treated woman may be, in large measure, referred her fidelity. Some of the interpreters of fate, we are told, such as Velleda, in the Batavian war, governed, in the name of the Deity, the fiercest Germanic nations. The rest of the sex were respected as the free and equal companions of soldiers.

Motley reinforces this statement: On the marriage-day the German's presents to his bride were oxen and a bridled horse, a sword, a shield, and a spear—symbols that she was to share his labors and to become a part of himself. Thus was the wife pledged by the nuptial ceremony to a life of toil, of danger, and of glory.

In their great invasions the camps of the barbarians were filled with a multitude of women who remained undaunted amid the din and destruction of battle and the honorable wounds of their sons and husbands. The fainting armies have more than once been driven back upon the enemy by the generous despair of the women who dreaded death less than servitude. When the day

was hopelessly lost, they knew how to deliver themselves and their children, by their own hands, from an insolent victor. Is it not Plutarch who narrates that, before destroying themselves and their children, the wives of the Teutons offered to surrender on condition that they should be received as slaves of the vestal virgins?

In the Anglo-Saxons we find another illustration of the superior esteem in which woman was held by nations whom the proud Romans characterized as barbarians. With these, our remote ancestors, woman could inherit and transmit property, could sue and be sued; her person, safety, liberty, and property had the shelter of definite laws. Their oldest marriage statute, found in the laws of Ethelbert, provided that fraud or deceit in the purchase of a wife annulled the contract and restored her to her home; that she could not be appropriated against her consent. A wife surviving her husband, and having borne him children, inherited half his property; being childless, his paternal relations heir to his possessions and the *morgen-gift*. This was the wife's present from her lord the day after her nuptials, and its bestowal was not left to his option, the laws of Ina providing a penalty for its withholdal. This *morgen-gift* was employed as an instrument to punish widows for marrying with unseemly haste. The laws of Edmund provided that a childless widow was not to restore the *morgen-gift* unless she married within twelve months, the legal term of widowhood.

From these laws we glean something concerning the Anglo-Saxon marriage. The bride's consent and her friends' being obtained, the bridegroom gave his pledge that he desired her that he might keep her according to God's law as a man ought to keep his wife; and he was obliged to give securities for his observance of the covenant. It was next settled to whom the foster-lean, or the money for the children's nourishing, should be applied. To this also he gave his pledge and endorsers. Did we preserve this custom, there would, perhaps, be fewer children on the town. He was next to designate what *morgen-gift* the bride was to receive for the honor she did him in becoming his wife. All the necessary pledges and securities being given, her relations then "took her and wedded her to wife and to a right life with him who desired her." The wife had other guarantees suggested by the warlike and

unsettled condition of the States. • The law proceeds to order that the mass-priest be present to consecrate the union with the divine blessing to every happiness and prosperity.

The Greek historian Procopius tells a story of an Anglo-Saxon heroine which will bear repeating. It evidences spirit, if not delicacy. She was betrothed to the King of the Varni, a German tribe touching the ocean and the Rhine; but the lover was tempted by policy to prefer his father's widow, sister to the King of the Franks. The forsaken Angles princess, instead of bewailing her disgrace, avenged it. Her warlike subjects are said to have been ignorant of the use of a horse, and even of its form; but she boldly sailed to the mouth of the Rhine with four hundred ships and a hundred thousand men. After the loss of a battle, the captive king implored the mercy of his victorious bride, who pardoned his offense, dismissed her rival, and compelled him to discharge with honor the duties of a husband.

This gallant exploit, an English historian suggests, was probably the last naval enterprise of the Anglo-Saxons. The arts of navigation by which they acquired the Empire of Britain and the sea were neglected, and thus were renounced the commercial advantages of their insular situation.

The Greek Chalcondyles, not to mention his errors in the geography of England, thus blunders concerning Anglo-Saxon manners and customs:

"The most singular circumstance is their disregard of conjugal honor and female chastity. In their mutual visits, as the first act of hospitality, the guest is welcomed in the embraces of their wives and daughters; among friends they are lent and borrowed without shame; nor are the islanders offended at this strange commerce and its inevitable consequences."

The English fashion of kissing strangers was noticed by Erasmus, but it did not scandalize him. In the language of an English writer, "The credulity and injustice of the Greek historian should teach us to distrust accounts of remote nations, and to suspend our belief of every tale that deviates from the laws of nature and the character of man."

From Burckhardt's "Arabic Proverbs" and Lane's "Modern Egyptians" has been condensed the following account of marriage rites in Egypt:

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As the sexes are kept apart, marriages are negotiated by a near relative of the man, or by a woman whose trade it is. A girl under age may be married by her parents without her consent; otherwise she may choose her husband, or appoint a wekeel to arrange her marriage. Previous to the nuptial contract, the amount of dowry, which is indispensable, is decided, and two-thirds paid, the remainder being reserved for the wife in case of her husband's death, or of divorce without her consent. At an early day after this the wekeel and the bridegroom sit on the ground, face to face, each with one knee on the earth, the right hands joined, the thumbs raised and pressed against each other. A fikee, or schoolmaster, is present to instruct the parties what to say. Placing a handkerchief over their joined hands, he pronounces a prayer or exhortation, with quotations from the Koran on the excellency of marriage. The wekeel then says after the fikee, "I betroth to thee this adult virgin for a dowry of——" The bridegroom replies, "I accept her betrothal, take her under my care, and bind myself to afford her protection, and ye who are present bear witness to this." Three times is this form repeated, when a blessing is spoken, and all the company partake of sherbet and sometimes of dinner. Each is presented by the groom with an embroidered kerchief, provided by the bride's family. The fikee receives a similar present from the husband, with a gold coin tied in it.

The man waits ten days for his bride, keeping himself in her thoughts by presents. Meanwhile, her dress and household furniture are being prepared, an immense canopied chair, among other things, to hold the turban, which, when placed thereon, is covered by a silk kerchief ornamented with gold thread. One of these chairs is sometimes sent to the husband also.

For four nights preceding "the night of the entrance," or that on which the husband receives his bride, the quarter about his residence is illuminated by chandeliers depending from silk cords drawn across the street and ornamented by parti-colored flags of red and green. On each night an entertainment is given by the groom, the guests contributing the refreshments.

If the families are wealthy, the matrimonial agent, the midwife, the bride's nurse, and her bath-attendant are presented each with a piece of gold stuff or a Cashmere shawl. Placing these

over the left shoulder, and attaching the edges together on the left side, these women, mounted on asses, with men beating kettle-drums before them, or in the absence of these, themselves uttering shrill, quavering cries of joy, go to the bride's friends, and invite them to accompany her to and from the bath, and to partake of the entertainment to be given on the occasion. The digestion of these females must be remarkable, for at each house they partake of a repast, having previously given notice of their intended visit.

The bride goes in state to the bath which has been hired for her, unless she owns one. She is attended by her friends, a company of virgins wearing white shawls, by musicians, hautboys, etc., in procession. Men head the party, carrying round trays, covered with kerchiefs, on which are linen, utensils to be used in bath, a silver bottle of rose-water, and a perfuming vessel of silver with burning aloes. The bride walks in the procession under a yellow or rose-colored silken canopy open in front, and borne by four men, a pole, with a kerchief at the top, being at each corner. Her dress and jewels are concealed by a red Cashmere shawl, falling from a small pasteboard crown. In warm weather a woman walks backward before her, ceaselessly waving a huge fan of black ostrich feathers.

The procession, leaving the house, moves to the right at a slow pace, and pursues a winding route for the sake of display. Hours are spent at the bath in washing, sporting, and in feasting at the bridegroom's expense. Returning from bath, the bride and her friends sup together. Then a large quantity of henna is made into a paste, and the bride, with a lamp in her hand, takes up a contribution, each guest sticking a gold coin in the lump. When this is filled, it is scraped off into a basin of water. Other henna is applied to her hands and feet, these are bound in linen till the next morning, when they are of a deep orange tint. The guests also dye their hands and feet.

On this, "the night of the henna," the bridegroom gives his chief entertainment. The next day the bride, in another more magnificent procession, goes to the husband's house. Any one who can perform a feat, amusing, monstrous, or extraordinary, is sure to be welcome in the procession. Peasants cudgel each other, swordsmen engage in mock combat, a man runs a sword through his body. On one occasion a youth made

an incision in his abdomen, drew out a large portion of his intestines, and carried it on a silver tray before the procession. This *recherche* entertainment cost the youth a long sickness.

Before sunset, the bridegroom goes to the bath, and changes his garments. Then, attended by friends, musicians, etc., he repairs to a mosque for prayer. He wears a kufan with red stripes, and a like-colored Cashmere shawl and turban, and walks between two friends in similar attire. The procession returns with order and display. There are numerous attendants carrying meshals, or torches, and borne by two of them is a hanging frame of sixty small lamps, in four circles, the upper one revolving.

Through the brilliant street the party advances in the form of an oblong ring, all facing the interior of the ring and each, except the bridegroom and the two friends on his either side, bearing a sprig of henna. At frequent intervals the party halts, while one sings an epithalamium.

At his home he leaves his friends below with pipes, coffee, and sherbet, while he goes to the bride's room above, where she sits covered with a shawl. Before removing this, he makes her a present of money called "the price of the uncovering of the face." With the words, "In the name of God, the compassionate and merciful," he removes the shawl and sees her face for the first time. If disappointed in her, he seldom disgraces and divorces her immediately, but retains her a few days. "The night be blessed!" he says. She responds, "God bless thee!" He then calls to the women assembled at the door in anxious suspense, to proclaim his satisfaction with his bride. One after another takes up the joyful cry till the neighborhood and the community at large are informed of the result.

One might presume that a knot tied with formalities so complicated and pretentious would be enduring; that, after the pomp and painstaking of a wedding, a man would be chagrined at having to put away his wife. But divorces are almost as common in Egypt as marriages. There is absolutely nothing to prevent a man on the slightest pretext—indeed, without any pretext—from saying to his wife, "You are divorced," when, if he wills it, she must return to her friends.

There is scarcely a man in Cairo, it is stated, who has not, unless recently married, divorced a wife, and many have, in ten years, had over thirty

consorts; and women, yet young, have been wives to a dozen men successively. Some men marry a new wife each month. This reminds us of the poet Martial's ten husbands in a month, a story more difficult of credit than Jerome's, who claims to have seen at Rome a triumphant husband bury his twenty-first wife, she having interred twenty-two of his less sturdy predecessors.

The light in which widows are viewed in different nations, might be an interesting study. All of Mahomet's wives, except Ayesha, were widows. In China a woman's second marriage is disreputable, and is often punished. Some nations require a widow to be buried alive with her husband's corpse; others, to yield her life on his funeral pile. Though we should consider a widow—who has presumably attained wisdom and discretion—fitted to be mistress of a parsonage, the union of a Jewish high-priest with one was interdicted. The Armenian priest can marry but once; the primitive monks censured a third marriage as legal fornication, while a fourth was an unknown scandal. Nicholas, the Patriarch of Constantinople, in spite of bribes and punishments, persisted in opposing the fourth marriage of Leo, the philosopher.

A widow's wedding in Egypt is not considered worth the formalities attending a first marriage. The man need only say to the woman, "I take thee for my wife." His divorced wife he can appropriate again without any formality whatever, even after a second divorce; but after a third she cannot return to him, unless she has, in the meantime, been the wife of another. One wishing to restore a thrice-divorced wife can satisfy the law by hiring a man to marry and immediately divorce the ex-wife. He often employs a slave for this purpose, the more hideous the better. When this instrument has been married to the ex-wife, his master the next morning presents the slave to her, which act dissolves the connubial union, for the marriage of a woman with her slave is prohibited by statute.

Of illiberality toward woman, the mind of man has ever shown itself tenacious. The Armenians, though holding many enlightened views, being Christians of the Eutychian sect, make woman the servant of man. She is muzzled with an enormous muffler on the lower face to the nose, while a white cloth over the forehead flows down the back. Their poets have not woman's voice as a theme of inspiration, for she is never heard to

utter a loud word, at least while young, and poets are not used to inditing sonnets to the cracked voices of old ladies. A group of elderly Armenian women, it is said, almost deafen with their chatter, notwithstanding their mufflers. There would be poetic justice in their talking their tyrant husbands deaf, when the fetters were finally taken from their speech. (Is talkativeness in woman really so offensive to man? In China he makes it a ground of divorce.)

Turning to modern European nations, we find at Saardam, Holland, a custom of announcing marriages and deaths by windmills. These, by the way, originated in the dry country of Asia Minor, and were introduced in Normandy as early as 1105. At death, the sails of all the family mills are made to stand still. On a wedding occasion, the relatives of the pair decorate the sails with ribbons and garlands, fixing crowns on the points, and set them in motion with gay and fantastic effect.

In Switzerland a marked social feature is the Saturday-night visiting, the prolific season for love-making. A youth, desiring a lady's acquaintance, introduces himself by appearing under her window and making his petition, which is drawn up in regular form, usually in verse and committed to memory. His petition being granted, he climbs to her window, usually on the third floor. There is no risk to limb, as the houses are constructed with conveniences for this novel manner of courtship. Sitting on the window, he is regaled with ginger-bread and cherry-bounce. If his views are serious and he acceptable, he—think of it—enters her room and the conversation continues, perhaps, till early dawn. But he has often to pay for his night's pleasure by having to maintain a bath, on his return home, by some waylaying and less-favored rival.

Among remarkable wedding occasions is that of Tamerlane's six grandsons, in whose nuptials was revived the pomp of the ancient Caliphs. The rites were celebrated in gardens, spotted with countless tents and pavilions, displaying the wealth of Samarcand and the spoils of a conqueror. Forests were cut down to supply fuel for the kitchens; the plain was spread with pyramids of meat and vases of liquor, to which guests by the thousand were invited; the orders of the State, the nations of the earth, including European ambassadors, were marshaled at the royal banquet.

The populace joined in the illuminations and masquerades; the trades passed in review, each emulous to show some quaint device or marvelous pageant of its peculiar materials. Shops were erected, furnished with whatever was rare; amphitheatres, covered with Persian carpets and brocades, were filled with dancers and musicians. Every trader was in suitable disguise, and exhibited the attributes of his profession. Butchers wore the skins of beasts; furriers appeared as lions, leopards, etc.; upholsterers as painted calicoes; the cotton-workers as a lofty minaret; saddlers as letters; the fruit-sellers as portable gardens, abounding with nuts and fruits. There was scarcely an animal that was not imitated by machinery.

When the marriage contracts had been ratified by the cadis, the couples retired to their nuptial chambers. Nine times, by Asiatic usage, they were dressed, and at each change of apparel pearls and rubies were showered on their heads, and abandoned to the attendants. A general indulgence was proclaimed; every law was relaxed; every pleasure allowed. The emperor's proclamation went forth: "This is the season of feasts, of pleasure, and of rejoicing. No one is allowed to dispute or reprimand. Let not the rich exult over the poor, nor the powerful over the weak. Let no one ask his neighbor, 'Why hast thou acted thus?'"

The festival continued two months; the people were free; the sovereign was idle; and, continues the historian, after devoting fifty years to the attainment of empire, the only happy period of his life was, probably, these two months when he suspended the exercise of his power.

But perhaps the most remarkable marriage of history occurred at Suza, during its occupation by Alexander. Desiring to unite victor and vanquished by the strongest of all alliances, and to form a new people, destitute alike of Persian and Macedonian prejudices, Alexander decreed a wedding festival, to celebrate at once his nuptials with Statira, daughter of Darius, the union of one hundred of his principal officers with Persian and Medean ladies of the noblest families, and that of ten thousand private Macedonian soldiers with Asiatic women. The gold of Asia and the arts of Greece united to celebrate the occasion. For the accommodation of the numerous bridal party, and the vaster multitude of guests, a magnificent

pavilion was erected on a plain near the city. It rested on pillars sixty feet high, glittering with gold and precious stones, and was hung and spread with the richest tissues. Adjoining the building were a hundred chambers, gorgeously furnished, while for the reception of the ten thousand bridegrooms an outer court was enclosed and hung with costly tapestry. In the foreground without, tables were spread for the immense multitude of guests.

The nuptials were solemnized in accordance with Persian customs. A separate seat was assigned to each pair—all being arranged in a semicircle on either side of the royal throne. Each bridegroom had received a golden vessel for his libation, and when the last of these had been announced by trumpets to the multitude without, the brides entered the banquet-hall and took their places. The king first gave his hand to Statira, saluting her as his wife. The other bridegrooms followed his example. Music, dramatic performances, feats of jugglery, marked the five festival days which followed. Magnificent offerings poured in from all parts of the empire. The value of the crowns Alexander received was estimated at fifteen thousand talents.

There are at hand some curious marriage statistics which might prove interesting reading, but their quotation would unduly prolong this paper. Some of these figures ought to alarm Shakers, monks, and bachelors, for their pointings are that celibacy is unfavorable to longevity. To this a waggish bachelor replies, that to each person is allotted a certain amount of happiness, and that married people must live a longer life to secure their share.

A plea for the element of love in marriage entered the original design of this article. The writer is so old-fashioned as to believe that love is the only basis for a right union between man and woman. But it is no matter, perhaps, if the plea be unsaid; for, though the tongues of angels should protest, men and women would go on marrying for wealth, for convenience, for position, and for reasons as foreign to any right reason as that which moves the Libyan youth, who, according to Jean Paul, marries the girl among his guests who laughs at his jokes.

"Though," in the language of an American humorist, "marryin' for love may be risky, it's so honest that God can't help smilin' at it."

DEAN STANLEY.

By R. H. S.



ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY.

THE Dean of Westminster was a great Churchman in that wider and higher sense which overlooks the barriers that divide one communion from another. We should hardly exaggerate if we said that when he died, Dean Stanley stood higher in the respect and affection of a larger and more varied circle of members of many churches than any other ecclesiastic in the world. By all in his own Church, at home and abroad, except a few standing at two opposite extremes of fanatical intolerance, he was held in esteem and honor. The English Nonconformists recognized in him a friend, who understood their position, and sympathized with their best traditions. In Scotland his name was a household word; and even the ultra-Calvinists, who could not find the "root of the matter" in him, and the ultra-Presbyterians,

who hold that "the deil and the dean begin wi' ae letter," forgot their rigidities in his genial presence.

On the continent, in all societies, from that of the Papal court to the modest home of the Protestant "pasteur"—from the palaces of Petersburg or Berlin to the quiet library of Döllinger—among Roman Catholics, Old Catholics, Lutherans, and Reformed, his great position, his many-sided affinities, his social charm and grace, his intellectual eminence, won for him a universal welcome. In this country all churches and classes received him with open arms.

"The Dean of Society," he was sometimes called, by people whose outlook does not range beyond the smoke of London; but on many societies which had scarce any other link to that

great Babel, and on many churches whose names no one knew or cared for in London but himself, the tidings that he, too, had "gone over to the majority" fell like a cold eclipse. To sketch his character and work is beyond the scope of this notice, but a few salient points demand a record.

In Dean Stanley we see the best principles of liberal thought, of advanced culture, of personal religion, without those excesses and limitations by which they are too often impaired and hampered. Liberalism without destructiveness, culture without moral indifference, piety without fanaticism, are not so common that, when we see them in one just combination, we should not record their beauty.

To perpetuate these principles of rational godliness, to translate Arnold into English life and character, thought, and action, Stanley regarded as his first duty in the world when, as Fellow of Oxford, he entered on his professional career. One part of that duty was discharged in writing his master's life.

That house at Rugby, said Carlyle, was "one of the rarest sights in the world—a temple of industrious peace." The "Life" which depicted that noble industry was Stanley's first literary work; and nothing he wrote afterward outweighed it in real value and interest. It preserved and concentrated, in a literary form of rare excellence, the impressions produced by Arnold's strong opinions and emphatic personality on the most sympathetic and capable of the minds that he had trained. What Plato's "Dialogues" have done for Socrates, Stanley's "Memoir" has achieved for Arnold. The book was published in 1844. Next year its author became "Select Preacher" to the University, and six years later a Canon of Canterbury; in 1853, Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford, and Canon of Christ Church; and, finally, in 1863, Dean of Westminster. These are the several steps of his ecclesiastical preferment, the last of which admitted him to the very place in the Church which, one would say, he had been born to fill. Throughout these grades of professional advancement he rapidly acquired literary fame.

He never was much of a theologian, in the scientific sense; and no one would think of adding his name to the illustrious roll which records the names of the Barrows, the Souths, the Taylors of the past, and of the Maurices, and others, of the

present, who have built up the fabric of Anglican dogma, or have swayed the whole religious thought of their generation. His bent was toward the characters, scenes, associations, of the past, in their relation to the wants and interests of the living present; and he gave it full scope in that series of brilliant works which he devoted to the illustration of the history of the Jewish and the Eastern Churches; the scenes and traditions of Sinai and Palestine, and the memorials of the great cathedral and the great abbey at whose altars he had served. Exact dogmatists might mark here and there a vagueness of definition; keen critics might detect an historical inaccuracy at this or that minor point; but no one in reading any of his books could misunderstand the firm faith in a divine righteousness and love, the generous width of human sympathy, the lofty scorn of moral baseness, the just and clear view of the real principles involved in any question, the love of truth, that shown over every page; and the dullest eye could not but kindle as it traced the splendid panoramas in which he unrolled the history of the Jewish or the Oriental Church, the traditions of the Desert and the Promised Land, or the records of his own Westminster.

His faculty of vivid reproduction of the past, of picturesque illustration, of adaptation of every collateral aid and association in producing the one perfect impression he wished to fix in the memory, was unequaled by any literary craft we have ever known.

Amid the uproar raised about the "Essays and Reviews," he held out his friendly hand to the authors. When Dr. Colenso was under the ban of Convocation, he asked him to preach at the Abbey. When Père Hyacinthe broke with the Roman hierarchy, and encountered the ecclesiastical and social ostracism which visited his marriage, he found refuge and countenance for himself and his wife in the deanery. The vilified name, the lost cause, the unfriended struggler, never appealed in vain to Stanley's generous chivalry. It was this sentiment, more than any other, that urged him to withstand for a time the popular objection to giving to the last Napoleon a niche in the British Walhalla.

His thoughtful kindness, the personal trouble he would take to do one a service, were remarkable in a man so engrossed in society and affairs.

His unselfish consideration for the interests of

those who were but privates in the ranks of literature, in which he was a renowned chief, was a form of brotherly kindness of which few of us have had much experience. He would go out of his way to introduce in an article, or even in a note at a page-foot, a commendatory notice of a work in which he took an interest, especially if the author were young, or appeared specially in need of it. And he liked one to be aware that he took pains to do this. "I do not know whether you detected the track of a friend in two recent Scottish biographies in the *Times*," he wrote, after one of these kindly feats.

In inviting M. Renan to deliver a course of lectures in Westminster Abbey, Dean Stanley seemed to many to be taking a step in the sand all too near the sea; but already it is seen to have been a firm step on the beautiful land of the future: a land of light and charity, firmly compassed by infinite depths of heaven.

Stanley was a loyal son of the Church of England, but to him her reformation was as dear as her catholicity; nor did he regard her catholic character as determined by her form of government. A bishop was, in his eyes, a useful church functionary, and nothing more. He used to congratulate himself that, as the successor of the abbots of Westminster, he was independent of the whole bench of bishops. It was, perhaps, this personal independence, as well as his love of liberty, of free discussion, and of popular rather than priestly government in the Church, that led him to cultivate such close relations to the Church of Scotland, and especially to those of its clergy who might be called Broad Churchmen. His sympathy with that party combined with his wish to do justice to the principles which he believed the Presbyterian Church had represented in the past, and he desired to bear his testimony, at a critical time, to the worth of the national establishment, in prompting the delivery of his lectures on the Church of Scotland, in Edinburgh, in 1872. The lectures are not without faults; but no more impartial and comprehensive sketch of Scotch Church history was ever limned, and the necessity and success of his vindication of unpopular "Moderatism" was attested by the noisy violence of the resentment which greeted it.

"I hope to publish the letters immediately," he wrote, "that is to say, as soon as the printers can get through the mass of illegible MS. that I have

sent." The sentence recalls one of his characteristics—a most deplorable handwriting. Worse penmanship—more scraggy and inscrutable—could not be imagined. He used to admit, pathetically, his failures in this department, although never willing to acknowledge blame if it could be laid on some one else. I once received a letter from him a week old, and that had traveled far and wide ere reaching me, at 469 Inverness Terrace, W., to which he had addressed it. "Try Holloway Road" had been added by some ingenious official. I sent the dean the envelope as a curiosity, and he wrote back,—quite ignoring the illegibility of his "Inverness Terrace,"—"I see that my address was right, as far as it went; 'Holloway Road' was added by the postmasters." I remember his telling us, at the Sons of the Clergy dinner, in Glasgow, how the "Halo of the Burning Bush" had come back from the printers transmuted into the "Horn of the Burning Beast."

How full and varied was his fund of anecdote, narrative, reminiscence! One recalls the vivacious, rapid utterance—the eye now beaming with sympathy, now twinkling with humor—the mobile mouth, with its patrician curves—the delicately sensitive and eager face, that in graver hours or in earnest talk grew so solemn—so impressive, with the dignity of lofty thought and feeling. Some men, in anecdote and narrative, always suggest "*quorum pars magna fui*," and obtrude their own personality. The dean knew better; and especially in relating incidents of his unique experience, of which few, if any except himself, had had cognizance, he showed a "*curiosa felicitas*" in imparting what was of interest without involving names or secrets. His reticence was as remarkable as his memory.

As one looks back on him, the "study of imagination" gets thronged with pictures, that pass gently before "the eye and prospects of the soul," recalling that slender figure, "that good gray head," that beautiful countenance, amid the old familiar scenes that shall know him no more forever; in the pulpit of the choir, or at the reading-desk in the nave, as in the summer twilight he pronounced, in his tone of trembling earnestness, his benediction of that "peace of God which passeth all understanding;" among the chapels and the monuments, the tiny centre of a listening ring of visitors—often of working-

men—to whom he is imparting the lore of the mighty abbey; in the deanery, in quiet talk in his study, or in rich and versatile colloquy at his table, in those bright days when the gracious presence, that he was so proud of, shed its charm on all; at St. Andrew's, in the old library, on the evening of his installation, searching out each of the students for a word of talk, and at last resting by the table, in the centre of the room, and saying, with an air of satisfaction and relief, "Now, I think I have spoken to every one;" all now but a vision and a memory.

It is good to have known so beautiful a character.

"In horâ mortis, et in die judicii, sit anima mea cum illis."

The end of the noble life came sooner than we had hoped; but the frame wanted vital force to repel the sharp attack of disease, and when Bishop Fraser made that pathetic appeal to the congregation in the abbey—"Pray for him, good people, while prayers may yet avail"—he was already passing gently under the shadows of death. "The doctors had desired him not to speak, and, with his usual wonderful patience, he obeyed them," we are told; so there were but few last words. Among the broken sentences that the watchers by his side caught up were these: "As far as I understood what the duties of my office were supposed to be, in spite of every incompetence, I am yet humbly trustful that I have sustained before the mind of the nation the extraordinary value of the Abbey as a religious, national, and liberal institution." "The end has come in a way I most desired it should come. I am perfectly satisfied—perfectly happy—I have not the slightest misgiving." "I always wished to die at Westminster."

The friends beside him desired to join in the Holy Communion with him ere he went, and Canon Farrar administered it. When he was about to give the blessing, the dean took hold of his hand, and signified that he should wait; then, slowly, but quite distinctly, he himself pronounced the Benediction. Before midnight of the same day—Monday, 18th July—he had passed away.

On the following Monday, in the afternoon, he was carried to his grave in Henry the Seventh's chapel. The Queen, to whom, and to whose family, he had long been a faithful friend and

adviser, had ordered that he should be laid in that royal precinct, beside his wife.

Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, of Brooklyn, writing to the New York *Independent*, described this last scene in the following vivid and touching words:

"The crowd in the Abbey was prodigious. Many of the guests climbed upon the monuments to witness the ceremonies. After long and patient waiting, we heard the funeral anthem sounding through the nave, and presently the procession entered. It contained the foremost living men of England. The heir to the throne marched in and occupied the pew of his old tutor, who was lying in the coffin before him. Upon the coffin were wreaths of 'immortelles,' and white flowers from the Westminster schoolboys, and a handful of lilies from the Queen herself. The venerable Archbishop of Canterbury was in the line, and Cardinal Manning, and Lord Houghton, and Tyndall, and Browning, and the Bishop of Peterborough. The coffin was borne by the same hands that had carried the dean's beloved wife, Lady Augusta, to her burial. It was set down before the pulpit in which the dean had stood a few days before.

"By the foot of the coffin the most conspicuous figure was William E. Gladstone. He was called away before the service was over, and hastened to the House of Commons. (The pilot cannot leave the helm while the ship of State is off that Irish lee shore.) The funeral music to-day was solemn and sublime. Its rich strains swelled and rolled among the lofty arches with prodigious grandeur. Then the deep tones of the Dead March were heard, and the procession formed again. The body of Arthur Stanley was taken up and tenderly carried over those historic stones which he himself had trodden so often and so long. He was to be laid among the great in his death.

"With slow and measured tread they bore him past the tomb of Dryden. Old Spenser and Ben Johnson, and the author of the 'Elegy in a Country Church-yard,' were sleeping close by. A little further on, they passed the tomb of Edward the Confessor. The heir to the Confessor's throne was in the procession, and the descendants, too, of many a great warrior who lay in silent stone effigy on those monuments. Gradually the line passed on and on among the columns, until it entered the door of Henry the Seventh's chapel and disappeared from my view."

A STRANGE RETRIBUTION.

By C. H. AMBERS.

CHAPTER IV.—MORE LINKS.

THOUGH I had no doubt but that Stockdale had intercepted my letter, yet I was determined, if possible, to place the matter beyond question. At first I thought of making inquiries at the post-office as to who had received the letters from the office, for in those days, in Rathminster at least, letters were not delivered at the houses, but lay in the post-office till called for. On consideration I abandoned this idea, because I thought it unlikely that the postmaster could recollect what happened two years before sufficiently well to enable him to give me any information on such a point; and I was unwilling, moreover, to give occasion for any gossip on the subject. And it would be best, on the whole, to find out what I could, in the first place, from Fairy. I should have to see my cousin, at any rate, for I could not leave Rathminster without knowing, if possible, why Mrs. Pearson had exacted that promise from me. But Stockdale's coldness toward me—while it confirmed my suspicion that he had seen my letter and so regarded me in the light of a lover of Fairy's—made it difficult for me to have an opportunity of speaking to her. Some days had already passed since the funeral, and I had heard nothing from the Stockdales, nor had I seen them or been invited to visit them. I did not wish to write to Fairy, and I could not well ask to have a private interview with her; and in paying a formal visit it was not likely that I should have an opportunity of making such inquiries as I wished; indeed, it was evidently Stockdale's intention to keep me at a distance.

At length, as no other course seemed open to me, I determined to walk out to the Cottage, in hopes that accident might perhaps afford me the opportunity I desired. That afternoon, therefore, I did so, and on reaching the church-yard I passed through it and followed the pathway across the fields. I had not gone more than a hundred yards along it, when I saw my cousin a little in advance of me, walking slowly homeward. A few rapid steps brought me to her side.

"Oh, Fairy," I said, as we shook hands, "I am glad I happened to find you. I was just on my

way to the Cottage. Where have you been? To Rathminster?"

"No, Tom," she said, "I have been to the church-yard to see my mother's grave;" and she burst into tears. We walked on in silence for some time until she had recovered her composure, and then, looking up into my face, she said, "Oh Tom, I am very glad we happened to meet, for there is one thing I wish to say to you. I don't like to speak to Robert about it; but I should like to be buried, Tom, when I die, beside mother."

She spoke quite calmly, but her extreme paleness and a strange expression which I had never seen in her face before alarmed me, and I exclaimed:

"Why, Fairy, tell me, are you ill? Is there anything the matter with you?"

"Oh, no," she replied; "nothing. But I know that I shan't live long, and I could not speak to Robert about it—it would vex him so. Another thing," she continued, "that I wished to say to you is, that you must not think me changed toward you, or that I am forgetting my dear old friend. Oh, Tom, don't think hardly of me, or forget me, whatever happens. Pray don't, for you are now my dearest, my only friend. But what I mean to say is——" Here she hesitated a little. Then she continued, "The fact is, Tom, that Robert, somehow, does not like you as he should. But he does not know you as I do. And you must not be hard upon him. It is some unaccountable prejudice of his; but I thought it best to tell you, as I feared you might wonder at his manner toward you, and at my not writing or asking you to our house."

"Well," I replied, "I am sorry he has taken a dislike to me. I am sure I have never given him any ground for it. At any rate, it will have no effect upon my feelings for you. But tell me, Fairy, is he very kind to you?"

I was angry with myself the moment I had asked this question, for the blood rushed into my cousin's cheeks, and I observed that her lips quivered.

"Tom," she said, "you have no right to——" Then she stopped abruptly and covered her face

with her hands, and I could see that she was weeping.

"Fairy," I cried, "forgive me, and don't be vexed. You must think of me as your brother now. I feel as if you were my sister, and you cannot wonder that I am anxious to hear that you are happy."

She then said, as she grew quite calm again, "Oh, I am not angry, Tom; and I forget. After the promise you made my mother, you have a right to take care of me. But don't think, pray, don't think for a moment that Robert does not love me. Indeed he does. He's very fond of me. And you know," she added, as she gave a little laugh,—very sad, it sounded to me,—"one must give up some of one's own way when one marries. I have promised, you must know, Mr Rivers, to obey."

"Well, Fairy, will you allow me to ask another question?"

"Yes, Tom; I shan't be so foolish again."

"Can you tell me, then," I said, "what made your mother so anxious that I should make that promise?"

"Oh, I don't know," she replied. "At least I fancy it may be that she thought me sometimes unhappy. You see I used always to be so merry and childish; but that goes off, you know, when one grows older and is married. And Robert is sometimes low-spirited and things put him out, and I suppose I can't help being vexed when matters go wrong with him. If you ever marry, Tom, and so justify the report we heard, you will find that you will have then more than your own troubles to bear. And I, you know, had never anything to grieve me all my life. I do think my only trials were parting from you when you went to sea, and so, except on that account or for some childish annoyance, mamma never saw me grieved in any way; and I suppose she thought me changed, as perhaps I am a little. That must have been her reason. But remember," she persisted, looking up into my face as she laid her hand upon my arm, "remember always, Robert is very fond of me!"

We spoke no more on this subject; Fairy seemed to wish to avoid it. And I had heard enough. I knew now that my cousin's married life was not, and would not be a happy life. She had not said that her husband was *kind* to her; she had been unable to say that. "Alas, alas!" I thought,

"what will become of my darling Fairy, linked to one who can treat her harshly?"

I felt, however, that there was still another matter on which I was anxious to be informed, so I spoke to Fairy of myself and what had happened to me since we met, of the letters I had received from home, and those I had written. And then I took occasion to ask her how she got my letters, whether she went to the post-office herself, or who brought them. And then she told me, with a shy little smile, that ever since that morning on which I had left Rathminster, Robert Stockdale used to call, when at home, at the office, and bring her any letters that might be for her. "Though they were few enough, and hardly ever one from you, Tom," she added. She was glad, I thought, to have this little instance of her husband's attentiveness to tell me. Poor Fairy! But I remembered that Stockdale was familiar with my handwriting, and that my initials stood out clearly on the seal. And I now knew for certain what had become of my lost letter.

"And perhaps you have forgotten a letter which had a primrose inside it. Did he bring you that one?" I inquired.

"Oh, yes, Tom," she said; "it was the first one he brought me. I remember it very well, and your dreadful leap. As you did not name your reward, I thought a lock of my hair would be quite recompense enough for so rash an act."

"Why, Fairy, did I ask for nothing? Was there nothing in the letter but the primrose?"

"Nothing," she answered. "I remember quite well. You merely said in a postscript that you inclosed the flower."

"And from whom did you hear that I was going to be married?" I asked.

"Oh, Robert heard it ever so long ago in Liverpool, and we wondered that you never mentioned it to us. But tell me, was it not true?"

"No, Fairy," I exclaimed, "it was a lie. But never mind; it makes no difference now. I understand how the report arose."

It was clear as daylight now what had happened. Stockdale had withheld my private letter to Fairy. The flower he had not removed, because it was only mentioned in the postscript, and he did not understand its import; and I had been totally misled by poor Fairy's gift. I could not tell Fairy the baseness of her husband, and it required all my power of self-restraint to conceal my emo-

tion. I changed the subject; and we walked on slowly, saying little until we reached a little wood through which the pathway led. We were now close to the Cottage, and I, having no inclination to meet Stockdale, determined to bid Fairy good-bye and return to the town.

"Promise me," I said, "that you will certainly write if ever you should require my help."

"Oh, yes, Tom," she steadily answered; "I promise."

I was not satisfied. I had taken her hand to bid her farewell, and still held it in mine. I feared that she might need my assistance and yet not ask for it.

"Promise," I said, "that you will write at any time that you feel in your heart your dear mother would have wished that you should. Promise that, Fairy, and I shall be content."

What her answer might have been I do not know, for at that moment Stockdale dashed out from among the trees close to us, his face distorted with rage.

"So," he cried, addressing his wife, and almost unable to speak with excitement, "this is the way you go to see your mother's grave! Oh, I understood your deceit from the first! Did not I tell you you were to have nothing more to do with this person? And yet you at once make an appointment with him. Over him I have no authority; he may do as he pleases, so as he does not interfere with me and mine. But once for all, my wife shall obey me, or it will be worse for her!"

Fairy remained wonderfully calm through this outburst on the part of her husband. I could see she was vexed that I was witness of it; but she bore it so patiently herself, that I felt sure it was of no uncommon occurrence.

When Stockdale had finished speaking, she said, very quietly, "You are quite mistaken, Robert. You know I wanted you to come with me, and you would not. And Tom overtook me quite accidentally as I was returning." Then fearing, I think, that, if she remained, her husband might display yet further his harshness toward herself and the cruel jealousy of his temper, she turned to me and said, "Good-bye, Tom." One touch of her gentle hand, one kind look from those dark-gray eyes,—the last,—and my darling cousin had gone. And Stockdale and I remained upon the path.

He was the first to speak. "Rivers," he said, "you have heard what I have said to my wife. Perhaps you think me wrong—perhaps you think me unjust. I don't mean to discuss the matter with you. But one thing you must understand is, that I won't endure—no, not for a moment—any interference of yours in my concerns. and it's as well that I should have this opportunity of asking you what you meant by that promise you made Mrs. Pearson?"

I found some difficulty in replying to him. I had scarcely understood his question, filled as my mind was with the thought of his treachery toward myself, and his cruelty to one whom I loved better than my life, and who, but for his baseness, it might have been my happiness to cherish and protect. As I hesitated, he continued, in his rough, overbearing manner, "Come, it is better that we should understand one another. What did you mean by that promise?"

"Well," I replied, "I have no objection to answer you. What I meant by that promise was this: that I should consider Annie as my sister, and that I should act a brother's part by her whenever she should stand in need of it."

"Brother! sister!" exclaimed Stockdale, with a sneer. "It's but lately you thought of such a relationship. I know more about the matter than you imagine."

"Stockdale," I replied, "in one thing you are right, and it's better, as you said, that we should clearly understand one another. I understand you, what you mean, and what you are. And now you shall understand me. You think I have for my cousin a love greater than a brother's for his sister. Perhaps that is true. When we were children together, and I was her constant companion, and when to please her used to be my chief delight, I loved her with more than a brother's love, and every year that has passed over our heads since has added to the strength of my affection. In childhood, in boyhood, I loved her as only one who had known her so long and so well could. And when I became a man, then it was the dearest hope of my life that one day I might be able to ask her to become my wife. It was this hope that made separation from her tolerable; it was this hope that nerved me to work as few have done; it was this hope that enabled me to win the position which I now hold; and then, after years of patience and of toil, when the time came that I had a right

to ask her to be my wife, and I wrote to her—for I could not come to see her—you basely stole my letter! Yes," I said, for his lips moved as if he was going to speak; "I know it all, and it's useless for you to deny it—you basely read and kept back more than one letter of mine to her. It is you who have robbed me of my hope, and made life for me a ruin! I know what your love for her is—a feeling unworthy of that holy name—for I have heard you speak to her. Learn now what my love for her is. When I can see the man before me who has spoken to her as you have spoken, and has done me the injury that you have done and yet leave him unpunished, it is because I love her. And now, mark me, Stockdale!" I continued. "You wished to know the meaning of my promise to Mrs. Pearson. Well, I believe you treat my cousin cruelly. If so, let me warn you of this, that her love for you is your protection—keep that protection if you can; for take my solemn warning that if you lose it I shall fulfill my promise to her mother in a way that only one you have so injured can!"

Stockdale made no reply. He stood before me pale and motionless, and I turned to leave him. As I did so, he asked me in a low voice whether I intended to come and see his wife. I answered, "No; not unless she asks me to do so."

"That," I heard him say, "she will never do while she lives."

And we parted. I had nothing to keep me in Rathminster—my staying there could do no good, would only increase the unreasoning jealousy of Stockdale, and make Fairy's life more miserable; so I returned to England.

CHAPTER V.—TOO LATE.

Two or three years now passed by, during which I heard nothing of the Stockdales. It was, I well remember, the last day of the year 1842. I had just returned to Liverpool with the *Miranda* from Trinidad, had left the vessel in dock, and had made my way as usual to the Neptune Hotel. On asking for letters, the waiter—a new one; the old waiter had left, I found, some four or five months before—placed a bundle of them in my hand. But in looking over the addresses I saw at once there was none from Rathminster. I thrust them into my pocket; I would read them at my leisure. The letter which I had been so long expecting, which I dreaded to receive, was

not there. "It has not come yet," I said to myself, with a feeling of relief. After dinner, I retired, as was customary with me, to my room. I had some writing to do. When that was finished, I drew my chair to the fireside, and took up a book, which I soon, however, laid aside, finding that I was reading the sentences mechanically, without taking in the meaning, my mind being occupied with other things. So I sat thinking—thinking of the old times, of my disappointment, of Fairy, of my last meeting with her. I had no reason for expecting a letter from her. After what her husband had said, it was improbable that she would ask me to go to see her—improbable even that she would write to me. "How, then," I asked myself, "am I to learn anything of her at all unless I go to Rathminster!" I felt uncertain what to do. On the one hand, there was the harm a visit might do; but on the other, there was my promise to Mrs. Pearson. There might be nothing amiss; and yet I felt uneasy in my mind; and I have since remembered that, as I sat by the fireside on that night,—the last night of the year,—I actually wished that I possessed the power one reads of in fairy tales, of seeing what has happened in some far-off place.

At length, as my eyes rested upon the oak cabinet opposite, I recollected the order I had given to the former waiter about my letters. "I may as well," I thought, "just look into that drawer." I walked over to the cabinet, and pulled the drawer open; and there it was, the very letter I was dreading to receive, lying where it had been for months! I knew Fairy's handwriting in a moment. I opened the letter and read it. It was very short.

"MY DEAR TOM: Perhaps I shall not see you again; and so I wish just to tell you how grateful I am to you for all your kindness to me ever since we were children together. You were very good to me that last day I saw you, and I know that you will remember what I said to you about the grave. Good-bye. Ever, as of old, your affectionate

FAIRY."

My anxiety about Fairy was increased a hundred-fold by this letter. She did not say she was in trouble. But why did she tell me nothing of herself? Why did she speak of not seeing me again? Why did she remind me of the promise about her grave? Why did she write at all?

There was something wrong. She was ill, perhaps, it might be dangerously; and the letter was five months old! Perhaps already it was too late. At any rate, I could not endure the suspense. My mind was made up. I would go to Rathminster as soon as it should be in my power to do so.

It was the morning of the fourth of January, before I was able to leave Liverpool; and on the afternoon of the fifth, I reached Rathminster. On driving into the town, I noticed that many of the shop windows were closed—a token that some one was dead; and, seeing an acquaintance as I stepped off the car, I asked him who it was.

"Have you not heard," he exclaimed. "That is very strange. I thought it was on account of it that you were here."

"Then a great fear came upon me. 'Who is it?' I demanded.

He did not tell me, but I knew, for he said, "You had better come with me, I think. Dr. Burton is at home, and he was there, and can tell you."

I went with him to the doctor's house—a kind old man, though never a very able practitioner, and for many years inefficient through age. He told me all. It was more dreadful than I had even imagined. Fairy was dead. There had been an inquest, at which Dr. Burton was examined. She had been found, on the morning of New Year's Day, lying dead in the little wood, under one of the silver firs at the side of Stockdale's cottage. There was no doubt what had happened, for one of her husband's razors was found in her hand. The jury, being resident in the locality, and knowing all the circumstances, did not think it necessary, said Dr. Burton, to go into any minute or painful investigation. It was clearly a case of temporary insanity.

"You know," he said, "her manner was very strange of late—great and unreasonable depression of spirits, and a desire to be alone. I saw her a week before, and found her in an extremely nervous condition, and thought it right to warn her husband that she should not be left by herself. It was while he was asleep she did it." The funeral, the doctor told me, was to be the next day.

I left Dr. Burton's house, and chose the way that would bring me soonest out of the town, for

I was in haste to be alone. Then, as I got into the country, the desire became irresistible to walk along the path where I had last walked with her—to stand upon the spot where last I had stood with her—to feel again, in thought, at least, the parting pressure of the hand that I should never clasp again—to see, in memory, at least, the dark-gray eyes, now closed forever; and so I took the pathway through the church-yard. Then, as I was passing through it, I remembered Fairy's request, the last she ever made of me, and I turned aside to see the spot where she was to rest. I found Mrs. Pearson's grave. I had almost dreaded to see a fresh opening in the turf; but there was none; the green sod had not been disturbed. Could the intention be to bury her in some other part of the church-yard? I determined to inquire. On finding the sexton, he told me that she was to be buried, he understood, in the old church-yard of Gortfern, "which," he said, "is much wondered at, as it's four long miles away; and both the Stockdales and the Pearsons have been buried here for generations."

On hearing this, I felt that I must at once speak to Stockdale on the subject, however painful it might be to me. My promise to my cousin left me no alternative; so I left the church-yard, and walked quickly along the path through the fields, till I came out upon the high-road opposite Stockdale's house. I crossed the garden, and knocked. Presently a woman came, an old servant of the Stockdales, called Dorothy Brien. She did not seem to know me, and asked me what I wanted. I said I wished to see Mr. Stockdale. She inquired if my business could not be put off, as there was a death in the house; and on my replying in the negative she left me. I had not long to wait before Stockdale appeared. When he saw me, he turned deadly pale, took a step backward, and seemed about to close the door.

I spoke to him at once. "I have come here," I said, "merely on account of a wish your wife once expressed to me, and of which, perhaps, you are ignorant. I have heard that she is to be buried in Gortfern church-yard; and I think it my duty to tell you that it was her earnest desire to be laid after death beside her mother."

"I have made my arrangements," he replied, "and it is too late to change them now."

"But remember it is the last opportunity you

or I shall have of doing anything she wished. It's not too late. I can speak to the sexton as I return. Now, Stockdale," I continued; "you know the injury you have done me. Well, I'll forgive it, here and now, if you will have this one thing done that my cousin wished."

But no; he would not. The more I urged my request, the more determined he seemed to become in refusing; so I left him. Madman that he was, there came a time when he would have given all that he possessed to have done what I so earnestly entreated him to do that evening! But already the hand of Fate—I should give it another name—was resting on him!

Gortfern church-yard was, as I have said, about five miles from Rathminster. The road, a bad one, little used, led up among the hills, and came out upon the level moorland above, and was now principally employed for carting the peat into the town.

It was out on this moorland, near a little lake, and surrounded by rushy fields and heather, that Gortfern church-yard was situated. Whether there had ever been a church there, I know not; and now it was only the few families living in the neighborhood that ever used the place as a burying-ground. There poor Fairy's grave was made, deep down in the black peat; and there, as the cold winter wind moaned and sighed around us, the funeral service was read, and then we left the church-yard. But few persons accompanied us the whole way to Gortfern; and of these, Stockdale and I alone had remained to see the grave filled up. I was a little way in advance of him as we walked down the lane leading to the road; there was no one near us, and as I had something to say to him I turned round and stopped him.

"What's this for? What are you going to do?" he stammered, and thrust his hand into the breast-pocket of his coat.

"You need not be frightened," I replied; "and you may leave that pistol where it is. I am not going to hurt you. It may even be a relief to you to hear what I am about to say."

"I don't wish," he answered, "to hear anything from you."

"But you shall!" I said, placing myself directly before him, so that he could not pass without pushing me aside. "You know," I continued, "the wrong you have done me, and what you

deserve at my hands. Well, it is impossible to alter what is past; and I have come to see that to punish you for it would bring me no satisfaction. With regard to *her*, I hold you answerable for her death."

He was going to speak; but I went on:

"Yes; it was your cruelty that brought her to it, I told you once that your safety lay in her love for you. Well, that is at an end now, and my hand is free to strike. But she is gone—gone where she needs no more the love or the protection I could give her—where no hand can assail, and no hand is needed to defend. I do not say I forgive you; your great sin is not against me, and it is not mine to pardon it. But mark me well! Do not flatter yourself, because you have escaped human vengeance" (as I spoke, the man became ashy pale); "you know best what you have done, and what you deserve; and I tell you that now, as I stand before you, the conviction is strong upon me, that for the wrong you have done my cousin, the punishment will yet overtake you, and that I shall live to see it!"

As I turned to go, he exclaimed:

"Stop! Stay a moment. What do you mean? You had better take care how you invent——" He hesitated.

"You need not fear me, Stockdale," I said. "I shall leave this place to-day. I wish never to return to it, or see you again. If I should, it will not be my doing, but the work of a hand from which no human creature can escape!"

CHAPTER VI.—THE PROMISE KEPT.

YEARS again passed by, during which I had neither heard of Stockdale nor revisited my old home. Time, which softens all sorrows, had taken away the sharpness of mine. I had not, indeed, forgotten Fairy, and I had remained unmarried. But of Stockdale I hardly ever had a thought now. Twenty years had passed since the events mentioned in the last chapter, and almost as many since I had been in Liverpool. It was an evening in the month of May, when, after so long an absence, I once more found myself in that busy town. I supposed that I should certainly be forgotten at the Neptune, if indeed that hotel should still be in existence; but I wished to see the place again, and so made my way toward my old quarters. It was with some curiosity that I turned into the little court where the inn used to be. It was

there still, apparently unchanged, and I entered. Of course, I was not recognized; but when I mentioned my name and said that I used to be well known at the Neptune, I found that the name at least was remembered, and that there was an apartment still called Captain Rivers's room. To a wanderer such as I had been, without relative or home, this was some satisfaction, and I asked to be allowed again to occupy my own room.

And so that night I found myself sitting by the fireside, as I had done nearly a quarter of a century before. Everything in the room was just as I had last seen it. There was no change in the furniture. The same massive mahogany bedstead with its crimson curtains was there; the same table at which I had written my letter to poor Fairy. The arm-chair I was sitting in was the very one in which I had so often sat and thought of her. Opposite me was the old oak cabinet; and I am half ashamed to confess that I actually went over to it and opened the right-hand drawer and looked in with a kind of feeling that I should find a letter for me in it. There was none, of course. But as I sat in the old place by the fireside that night, memories of the past crowded thick upon me, incidents long forgotten returned vividly to my mind. I thought of my old home; of Mrs. Pearson, and my promise to her; of Fairy—of my last interview with her; of the lonely grave on the wild moorland—until I observed that the fire had gone out, and that it was far on in the night. Then I went to bed and fell asleep. But still my thoughts were busy with the past. I seemed in my dreams to pass again through the scenes of my childhood and youth. But one strange feature was present in them all. I was a boy playing with Fairy. We were full of mirth, the garden ringing with our laughter, when suddenly a servant appeared calling us in. It was Dorothy Brien, the old servant of the Stockdales. The scene changed. I was returning to Rathminster after my first voyage, anxious to see Fairy again, and feeling a pleasure in coming home—never, perhaps, so sweet and unmixed as in youth, and after a first absence. I knocked at the door. "Fairy will surely open it," I thought. But no. It was Dorothy. "There is sickness in this house," she said; "you cannot enter." So my dream went on, one scene succeeding another, and with each this old servant was strangely mixed up. I thought I was returning from my poor darling's

funeral. At a turn of the road the same woman suddenly met me. "Stop!" she said. "I have a message for you from Mrs. Stockdale. Listen to what I tell you;" and she seemed to speak eagerly. "*You are to remember your promise.*"

Then I wakened. The morning sun was pouring in its light through the window. I got up and dressed myself. At first I thought my dream was simply the effect of circumstances. The familiar room, and my meditations the night before, had awakened in me former trains of thought. Even in sleep my imagination was busy with the past; for impressions once made upon the mind, though forgotten, remain hidden away as it were in the storehouse of the memory, and may rise up before us again at the most unexpected moments.

But I must confess that this dream, fantastic as it was, strangely affected me. Old wounds will open afresh after they have been healed for years, and the vividness of my dream seemed to have stirred to their depths the feelings which time had calmed. I began to think of my promise to Fairy, and to ask myself, had I done *all* I might have done to keep it; and a vague impression began to take possession of me that I must visit Rathminster once more. I reasoned with myself that it would be useless as well as painful for me to do so; but the feeling grew stronger, and I could not shake it off. At length, therefore, my time being at my disposal, I determined to yield to it; and so the fourth day after my arrival in Liverpool found me again on my way to Rathminster.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon when I reached the town. I noticed but few changes in the place itself—the great change was in the people—a change that twenty years is sure to work. The young were middle-aged; the middle-aged were old; the old were dead. I saw scarcely a face that I recognized. Scarce a soul remembered me. I was not known at the hotel, where even my name had been forgotten. I was not sorry at this. I had come to-day; I should be gone to-morrow. I scarcely wished to be recognized or remembered. After having had some refreshment, I strolled out along the streets. I gazed at the house where we had lived. I sauntered past the school-gates, and saw a few of the boarders playing in the old ball-court. I then walked slowly along the road past the castle; the rooks were busy with their nests in the fine old trees,

and flights of jackdaws were circling as they used to do round the ivy-covered walls of the old ruin. I had almost unconsciously taken the road which passed Rathminster church-yard, and before I knew, I found myself at the gate. Then I thought that I would once more walk along the path, and once more gaze upon the spot where I had parted from her. In bitterness of spirit I followed the path through the fields on and on, till at last I came out upon the high-road. On finding myself so near Stockdale's house, I walked on a hundred yards or so until I came opposite it. I deemed that there was little danger of meeting Stockdale, and doubted whether even passing me casually he would recognize me. It was a lovely evening, and there was a delicious spring-like odor in the air. The hedgerows were all out in leaf, and the green on them and on the trees was still in its first delicate freshness. The little birds were fully engaged in their domestic concerns, and the busy chatter of the distant rookery was just audible in the moments when all other sounds were hushed.

There was no one in Stockdale's garden, nor indeed about the cottage, so far as I could see. The door was closed, and the blinds were down in the lower windows. As no one seemed near, I sat down upon the parapet of the little bridge. The moment I had seen the house, I had been struck by its changed aspect. Formerly, everything about it had been so neat and well kept; now, there was everywhere an air of neglect and desolation. The garden was a mass of weeds, the box borders of the flower-beds had grown up almost into shrubs, and were the only tokens of where the walks had been. In the centre of the garden, from the little gate that opened on the road, to the door of the house, there was an ungraveled pathway trodden among the weeds. The house, too, seemed utterly uncared for. The rustic porch was in a tottering condition. The creepers which had covered the front of the house were gone; here and there a portion of the decaying trellis-work remained hanging to the wall, and cracked and broken panes were to be seen in almost every window. I began to wonder what had become of Stockdale. Was he dead, or had he left the country, or sold his farm? Although it was so long since I had seen or heard of him, yet I had come to Rathminster expecting somehow to find things just as I had left them; and it had not even occurred to me to make any inquiries in

the town. Had I then come back after twenty years just to see the house falling into ruin, and to hear, perhaps, that the owner had been long dead?

Still, my thoughts were not so wholly engrossed with suppositions as to Stockdale and his misfortunes as to make me forget that I had come to Rathminster determined to do one thing, if it were possible to be done—and that was, *to keep my promise to Fairy*. So powerfully had my recent dream impressed this duty upon my mind, that I could not help upbraiding myself for so long delaying its execution. But now, sitting on the parapet of the bridge in view of the cottage where she had lived, I made a firm resolve with myself that the duty should be postponed no longer. I felt impelled toward it by a mysterious something within me which I am not yet able to explain, even to myself.

Seeing that the long-forgotten figure of Dorothy Brien had played so conspicuous a part in my dream, I naturally made some inquiries with regard to her. It appeared that shortly after Mrs. Stockdale's death she had left the service of young Stockdale—though for many years she had served him and his family before him—and gone away, it was believed, to America. At all events, she had not since been heard of, and must long ago be dead. This information further excited my curiosity as to how it came that she filled so large a place in my dream—a dream which had led me after so many years to seek to make up for my previous neglect for Fairy's last wish.

It would weary the reader were I to detail the various steps I took in order to get the sanction of the necessary authorities for the removal of her body from that solitary grave in Gortfern church-yard, where it had lain undisturbed all these years. Fortunately, Dr. Burton, who had succeeded to the practice of our old medical attendant, his father, had not forgotten me or who I was; and when I had stated to him the sacred purpose of my visit he used every endeavor to enable me to carry out my wishes. From him, also, I learned that Stockdale a few weeks before had disappeared from the village in order to escape the consequences of some action on the part of an exasperated creditor, and when he might return was not known. At all events, he was not in a position to raise any serious obstacle to my proposal, even if he were now so minded, for his life during many

years had been a continued sinking from bad to worse. Poor in means, and degraded in character, he had gradually lost the respect of his neighbors—a silent, dark-minded man, who moved about like one who has the burden of some great crime lying heavy upon him.

At length we had completed our arrangements for the transference of the body of Mrs. Stockdale to the Rathminster church-yard; and for this purpose Dr. Burton and I set out one morning armed with the necessary authority, to be followed in an hour by a hearse that was to reconvey the body from Gortfern.

I shall never forget that morning. The air was mild and humid, with a soft mist veiling the distant landscape; and as we passed along that solitary road, which I had traversed with such bitter feelings twenty years before, the whole circumstances of that mournful period rose up before me in a kind of dreadful phantasmagoria. I saw, in imagination, my cousin Fairy—the woman I had loved so long and so deeply—lying dead under the silver fir on that New Year's morning; her removal to the cottage; my visit there with Dorothy Brien, once more telling me that there was death in the house; my useless expostulations with Stockdale; the funeral procession to Gortfern church-yard, and the consignment of Fairy's remains to the cold recesses of that moorland grave. Ah, me! that sorrow should so print its impress upon our hearts!

When we arrived at Gortfern, we found the sexton and his assistant in readiness for their work, as also two representatives of the local trust that had the management of this old burying-place. We soon found the grave—though no tombstone marked the spot—and the melancholy work of disinterment began. I watched them, as the men worked downward, foot by foot, through that soft, black, peaty mould, till I heard their implements strike upon the lid, on which I had heard, as it were but yesterday, the dull echo of "earth to earth" twenty years ago. The men worked with care; but somehow, in the course of their operations, the lid of the coffin had been split from top to bottom, and when the chest was raised out of the grave and set down upon the turf of the church-yard, to my horror the one-half of the cover fell entirely away, partly revealing the remains which it inclosed.

I cannot express the mingled grief and conster-

nation that filled my mind at this, which appeared to me to be nothing less than a violation of the sanctity of death. Had I been allowed to follow my first impulse, it would have been to order the immediate replacement of the lid, that no rude gaze should reach those dear remains. But Dr. Burton gently took me by the arm, and, stooping down, slightly raised the dank cloth that covered the face of the dead. What was my surprise to find that the countenance was almost unchanged! I still could trace the well-remembered features—it was "as if she had not been dead a day." I knelt down by her side, and for a short while gave way to the grief I could no longer suppress.

It was afterward explained to me by Dr. Burton that this apparently miraculous preservation of the body was due to the strongly antiseptic properties of the peaty soil in which it had been interred; although he had never in his experience seen a case in which the preservation had been so marvelously complete.

After allowing me for a few minutes to expend my grief, the worthy doctor was approaching as if to raise me, when we heard a voice behind us exclaim in tones of violent passion:

"Who has done this? By whose orders was this grave opened?"

I started to my feet, and there, within a few yards of me, stood Robert Stockdale! His eyes were gleaming like those of a fiend. He seemed like a man under the influence of strong drink; but it may have only been the wild excitement of his passionate nature. Since I had seen him last he was more changed than she who had all these years been in her grave. Haggard and ghastly, with blood-shot eyes and deeply-wrinkled forehead, he stood before me the very impersonation of an evil life.

I was about to advance and speak, when we observed the sexton, who had been busying himself in replacing the broken lid, lift a small packet out of the coffin, which he handed to Dr. Burton. The packet was done up in several thick folds of cloth, and as he carefully unrolled these all eyes were riveted upon him—even those of Stockdale, who had now approached, and stood looking on as if horror-stricken. The removal of the last fold of the cloth discovered a small volume,—a pocket Testament,—Fairy's Testament! I had given it to her as a keepsake on my first visit to Rathminster, after I left home. As Dr. Burton

unclasped it, there fell from between the leaves a scrap of paper, which he instantly took up and read aloud. I shall never forget the words it contained; they sounded in my ears like what they were—a message from the dead.

"I, Dorothy Brien, write this paper. I have promised to Mr. Stockdale, my master, for the sake of his good father and mother I have so long served, never to tell what I know of this dreadful crime. But I will place this in my dear mistress's coffin when there is no one to see me, and God may reveal the truth some day. My mistress did not take away her own life—she was murdered by her husband. In the middle of the night he stunned her with a blow, and I saw him carry the senseless body down-stairs. God and his own conscience only can tell what happened then. But she is as innocent of self-destruction as the babe unborn. I do not know how I shall live under the burden of what I know. But Heaven may bring it to light some day, when I pray God pardon me for this great crime of concealment. But I cannot disgrace the son of parents who were so kind to me. God forgive me for my great sin.

"DOROTHY BRIEN."

As Dr. Burton concluded the reading of this awful revelation,—the revelation of a secret which the grave had kept so long;—Stockdale turned as if to rush from our presence; but with a deep groan he staggered and fell to the ground, where he lay for a time like a dead man. The doctor at once ordered the parish authorities present to see to his safe custody, and that night he was consigned on a charge of murder to Rathminster jail. For some hours, as I afterward learned, he remained in a kind of stupor, out of which condition he gradually passed into a state bordering on frenzy, so much so, that he had to be closely watched by those in charge of him. A little after midnight his excitement subsided, and he was left apparently sunk in slumber. In the morning, when his cell door was opened, it was found that the wretched man had passed from the power of human justice to that which is beyond. The shock caused by the sudden discovery of his hidden crime had killed him.

I need not prolong my story. The body of Fairy was reverently conveyed from Gortfern to Rathminster, and laid beside that of her mother. *I had kept my promise.*

THE BREAD WE EAT.

BY MAGNUS DWIGHT.

MORE than twenty years ago, the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," or one of his colleagues, said in the "Atlantic Monthly," "Let me make the brown bread of the nation, and I care not who makes its laws." But the autocrat went to writing poetry and saving the world by medical prescriptions instead; concluding, doubtless, like the shrewd Yankee he was, that, for himself and friends, at least, "white bread-and-butter" was far preferable to brown bread alone: say poor brown bread alone, and a scarcity at that, such as is apt to fall to the lot of him who would in any untimely hour crowd a higher grade of food, physical or spiritual, down the unwilling throat of humanity.

Hence it happened that the "Brown-Bread Reform," with all its virtues and vices, was left in this country to the Tralls, the Jacksons, and lesser lights of kindred spirits, who, though they had abundant conviction and enthusiasm, lacked

utterly the genius and power needed to carry the brown bread salvation right home to the palate and stomach of mankind. "To will was present" enough with them, "but how to perform" the feat in hand was a secret hid, and is yet hid, to a great extent, from the Graham cracker fraternity. I know that much good work has been done in this line, and could mention names of persons who to my knowledge have for twenty years been feeding themselves and their followers, and are still so feeding, on food fit for an angel's taste, and I doubt not quite as fit for man's nature; but they are outside the great circles of popular life, having, on the one hand, convictions that shut them out voluntarily, and, on the other, lacking the gifts and graces necessary in order to mingle and rule therein.

Meantime, the young men and women of the passing generation have had poorer bread and poorer meat than those of the preceding genera-

tion, with larger demands on their nervous and physical system. If a man wants at once to see proof and result of this, let him stand on the corner of any great thoroughfare in Philadelphia, New York, or London, between seven and eight o'clock of a week-day morning, or about six o'clock of a week-day evening, or take the bright noon of the Sabbath, when the crowds have their Sunday clothes on and are standing on highest heels; let him look for the firm step and the springing motion and the natural rose-tints of health so characteristic of the youthful and mature human life of thirty, forty years ago, and he will observe paleness of cheek, dullness of eyes, and a limpy, languid motion instead; while the men with convictions and genius, who might, perhaps, have saved this world by dying for it, have been writing books to please, chatting sickly diletantism, pretending to patch or mend a broken world by drugs that kill; our cemeteries and undertakers all the while thriving like so many tropical gardens and gardeners of the Lord.

Now that the Brown-Bread Reform is again breaking out in new quarters, with more signs of science and sense and organized effort behind it, we commend to the American reader the following extracts taken from a late foreign journal.

This age has been called one of "loud discussion and weak conviction." We do not always know what we want; it does not always occur to us that a good thing to which we have a right lies at our door.

The object of the present paper is to draw attention to one such thing.

Among the societies which have sprung into existence, and made rapid way within the past twelve months, is a League that believes in brown bread, properly made, and that agitates for its making and baking, and pressing, by example and precept, upon the acceptance of the children of the poor.

The society calls itself the Bread-Reform League, and its members energetically labor to bring home to the mind of the public the conviction that our ordinary English disposal of bread material is wasteful, and dietetically foolish, owing to the rejection as human food of certain nutritious parts of the wheat.

The contention of bread reformers against bread as at present made is twofold—indeed

threefold. They object to white bread. They object to ordinary brown bread. They object, though in less degree, to the "whole-meal" brown bread, which has of late years been the nearest approach to the right thing we, in England, have been able to procure.

What the right thing is, it is my purpose to show. But before describing it, and enlarging upon its merits, let us notice the grounds of objection to that wrong thing which, in one of its three forms, was probably upon the reader's breakfast table this morning.

To understand these objections we must have before our mind's eye a notion of what a grain of wheat really is, and its relation to ourselves as an article of food.

I have before me the picture of a magnified section of the grain. I see that all the central and by far the larger part of this section is composed of the cells from which alone white flour is made. Analysts tell us that these cells contain a very large proportion of starch, and a small percentage of the nourishing substance known as gluten. Surrounding this white central portion of each grain of wheat are five layers of other cells. And outside all is the hard skin or "cortex"—a woody, fibrous, and even flinty covering, which contains nothing valuable as human food.

But the layers of thread lying between this hard skin and the central white portion are rich in materials which go to support life. The inmost layer—that next to the starchy centre—is composed of large cells, chiefly formed of gluten. The remaining layers are full of useful mineral matters.

Properly to sustain human life and health, it is needful that a due proportion of all the materials which exist in each of these parts of the grain respectively should be taken in food. There are but few articles of diet which contain them all, and in the right proportions: among these are milk and eggs, and bread made from the whole of the wheaten grain.

The office of each of the constituents of the wheat is definitely known in regard to the support of life. The starch is valuable as a heat producer. The gluten goes to form flesh. The phosphatic salts and other mineral matters go to the formation of bone and teeth, and to the nourishment of brain and nerves. And bread reformers tell us that the cheapest, the most convenient, and

the most universally wholesome way of getting the required proportions of these various necessities of life into the system is to take them in the shape of properly made wheaten bread.

(a) The objection to white bread may now be readily guessed. It contains but a part of the needful nutriment, and that part in too large a proportion. And the whiter it is, the worse it is in these two respects. Any one who had to live upon it, and upon nothing else, would starve his bones and his brains, and would speedily lapse into ill health. Too large a proportion of starch is retained in the preparing of white flour: a large proportion of muscle and tissue formers, and almost all the material for formation of bone and nourishment of nerves and brain, being rejected, and put to other purposes. For some reason or other, we have been for generations wasting a great deal of precious human food. What that reason is we will inquire later.

In the absence of sufficient bone-forming material, children become liable to "rickets." The children of our English poor are singularly subject to bone disorder of this kind, and the fact is largely attributable to the custom of eating bread made exclusively from that white flour which is so deficient in lime and phosphates. For, in the case of the poor, the missing requisites of diet are not supplied by the meat, milk, and eggs which, being readily obtainable by the wealthier classes, prevent the insufficiency of white bread from becoming, in their case, obvious. "A very small proportion of phosphate of lime introduced into the dietary of a growing child is capable of making the difference between deformity and development."

(b) Next, What are the objections to ordinary brown bread?

What is brown bread as commonly made? Generally nothing more nor less than white flour, with some of the outer husk—the hard, innutritious coatings of the grain—coarsely ground and mixed with the flour. It is, as an article of diet, even worse than the pure white bread; for it adds to the negative disadvantages of the latter its own positive disadvantage. This disadvantage consists in its irritating property, which is owing to the presence of the rough, hard, indigestible husk. Its behavior when eaten is, by its mechanical action, to irritate the alimentary canal, so that the food does not actually remain long enough in

the body for what nourishment it contains to be duly absorbed and assimilated. Such bread is thus not only wasteful of its own material, but also of the human life-force and machinery that has to do with it.

(c) The objection to whole-meal bread is less than to either of the former kinds. Nothing said against white bread applies to it at all. We have in it the precious phosphatic salts in sufficiency, and also gluten and albumen in the full proportion. But the drawbacks of the brown bread remain. The whole-meal bread contains the flinty cortex, or skin; and, as commonly ground between stones, the harder parts of the grain (including this hardest of all) are left in coarse, angular bits. This bread is, though intrinsically richer in nourishing matters, no less irritating than common brown bread; and the nutriment is, therefore, not fully extracted from it by the eater, because its irritating property shortens the time of its digestion, and does not allow the system time enough properly to assimilate it.

This objection to brown bread—whether of the ordinary innutritious kind, or the more modern whole-meal bread—is felt strongly by the working classes, who, without reasoning on the matter, find their way to the right practical conclusion in regard to it. Such persons, never having had the chance of getting a brown bread which is not irritating, and possibly associating this drawback with the brownness of the bread, continue to prefer and to buy white bread. And the whiter it is, the more they believe in its excellence as an article of food. Dr. Gilbert, F.R.S., in a letter to the secretary of the Society of Arts, demurs to the introduction of bread made from the whole of the meal partly on this ground. He draws attention to the fact above noted, remarking that navvies and other members of the hard-working class invariably prefer white bread to brown; and he attributes this to the experience of the men who find themselves less nourished by brown bread on account of its stimulating quality. There is, of course, further to be considered the comparative unpalatableness of most brown bread. The brown breads hitherto within reach of the poor have been unsatisfactory. The "right thing" in bread has as yet had no fair trial.

Let us now definitely describe what that "right thing" is. We are prepared to demand of it that it should combine the digestibility of white bread

with the nutritive quality of whole-meal bread, while sharing the disadvantages of neither. First, as to its nourishing properties.

The wheat-meal bread that we desire to see substituted for the only semi-nutritious article now in vogue among the poor is stated to be of such efficiency as food that a shilling's worth of it will provide an ample meal for nine grown-up persons. Nothing is discarded in preparation of the wheat-meal except the innutritious outmost skin of the grain. The five layers of cells containing the valuable mineral matters before named are all retained.

Next, as to its digestibility. Wheat-meal bread, in common with whole-meal bread, contains not only all the elements necessary for nutrition, but also "cerealine," a substance which operates as a ferment, promoting digestion. Dr. H. C. Bartlett tells us that "within the cellular formation of these skins (or layers) a curious fermentative, albuminous principle is found, which in itself not only affords a most valuable nutritive quality, but has also the effect of rendering the flour of the kernel more easy of conversion into a digestible condition, and materially assists in a rude *panification*, or bread-making, which, however primitive, affords strong and healthy food staple." The superior digestibility, however, of wheat-meal bread over other whole-meal bread depends upon two further characteristics special to itself: 1st, its freedom from the hard, objectionable, and useless outer skin; 2d, the fineness to which the meal composing it is ground. These two characteristics distinguish it from all other brown breads made in England, and insure its complete wholesomeness. In ordinary brown bread, as in whole-meal bread, there exist "split chaff, awns, and other bristly processes, besides, in some cases, *debris* of various kinds, and bran flakes." These matters are what cause the unsuitability of such bread for the ordinary diet of the majority. Wheat-meal bread is made from meal freed from these irritants; the grain having been subjected to a process of scraping, called *decortication*, before being ground.

The other result—the fineness of the ground meal—is obtained by the use of suitable steel-mills. Only in a steel-mill is the fine grinding of the harder parts of the grain possible without damage to the quality of the grain.¹ Ground in the ordinary way between stones, the branny por-

tions of the grain are necessarily delivered in those large, angular flakes which are the cause of the irritating and indigestible properties alike of common and of whole-meal brown bread. By the use of a well-adapted steel-mill the grain is cut or chopped into minute fragments of a granular form. Besides avoiding the evil just noted, this process has a further advantage—the nutritive properties of the grain so treated undergo none of the deterioration which always accompanies the fine crushing of meal between stones. Such fine crushing develops much heat, which heat, in technical phrase, "kills the quality" of the meal, so that it is impossible to make really light bread from it.

Besides this fine steel-mill grinding, it is especially important that the meal be passed through an 18-mesh sieve, as further security against the retention of any large or angular particles. What will not pass the first time should then be re-ground. This simple but perfect process completely remedies the irritating quality of the meal.

Miss Yates, the earliest agitator in the matter, observed two years ago, when traveling in Sicily, that the laboring classes there live healthily, and work well upon a vegetable diet, the staple article of which is bread made of well-ground wheat-meal. Nor are the Sicilians by any means the only people so supported. "The Hindoos of the Northwestern Province can walk fifty or sixty miles a day with no other food than 'chapatties' made of the whole-meal, with a little 'ghee' or Galam butter." Turkish and Arab porters, capable of carrying burdens of from four hundred to six hundred pounds, live on bread only, with the occasional addition of fruit and vegetable. The Spartans and Romans of old time lived their vigorous lives on bread made of wheaten meal. In northern as well as southern climates we find the same thing. In Russia, Sweden, Scotland, and elsewhere the poor live chiefly on bread, always made from some whole-meal,—wheat, oats, or rye,—and the peasantry of whatever climate, so fed, always compare favorably with our South English poor, who, in conditions of indigence precluding them from obtaining sufficient meat food, starve, if not to

¹ We have even heard of several instances in which house-keepers have been in the habit of buying the grain whole, and grinding it at home for bread-making in an ordinary coffee-mill. But a steel-mill it must be.

death, at least into sickness, on the white bread it is our modern English habit to prefer.¹

White bread alone will not support animal life. Bread made of the whole grain will. The experiment has been tried in France by Magendie. Dogs were the subjects of the trial, and every care was taken to equalize all the other conditions—to proportion the quantity of food given in each case to the weight of the animal experimented upon, and so forth. The result was sufficiently marked. At the end of forty days the dogs fed solely on white bread died. The dogs fed on bread made of the whole grain remained vigorous, healthy, and well nourished. Whether an originally healthy human being, if fed solely on white bread for forty days, would likewise die at the end of that time, remains, of course, a question. The tenacity of life exhibited by Magendie's dogs will not evidently bear comparison with that of the scarcely yet forgotten forty days' wonder, Dr. Tanner. Nor is it by any means asserted that any given man or any given child would certainly remain in vigorous health for an indefinite length of time if fed solely on wheat-meal bread. Not a single piece of strong evidence has been produced, however, to show that he would not; and in the only case in which whole-meal bread has been tried with any persistency or on any considerable scale among us—to wit, in jails—facts go to show such bread to be an excellent and wholesome substitute for more costly forms of nutritious food.

Still, it is not a bread diet, as compared with a mixed diet of bread and other nourishing things, that we are here considering, or that the League is advocating. The comparison lies between a diet consisting mainly of white bread and one consisting mainly of wheat-meal bread.

For here lies the only choice in the case of a large number of our countrymen. The poor who inhabit the crowded alleys of our English cities cannot afford good milk, meat, or eggs. They must live principally on bread. And, whether they know it or not, the question comes near to being a matter of life or death to them, what

manner of bread it is they eat. Meanwhile, their wan, stunted children, frequent deformity, and early toothlessness witness directly to hardship in the particular form of deficient bone nourishment. In the interests of such, and on the part of those who concern themselves in their life-struggles, the question deserves consideration, Can we, or can we not, expect human beings to live in health and to work; can we, or can we not, expect children to grow and to develop properly—upon diet that starves a dog? The innutrition which causes a dog fed only on white bread to die in six weeks must go some way toward killing a human being, similarly fed, in the same period. For canine life is not so fundamentally unlike human life in the matter of physical requirement that we can rationally expect an identical condition of food to issue in two such opposite effects as death in the one case and unimpaired vitality in the other.

But not only do bones and teeth indubitably suffer if the mineral matters needed to form them be wanting in the food taken; the nerves and brain suffer likewise. This is to say that the character suffers; the whole universe is at each moment differently presented to consciousness; the whole experience of an individual is from moment to moment hurtfully modified, and reacts in proportionally degenerate tastes, feelings, and conduct, if the conditions of nerve-life be unfavorable. "No phosphorus, no thought," said a celebrated German; and, harshly materialistic as the saying appears, there is no escaping the fact of which it is a one-sided expression. Phosphorus is not a synonym for thought—it is not thought; nor does thought depend only on phosphorus in the brain for its existence; but thinking does depend in various ways on the healthy condition of the nervous system; and the condition of the nervous system is healthiest when it can absorb a certain due measure of phosphorus. And where no phosphorus is supplied, the brain ceases activity entirely. Thought in our estimation will be degraded, or phosphorous elevated, by this indirect relationship, according to the view we take of one or the other; according, that is, to whether our habitual conception of things is such that thought seems to have the dignity of mystery taken out of it, or whether phosphorus seems to have the dignity of mystery put into it, by the roundabout connection between the two. For

¹ "The yeomen of Elizabeth's reign who drew their bow-strings to their ears and sent a cloth-yard shaft whistling through a barn door at eighty yards, ate meat about once a week, and lived the rest of the time on whole-meal bread and cheese."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

my own part, vividly realizing the supreme office of thought in the human world—nay, recognizing in thought the awakening of this unfathomable universe to a sense of its own being—I cannot conceive of its degradation through any association whatever. On the contrary, association with thought (for me) takes all the prose, all the commonplaceness, all the lifelessness out of that easily-syllabled but evasive “matter,” concerning which, unspiritually accepting the senses as sole masters of the situation, we commonly cheat ourselves by speaking so knowingly. Such association, more deeply considered, should immeasurably enhance the value, interest, and wonder of any and every simpler condition, constituent, and process that contributes, in whatever manner or degree, to the support of consciousness. But, metaphysics apart, the stubborn truth remains. An ill-nourished brain cannot perform its functions efficiently; and its possessor is for the time being so much the less a thinking being. I cannot at this moment, for instance, be thinking that phosphorus is a mean thing (and the bread-reform agitation “a storm in a tea-cup”); but by the help of that mean thing itself, taken into my nervous system in my food (*e.g.* in the wheat-meal bread I ate an hour ago) thus to enable me to decry its dignity. Bread-reformers contend that the cheapest way of getting possession of the phosphates our bones and brains thus ask for in spite of us, is to get them in the shape of the best bread we can make—bread which contains them in due and digestible proportions, and which is palatable enough to be accepted, and eventually preferred, by all who have once seen its other merits.

At this point a chemical objector puts in the remark, “Granted that all the essential constituents of food, all the materials required for building up human bodies, are present in wheat-meal, it yet remains open to question whether they are present in the right condition for assimilation.” We are rightly reminded that it is not enough that bread should be made of the right stuff, but that it should, further, be the right stuff in the right state. Dr. Gilbert, whose letter I have already quoted above, remarks that only “from two-thirds to three-fourths [of the nitrogenous matters in the commonly excluded parts of the meal] exist in the albuminoid condition; and it it as yet not settled whether or in what degree the

non-albuminoid nitrogenous bodies are of nutritive value.” Further, that “it is quite a question whether (in bread prepared as the League endeavors to prepare it) the excess of earthy phosphates would not be injurious.” Dr. Gilbert does not advance any data to support this misgiving, while he frankly admits that everything is not yet known concerning the chemistry of organic processes. The only arguments in opposition to the attempted reform which we have met with are in this tone of vague demurrer; *à priori* misgivings are made to do duty in absence of observed results disfavoring the reform. Meanwhile, all authorities on food and diet are unanimous in its favor. It is chemists alone who treat its desirability as an open question. But a question of physiology cannot fitly be judged from a merely chemical point of view. The facts of life must be taken in evidence, not merely the suggestions of the laboratory. And, in reply to the supposition of Dr. Gilbert respecting “earthy phosphates,” it may be here repeated that in Government institutions where a whole-meal bread has long been used no injuries from these hypothetical mineral concretions have been experienced.

Meanwhile, it is not a “question,” but a fact, that rickets, decay, and crumbling of teeth, and the flagging vitality (which so constantly results in excessive demand for alcoholic stimulant) are prevalent exactly when and where, on the bread reformers’ theory, we should expect to find them so. It is remarkable that the dental profession, with its large manufacturing interest, has sprung into existence only since the bread in common use has been deprived of lime and phosphatic salts.

It is, indeed, suggested that there are other ways of rendering bread fully nutritious than by utilizing the whole meal in its preparation. In America the plan has been tried of adding phosphoric acid to the white flour. Dr. Graham suggests the introduction of precipitated bone phosphate and salt. But the substitution of any of such artificial mixtures for nature’s own must necessarily complicate the process of bread-making, besides rendering it more expensive. Added to which, artificial combinations have never the dietetic excellence of natural ones.

A writer in the *Lancet* expresses his conviction that no “artificial combinations of the supposed elements of a normal whole meal in arbitrary

relations can compare with the natural food of man." The same writer proceeds to say :

"There should not be any persistent obstacle to the supply of the complete flour required for making economic bread. The clumsy mills in use will not probably do the work required of them,¹ but it cannot be impossible to devise a crushing apparatus that shall answer the purpose. In fact, there are many such employed in the trituration of other substances. . . . The people will be only too glad to get whole-meal bread when they can be furnished with an article which does not offend the sight by its needlessly dirty color, and the stomach by its mechanically irritating constituents."

It is at this point that we touch upon another and by far the most pronounced objection advanced against the reformed bread. The prediction just quoted concerning the popular welcome awaiting wheat-meal bread, rightly ground and made, is prospectively denied by many. It is said that the delicacy of its appearance and its supposed superior palatableness will keep for white bread its place in the preferences of our poorer classes.

Let us weigh this opinion. The poor undoubtedly now do buy white bread pretty invariably. I was told the other day that a baker had made experiment, and found that such poor persons as he knew would not take whole-meal bread "at a gift." So it is. But so surely it need not continue to be. Prejudice is a tough thing to deal with when once it is established; and in this case it has some uneducated common sense as well as custom to back it. Bad brown breads have been justly repudiated; and prejudice, once formed, knows not how to discriminate. Yet the ancestors of these repudiators of nourishing loaves felt no disgust for wheaten meal. Nor, if the people will only try the experiment, will they find their children object to it. Children (whose tastes are no ill criterion of the excellence of diet) generally

¹ There may seem at first sight some inconsistency in the joint instance in the text: first, that the whole-meal breads in use now, and formerly in various parts of the world, are satisfactory food: and, secondly, that hitherto the modes of milling have been clumsy and ill fitted to the delivery of well-ground meal. But the truth, of course, is that, relatively to white flour, whole meal of even imperfect fineness is desirable, while we can render it still more so, and rid it of what faults remain, by improving the system of grinding.

like the wheat-meal bread very much. The existing class of adult poor are, in this matter, victims of habit, ignorance, and even fashion. The question, as one of prejudice, has for an observer of human nature its own interest; and for a believer in the complex development of custom and opinion it affords an apt illustration of the indirect path along which social advance is made. Numerous considerations secondary to the actual fitness of a thing to men's wants influence their appreciation alike of the thing and of their own requirements. The primary office of food is to nourish, as of fire to warm. Yet in England the anomalous fact that deficiently warming and chilly-draught-producing fire-places are clung to because they "look so pretty," is paralleled by the further fact that a deficiently nourishing bread is clung to, sometimes, even by the half-starved, for the same reason! Although we hardly expect even the most perfect of wheat-meal bread to look as pretty on the breakfast-table as the most perfect of white loaves, still the reformed bread is a great improvement, even in appearance, on the dark, heavy-looking "whole-meal" loaves hitherto made. For the rest, while not wholly disregarding the appearance of a loaf where the other advantages are equal, such a consideration should obviously come last rather than first, in the reckoning of its merits, since we neither eat nor digest with our eyes.

The stress that is laid on the superior palatableness of white bread, though not quite so far-fetched, is scarcely less ill considered. Other bread, as I have said, is palatable elsewhere—used to be palatable in England once. White bread came into general use in South Britain, and was changed in the scale of public opinion from the luxury it had hitherto been into a necessary of life less than a century and a half ago. It had its opponents at the outset. An essay exists in the British Museum, written by a gentleman of last century, in which the writer goes so far as to say that white bread kills more than the sword! That essayist had strong opinions as to the dietetic foolishness of white bread; but he wrote in vain for his generation. White bread was to have its day. It was not originally adopted, of course, on its dietetic merits, but on account of its delicacy of appearance and flavor.

The palatableness of an article of food is, however, more largely modifiable than many realize, as many things indirectly affect it as can be

brought by mental action to bear upon that most direct agency in its formation—habit. Taste can be voluntarily acquired for sympathy's sake, for health's sake, for fashion's sake. It is often involuntarily induced by such habit as was originally enforced by mere necessity. Last year, when in Munich, I observed that the bread always eaten by the Bavarian working classes, and depended upon as the principal household bread of all classes alike, is a dark-colored, sour, and (to my palate) very nauseous bread, made from rye and flavored with aniseed. Yet several English persons who had been for some years resident in Munich assured me that they had grown thoroughly to like this "black bread," and to eat it by preference. If these loaves tasted to Germans as they tasted to me—or, rather, if the German consciousness stood related to the flavor as mine does—"black bread" would soon cease to be either made or bought, unless some advantage about it largely overbalanced its disagreeable appearance and flavor.

A liking is rapidly acquired for an article of food believed in as good, pure, and wholesome. Just as the eye may be educated to different appreciation of color or form, and the ear to different taste in music, so can the palate be educated if a sufficient inducement be presented to the mind. A ten-year-old fashion in women's dress is commonly felt to be repulsively ugly, chiefly because the eye has lost the habit of liking it, and the fashion is past for the sake of which the eye originally got into the habit of liking it. Again, people cheerfully go through some suffering in order to acquire a superfluous liking for smoking, olives, the sound of bagpipes, and a variety of other things intrinsically foreign to the uninitiated taste. Inferior reasons, among which mere imitativeness is one, are potent in such cases. But in the case of wholesome bread there exist many good reasons for exerting all personal influence toward bringing into play the imitative propensity of average human nature by the institution of a "fashion" for the eating of wheat-meal bread. Thus will be increasingly counterbalanced the deficient palatableness which some allege to be a characteristic of such bread.

The working classes will be difficult to reform in this particular. So much is certain. Quite apart from any conviction of the desirability of a thing, they are essentially prone to run in grooves and to stick to preferences with a blind dogma-

tism in all matters affecting the habits of daily life. Experiment, as such, has no interest for them. Mr. Herbert Spencer remarks that, "on contrasting different classes in the same society, it is observable that the least (socially) developed are the most averse to change. Among [such] an improved method is difficult to introduce; and even a new kind of food is usually disliked." Taste, however instituted, naturally operates single-handed in the choice of food where there exists no intelligently based desire to alter the habit, and so to educate the taste.

Added to which, the working-classes of England have hitherto had no reason for questioning their own liking for white bread. They see white bread to be eaten by those to whom the price of a loaf is a small concern. They assume that the richer classes, who can eat what they please, eat what is nicest. White bread, though as cheap as brown, is eaten by the eaters of many good things that are not cheap. Something like this constitutes, I suspect, one of the unconscious arguments lying in the white-bread scale of a poor man's preferences.

No one desires wholly to disregard the testimony of the palate. But one need not look far for evidence that it is often worse than a blind guide; prone to vitiation, and easily taught bad habits. To win its plastic co-operation in the cause of a good habit is worth an effort.

Meanwhile, it is by no means universally admitted by persons who have adopted it, that wheat-meal bread is unpalatable. Many prefer it to the most excellent of white bread. Its palatableness depends greatly on its making. Of course, it varies in quality just as other bread does; and one baker's wheat-meal bread is better than another's, just as one baker's white bread is better than another's, just because he is a better baker.¹

There remains an argument to be considered which is sometimes carelessly advanced against the appropriation for bread-making purposes of those parts of the grain now used for other purposes.

¹ A Winchester farmer, who for years had used and firmly believed in bread made from whole meal, suggested some time since, in a letter to the *Standard*, that, in order to make the meal thoroughly palatable, the wheat grain should be more carefully selected than is commonly done at present. All "heads" and no "tails," he said, should be used; and the faulty grains should be rejected.

The facts are these: The fine flour required for white bread exists in the wheat to the extent of 70 to 75 per cent.; 25 or, far more commonly, 30 per cent. of the strongest nourishment being set aside for the fattening of pigs and the foddering of cattle. In comment on these facts it is loosely said, "What does it matter whether we take a given kind of nourishment in the form of wheat, or whether we take it in the form of meat made from animals that have been fed on the wheat?"

The answer to this is twofold. First, to quote the words of Dr. H. C. Bartlett: "If we saved that twenty-five per cent. of nutriment in the grain which we commonly throw to our cattle, not only should we be in pocket ourselves, but we should save sufficient to pay for one-half the staple food consumed by the whole of the paupers of this kingdom. This," Dr. Bartlett adds, "is an important socio-economical consideration." Secondly: From our present point of view—that is, concerning ourselves chiefly with the interests of the poor—this turning of wheat into meat, which some economists seem disposed to admire, is further wasteful, because it is a roundabout and costly way of achieving an end near at hand. Meat is expensive, to begin with. It wastes enormously in cooking. It contains a very large percentage of mere water, for which one pays in buying it. Sometimes, too, cattle are a dead loss through disease. And, even setting aside all these considerations, the fact remains that the poorest classes, for whom and for whose children we chiefly desire to see the adoption of wheat-meal bread, are precisely the classes who ultimately derive none of this compensating nourishment from the animals fed on the wheat they lose.

To sum up: The Bread-Reform League has been instituted, and its operations are conducted, mainly with a view to providing the classes who live chiefly on bread with a more nutritive kind of food than they can at present obtain. The reformers maintain, and facts of various orders bear them out in maintaining, that such an article of diet as is required to render children of the poor stronger and better able to cope with the difficulties of their existence is found in wheat-meal bread made of the decorticated and finely ground whole grain. They declare that such bread contains a larger number of nutrients, and these in wholesomer proportions, than white bread does; and that more hardship can be sustained and more

labor performed upon wheat-meal bread alone than upon white bread alone. No denial is forthcoming from any quarter which invalidates the inference drawn from the fact that the working-classes of other countries who live on whole-meal breads, and who require no meat at all, compare favorably with the English bread-feeding class. No one has been able to point out a diseased state of human life corresponding with a whole-meal or wheat-meal-eating section of any community, as the prevalence of rickets and of crumbly teeth corresponds with the white-bread-eating section.

1. As to the feebly uttered objections from the laboratory: In the hitherto almost entire absence of consistent dietetic experiment, chemists are obliged to speak in the potential or the subjunctive mood. They consider the question at worst an open one. Meanwhile, no reason is put forward, even by chemists, that fairly favors the eating of unreformed, starchy white bread by persons who can get little or nothing but bread to eat. Nor are chemists even agreed among themselves in looking coldly upon the especial line reform has taken in the recent efforts at bread reformation; while physiologists are unanimous in their approval alike of those efforts and their direction. Against the few scientific voices raised in hypothetical dissent are heard the firmer tones of our most eminent chemists and physiologists, cordially advocating the introduction of wheat-meal bread, made as the reformers aim at making it. Professor Huxley has lately given his assent to the principles of the League. Professor Frankland, Professor Ray Lankester, Dr. W. B. Carpenter, Professor Church, Sir Thomas Watson, Professor Erasmus Wilson, and Dr. Pavey may also be named as among its warm supporters.

2. We have seen that, in order to prevail upon the needy classes to make experiment of this bread, even when brought within easy and general reach, a prejudice has to be overcome, founded partly on the actual objections to common brown bread, and on the practical identification in the public mind of wheat-meal bread with other breads of a similar color. There being no sound dietetic reasons for the popularity of white bread, example may be brought to bear in the overcoming of this prejudice. One thing is certain. No such forces were at work in the original adoption of white bread as a general article of food among English poor as are now at work to get rid of it as such.

Neither a scientific nor a philanthropic impulse caused the crowding out of the old-fashioned meal by white flour. People liked the "look and taste" of white bread; if they could get plenty of milk, meat, and eggs, they missed nothing by its adoption; and be it remembered that milk and meat were much less expensive then than they are now. Such people as did miss anything of health or vitality through being unable even then to afford meat and milk, were yet ignorant as to what it was they missed, and as to how cheaply to supply the need. In our day, not only has the use of white bread become among all classes a rooted habit to which the palate gives allegiance, but there is the argument of laziness: "We like very well what we have got, and it saves trouble to go on as we are." A present preference always coaxes the judgment to find it in the right. Taste and habit, however, appear in this case to be alike in the wrong, and the duty is urged upon us of acquiring a new preference and of creating a new fashion by the persevering trial of a new kind of bread.

3. Lastly, as to the economists' argument, that by giving our rejected bran to cattle it is elaborated into a superior human food, we have seen, first, that meat is dear, and is subject to disease, and so that not all the food thus elaborated reaches human eaters after all, while next to none of it reaches the class for whom specially we here concern ourselves. Secondly, that so to argue is like telling a rich man to pay money in traveling fare, in order to go fifty miles around instead of five miles across; which proceeding, though on various accounts it may be worth the rich man's while, does not help the poor man to reach his destination at all, but, on the contrary, condemns him to stay where he is.

The whole matter discussed in this paper is a practical and perhaps a very prosy one. Yet, for those who believe in health as one of the chiefest props both of virtue and of gladness, the putting of as stout a staff of health in the hand of the poor man as may be seems no trifling object to aim at. Sanitary arrangements in general are better in English cities than elsewhere, yet the poor of our alleys are sicklier than those of cities where, with even less regard paid to the purification of air and water, richer breads are in common use.

Argument alone will not settle a practical point

of this kind. There must be an array of facts derived from persevering and intelligent experiment, and it is maintained that as yet the bread experiment has not been, in England, sufficiently tried.

I have refrained from giving any of the detailed chemical analyses of wheat; and this on two accounts. The results of analysis are very variously given. Added to which, being myself no chemist, my selection of an authority would be without significance. One point seems, nevertheless, beyond question. The whole-meal of the wheat contains one hundred and nineteen grains in the pound of the mineral matters valuable as nourishment, while a pound of white flour contains only forty-nine grains. The testimony of chemical analysis must, however, not be taken by itself, apart from the observed physiological results in the cases of populations respectively fed on bread of this kind or of that.

If the personal testimony of a "social unit" be of any value whatever, I may say that I find wheat-meal bread both wholesome and palatable, and that since I have taken it I find it possible comfortably to dispense with meat more than once in the day. I began the use of the bread on the mere ground of giving a struggling reform fair personal trial; and I continue it on grounds of acquired preference.

The present organized attempt at bread-reformation must, like all other agitation movements, prove its fitness to meet an existing requirement by survival until its task be completed. If rapid growth be any test of vigor and vitality, we may augur well for the future of its cause; for, one year ago it had no existence except in the consciousness and conscience of Miss Yates and a few of her friends; whereas now it is a busy and recognized body of activity, having secured the adherence of numerous leading millers and bakers, who are willing to forward its aim by grinding the meal and by selling the bread it recommends.

A writer in the *Corn-Trade Journal* remarks that it was not by mere agitation, by conferences and article-writing, that white bread obtained its firm footing in the public favor, but that commercial enterprise mainly effected its adoption; and he suggests that to the same agency the reformers should look for the general introduction of the rival bread.

THE CHARMS OF MUSIC.

BY ARCHIE A. DU BOIS.

MUSIC is undoubtedly the most ancient of arts. For its origin we need look no further than the human soul, of which it is a part, and over which it exercises a strange influence, causing it to weep at pathetic strains, or spring into vigorous action at the sound of a martial air. What will move a Frenchman more quickly than the "Marseillaise Hymn"? What will stir American blood to more rapid pulsation than the "Star-Spangled Banner"? And when we enter the sanctuary, carrying with us many thoughts of worldly things, how the organ's glorious harmony dispels them and fixes our minds upon noble and worthier themes!

Every creature to a greater or less degree is affected by music; and—unlike other arts—the art of music, in its first stage, does not have to be acquired, but springs spontaneously from the heart. It is proficiency that has to be acquired, not the art itself. The birds need no singing-master to teach them song, but warble forth their sweet strains because their beings overflow with melody. The nude savage whirls his painted body about the glowing flame, and sings, as nature alone taught him, a wild refrain, to stir his soul for war; and when the battle is over, a weird and melancholy dirge peals from his lips for comrades that have fallen.

And this same savage has no doubt a musical instrument—a tom-tom, or something of the kind; rude, perhaps, but still a musical instrument—showing that its owner possesses a well-spring of music in his inmost being; and, as with us, music forms a part in all his festivities and finds its place in his religious exercises.

Jubal, a grandson of the murderous Cain, is the first musician on record, and to him is accredited the invention of the harp. This first of musical instruments, could we but see its primitive proportions, would no doubt be a curious thing to look upon; as it is, one can scarcely imagine its possible shape or construction.

Compared with the great Centennial organ, or other such inventions of late date, this first harp would be as the acorn is to the stately oak. Made in an age when science and mechanics were unknown, perhaps fashioned with a knife of stone or

hard wood, it must have been crude indeed; yet the germ of greater things was there; the power was there—the power of harmony to entrance and agitate.

To define the invisible power of music over human emotions is beyond the scope of language. That such a power does exist, no one will deny. Before it all the baser passions of our nature take flight, and by it our nobler and purer natures are drawn out.

I remember once, when a boy, I entered a church during Communion service. The organ, under the control of a master hand, was rolling forth that grand old tune "Windham" in its minor key. The choir was not singing, but I could hear the words as plainly as if spoken:

"'Twas on that dark, that doleful night."

I was not religiously inclined, yet the harmony of that tune overcame me with an indefinable awe which I could not shake off at the time, and I recall the feeling quite distinctly even now.

The mind may be distressed by trouble, but a calm and peaceful rest will steal over the agitated spirit as the low sweet strains of a melody strike upon the ear; and at no other time than such as this does our purer self commune so unrestrainedly with the Author of its being. This perfect sway over human emotions may not be so general or so noticeable with solemn as with lively music. While the former may affect many persons, the rendering of a vivacious piece will affect all, and draw a response from every nerve and fibre of their beings. Instinctively we move our bodies to the measure of a lively tune, our pulses throbbing in unison.

The circle of this powerful influence is not confined to mankind alone; it also extends to the lower animals. Horses, it is known, have been strangely affected by piano-playing, indicating, in many unmistakable ways, their delight; and the snake-charmer's principal instrument is the sweet-toned whistle he makes from a reed.

Of late days music has become so common that scarcely a household in the land is without an inmate tolerably proficient upon some instrument,

or as a vocalist. Music is with us at every turning-point in our lives. As a child we are furnished with a penny whistle for a plaything. This is the first stage. Then, as we grow up, we learn to know the organ-grinder with his monkey in its suit of dirty red. This is still the infant stage of musical knowledge; but in a few years we enter society and find it is a source of refined amusement everywhere. We attend church and discover that here our Creator is worshiped in song. We marry, and at the altar listen to the strains of Mendelssohn's "Wedding March." Music leads our armies to the battle-field, it is present at our social gatherings, and then, when we come to lay down the burdens of life, the last sad rites are performed to the Dead March in "Saul." So, from first to last, from cradle to the grave, music constitutes an important feature in our existence—appealing to the true self—all the elevated sentiment within us.

Shakspeare says:

"The man that hath no music in himself
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spout are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus.
Let no such man be trusted."

—*Merchant of Venice.*

We can easily believe this to be a fact. The man over whom harmony exercises no influence, but falls powerless,—whose soul does not respond to melody,—must indeed be scarcely human, a man of low instincts and vicious character. On the other hand, he who has a love for the art, profligate though he may be, is not all bad; he must possess many good qualities.

It is well for parents to encourage their children to become musicians. Nothing will appeal so strongly to their nobler natures as music, nothing promotes refinement so successfully. If they manifest a fondness for it, let them have instruction upon some instrument. To perform creditably upon any one of the many musical instruments is a desirable accomplishment, and one which the possessor will soon discover to be a source of much gratification and pleasure not only to himself, but to his friends.

No time passes by so pleasantly or leaves so many agreeable memories as the hour spent at the organ or the piano. Delightful musical parties may also be arranged and conducted by these

home artists—all tending to elevate the morals, while life is rendered brighter and more enjoyable thereby.

While such things cement more firmly the family ties and add greater attractions to an already attractive home, they may be obtained with but little expense, as musical instruments can be purchased on easy terms. The expense of tuition is the greatest one to be incurred. It is true, instructors abound whose prices suit an impoverished purse, but as a rule their knowledge and capability of imparting what they know are proportionately limited. It would be preferable, however, for the prospective performer to secure a good instruction book and puzzle the matter out by himself than to employ such a cheap John whose only recommendation is cheapness and whose teachings prove more harmful than beneficial. Under such instructors—generally careless except in the matter of their paltry pay—the pupil oftener acquires erroneous ideas and confirmed habits extremely difficult to eradicate.

A good teacher is therefore essential, if you have one at all, and to secure the services of such, a good price must be paid. In selecting such an one, choose one who has turned out a number of proficient scholars—the best test. And do not fall into the common error of thinking that a brilliant performer must also possess the talent of instructing others. This is by no means invariably the case.

To those who are lovers of good music, as well as to those who make some pretensions to instrumental performances, we would add a few words more. No music is so well appreciated as that which is well executed, and, in order to execute music as it should be executed, the amateur should ever bear in mind the fact that practice, constant practice, is essential. One of the most eminent musical performers that ever lived once remarked "that constant practice daily, for a life-time, would not make a perfect player." It is not to be supposed, however, that all can become professionals; still, the accomplishment may be cultivated to an extent which will enable the performer to execute his music to the full gratification of his hearers and with credit to himself.

For the benefit of the music readers of the MONTHLY, we furnish a new piece of music, from the hands of a very popular composer, which they will find both excellent and *sui generis* quite appropriate.

BIRDS IN THE NIGHT.

A LULLABY.

Words by LIONEL H. LEWIN.

Music by ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

Andante, ma non troppo lento.
mf dolce.

1. Birds in the night, that soft - ly call, Winds of the night, that
2. Life may be sad for us that wake; Sleep little bird and

strangely sigh, Come to me, help me, one and all, And murmur, murmur, murmur,
dream not why, Soon is the sleep but God can break, When angels whisper whisper,

Murmur ba - by's, lul - la - by! Lul - la - by,..... Lul - la - by,..... Lulla,
Angels whis - per, lul - la - by! Lul - la - by,..... Lul - la - by,..... Lulla,

The above can be obtained in sheet-music form from W. H. Boner & Co., Philadelphia. Price, 40 cents.

p

lulla, lulla, lulla, lulla-by! Lul-la-by ba-by, While the hours run.
lulla, lulla, lulla, lulla-by! Lul-la-by ba-by, While the hours run.

p rall. *pp*

This system features a vocal melody in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower staff. The vocal line begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The piano accompaniment includes a *p rall.* (piano, rallentando) marking followed by a *pp* (pianissimo) section.

Fair may the day be, When night is done. Lul-la-by ba-by,

This system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand.

While the hours, run, Lulla-by, Lu-la-by, Lul-la-by,..... Lul-la-

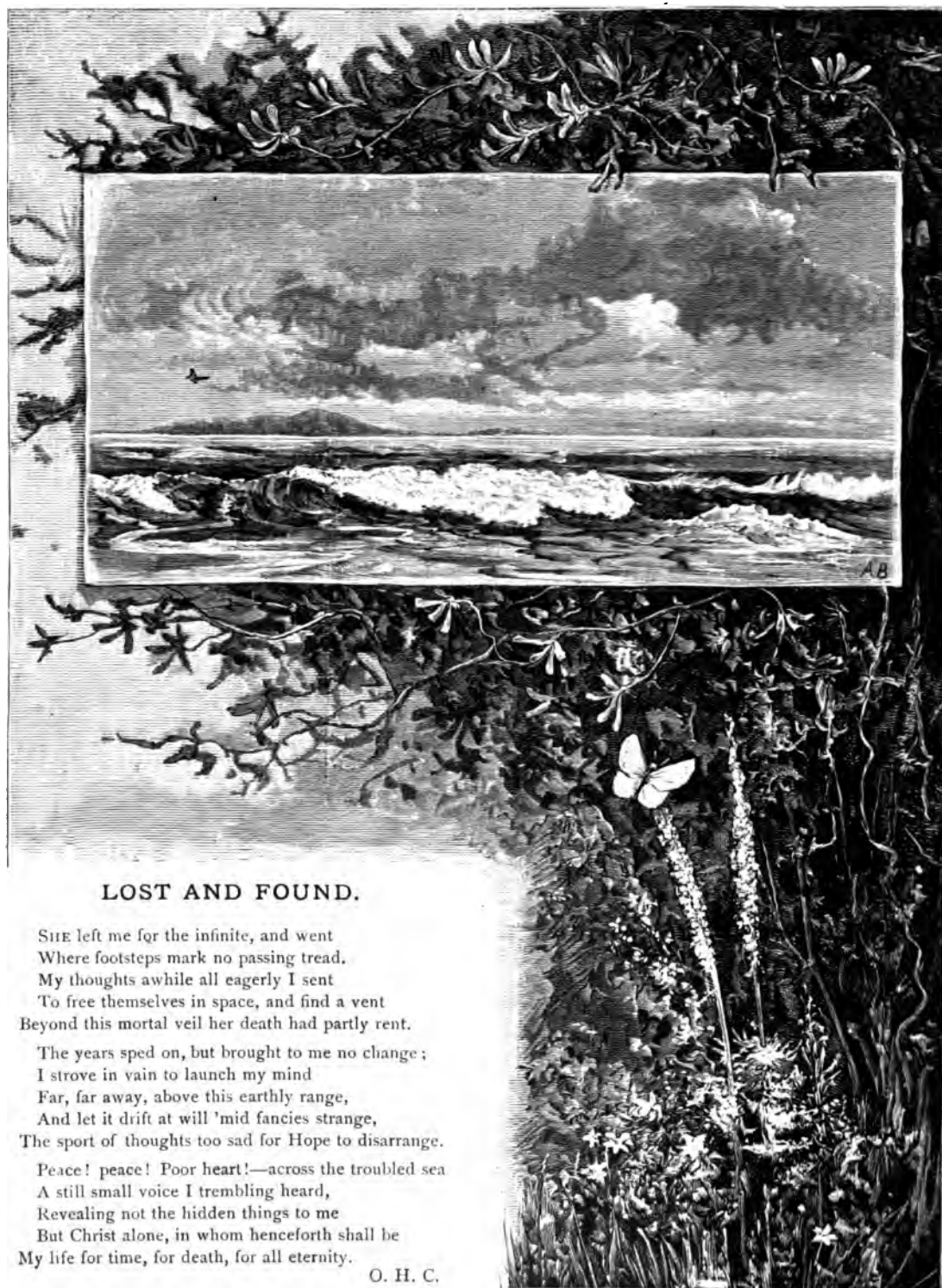
This system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand.

by, Lul-la-by.....

pp

Ending.

This system concludes the piece. It features a vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano accompaniment includes a *pp* (pianissimo) marking. The system ends with a double bar line and the word "Ending."



LOST AND FOUND.

SHE left me for the infinite, and went
 Where footsteps mark no passing tread.
 My thoughts awhile all eagerly I sent
 To free themselves in space, and find a vent
 Beyond this mortal veil her death had partly rent.
 The years sped on, but brought to me no change;
 I strove in vain to launch my mind
 Far, far away, above this earthly range,
 And let it drift at will 'mid fancies strange,
 The sport of thoughts too sad for Hope to disarrange.
 Peace! peace! Poor heart!—across the troubled sea
 A still small voice I trembling heard,
 Revealing not the hidden things to me
 But Christ alone, in whom henceforth shall be
 My life for time, for death, for all eternity.

O. H. C.

CURRENT TOPICS.

Our Honored Dead.—Since last the MONTHLY greeted its readers, at a time when the attention of the nation and of the world was earnestly directed to the struggle for life going on at Elberon, Long Branch, the unequal contest has come to an end, and James A. Garfield has succumbed, death claiming the victory. In this we have but another painful illustration of the fact that death is no respecter of persons. To-day it may be the humblest, to-morrow the brightest shining light that graces the galaxy of honored names in the land!

His death, and the manner of it, has caused a pall of sadness over all the world. The entire nation bows down beneath the stroke of the afflictive dispensation. Every heart of its fifty millions feels to-day the keenness of the smart, and all are in full unison and sympathy with the aged mother, the widowed wife, and orphan children of the illustrious dead, who but yesterday were so happy in the filial love of noble son and honored husband and father.

His patience, calmness, and fortitude in suffering have been most characteristic. They exhibited the true hero, the Christian, prepared to do or suffer whatever might be the will of God.

The patience, quiet trust, and unwavering faith of James A. Garfield, tested in the severest of sufferings, has given the world a new impetus of life. The potency of its influence cannot be limited by his life. It will not lie in his sepulchre. The angel of its presence has touched the nations and will aid them to learn their duty and obey the precepts of wisdom.

His death has done more to unite all hearts in this country together than all other forces combined. Since the day he was so savagely stricken down, all the desires, sympathies, and prayers of a great people have borne this one burden. All divisions and enmities have been laid aside.

In the life and the labors of the honored dead we have illustrated more impressively than language can record it the character and worth of the man. The example they set will—as it should—prove of lasting value to the rising generation, and will ever remain as a guiding-star upon the horizon of our national escutcheon to direct and encourage those who shall follow in his footsteps. Beginning life without fortune, without the advantages of education, without the support of influential friends, and making his way successfully against the many obstacles that surround every aspiring man, demonstrated his sterling worth and also proves the soundness of our American theory, that from the masses of the people will always arise men as competent to stand at the helm of State as those who inherit power through long lines of aristocracy, regardless of personal worth or attainments.

James A. Garfield is no more! Cut down in the prime of life, he has passed down into the valley of the shadow of death, universally mourned and respected, and leaving behind him a record and a name of which the nation and his kindred may well feel proud.

The Geographical Congress.—The first session of the Geographical Congress in Vienna—the third annual meeting—took place September 15. Many explorers and other celebrities were present. The congress was opened by the retiring president, M. De Lesseps. The acting president was Prince Teano, president of the Italian Geographical Society. One of the American delegates, Professor Barnard, of Columbia College, proposed a general meridian for all the world with a system of standard time. The plan is to divide the globe into twenty-four meridians of fifteen degrees each, each comparing with the twenty-four hours of the day, the prime or first meridian to pass through Behring Strait, the hours of the day to be counted from one to twenty-four, the A.M. and P.M. of the present system being abolished.

Irish and English.—In September, the *Pall Mall Gazette* said, "The significance of the fact that the Irish National Convention has decided to give the Land Act a trial, or, to use Mr. Parnell's expression, to 'test it,' is not obscured by the passing of a dozen resolutions in favor of national self-government, or the delivery of innumerable fiery invectives against England."

Later the London *Times* intimated that if the Land Act could not get itself harmoniously executed, there were other and older acts that could and would be brought to bear in a forcible manner upon the Land Act and its opposers. Well, perhaps the sooner, the better. If Mr. Parnell represents but a clique and a faction of the Irish people, the rest of the world cannot find that out too soon. If, on the other hand, these agitators represent the great mass of the Irish people of Ireland, no act or force that England can bring to bear will check the onward march toward liberty. As soon as Ireland as a people is ready for self-government, and the gods think best, there will be weaker heads and hands in England than there are to-day, and, in our opinion, much stronger heads and hands than those represented by Mr. Parnell and his followers at the present time.

Speculative Insurance.—There is a species of life insurance conducted in certain portions of the United States, but more especially in the State of Pennsylvania, which deserves not only the attention of the public, but of the law. It is more commonly known as the "grave-yard insurance" in the sections where it mostly prevails, and to such an extent is it being conducted that almost every legitimate business is made to suffer through the speculative greed which it has engendered. Hundreds of companies have been chartered, and, with the semblance of a corporate life, are writing policies upon the aged, the dying, and, in many instances, it is said, the dead. Many lives carry hundreds of thousands of dollars, the policies representing which are bought and sold like ordinary merchandise; prices ruling according to the prospective length or shortness of the insured's life. Fraud, forgery, and more serious crimes have been fostered by the mania which this new scheme has given rise to. The

poor dupes that are induced to invest their little all, only too soon find out the rascality which has been practiced upon them, but not until their money is beyond recall.

We feel called upon, therefore, under such a state of affairs, to denounce the entire system of speculative insurance, and to demand that the strong arm of the law be called upon to squelch it out of existence. It is to-day the curse of Pennsylvania. It is undermining the morals of the people, and robbing the poor of their hard earnings, while it fills their minds with wild delusions of sudden wealth. It makes age, which should be honorable, the subject of gambling. It inspires the most inhuman of thoughts in the breast of son and daughter toward the aged parent. It gives the cunning speculator the power to insure the life of any old person, and then kill his victim without detection. It revives on a general scale the practices of Palmer, the English arsenic insurance poisoner, and applauds the infamy of the Udderzook case. Men have already been killed for the insurance on their lives, and murders are now committed daily for the same motive.

Doctors carry policies on the lives of their patients. Are such patients safe? "Subjects" drink whisky at the bars of men who have policies on their lives. Are such "subjects" safe? Dissolute sons hold policies on the lives of old and helpless mothers. Are such mothers safe?

It is not a pleasing subject for contemplation, yet many incidents are daily occurring which demonstrate the fearful character of the "grave-yard insurance" business. It has been conclusively proven that many men and women have been put to death by violent means, so that the policy sharks might realize on their unholy investments.

A more insidious, infamous, or fiendish system than the grave-yard insurance business, for sapping the morals of men or communities, has certainly never been invented by the Devil himself, whose angels are angels of light compared with the minions of these corporations.

We are pleased to note that some of the judges of our courts have taken cognizance of the matter, and called public attention to the nefarious character of the system; and within a short time a work entitled, "How is your Man?" has also been issued from the press of Lee & Shepard, Boston, which fully sets forth and exposes the entire system in all its hideousness. It is deserving of a careful reading.

At this writing we are also enabled to announce the fact that his Excellency, Governor Hoyt, has notified the Insurance Commissioner of the State that in future he would approve of no more such charters, being fully satisfied as to the character of these corporations and the manner in which the business is being conducted by them. This step was taken none too soon; and we hope the Governor will not forget his resolution in the premises, but even go a little farther, and see that every such charter already approved be revoked and the business conducted under it ceases.

General Silas M. Bailey.—The Republican State Convention of Pennsylvania, at its late session at Harrisburg, placed in nomination for the position of State Treasurer, General Silas M. Bailey, a gentleman whose record is *par excellence*. The general is a man who has fully attested his love of liberty and law by service on the field of glory and

of blood, winning his promotion in the glorious Pennsylvania Reserves, from captain to brigadier. He bears upon his person the rough scars left by the cruel cannon ball, and will carry to his grave the evidence of his patriotism and courage. He is an able man, moreover, and as worthy to lead his party to victory as he led his regiment to war, and we hope the gallant soldier may reap the just reward his bravery in the field entitles him to.

Dreams! Dreams!—An occurrence, to be marvelous, must not, of necessity, be unusual. There is nothing more universal than sleep and its concomitant, dreaming, as there assuredly is nothing more wonderful. Nor has familiarity, in the present instance, generated contempt; for philosophers, from Aristotle to those of our day, have labored earnestly to solve the mystery attaching thereto, but in vain. That sleep, primarily, is intended to recuperate exhausted energies, that dreaming is unconscious mental activity, there can be no doubt. Farther than this, what can the sage confidently assert concerning them that the man of ordinary intelligence does not know?

It is not our purpose to discuss the various theories that have been propounded in reference to the subjects under consideration, but rather to notice, cursorily, certain interesting facts connected with sleep and dreams—particularly the latter—with which every one is familiar, but to which few give any especial heed.

When Byron wrote,

"Our life is twofold, sleep hath its own world,"

he was poetical, but incorrect. There are many who believe the dreams of one night directly associated with the dreams of the preceding and the following night; that our life in sleep's "own world" is catenated as it is during our waking hours. The arguments adduced in support of such a belief seem to us far from irrefragable. If the two conditions of sleep and wakefulness are quite dissimilar,—in the former the senses enjoying the fullest vigor and activity; in the latter, inert,—it is undeniable that the quality of our sleep and the nature of our dreams are largely modified by circumstances external thereto.

We have read, where we do not recollect, but most likely in some weird old German romance, of a poet who, while descending the stairs leading from his study, saw a strange man at the foot whose head was enveloped in a cloak. When the poet came near him, the stranger removed the cloak and revealed to the poet *his own* face, at sight of which he was so terrified he turned and fled hastily.

So we meet ourselves in our dreams; not as we appear to the world, it is true. For most of us, in our intercourse with mankind, scrupulously conceal from others' knowledge our dominant impulses, especially of evil. Sleep removes all disguises and shows us ourselves as we really are. Whoever heard of a miser dreaming that he was liberal? Of a coward dreaming that he would not run from impending danger? Of a sensationalist dreaming that he was happy in company with the pure-minded? In no way can one more thoroughly learn his propensities than by giving attention to his dreams. Then the soul freely expresses its opinion concerning its possessor and his conduct, as school-children criticise their teacher when his eye is not on them.

A peculiar property of dreams is—prospectiveness; we know no other term that will so adequately express the idea we wish to convey. If we, on waking, are unable to recall the “masses and moving shapes” that appeared to us while asleep, something will eventually bring them vividly to mind. Who but has been startled at coming face to face with what seemed strangely familiar, but where or when seen or heard previously he was unable to say? We are in a locality where we never were before; the novelty of the topical accessories is conspicuous by its absence. We listen to a song which, to our certainty, we have not previously heard from mortal lips; it is so far from new to us we can almost pre-arrange the words. Perplexity is never agreeable, and perplexed one always is, endeavoring to recall the original of what is so wonderfully duplicated. Some account for such phenomena on the ground of pre-existence. We think them more sensibly referable to a long-forgotten dream.

Dreaming is likewise retrospective. Persons, places, things, are reproduced for our pleasure or our pain, of which we were cognizant in days of “auld lang syne,” and of which we have not thought for years. We see the faces and forms of those whose earthly tenement of clay has long since mingled with the dust; again we are engaged in the sports of childhood, with a zest that never characterizes the recreations of maturer years; we gaze upon her who was the idol of our youth, and receive a kiss like that which of yore caused extreme irregularity in the systole and diastole of our heart—though that face, those lips, have been cold in death more than a quarter century—and wake surprised that it was only “the stuff that dreams are made of.”

To us these facts prove conclusively that there is no such thing as absolute forgetfulness; that what appears to have passed from memory is stored in some one of memory's pigeon-holes, and waits but an occasion to disclose itself. Place a coin on a plate of polished steel and breathe upon it. Wait till the moisture has disappeared, and take away the coin. The closest inspection will reveal no trace of anything. Lay aside the plate where nothing can touch it, and to-morrow, next week, in a year breathe upon it; at once a delicate outline of the coin is developed. It has been asserted, “no shadow falls upon a wall without leaving a trace thereupon which might be made visible by resorting to the proper processes.” If inorganic substances register such feeble impressions, must not all impressions made upon the mind through the sensitive ganglia of the brain be permanent?

Another peculiarity of dreams is, the mind then deals with ideals of which the most imaginative person living, in his waking hours, could not conceive, and the dreamer finds himself in the strangest situations. A decidedly prosaic man in his dreams may write poetry of no mean order; and one who is, during his wakefulness, color-blind, may find himself the author of works that rival the noblest productions of Raphael or of Titian. Not long since, in considering this subject with a friend, he said, “A frequently recurrent dream with me used to be as follows: I was, in some inexplicable manner, drawn into what seemed to be a huge tunnel, whose apex was far toward the heavens. Gradually I would circle round its concave interior, up, up, up. All the time I wondered how I should be able to pass

through the tiny aperture at the top; but ever, just as I reached it, I began to drop, my momentum constantly increasing. The chilliness of the air, as I rushed through it, was distinctly perceptible; and, as I struck *terra firma* with a dull thud, I waked.” Most likely the sensations of one who dreams of falling through space are, in every respect, the same that one actually so falling would experience. Any empirical knowledge on this point is, of course, out of the question.

Formerly dreams were regarded as portentous, and as carefully heeded as were the oracles delivered at Delphi. To this day, the superstitious attach a deal of significance to dreams. Nor is it incomprehensible that such should be the case. If they “are ruled by no known logic, conform to no recognizable law of sequence, are stopped in their career by no pale or limit,”—as one author observes,—is it strange they should have been thought communications from one mind to another? Do we know what subtle means of communicating one with another spirits—“minds,” if you prefer—may have? And if not, are we warranted in asserting none exist? Who, fifty years ago, if told the day would come when the transmission of messages between the most widely separated portions of our continent would require less time than their writing, but would have treated the statement with contempt? In this progressive age, utter improbability and impossibility are diametrically opposed to each other. But we do not need to adopt “mental telegraphy,” or any similar hypothesis, in explanation of the fact that dreams sometimes come true. A person dreams of meeting an absent friend, or of receiving a letter from a particular individual. Provided he does, shortly after, meet that friend or receive such a letter, it will be as natural that he remember the dream, and, remembering, consider it a “warning,” as that if the friend does not make his appearance nor the letter arrive the dream lapse from his memory as completely as anything ever does.

Again, dreams are chronoclastic, and in them the mind, acting irrespective of the will, is filled with fancies which crowd upon one another with incalculable rapidity. We sleep less than a minute, but in that time we seem to have traveled extensively, and otherwise to have accomplished what it would require months to perform.

We have denominated dreaming “unconscious mental activity,” rather because that is its common definition than for any better reason. If, in sleep, the cerebration is generally unconscious, it frequently is not. It is possible for one, by continued practice, to carry his consciousness with him into dreamland, so that he will all the time realize his “visions”—whether blissful or the reverse—nothing but dreams. The instances where this result has been attained are very common; and the trite, “When we dream that we dream, we are near waking,” though well enough theoretically, is practically false.

If ever scientific investigation shall reveal the causes of sleep, the processes of the mind in dreams, it must be, in many ways, of the greatest benefit to mankind. Should it not, better than aught else, show the relations existing between the mind and the body? Would it not also assist in comprehending the curious phenomena of idiocy and insanity, and tend to a more rational treatment of both than

is now in vogue? We confess to having but the most misty conception of the *rationale* of this problem; but we believe a knowledge of "our other world," based on scientific principles, is feasible, and, holding this view, sincerely trust it may ere long be secured. F. F. F.

Medical Criticism.—Much attention has been given to the medical treatment of the late President, and the autopsy has given rise to considerable criticism both professionally and otherwise, but we are inclined to think as does the *Medical Record* in its late issue:

"In reviewing the case from an autopsical standpoint, it is quite easy to offer criticism. The stubborn facts of a *post-mortem* always stand out in bold relief against decisions rendered *ante mortem*. But it must be recollected that there were peculiar difficulties in the case. They are best appreciated by all who have had experience in the treatment of gunshot wounds. However greatly we may regret that, in view of the great public importance of the case, a correct opinion as to the course of the ball was not made at the beginning and was not proven at the end, it is quite difficult to see how the error could have been avoided. There were

no symptoms during life to point to the locality of the ball. But, even at the worst, as proving that the surgeons never knew during the life of the patient where the ball was located, there is nothing to show that in consequence of that error the patient suffered. The ball itself, by being firmly encysted, became harmless, while the real cause of all the trouble had its origin seemingly in the comminution of the eleventh rib. It is a matter for much congratulation that the bullet was not found in a pus-cavity. Under such circumstances, even if it were impossible to remove the bullet, there would have been many who would have claimed that such an operation should have been attempted, or, at least, that the neglect to resort to such a procedure was indirectly the cause of the patient's death. But all doubts in such a direction are cleared up by the autopsy. On the supposition that the ball should have been extracted in any event, what have we not escaped? At least the wisdom of not cutting down upon the missile until the locality of the latter was clearly made out cannot be gainsaid. As nearly two hours were consumed in finding the ball at the autopsy, what might have been the chances of extracting the missile during life?

LITERATURE AND ART.

A Prince of Breffny. By THOMAS P. MAY, *Author of "The Earl of Mayfield."* Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.

In "A Prince of Breffny" the author's powers of narration are remarkable. In the terrible scene on shipboard—where the beautiful and noble heroine, Edith Talbot, bravely meets her doom, in fulfillment of the sibyl's prophecy—the language is pathetic and powerful, and we are wonderfully moved by the tragic denouement. An ordinary writer would have terminated his story at this point, fearing to risk the loss of so fascinating a character as Edith; but the perfect plot smoothly overcomes this danger by chaining the interest to the second heroine, Dona Rosa, who has already been introduced in a most tantalizing manner. But we must not give the whole plot; we will only mention the inimitable Shamus, a true specimen of a devoted Irish servant, who fully maintains his nation's reputation for humor and cheerfulness, amid tragic surroundings. Pretty Phoebe—Edith's loyal maid—is an attractive girl, who merits our sympathy and love. Jenico Preston is a noble character, to whom we cannot do justice in this brief review. The incidents of the riot in Madrid, where O'Reilly won his rank as a grandee of Spain, are highly wrought and exciting. Other historical personages are brought into the ever-varying action; among them the celebrated priest-earl, Gilbert Talbot, a unique character. There are exquisite descriptions of scenery in England, in Ireland, in Italy, and in Spain. Mr. May in this work materially adds to the high reputation gained for him by "The Earl of Mayfield," a work which obtained great popularity throughout the South on its first appearance, and latterly is meeting with immense sales in the North. We believe that his "Prince of Breffny" will prove equally fortunate.

Boston Town. By HORACE SCUDDER. *Illustrated.* Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1881.

It was supposed that most intelligent people knew pretty nearly all that was worth knowing about Boston town. Is it not the "Hub"? and has not every traveler at one time or another been lost somewhere between its "spokes and felloes"? And its essences, saps, and "tires," are they not all familiar, all, from the impulses that spilled the tea, to the last bicycle curve, boat race, and new hoop-skirt of its Harvard graduate? Not by a long way. Can anything new be said of Boston? We answer, Read Mr. Scudder's book. It is fresh as a "Mayflower," bright as Priscilla herself, interesting as Plymouth Rock in cool weather, and snappy and entertaining as a Socinian preacher—when he is telling a good story. Here is a taste from chapter first:

"*Grandfather's Grandfather.*—When Mr. Benjamin Callender came down to breakfast at his house in Mount Vernon street, Boston, at half after seven o'clock on the morning of Thursday, November 11, 1880, he found his two grandsons, Benjy and Jeffries, at work at their Latin grammars, snatching a few moments, while waiting for the rest of the family, to freshen their recollection of the morning lesson, which they had been studying over night. They were Latin schoolboys, as their father had been before them, and their Grandfather Callender. Nay, his father and grandfather had been Latin schoolboys before him, and his father's grandfather, who died before he was born, was in the Latin school from 1680 to 1683; while his grandfather's grandfather was a member of the very first class of the school when it was established in 1635. The boys gave him a good morning."

Dry do you say? By no means. The Latin grammar is the heart of Boston. The esoteric understand this, and the initiated will read this book with pleasure. It is not a

guide-book. It is more than that. It touches the real springs of Boston respectability; touches them with a gentle, feeling hand, and starts and pleasurably revives many an old fact and story.

Here is a little fresh etymology, page 72 :

"You know the Indians here got the name because the first voyagers thought they had found India when they found America."

And here are a few specimen lines of what might almost be called a new style of locating old places, and reminds us more of Carlyle and Shakspeare than it does of most modern descriptive books :

"Do you remember Samuel Cole's tavern that I told you about?"

"It was on Merchant's Row."

"Yes; and there, in 1636, the governor entertained Miantonomah, an Indian sachem, who visited Boston. Nowadays——" But we cannot linger, except to add that this volume ought to be supplemented by another, tracing later events in a similar vein; and that every town in the United States ought to be blessed with such a treatment, and to suggest how much better work might be done in this line than in the maudlin muck of fifth-rate fiction and poetry now deluging the modern mind.

Sir John Franklin. By A. H. BEESLY, M.A. *New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1881.*

It is very neatly gotten up, and a most valuable sketch, first, of Arctic exploring attempts, from the days of England's King Alfred to the early days of Sir John Franklin; second, of Franklin's early career and adventures; third, of Franklin's first, second, and last expeditions; tracing him briefly, but lovingly, with a feeling hand, through all those heroic endeavors, to his last, deepest, and grandest heroism of dying "amid snow and ice," somewhere about "Point Victory;" a long way from the North Pole, but still a point of real victory all the same. The book is well supplied with maps of the Polar regions, and will well repay a careful perusal.

The Bridal Eve; or, Rose Elmer. By MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, *Author of "Ishmael," "Self-Raised,"* etc. *Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.*

Mrs. Southworth has always been a great and deserved favorite with all lovers of sterling and intensely interesting romances, and her hold upon the public has strengthened year by year, until her name has become a household word and her popularity phenomenal. The reason of this is plain. All her novels go straight to the mark, fascinating, thrilling, and enchaining. There is never a prosy paragraph, never a dull line. All is fresh, original, strong, ingenious, and interesting. "The Bridal Eve" is a love romance with two heroines, both of whom have faithful and faithless suitors, and both of whom are members of the English aristocracy, and among the characters are many of the British nobility of the time. The scene is laid principally in London during the fashionable season, and the reader is shown in turn the palace of royalty, the hovel of the poor, the rookery of the criminal, and the felon's cell in Newgate. The contrasts are sharp and the succession of thrilling inci-

dents is almost unending, while the action never for an instant flags. The reader is kept in a flutter of excitement from the beginning to the close, and, as surprise follows surprise, is lost in wonder as to the probable solution of the various mysteries.

A Selection from the Letters of Madame de Remusat to her Husband and Son. *From 1804 to 1813. From the French by MRS. CASHEL HOEY and MR. JOHN LILLIE. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1881.*

These letters, like the "Memoirs" by the same hand, after all their pruning by her grandson, Senator Paul de Rémusat, and the expurgating they have got at the hands of the translators, are still a lively proof of the old adage that "truth is stranger than fiction," and, one might add, less reliable. Madame de Rémusat has gotten so far into the minds and prejudices of the intelligent reading-public, that these letters must and doubtless will reach a wide circulation; but they are full of personal piques and designs, and unless the reader has the instinct and information requisite for reading between the lines he will get wide of the facts and far from any true estimate of the persons and times herein delineated.

The Quartet. *A sequel to Dab Kinzer: A story of a growing boy.* By WILLIAM O. STODDARD. *New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.*

Those familiar with Dab Kinzer will feel interested to learn more of him, and in "The Quartet" they will discover much of his after-career. Mr. Stoddard is deserving of much praise for the manner in which he displays his talents in the interests of the young men of the present day, and we hope that his labors in their behalf will not go unrequited. The book is one that should find a place in the library of every young man, and, what is still more important, one that should be read.

Lorimer and Wife. By MARGARET LEE, *Author of "Nellie; or, Marriage,"* etc. *New York: George W. Harlan.*

This is the first work by this author we have had the pleasure of reading, and we are free to confess that we are very favorably impressed with its tone and character. The incidents of the story are happily brought out, and the plot is certainly a good one. It is a pleasing society novel, in which the characters—faithful pen-portraits—play their parts with realistic fidelity, and give the reader delightful glimpses of the many fashionable foibles incident to our modern society.

The Skeleton in the House. *From the German of Friederich Spielhagen. Translated by M. J. SAFFORD. New York: George W. Harlan.*

The last, though not, in our opinion, the best, of Spielhagen's works. While it is written in the vein so characteristic of this popular German novelist, it lacks much of the force and brilliancy to be found in most of his previous writings. It may be said, however, that he has made the best possible disposition of his incidents, so far as the nature of the plot permitted, and as a result the reader has what may be termed

a very fair specimen of a German novel. Miss Safford, in her translation, has treated the work with great credit to herself and the author, and has shown herself quite a master of the language.

Life and Times of Goethe. By HERMAN GRIMM. Translated by SARAH HOLLAND ADAMS. Boston: Little, Brown & Co., 1880.

Next to Shakspeare, no modern writer has so divided, or will so divide, the critical and popular estimation, till the German, like the English genius, takes his true place in the literature of the future. We do not claim kindred places for these two incomparable souls, except in this, that what Shakspeare was to the English of his day, Goethe was to the Germans of his generation—its typical life and incarnation. The difference, therefore, resolves itself into the comparative culture of the two nations in two distinct periods of civilization. Mr. Grimm is German through and through, and writes of Goethe with an enthusiasm that knows no bounds. To offset this we may recall the estimate of Frederick the Great as quoted by Carlyle, "that Goethe's work was unworthy the attention of an intelligent man." Quoted, as Carlyle explains, to give an idea of the quality of the critic, not at all to determine as to the quality of the author, Frederick being at the time under the tutorship of Voltaire, and still governed by French taste in literature and other matters, an influence which Goethe had purposely broken away from, and without the knowledge of the king had already founded a German literature destined to be as immortal as the race itself.

It is with Goethe as it was with Shakspeare in his day. His cotemporaries, and we, his immediate successors, judge him by the shifting standards of fashionable morality; not by the eternal standards of right and wrong, much less by the highest laws of creative art and letters. But by these latter alone can we rightly judge the greatest souls or their productions.

In many things Goethe missed the fashionable code of morality, and we should be the last to paint him as a pattern saint. Pattern saints do not write tragedies; they live them. Goethe did not do this, but the outcome of his work is as if "silver star did touch with star," and the "kiss of peace and righteousness" may be clearly heard in all the works he left us. The special moralizer will always miss this in Goethe's case as in others, but the brave and the free and the hungry will always find it, and hold it in the sunlight of the ages, let the carpers say what they will. We agree with Mr. Grimm that Goethe did the right thing in marrying Christiane Vulpius, even if a son by this marriage did come to a premature death. Daniel Websters's youngsters did not amount to much, nor Shakspeare's, nor Socrates's, nor—the countless offspring of a thousand great men, despite all laws of heredity, rather, doubtless, in higher harmony with such laws. But the little moralist is sure to scratch his fingers when he touches the highest notes, and to come away more smirched than he smirches. Nor was Christiane Vulpius the uncultivated woman the average editor would represent her as being. In fact, I am inclined to think she could easily have run the lance of her criticism through many a very soft and vulgar slur at her good name; and that, though

unequal to the princesses Goethe was tating with, she might in real matters blush to the cheeks of a good many

Select Essays of Arthur Schopenhauer. *Sentinel Company, 1881.*

Whatever in a clear and reverent pantheistic side of modern thought and English readers must be welcome gift from heaven. Plato cannot be and Jones and a thousand summer Buddah himself, as interpreted by Ed modern thought than Kant or Hegel. Schopenhaueric pantheism, hand in is bound, we think, to fill a large cogitations for the immediate future. universe as divine, and a manifest new to Schopenhauer. It is the pantheistic idea to the nature and structure and relations of society, somewhat famous. We think that the infinite force of universal nature us his pessimism or emphasis of the all were "an empty dream," "a cont and laughable as Robert Ingersoll. But in coming to the questions of marriage, where a smaller mind can flow many wise and happy touches, an frequently goes to the very heart of

Ohio Statistics, 1880.—Through Isaac Smucker, of Newark, Ohio, with an official copy of Ohio statistics contained in these reports and their arrangement shows the judgment. A very valuable feature the generous supply of historical Smucker, its State historian. Mr thanks for the courtesy shown.

Literary Dullness.—"A 'Key' to iam," by Dr. Alfred Gayley, if we have been published in England. It is unlocking the subtle mysteries of the *erary World*.

There may be something in the thing in verdancy, something in cap talks of "unlocking the mysteries" or it is difficult for us to conceive of a higher walks of literature talking poem, so simple in its philosophy, so its diction, and so eternally and ur inmost recesses and shadows of its

Art and the Artless.—Judged 1 ards, Zwingle was doubtless a barbar so dear to Protestant memory, must eyes but little short of blasphemy. Catholics intimate, might have been a wife as he was earnest to prove the

by faith. When we first read D'Aubigne's "Reformation," many years ago, we concluded that Zwingle was much the abler and more thorough-going man of the two. Now we feel little interest in the question of their comparative greatness. But occasionally we run along the one line of succession from Zwingle to Cromwell, to Penn, to the pictureless and musicless meeting and dwelling-houses of modern Quakers, and find ourselves asking, in the name of all the sweet saints and madonnas yet painted, why any man was ever monster enough to tear such pictures from the walls of our churches or our homes. Then running along the other line of succession from Tetzel to some modern cathedral, with its numerous frescoes, its organ music and elaborate altar service, and from these to the splendid art-adorned palaces of modern Protestant millionaires, what strange questions fill the mind! Is Protestantism, not to say Quakerism, selfish, keeping in the one case for its own luxury and in the other for its own ease the affluence that the woman with the ointment poured at the Saviour's feet and that old Catholics cast into the art-treasures of their temple? or is it true that the real affluence of pocket and soul have only turned a little away from the enthusiasm of worship to the enthusiasm of humanity, and that what the old devotees poured at the Master's feet Protestants now pour out in human charity? Are not Catholics as charitable as Protestants? And can Protestants reply, "But we are scientific and progressive, while Catholics are not"? Are not Catholics and Protestants alike conservative, and wisely so? Is not modern progress the result of new elements and forces foreign to both, and has not Protestantism lost something from Catholicism that modern progress must find? Many years ago we asked a beautiful young Quakeress would she, if she could, stop the singing of the birds, and she whispered, *No*. And we doubt not that while the sun paints the morning and evening skies with glory, and while the skylark soars and sings, the children of men will now and then shout their hosannas and murmur their *Miserere*, while Raphael Madonnas and Turner landscapes will be among the finest joys of human eyes and souls. Our friend of the plain frock remarked to us the other evening, "What a bright and charming woman thy friend Kate is; so ready with an answer, so full of stories, so entertaining." We replied, "Yes, indeed; but she is more than that. She is a somewhat remarkable artist: she paints with much skill, and is, withal, a rare musician, at least has rare musical genius, and we hold her artistic powers as superior to her social attractions." But it was evident to us that our plain acquaintance saw the social side of life much more clearly than she did the artistic. But could Kate keep house like our Quaker friend? There's the rub. Can modern æsthetic culture learn the cleanness and carefulness and quiet peacefulness of Quaker ways? We well remember the first picture, that is, a real art-picture, that got into Miss Anna Dickenson's Philadelphia residence, and with what questioning admiration the good orthodox Quaker mother barely glanced at the same. Here, too, is a gulf, a stream, a flood of difference that must be spanned. The artless Quaker and the great untaught West must have art and song, but how? Let modern progress answer this. It is a finer question than steam navigation or civil-service reform, and the answer we give it will modify every other question under the sun.

Perhaps the modern magazine is doing this very work, and may yet do it in grander and higher spheres.

The Aim and Scope of Art Teaching.—A school of art is designed for the benefit of three distinctly different courses of life; viz., that of the artisan, the amateur, and the artist. It would be to the advantage of the first of these if he realized, and, after doing so, if he cared for the sort of profit to be got from such a school. Everything is profit or loss to him. The trade view of life is right when it regards nothing so good for a beginner as apprenticeship and tough experience. That view is altogether right; the only question is, What is the best mode of apprenticeship, and what is the shortest road to experience? One thing appears to me very certain in all such matters as relate to the artisan; viz., that if the principles of trades' unions are to dominate the country, all good work must be squeezed out of the artisans by that fundamental rule of which it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that in each distinct department of every trade it measures and restrains the work and value of the best and ablest men by the calibre of the worst and weakest; destroying all interest in the work itself, cutting all heart out of a man's life by restrictions, not only on his hands, but on his gains, scattering to contempt all thought of conscientious reward, and cutting at the very root of all moral excellence in industry, energy, or perseverance.

If there be any institution based on principles and actuated by motives for results the very opposite of all those, it is an art school. Its leading purpose is to engage both heart and mind in every branch of work, to help and encourage the weak, and give direction to the strong. It teaches to all the reasons for what they do; it lightens labor by the interest thus thrown into and around it, and it brightens all drudgery by intelligence. But all this is only to be got by work. An art school is no mere place for amusement. All the success to which it can lead depends on courageous perseverance. What is it that an artisan most requires but that knowledge and experience which make him master of his trade? But on what do this knowledge and experience depend but the training of the faculties of head and hand? An art school affords this training. Its one great ultimate end and object is that training.

As institutions aided by Government grants, or, in other words, supported in their degree by public taxation, they would have no excuse for their existence but upon the grounds of their educational power and value to all classes of the population. If artisans would freely avail themselves of all they could learn here, their ultimate profit would be great. It may be that a man would be set to some work here that would seem to him to have little or nothing to do with the trade he intended to pursue. Our difficulty here, as elsewhere, is to make people understand the meaning of education. It seems most natural to make all teaching special; but experience has long since proved that just as to know any one thing perfectly, a man must first know a great many other things well; so is it with all manual labor; any perfect work, no matter of what sort it be, is simply and in truth the focus on which a wide and laborious education has been concentrated. No work, even the most mechanical,

has much value unless it has a certain amount of brains mixed up with it.

The child of the commonest laborer gets his money's worth out of his common school by the increased intelligence he is enabled to bring to bear on the labor for which he is paid. It is the skilled artisan, or the pupil who is to be one, for which our art schools are designed. He will get his money's worth by his work here. For what is the effect of the training in the first principles of delineation but that of clearing off all mental cobwebs by the practice of observation? No one can delineate anything that he does not understand. What is all bad drawing but simply a want of understanding what is drawn? Your mind must first analyze the component parts or qualities of any subject before you can delineate it. If, then, any one goes seriously to work to do so, I beg you to realize what a step in his education he has made. His perception is so far cleared, because his eye has been trained to analyze, and his handiwork is all the firmer by the increased firmness of his brains. Such is the theory on which the education of a skilled artisan is based. And if a man will only have the confidence and the industry to bear the discipline to which he would be called on to submit in the classes of geometry, perspective, and construction, and then pursue those subject to their ultimate object, viz., that clear comprehension on which the correct representation of all objects depends, he will have laid a most certain foundation of success in any trade or business, when steady thought, trained eye, and skilled hand would earn his honorable livelihood.

I have said such schools are intended for three classes,—the artisan, the amateur, and the artist. I have said something about the artisan, so we will turn to the amateur; and I confess that in talking of an amateur I have a very considerable difficulty, because it is extremely difficult to make a definition of an amateur. In the first place, you may say there are two kinds,—one properly the amateur, and the other the *dilettante*. Now, a *dilettante* is an excessively pleasant sort of fellow, who is uncommonly charmed with everything; a sort of cosmopolitan individual, who is always full of pleasant talk, who knows a little of everything, just enough to keep his head above water; indeed, he is a very pleasant, but very often an extremely ignorant fellow. The amateur is different, for he does not only pass on the surface of things happily as the *dilettante* did, but he is a real lover of what he does, and therefore he devotes himself in a certain degree to it. A bird without feathers is still a bird, and an amateur is like a half-fledged bird; you don't know how to classify him, but still he often knows much or more upon artistic subjects than his professional friend in some particular branch; but in matters of execution he fails in comparison, for the best of reasons: that the professional is always in, and the amateur has the disadvantage of being always out of practice.

Coming to the artist, I shall be excused if I say but little. Fortunately I do not speak to professional artists, but to pupils who possibly intend to be professional artists. I beg and entreat you to give the utmost diligence to those tiresome things, which in school training little children call pothooks and hangers, and which with you are construction, perspective, geometry, and all those tiresome problems you are

called to exercise your minds upon by unraveling and understanding them. You know that in speaking any foreign language, if you know it well you do not think of the genders, accusative cases, plurals, and all those things, which come quite natural to you. And it is exactly the same with art. A sketcher ought to know exactly the position of his paint-pots—where are his transparent and where are his opaque colors, without having to look for them, his mind and eye being intent upon what he is drawing. He is master of his accusative cases, and plurals, and irregular verbs; and that is what you ought to be to be professional artists. You ought to have at your fingers' ends all the perspective and other portions of elementary art. Simple things are what you should and must first learn. You cannot attend too much to simple beginnings. In the education of your eye you have to study art all round. You must remember that science and reason lie at the bottom of art, and art has much mechanism and method to pursue. A soul bursting with poetry would make but a poor artist unless it had mastered the tools of art. Another thing I urge upon our pupils is to take very great care to master the early principles of design. This is too big a subject for me to go into it now. But steady your hand and your eye by working at the casts and models you see on the walls of the school, and as soon as possible take to figure-drawing. If you draw a vase, you only do so to train the eye and hand to make the curve properly; whereas if you draw a hand you get a variety of curves in the fingers. But it is impossible to draw the figure unless you first master what the figure is. An aged astronomer, despite his old and worn eyes, sees twice the number of stars in the heavens that a young astronomer does, because he knows where to look for them and how to look. The figures of those imperfectly trained, could they but stand upright, would tumble to pieces, because the ankles had no gristle and the legs had no bones. You cannot possibly learn to draw the figure without knowing what the figure is made of. Do learn construction. Learn the simple rules affecting the human figure, such as that the thumb moves at right angles to the fingers, and do not draw fingers which are all thumbs. I entreat you to take pains, and then you are sure to succeed. The noblest ambition of an artist is not his own distinction. His work is to contribute to human happiness, and his best work is that which does so by the power of a pure and noble motive, which animates his art because it animates himself. His work is a form of poetry. No work that can be worthy of the name of fine art can be otherwise. His choice of means is as wide as nature, but his power of expression is bounded by himself. It is not every one that has power to originate; but it is no mean talent so to hold the mirror up to nature as to reproduce in others the poetry which he learns from the things about him. It may be the talent of another man to affect his fellows by the ideal creations of his own imagination. But whatever it be, whatever form fine art may assume, realistic or ideal, all its worth and power depend on the embodiment and expression of an artist's own sympathies—on the vital force which his work exerts on other minds; to fascinate and elevate them by his own devotion for all that is purest, best, and noblest—that lies not merely upon but deep below the surface of our mortal life.

T. G. P.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Our Home.—The writer of this, having been absent from Philadelphia for several years, is inclined to give place for a moment to the musings and reflections that crowd the mind on again returning to and strolling over the spots and among the scenes so familiar for the last quarter of a century. The Park looks a little rusty and unkempt in the early autumn days,—the effect of long drought through the late summer months,—but the years and the sins they carry work no wrinkles on its splendid hills; yet year by year it becomes clearer that the average statuary of the Park fails to meet the demands of its natural surroundings; the glens and valleys are fresh and fragrant as ever, spite of the sighs and tears that fall in silent unconsciousness from many a wanderer among their fading leaves. The horticultural grounds, like the last looks in lovers' eyes, daily intensify their beauty and brilliancy, as if anointing and embalming their divine incarnations for the death of winter and the temporary burial beneath its shining snows. For all death is but a transient visitor, and nature ever sings the song afresh:

"O joy that in our embers something still doth live,
That nature yet remembers what was so fugitive."

So the anemones will come again, and spring, and songs of spring, forevermore. Fit type of this may be daily seen in the Horticultural building, choicest of all the Centennial structures, to begin with, and now for years crowded with richest and rarest perfections of ever-unfolding floral beauty.

"Here everlasting spring abides,"

and all around, even in these October days,

"All the hills stretch green (as) to June's unclouded skies."

Time cannot mar it; but go to it with a sour heart, drive over it with the gilded wheels of ambition, smite its ever-living greenness with the blackness of your sensuality, smiling, laughing all the while, you shall still find that nature is God's avenger, you shall miss the angels' voices from the hills and flowers and get only—Hades instead. In all the wide world is no park like Fairmount: not ours, but God's, and his and hers whose body and soul are pure enough to inhale its living air. The guide-books will tell you its acreage and dwell on certain antiquarian relics; I am only hinting at a divinity of joy that haunts it for me and may also haunt it for you; and sometime we may, in these pages, stroll through its even as yet comparatively unknown dells, and chat with the elfs and sprites that flit among its ever-changing shadows.

And this city of Penn, and the Quakers, and foreign elements, and modern success, and shoddy and want and debauchery and shame, how unique in all its types of business and beauty and deformity! How unlike the cosmopolitan London, the kaleidoscopic Paris, the provincial Berlin, the garish and gaudy New York, the snappy Boston, the loud Chicago; how unlike the prairie-flowers and snows and floods of Dakota, among which this writer has been

toiling and musing these last few years. How chaste and sweet and pure is this city of the descendants of Penn, with its unparalleled home comforts beautifully ranged on the old subdued hills. Here we have art surrounded with nature in its most perfect forms, the two ever blending in one. And we question the harsh critic who sings:

"Nature is sweet, I say; you think art is sweeter,
While ninety per cent. of its daubing's a lie,
And only here and there a touch that is meeter
For life than to rot in the gutters and die."

Let the art cynic pass unmolested. The prairie-roses and the unchecked stars have together whispered to me their secrets, and I know what they can do for an earnest soul. In these hours I have been walking among old familiar forms and faces. I think I could distinguish a Philadelphia lady in the crowded streets of London, and, after a good meal, could pick out a Philadelphia man from the midst of a Paris crowd. The trim, graceful figure-lines of the one, and the easy, elastic step of the other, when once studied and comprehended, are not easily missed in the most promiscuous crowd. And it all comes of the contour of the hills that surround us, and the soft, humid air we breathe.

"Our music"—the tone of our life—"is in the hills."

In these hours, too, I have been strolling through the choice libraries and public art-galleries of Philadelphia, all so unpronounced, so quietly beautiful, so steadily improving ever since the Centennial year.

From the corn of the prairie and the gold of the Black Hills and California, the Allegheny slopes, the Eastern cities are at last little by little getting the art and culture of Europe into their store-windows and parlors, and by and by doubtless will get more of it into their blood.

"As ever by symbols and slow degrees
Art child-like climbs to the dear Lord's knees."

So, would we transform the life of these tavern-loungers into the life that art and nature commend, and save the sensual from the broken pathways of shame, we, who read magazines by æsthetic lights, and spend our evenings praying for virtues that come not, must turn the keys upon our own self-condemnations, walking hand in hand, as children, with the best life that art and nature suggest, if, perchance, we may some day touch the height where these are lost in star-flame, and the old, old voices are still saying,

"Blessed are ye."

W. H. T.

Gossip and Scandal.—Objectionable as the latter word may sound to sensitive and refined ears, it is one, nevertheless, which most of us would do well to ponder; for in these days of excitement and exaggeration, when extremes of all kinds are permitted and indulged in, heedless alike of good

taste as of refinement of feeling, there is much danger of the boundary between the so-called "harmless gossip" and its near relative, scandal, being overstepped. To our mind, however, there is no such thing as "harmless gossip." To discuss our neighbors' affairs, at the best of times, seems to be an unworthy theme for cultivated women; and yet it is one commonly chosen when we meet at our "æsthetic teas," or before the gentlemen join us after dinner; the gentlemen, that is *some* gentlemen, perhaps most gentlemen, happily being above this sort of thing.

There is a certain temptation to some minds to say smart, clever things, and to provoke merriment at the expense of their neighbors. Such persons will tell you their sense of the ridiculous is so keen that, when once their risible faculties are excited, they cannot control it; besides, it is so tempting to enlarge upon a subject which they affect to be ludicrous. Harmless and amusing as this may appear, it is not a pleasant distinguishing trait of character. Again, who has not experienced in some form or other the mischief arising from the habit of repeating scraps of gossip which float about in a strange, intangible manner, and which cannot be traced to any more direct origin than is suggested by the vague answer, "I really don't know, but So-and-so told me." Then the discussion and speculations which this leads to—the "much implied," though possibly "little said," the significant looks and equivocal answers which are exchanged; the real delight which some persons seem to take in repeating "a sad story." All this, and much more, must come home to the minds of most of us. We are told that "evil is wrought for want of thought;" we are quite sure that evil is *spread* for want of thought; for, surely, if people for a moment reflected on the positive pain and annoyance to which their victims are subjected by the repetition of some ugly or foolish *on dit*,—or, in plain words, scandal (which, by the way, instead of losing, gains force on its onward course),—they would certainly disabuse their minds of the false idea that there can be no harm in it. It is, however, difficult to know how to stem the torrent of evil, unless it be by contributing our individual share to the work—first, by setting our faces steadily against any gossip in print, for such, alas! is to be found in some of the journals of the day; in fact, is it not true that many of the journals of to-day feed on it, thrive on it, live and move and have their being in it, it having become a sort of god or idol to them, looking sometimes as if it were indeed the sole object of their love and worship in these last days, the evil of which cannot be too strongly deprecated? Again, by avoiding all needless criticisms of persons, remembering that what may begin by being good-natured may end by becoming malicious.

We hear of societies advocating reforms of various kinds, among others reform in dress, than which few things are more needed. At the same time we would suggest that there is crying need for reform in our manners and the tone of our conversation, and those who will aid in it by drawing the happy medium, without, in escaping from Scylla, falling into Charybdis, will confer a great benefit on society at large. The habit which we have been discussing is, to say the least, altogether unworthy of the high breeding which is imputed to Christian gentlewomen. There is so much that is interesting in music, art, and literature to suggest topics of conver-

sation, besides the numerous schemes of usefulness, and the advance of education on all sides, which are ever in need of sympathy, encouragement, and support, that it seems strange how a cultivated mind can descend to a lower region of thought, and partake of the unwholesome food which, through the united and harmful, not to say sinful, influence of gossip or scandal, is prepared for it. Then, besides, is it not true that the whole range of human relationships, passions, loves, hates, can all be discussed more finely without treading on our neighbors' toes or stinging our neighbors' soul than they can be when those questionable amusements are indulged in?

S. S.

The Art of Needlework.—Considering not only the various occupations and professions now open to women, but the various other fields which they are striving to cultivate, we are led to wonder why more women have not made needlework in all its branches a serious profession.

We have among our acquaintances many ladies who are selling their work, and, alas! many others who wish to do so; the societies for the sale of ladies' work are known to us, and we have heard of all the schools of art-needlework and embroidery; but, in spite of all this, we know of exceptionally few women who understand the art of needlework in the sense in which we now speak, and who are needlewomen in the sense not only of being able to mechanically copy patterns, but of being able to originate and execute their own designs; who can not only put garments together which have been already cut out, but who can themselves cut out on true principles without waste of material; who can not only sew on trimming, but who can finish their work in the correct sense by embroidering its borders and edges in whatever stitch or style is most appropriate; and, finally, who, understanding the history of needlework, its successive styles, and the capability and adaptability of its various materials, could produce an entirely original work in embroidery, suitable for any place or for any purpose for which it might be ordered. The woman who could do this would rank among true artists; the woman who can only copy a pattern given her is but a skilled artisan.

Needlework which is original both in design and execution is rare; being rare, it is among the precious things of the world. In the Scriptures we find "the wise-hearted women" among the Israelites who wrought the coverings for the tabernacle ranked with Bezaleel and Aholiab. The "divers colors of needlework on both sides," mentioned in the song of Deborah, was a "prey meet for the necks of them that divide the spoil." "Raiment of needlework" ranked with "wrought gold" in the clothing of the glorious king's daughter when she was brought to the king. The Homeric women appear to have been weavers rather than needleworkers, as were, perhaps, the women who wrought the tabernacle coverings; but they also were original designers, and therefore artists. "The robe shining like a star" given by Helen to Telemachus, the storied, never-ending web of Penelope, were no copies; indeed, were wrought out of woman's rights and might and beautiful gifts and graces but little understood in these days. But of what real and abiding value is a mere copy of a design,

however good may be both design and copy, if it be only such a thing as can be reproduced a hundred times?

The higher branches, indeed, of what at the present day is called "art-needlework,"—such, for instance, as some of that which is executed at our schools of embroidery,—even though it be not designed by the worker, can never become common, for the designs are drawn by true artists, and require artistic skill and feeling to execute. But still there is very much called "art-needlework" which is merely the mechanical copying of patterns, and requires no artistic skill or feeling at all. And admirable as some of the modern work is, to know what can really be done by the needle, we must go back to the work which, not for its age alone, but for its intrinsic preciousness, its skill, its beauty, is preserved among the treasures handed down to us from past generations. Those who saw the ancient needlework at the Centennial Exposition, or who were fortunate enough to see the treasures in this line that were exhibited at the London Royal School last spring, must have gone away with a feeling almost of despair at such an art being really revived in these days of hurry, when quantity rather than quality is the end sought—alike in the length of our journeys for pleasure or in the decoration of our houses. We do not mean that we wish to see time spent on such mere *tours de force* as that Italian sixteenth-century work, "Orpheus with his Lyre," in which Orpheus, the tree under which he sits, the branches, the leaves, the animals, are all executed in raised work, every leaf being separate. But we do mean that the women who executed such work had a real art in which they delighted, and that they were mistresses of it, such mistresses as perhaps are hardly to be found now. And about all the old colored embroideries on linen, from the quilts stitched in gold-colored silk, with their superposed flowers, to the Spanish work in black stitching, shaded in crumb-stitch like line-engraving, and the embroidery in gold thread and colored silks alone, there is a freshness, an originality, a care and skill, a surprise here, a special bit of intricacy there, which speaks of joy in the work such as now we may seek in vain.

We may pass on again to the Italian work of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; those panels, borders, and draperies in brick-stitch (unpoetical name) which seem to embody the exultant spirit of the old Italian Renaissance life itself, with their scrolls springing and bursting into flowers, roses, irises, tulips, anemones, as it were for the very joy of doing it.

Why should not the woman of the present day take up such work as this? not only to copy or restore, but to make it her profession to originate, design, and execute it? It would require especial gifts and training, as much as painting; but it would be as well worth doing; year after year might end, and the work would still be incomplete; but when completed it would be a joy forever. And to this artistic branch of needlework she might join a thorough knowledge of the more homely but more useful "plain needlework," so as to be able to make baby garments fit for the heir to a throne, or linen fit for his mother; and to make quickly and neatly the little garments needed not for the heir to a throne, but the baby whose only heritage is his hands, and his mother also, her training then would be complete. Such

training may be had, though scarcely as yet all under one institution; but there are schools of needlework at Darmstadt and Vienna in which the whole art might be acquired. At the Vienna School of Art-Embroidery the course of instruction is for two or three years, according to the pupil's previous knowledge of drawing, the authorities rightly judging that without this, art-needlework can never be thoroughly mastered.

For those who take the complete course the school is free; for those who take special lessons a fee is charged. It is open from October to the end of July, and thirty-six hours a week are devoted to instruction, twenty-four to embroidery, six to free-hand drawing, two to transferring, one to cutting out patterns, one to making up note-books of the various lessons and lectures. A lecture of an hour on the adaptation of needlework to objects of art, and another on the art-history of the subject, are also given; and the woman who goes through this course will indeed understand the "art of needlework," and be able not only to maintain herself, and show the true power lying in a woman's profession, but to produce work that will be precious forever.

Meantime, let those women who have a genius for such things, but cannot avail themselves of these advantages, work out in some simple forms of beauty such art-life and sacred fire as is in them, letting their own light be their teacher and guide, as has been the case wherever and whenever the very highest forms of beauty have been evolved out of the rich human life of this beautiful world.

H. R. M.

The Girls.—Between those young ladies on the one hand who, in virtue of their rank and wealth, have no need to concern themselves with the details of domestic management, and those on the other, who, by reason of straightened circumstances, have to assist and supplement the labors of the maid-of-all-work, there are an immense number of girls who inhabit comfortable and often luxurious homes, where servants are plentiful, and where mamma is her own skillful housekeeper. Such girls, released from the drudgery of the school-room and the regular routine of school life, have no need to devote their days to anything but busy idleness; nay, more, they are, as a rule, discouraged from being more than ciphers in the house. Why this should be so is easily explained. There is a skilled cook, who sometimes only admits the mistress of the house herself under tacit protest within her kitchen; there is a kitchen-maid to attend upon the cook; there is a trim parlor-maid, lighter of foot and defter of finger than many men-servants, to wait at table; there is a house-maid, fully equal to dusting the tables and chairs; and perhaps, in addition, a ladies'-maid, to attend to the wardrobes. Over all these well-trained domestics the mistress of the house exercises a strict supervision (for we are supposing a case where the mistress is capable of so doing); like the sun, she is the centre of her little system, and, like him, she too often would reign alone.

This brings us at once to one of the great defects, as it seems to me, in our system of training "our girls." Of course, mothers who know nothing of domestic management

themselves cannot be expected to teach it to any one else; but there are many mothers who are notable mistresses, and it is generally their daughters who are most ignorant in household matters. Why should this be so? Perhaps for two reasons. Either the mother, being herself capable and experienced, has not patience to correct the errors and enlighten the helpless ignorance of her child, or she is jealous of any possible rival near her throne, and fondly imagines that her daughter's ignorance to her being bliss, "'twere folly to be wise." So the girls are cast on their own resources for amusement, and then, forsooth, are accused of frivolity, love of dissipation, fastness, eagerness for excitement, etc. They cannot dig; to beg (for work) they are ashamed. What, then, are they to do?

Perhaps there are persons who will exclaim at once that my picture is far too highly colored; but I believe there are yet more people who will bear out what I say. I repeat advisedly, the crass ignorance of girls of the upper middle class regarding all details of household management is simply pitiable and astounding. And I repeat, also, that in many instances they themselves are not to be blamed for it. Yet these very girls, when they marry, will certainly have servants under them, who, as a natural consequence of their want of education, they can neither direct nor manage. We have only to listen to the tales of the difficulties of young housekeepers to know that this is the case. That "knowledge is power" is nowhere more forcibly demonstrated than in domestic management. We all—mistress and maid alike—have a natural reverence for superior wisdom; indeed, that reverence often seems, among the servant class, to increase in proportion to their own ignorance. For servants are very sharp-eyed to detect blunders on the part of their mistresses. After all, they are but "children of a larger growth," and don't all children delight to catch their tutors and governors tripping? And how can any one know whether work is thoroughly well done, and done within reasonable time, unless she herself knows how to accomplish the same task? Book-learning on domestic subjects is valuable in many ways, but practice is infinitely better than all the theory in the world. What book, for instance, tells how long it takes to properly black-lead a grate and lay a new fire; what book can describe the exact number of minutes it needs to dust any given room or to prepare the family breakfast? And, not knowing this, how is a young mistress to regulate the hour of rising in her household, or be aware how much work the servants can reasonably be expected to get through before the morning meal? For it is as fatal to authority, in my opinion, to expect too much of your maids as too little, and both alike equally display your ignorance. One pair of hands, be they the most active in creation, cannot do more than they can. I fear there are many mistresses who fail to remember this, and the dearest fingers will hang down idle if they are too heavily weighted.

I grant, of course, that many of these domestic sinners sin from ignorance. For instance, I have known girls, suddenly promoted to be mistresses of households, who had never been inside a butcher's shop, and barely knew the principal joints one from another. They had the vaguest idea how much meat was a fair quantity for a given

number of people; as to its quality or proper price they were steeped in the deepest darkness. I remember one instance of barefaced cheating, when the butcher set down a loin of mutton as of twelve-pound weight in his bill, and charged accordingly. The bill was paid all unsuspectingly, for the lady remembered she had had such a joint, and had had no idea of its proper weight. I know of another case where cook and mistress alike were perfectly ignorant how to prepare a hare, and the latter suggested that it had better be plucked. These are glaring instances, but space only fails me to recount a hundred others. How many mistresses know what can be done with dripping and bones in the way of pastry and soup; what good broth can be made from the liquor meat is boiled in; how pans should be cleaned, and refuse disposed of, and steels kept bright, and glass and crockery-ware in due order, and laundry-work sent home? And if servants find their mistresses ignorant of all these things, are they not likely either to trade upon their ignorance, or to relapse into slovenly, useless drones.

Of course, experience will come with time, when the mistress is worth anything; but how miserably uncomfortable for her husband and her household while the experience is coming, and how much waste and extravagance and contention has to be encountered during the process. Think of the troubles, too, arising from what we may perhaps call "indefinite engagements," when the maids are hired. How can a girl, whose sole employment has been amusement and fancy-work, be expected to have at her tongue's end the questions and stipulations which must be asked of and expressed to fresh servants? How can she tell where to cast her eyes when she knows nothing of their shifty ways, or how many of their ever-ready excuses for every neglect, carelessness, or misdemeanor to accept or refuse?

But we won't dwell longer on these far too patent facts. There is one remedy, I venture to think, for them, and but one, and that is practical knowledge. How and where is this to be obtained?

Of course, *home* would be the most proper place; but until a new generation of mothers appear this is probably out of the question. The cookery classes and schools have doubtless done something in a certain direction; but, so far as I have seen, their tendency is either to teach too high-class or too poor cooking, and naturally they only touch one branch of domestic management. For there are other servants in a household besides the cook who equally require supervision and direction.

Well, then, I boldly propose to "take the bull by the horns," and suggest the establishment of schools for regularly teaching household management in its minutest details. Such establishments could, of course, only be undertaken by very competent ladies; but are there not many among us fitted to teach "our girls"? I think there are, and here, perhaps, is an opening for certain women who have hitherto been seeking employment, and seeking it in vain. For the very women who could best undertake such teaching are those who could not throw themselves into any of the artistic and literary pursuits now so much in fashion. To teach others, they must know thoroughly all that they undertake to teach. But would it not be possible to open a well-ap-

pointed house to which girls could be sent when they leave school for three or six or twelve months, according to their own capacity and the wishes of their parents. Of course, house and domestic management would have to be taught on somewhat broad and general principles, so that each student, when her course was finished, could adapt what she had learned to her own especial requirements. But there are things useful to every one. For example, how to market well, the quantities of various articles which ought to suffice a household of a given number of persons, the methods of keeping pots and pans, and glass, and silver, and furniture in order, and of engaging and dismissing servants and regulating their duties.

I am aware it may be objected that the method taught may not be precisely what is wished, but I confess I cannot see how this objection can be valid against schools for domestic management any more than against any other kind of school. I am not advocating one establishment alone, but many; each one would of course differ in detail, and parents and intending pupils could choose the one likely to suit them best, just as they now do with educational establishments. Again, I am aware that the terms for such instruction must be high and the number of pupils limited, but I am not proposing any plan for the benefit of girls whose parents have "limited means." They will have plenty of opportunities of acquiring knowledge at home, and surely it would be worth while straining a point for a few months to save "our girls" the troubles and worries they must surely

undergo if they marry without any domestic knowledge. For a wife has certainly more chance of happiness if she can cook a dinner and sweep a room than if she cannot. Neither need this knowledge be acquired at the expense of any other. It is no disgrace, surely, to train to their fullest extent the heads and hands God has given to women.

But besides the drudgery of household management my proposed school must teach its graces as well. The due order and arrangement of a small and a large dinner-party, supper-party, and lunch and breakfast company, the arrangement of table decorations, the reception and entertainment of friends, would all be included in the course; and, considering the awkwardness and *gaucherie* of many girls when they first leave school, would surely not be unnecessary. In many cases, also, plain sewing and lectures on sick-nursing would prove most useful.

I think, also, there should be no limit to the age of pupils at this domestic establishment. Many a woman of forty knows less on the subject than a girl in her teens, and, if she wishes instruction, she should have the chance of procuring it.

This, in barest outline, is my scheme. Whether it approves itself to the public, whether any further effort can be made to give it shape and form, remains to be seen. A little discussion of the subject can certainly do no harm.

There are plenty of training establishments for servants. Why should there not be some for mistresses as well?

ROMA.

POT-POURRI.

Children oftentimes ask puzzling questions. The other day a little girl said to her mother:

"Mamma, what is an angel?"

"An angel? Well, an angel is a being that flies."

"But, mamma, why does papa always call my governess an angel?"

"Well, exclaimed the mother, after a moment's pause, 'she's going to fly immediately.'"

A man of tact will always get out of difficulty. At a negro prayer-meeting, one of the brethren earnestly prayed that they might be preserved from what he called their "upsettin' sins."

"Brudder," said one of the elders, "yer hain't 'zactly got de hang ob dat ar word. It's besettin'—not upsettin'."

"Brudder," replied the corrected, "ef dat's so, it's so; but I wuz prayin' de Lawd ter sabe us from de sin ob 'toxication, an' ef dat ain't a upsettin' sin, I dunno."

One often receives a sharp answer from an unexpected quarter.

"Who made you?" inquired a lady teacher of a lubberly boy who had lately joined her class.

"I don't know," said he.

"Don't know! You ought to be ashamed of yourself; a

boy fourteen years old. There is little Dick Fulton; he is only three, and he can tell, I dare say. Come here, Dick—who made you?"

"Dod," lisped the infant prodigy."

"I knew he would remember."

"Well, he oughter," said the stupid boy. "It ain't but a little while ago since he was made."

A native of the Emerald Isle is credited with the well-known remark, "that he never opened his mouth but he put his foot in it." The subjoined example may be a case in point.

An Irish member of Parliament, boasting of his attachment to the jury system, in a roomful of company, of whom Curran, the distinguished barrister and celebrated orator, was one, said:

"With trial by jury I have lived, and by the blessing of God, with trial by jury I will die."

"Why, then," said Curran, in mock amazement, "you've entirely made up your mind to be hanged, Dick!"

An amusing anecdote is told of General Johnson. In the fall of 1863 he was riding along during his march to Bristow Station, when, perceiving one of his men up a persimmon-tree, he hallooed out to him:

"I say, there, what are you doing up there? Why ain't you with your regiment?"

"I'm gettin' 'simmons, I am," replied the soldier.

"Persimmons!—thunder! They are not ripe yet. They are not fit to eat."

"Yes; but, general," persisted the Confed., "I am trying to draw my stomach up to suit the size of my rations. If it stays as it is now, I shall starve."

The general had nothing more to say, but rode on.

To be equal with the occasion is with some persons a natural gift. We may mention an incident in connection with the famous French Marshal, Bassompierre. During his incarceration in the Bastille, he was observed by a friend one morning to be diligently turning over the leaves of a Bible, whereupon the friend inquired what particular passage he was looking for.

"One that I cannot find," was the reply: "a way to get out of this prison."

On his coming out of prison, Louis XIII. asked him his age. Fifty was all that the gallant soldier would own to. To the surprised look of the king, Bassompierre answered:

"Sire, I subtract ten years passed in the Bastille, because I did not employ them in your Majesty's service."

Some years, however, before this, when serving in the capacity of ambassador to Spain, he was telling the Court how he first entered Madrid.

"I was mounted on the very smallest mule in the world——"

"Ah!" interrupted the joke-loving king; "it must indeed have been an amusing sight to have seen the biggest ass in the place mounted on so small a quadruped."

With a profound obeisance came the quiet rejoinder:

"I was your Majesty's representative."

We need not mention the particular county in which the following occurred; it is, however, very suggestive of the lively manner in which matters of a parochial kind are occasionally discussed in some districts.

"What a fearful thunder-storm we had last night," said a gentleman on meeting with the overseer of the parish; "the oldest inhabitant can scarcely remember a worse one."

"So I have been informed," was the reply; "but the fact is, we had a meeting of the town council at the time, and none of us heard a single peal of it."

An inquisitive youth, too young to fully comprehend the doctrine of total depravity, but old enough to have at least a vague idea of the hereditary principle of mankind, was recently detected by his paternal ancestor in falsehood, and punished therefor by solitary confinement. The punishment over, the youngster accosted his father with the question:

"Pa, did you tell lies when you were little?"

The father, perhaps conscious-smitten, evaded an answer, but the child, persisting, again asked:

"Did you tell lies when you were little?"

"No," said the father; "but why do you ask?"

"Did ma tell lies when she was little?"

"I don't know, my son; you must ask her."

"Well," retorted the hopeful, "one of you *must* have told lies, or you wouldn't have a boy who would!"

Among other famous dialect problems is the following dilemma, which is framed with wonderful ingenuity, the acuteness displayed in its construction being probably unsurpassed. It is called *Syllogismus Crocodilus*, and may thus be stated:

An infant, while playing on the bank of a river, was seized by a crocodile. The mother, hearing its cries, rushed to its assistance, and by her tearful entreaties obtained a promise from the crocodile (who was obviously of the highest intelligence) that he would give it back to her if she would tell him truly what would happen to it. On this, the mother (perhaps rashly) asserted:

"You will not give it back."

The crocodile answers to this:

"If you have spoken truly, I cannot give back the child without destroying the truth of your assertion; if you have spoken falsely, I cannot give back the child, because you have not fulfilled the agreement; therefore I cannot give it back whether you have spoken truly or falsely."

The mother retorted:

"If I have spoken truly, you must give back the child, by virtue of your agreement; If I have spoken falsely, that can only be when you have given back the child; so that, whether I have spoken truly or falsely, the child must be given back."

History is silent as to the issue of this remarkable dispute.

Few men are without ambition to become wealthy. The one great object of human existence seems to be the acquisition of riches; therefore the secret of attaining these desires will be welcomed by many.

A German gentleman, named Reuben Hoffenstein, has come about as near to the right method as any one we know.

"Herman," said Hoffenstein, as he glanced over a book in which he kept small accounts, "has dot shoemaker vot keeps de corner around baid vat he owes de sdore yet?"

"No, Misder Hoffenstein," replied the clerk, "but I think he vill. He vas a goot man if he vas poor."

"Dot may be so, Herman, but you had better vatch him. Don't let him haf noding more on gredit. You must always dink a man vas a rasgal until he bays vat he owes; if you don't, you vill lose money by dinking he vas goot. My g-racious, Herman, I have seen plenty uf poor men who vere goot. Dey vould get dings at my sdore on gredit, and spend dere cash mit some von else. Vatch de shoemaker, Herman, I haf been poor myself vonce."

"De shoemaker, Misder Hoffenstein," said the clerk, "vould haf baid before dis if he don't haf been so poor."

"But he don't got no piensness being dot vay," replied Hoffenstein. "A man vat vas poor, Herman, don't can blame no one but himself. Vy don't he get velty, like oder people? If a man vas sadisvied mit being poor, he don't be no 'count, you know. Ven I vas beddling, I vent to a velty merchant to get some goods on gredit. He don't

let me haf dem, und I doid him dat I vas honest if I vas a poor man. Vat you dink, Herman; he says, 'My frient, de lower regions vas so full uf beople in your fix dat dere legs vas sdicking de vindows out.'

"Dot exberience, Herman, learned me dot a poor man don't haf got invluence enough in dis vorld to make de dogs bark at him, und I vent to vork. Dree years after dot I haf a dry goods sdore, und vas de bresident uf a bolitical asso-ciation.

"My gr-r-acious, Herman, nefer vant to be a poor man! De only ding vot a poor man can get vas religion, und he wouldn't get dot if it cost anyding. Recgollect dot berse-verence in business vill make you velty, und dot if you vail in de righd vay dere vas money in it. Ven I vas keeping a redail sdore in de gountry, bisness got dull, und I vent to Simon Krausman, my vife's uncle, und I says, 'Simon, dink I vill vail, dere vas no money in de bisness any longer.' 'Reuben,' he says, 'de boys vas paying as high as dwendy cents, dis year, und I dink you better vait.' I dook his advice, Herman, und nexd, ven dey vas only baying den cents, I vailed, und made ober four dousand dollars. Shust dink uf it!

"Now dere vas Solomon Oppenheimer, who put a little sdore up away out in Arkansas, und de gountry for fideen miles around vas so poor dot all de fleas vent away. Vell, he put his sdore dere, und for seex years he vailed in pisness, und now Solomon owns a gouple uf brick sdores in Houston, Texas. He made all uf dot by his berseverance. Dink uf it, Herman, und vile you dink uf it, don't let de shoemaker ve vas dalking about get away midout baying vat he owes."

Some people take life very composedly, as the following domestic incident would indicate.

A few weeks after a late marriage the husband had some peculiar thoughts when putting on his last clean shirt, as he saw no appearance of a "washing."

He thereupon rose earlier than usual one morning, and kindled a fire. When putting on the kettle, he made a noise on purpose to arouse his easy wife. She immediately peeped over the blankets, and then exclaimed:

"My dear, what are you doing?"

He deliberately responded:

"I've put on my last clean shirt, and I'm going to wash one now for myself."

"Very well," replied Mrs. Easy, "you had better wash one for me too."

An artful negro named Sam Johnson was arraigned before the judicial authorities on a charge of burglary.

"If you wanted merely to examine the house with a view of purchasing it, why did you not ring the bell instead of climbing in through the back window?" said the judge. "I lacks de confidence in you, jedge! Dat's why I can't intrust you wid any of my bizness plans!" said Sam.

A story worth repeating comes from the *Detroit Free Press*: On the Bay City train the other day was a woman with a baby about eight months old, and in the next seat back was an old man who couldn't sit still until he had said:

"That's a baby you have there, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"About a year old, isn't he?"

"Mercy, no! He's hardly eight months old yet!"

"Isn't, eh? Well, I'm the father of nine children, but it's been so long since I've seen a baby that I've forgotten how they ought to look. Is he a girl?"

"No, sir; he's a boy."

"Just me, agin. I never can tell one from 'tother. Is he purty healthy?"

"Oh, yes."

"Squall much at nights?"

"Never squalls at all."

"Don't, eh? That's the kind of a young 'un I like to see around. My Samuel did nothing but howl for the first two years, Sarah was allus sick, Moses fell out of the cradle and broke his arm, and something or other allus ailed every one of the lot. Have you named this baby yet?"

"No, sir."

"Haven't, eh! Say?"

"Yes, sir."

"S'posed you call him arter me? My fust name is Jefferson, and they Jeff me for short. I've got two ten-dollar gold pieces here for him if you want to call him Jefferson."

"I'll do it!" promptly responded the woman.

"That's business. Here's the cash and the boy is named Jefferson, arter me. Lemmé kiss him about four times."

The baby was duly kissed and congratulated, and at the next station he left the train with his mother. The old man was tickled half to death over the matter, until the conductor came along and asked:

"Did you pay her anything to name that baby after you?"

"Yes—twenty dollars. He's a clipper, and don't you forget it."

"And so is his mother. She's down in the Detroit House of Correction, and the woman who had him takes care of him for two dollars a week!"

"N-o-a!"

"Fact."

The old man's jaw fell, his eyes remained fixed on the ceiling for a minute, and then he fell back in his seat with the exclamation:

"Chaw me! Everybody has called me a fool for the past twenty years, and now I know they were right! Conductor!"

"Yes."

"Please mop the floor with me and break my neck, and step on me a thousand times, and then throw the mangled wreck into some swamp, for I won't be no more good in this world!"

That we do not always mean what we say in anger is exemplified in the following: The landlord of a hotel at Nahant entered, in an angry mood, the sleeping apartment of a boarder, and said:

"Now, sir, I want you to pay your bill, and you must; I have asked for it often enough, and I tell you now that you don't leave my house till you pay it."

"Good," said the lodger, "just put that in writing—make a regular agreement of it—I'll stay with you as long as I live?"

The Collecting Mania.—It is astonishing to see how the collecting mania has pervaded all classes of society, even to the juveniles. On the recent day of prayer for the President's recovery, at the hour appointed for service in the churches, the pupils of a certain public school in a Western city were requested to study for a few moments a prayer which their teacher wrote upon the blackboard, and then at a given signal to rise and repeat it in concert. Upon the conclusion of this ceremonial, and while all was solemnity, a boy piped out:

"Miss C——, may I have a piece of paper and a pencil to copy that prayer?"

"Certainly," said his teacher, "but why do you want to copy it?"

"Because," said the boy, "it is the first time I ever prayed for a President, and I want to keep it."

That boy will be a first-class "collector" of something when he is grown.

Another Odd Prayer.—The amusing prayers in the last number of the MONTHLY reminded me of one I heard at a funeral last summer.

A minister who was not even the pastor of the deceased, only an acquaintance, had been invited, for some reason, to take part in the services. After praying for some time with great unction, and with an air of such deep distress as would certainly have led a stranger to suppose that he was himself one of the afflicted family, he finally reached the climax in this remarkable petition:

"O Lord, wipe the tears from our eyes *with thy tender kerchief!*"

A lady who was present rather irreverently remarked afterward, "that science had developed a great many things, but she never knew before that the Lord carried a pocket-handkerchief!"

H. G. F.

"King Solomon."—One of the eccentric characters connected with the early history of Lexington, Kentucky, was William Solomon, known familiarly as "King Solomon." He was born in Virginia, in 1775, and at what period he came to Lexington no one ever knew, as all who knew him there at all remembered him as one of the old familiar landmarks of the place. One of the kindest souls that ever lived, and quaint as he was kind, he seemed a part of the very town itself. He always boasted that he and "Henry," as he familiarly termed Henry Clay, had been boys together. He admitted, however, that "Henry" had risen somewhat higher in the world's regard than he had himself—he being a cellar-digger. He was one of the most incorruptible and Jackson-defying Whigs that ever lived, and clung to "Henry" through all his trials. One of the most independent voters in Fayette County, he was once approached by a candidate who gave him some money to go and vote. "King Solomon" pocketed the money and did go and vote, but against his benefactor. As we said, no one knew when he came to Lexington—he seemed to always have been here. Neither did any one ever see him in a new suit of clothes. His "rig," as he called his clothes, seemed always to have been old, and fitted him about as loosely as the hide on a rhinoceros,

while his old hat always had the same old mashed and battered look. He never washed his face, nor combed his hair, nor buttoned his shirt-collar, and when about "half-seas over," provided with the stump of a cigar,—he was never known to have a whole one,—smoking in peace on a rock-pile, he seemed supremely happy. With all these irregularities and eccentricities, "King Solomon" was as honest, upright, and industrious and, withal, had as big a heart in his breast as any man in Lexington or Fayette County, and in the dark, gloomy, and fearful days of 1833, when the cholera was thinning out the population, he dug many a grave after more boastful and better-dressed men had fled from the city.

How Solomon became a "king" is due to the following incident: One day, when scarcely "as sober as a judge," he was employed to trim a tree in the court-house yard. He climbed into the tree, and, putting himself astride of a large limb, commenced sawing upon it between where he sat and the tree. Falling into a meditative mood, he sawed away until the limb snapped off, hurling him suddenly, and somewhat short of breath, on the hard ground. The rare wisdom he displayed in sawing off the limb between himself and the tree obtained for him, without a dissenting voice, the title of "King Solomon," the wisest of earthly monarchs. While the good-natured old soul was in the zenith of his glory, an admirable portrait of him was painted by a first-class artist, Colonel Price, and copies of it now adorn many elegant homes in Lexington. He was induced to sit for it by being supplied with plenty of his daily beverage and the stump of a cigar to make himself pleasant on his favorite seat—a rock-pile. When the kind-hearted old fellow died (November 27, 1854), he was tenderly laid away to rest in Lexington's beautiful cemetery, and followed thence by a large number of sympathizing friends.

LA PARIERE.

"Well, Brown," said the second, "we have had some trouble to arrange about distance; but at length it is settled for twenty paces; both fire together, and the meeting is for to-morrow morning at nine o'clock."

"Pretty short notice."

"Have you any other objection?"

"I should just as soon have it at fifteen, or even ten paces."

"Well, I wanted to put you up at fifteen, but Allison's second would not agree to it, so I yielded the point."

"Ah! you yielded that point. I am fully determined, however, that they shall not have another point yielded."

"No one asks it."

"I am the offended party."

"Undoubtedly."

"And therefore have the choice of weapons. Well, I choose small swords."

"Small swords! Why, did you not just now consent to fight at twenty paces?"

"Yes; I am not the man to retire from an agreement which a friend has made in my name. I repeat that fifteen or even ten paces would have suited me just as well. But you have said twenty, and let it be twenty."

As Brown persisted in "maintaining his rights," the duel, of course, never took place.

POTTER'S AMERICAN MONTHLY.

VOL. XVII.

DECEMBER, 1881.

No. 120.

A FAMOUS OLD CHURCH.

By H. W. FRENCH.

CHRIST CHURCH, on Salem street, Boston, is the famous old North church of Paul Revere. It is the oldest ecclesiastical and, with the exception of the old State House, the oldest public building in the city. And now it is going to decay, they say, spiritually, bodily, and financially—those who are really more ready to have it die than live. They are not an unimportant element, these destructionists, in the great provincial city called the Hub, but are almost a physical necessity, to counterbalance that other persistent passion for the preservation of antiquities. Were it not for this contra mania, Boston of a century or more ago would long since have been pickled and laid upon the shelf, to remain just as it was, for centuries and centuries yet to come.

It is much the same feeling that a few years ago declared that the Old South must go. But while the Old South has indeed been dismantled till the bare shell and the angular spire are really all that remain,—that illustrious pile of brick for which the illustrious ladies of Boston are still vigorously fighting,—Christ church, though older by several years, has changed very little since the spirited communicants of '76 turned out their too Tory pastor and locked the church doors, suspending worship for the time in order to keep him out; since the British officers held that famous council of war under its shadow; since Lafayette stood before the altar, and the signal-lights shone in the belfry. The little colonial grass-plot is still green before it, and the famous colonial cemetery is on Copp's Hill, just beyond.

In fashionable carnivals of authors, sacred fairs, dignified mask balls, and various other solemn and gilt-edged entertainments, such as the exhibition of the divine discoveries of Edison, the friends o

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AMONG THE BELLS.

the Old South have struggled to redeem it from destruction; but in the act they have surely reft it of every vestige of sacerdotal dignity; while with the other the historic chime still cheers the heart, the historic organ still lifts the soul, the old chancel still echoes to the voice of prayer from the same altar, and still the belfry arch of the North church spire is a signal-light over a living and active house of God.

Chronic grumblers said that the Old South must go, because it stood too near the busy bustle

of the modern world. The North church they doom because it stands too far away from it. But what friends have so eagerly done for the Old South, circumstances are doing better for her elder sister. The class of residents has been perceptibly improving about the church that a

communicants. To-day there are over one hundred and twenty families in the parish and more than one hundred and sixty communicants. There have been one hundred and sixty-two confirmations during the eleven years' rectorship of the Rev. Dr. Burroughs. And as for the external church, with its solid old walls of colonial brick, two and a half feet thick, laid in that durable style called "English bond," with the north wall carefully protected by a clap-board sheathing, it is as young to-day as a century and a half ago.

The time to visit this ecclesiastical veteran is when it is completely caparisoned in its reliquæ and traditive habiliments and the altar is garnished with that famous service of plate that alone is worth a visit to Christ church to see.

The gray brick walls and the angular tower surmounted by its woodwork spire stretching one hundred feet upward will attract your attention long before you reach the spot. Unfortunately, the woodwork about the belfry tower is not the same as when Robert Newman held the lanterns as directed by Paul Revere, for in the terrific gale of 1804 the spire was blown down and went through the roof of a low house standing beside it. It is precisely the same in its model, however.

The doorway is not broad, for it was built in those days when narrow was the gate and straight the way that led to life. It was almost too narrow, indeed, to meet the demands of fashion in the period of immense hoop-skirts that has intervened between that time and this. A Boston wag, well-known in his day and generation, was sitting on the curb by the church, one Sunday morning, looking toward the old cemetery, and thinking, perhaps, of the rhyme of the sexton, when his eyes were directed to a lady who was evidently suffering a specific mental doubt as to her ability to enter the church.

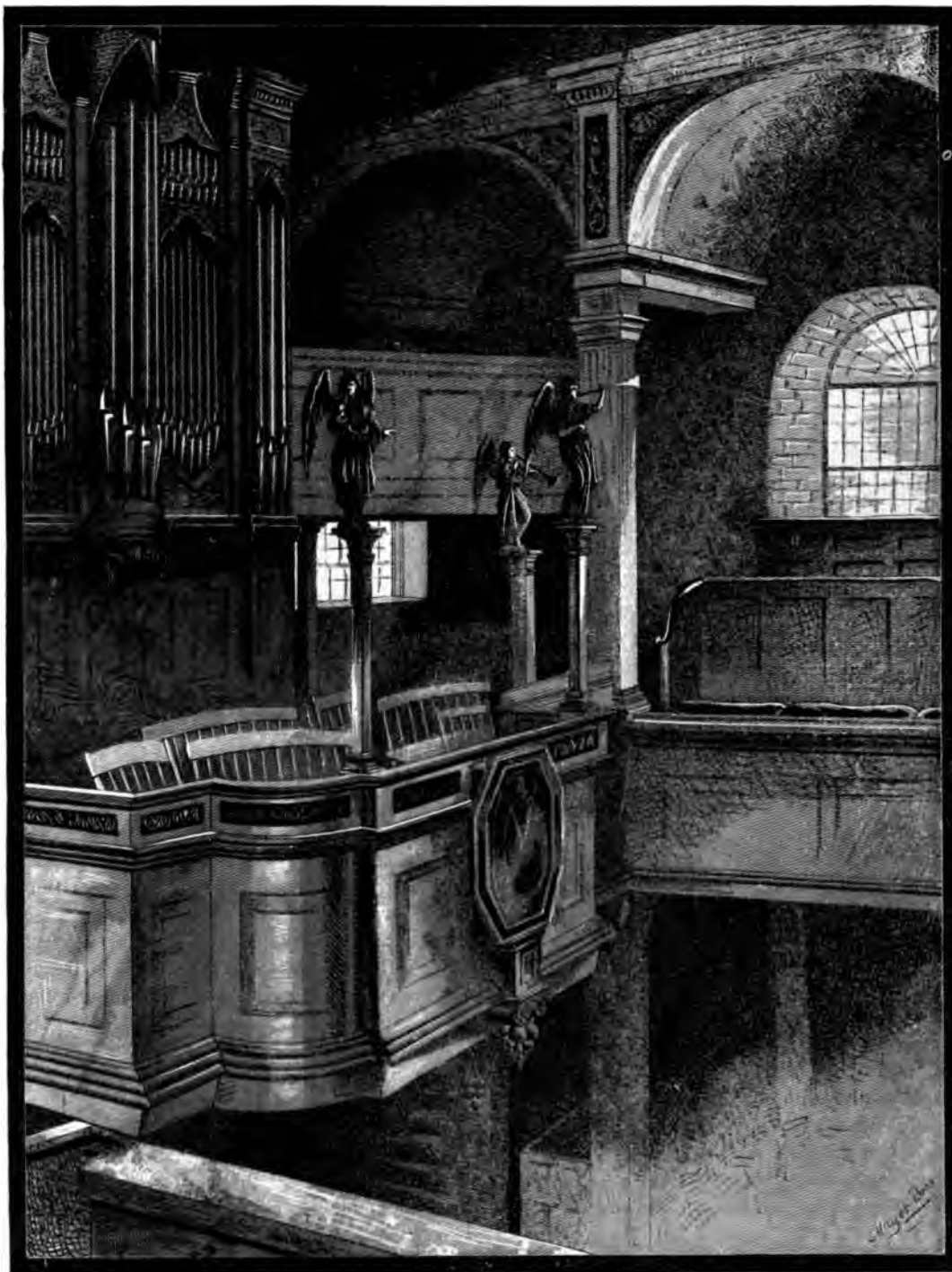
Thereupon he prepared a revised version of the old song, beginning—

"Nigh to a church, in her robes arrayed,
Stood a lady fair, and thus she said:
'Too bad! too bad! that I must wait
While they measure the breadth of this open gate.
Ah! 'tis only seven feet, six, I see!
Too narrow! too narrow, alas! for me.'"



THE COLONIAL BELL-RINGER.

few years ago had reached a very low standard, offering little support to the congregation, and making the ways of access exceedingly disagreeable. In 1874 the church had already begun its rejuvenation, and it was then announced with pride that the parish numbered one hundred families, and the church one hundred and twenty



INTERIOR OF CHRIST CHURCH.



NAVE AND ORGAN, AS DECORATED FOR APRIL 18, 1875.

On the modest arch above the door there is a simple tablet with the indication, "Christ Church. 1723." Many with noble names, burned as with fire into the history of our country,—many before and many since the beacon-lights went out,—have entered beneath that low arch.

Before you is the inner door to the church, and to the left a low door opening upon the stairway that leads to the belfry. Will you climb? The way up is very narrow but not very straight; the view from the upper balcony, however, commands the Charles River, Charlestown, Bunker Hill, Breed's Hill, and the Bunker Hill Monument, with all their historic surroundings. It was there that several of the British officers stood to watch the battle of Bunker Hill. And the old belfry too; you would miss much to go away without seeing that—the dusty, cobwebbed belfry, where the famous old chime hangs on the great wooden wheels. After the service, you will wish to wander through Copp's Hill Cemetery; every one who visits Christ church goes up there after service. Then you will hear the chime, and the tones will sound to you all the sweeter for having seen the cluster of British bells hanging in that merry, dusty contiguity.

The chime came from the far-famed foundry of

Abel Rudhall, in Gloucester, England; a gift to the church from friends in the Old World. It was hung in 1744. The composition of the bells is still the wonder of founders, and their clearness and power the admiration of all who hear them. The smallest is six hundred pounds in weight and the largest fifteen hundred and forty-five, and upon each bell there is a message of some sort, in the quaint old style of long ago. One of them says, "This peal of bells is the gift of a number of generous persons to Christ Church, in Boston, N. E., 1744, R.A." Another, "We are the first ring of bells ever cast for the British Empire in North America;" and another, "Since generosity has opened our mouths, our tongues shall sing aloud of his praise."

Belfry pigeons have made themselves at home in the old tower, and create strange noises moving among the rafters. If you visit the church as a stranger, you will doubtless first have drunken deep of that fountain of memories collected by the late Mr. Drake. Any one will tell you that you must read "Drake's Memories" before you know Boston; and you may shudder, as you pass through the low chamber intersected by its eight bell-ropes, that cut the air like threads of a spider's web, and find yourself creeping up into the dimness and dust of that belfry tower, recalling Drake's statement that a belief has been very popularly held that this chime you are approaching has the power of dispelling evil spirits! But Mr. Drake was mistaken in that statement, as also in the sentence which follows, in which he so eloquently asserts, "The same bells still hang in the belfry, but few have ever heard their caroling of a quiet Sabbath. There they still hang, voiceless and forgotten, waxing in years like the old church itself." The bells do carol on, notwithstanding, on Lord's Day and Christmas and New Year's, besides the other ordinary times of ringing.

It was only forty-six years before this church was founded that the first service was permitted in New England, after the recognized order of the Church of England. The first churchmen coming over from the Old World found that those brave pioneers who had fled from religious persecution and dictation to establish themselves with their

grand motto, "Freedom to worship God!" had passed a law making it a criminal offense to observe the English form, or own a Church of England book of prayer, and had even gone so far as to impose a fine of five shillings upon any one who should dare to recognize Christmas Day. Not till 1677, on receiving a second command from the king, did they cease to punish any minister convicted of "repeating written prayers." In 1689 a little wooden chapel was built on the site of the present King's chapel, and in 1722 there was such a demand for more room that the rector of King's chapel joined

heartily with his most influential church members to instigate a subscription for a new church to be built at the north end.

The Right Honorable Earl of Thanet headed the list with ninety pounds. His Excellency



THE NAPOLEON WILLOW, COPP'S HILL.



THE MATHER TOMB, COPP'S HILL.

Francis Nicholson, Governor of South Carolina, gave sixty-nine pounds, five cedar posts, and sixty-five planks, "freight free." In the list of subscribers there are also the names of the Hon. Lady Blackett, Peter Faneuil, Leonard Vassall, and several from Antigua and

Barbadoes. The entire collection amounted to two thousand one hundred and eighty-four pounds, and the pews sold for twelve hundred and thirty pounds.

On the fifteenth of April, 1723, the Rev. Samuel Miles, incumbent of King's chapel, officiated in laying the first stone, closing a most impressive ceremony with the words, "May the gates of hell never prevail against it!" On the twenty-ninth of December of the same year the church was opened, though not completed, and the Rev. Timothy Cutler, D.D., formerly President of Yale College, preached the first sermon of his long pastorate from the text (Isaiah lvi. 7), "For mine house shall be called a house of prayer for all people."

The little church is before you! A puritanic oblong, only seventy feet by fifty, and thirty feet high, surrounded on three sides by a broad gallery about twenty feet from the floor. It is altogether puritanic, but also so thoroughly English that there seems very good grounds for the assertion that it was modeled after designs by Sir Christopher Wren. It is but slightly changed from its appearance when first completed. Then there were three aisles and the pews were square; now there are but two and the pews are long. These pews were originally sold to the highest bidder, and all affairs that came before the church were settled by a vote of the pews. Only one vote was allowed to each, and no non-holder had a voice. In 1726 the vestry voted that a new pew be built on the north side of the altar for Mr. Miles, "he paying as much for said pew as any other person." Then they voted that a pew be built for the use of Captain Wells, "ranging with Captain Temple's," and a few years later a very large pew was constructed and handsomely lined, "being supplied with six prayer-books, for the use of the gentleman of Honduras who sent gifts of log-wood to the parish."

The pulpit then stood on the north side of the middle aisle, perched at a level with the gallery and balanced upon the same "Prince of Wales feathers" that now support it. But the feathers were then above the reading-desk, and the reading-desk itself above the desk of the clerk, who was a very important personage in those early days.

There were certified orders hung about the church to the effect that "no nails nor pinns be put in the pillars nor the front of the galleries with

a design to hang hatts on." An old fellow was paid three pounds a year to keep the boys in the gallery in order, and the vestry voted to impose a fine upon any member "who doth not appear within two hours after the time set for a meeting."

Above the illuminated text in the chancel, dimly seen beyond the shivering shadows that fill the nave, where the light falls softly down about the altar, one reads the dedication of a century and a half ago, "This is none other than the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven." Above this is a heavy drapery in dark oil colors, with the golden halo crowning the oval. Below it is the "descent of the Holy Spirit," the dove above three little cherubs with fat little faces and tiny little wings appearing in three little niches; the work of the artist Johnson. Below them is the conception of the Lord breaking the bread and blessing the wine, by Mr. Penniman. The face of the Saviour, while not so strong as some that have a much wider fame, is one of the most tender and loving in its delicate delineation, one of the sweetest to look upon and study for years, and one of the truest realizations of the ideal head that brush ever put upon canvas. Below this there are four oblong tablets illuminated in old text. The inner ones are comparatively modern, filling the place that was previously the door leading from the vestry to the pulpit; but the outer ones were originally placed there.

During the first years of its life, the church had but a single silver cup in its communion service. It is the smaller of the two chalices, upon which are the words, "The gift of Captain Thomas Tudor to Christ Church, in Boston, 1724." Then the gold and silver received at the regular collections were set aside for the purpose of increasing the plate, and after the offerings of Thanksgiving Day, November 13, 1729, had been added, the whole amount was melted down and cast into the two flagons marked "Belonging to Christ Church, Boston, New England, 1729." Every one of the many pieces of the present service bears an inscription and the donor's name. One of the two flagons, the large chalice, and the receiving-plate are of especial interest as "The gift of His Majesty, King George II., to Christ Church, at Boston, in New England, at the request of his Excellency Governor Belcher, 1733." In 1786 this entire service of plate was pledged for the debts of the church, but was fortunately redeemed without loss.

Besides the plate, King George II. presented to the church the large folio Bible and the two folio prayer-books, bound in Turkey leather, that are now in use, and "twelve other prayer-books bound in calf, with book-marks made of the ribbon worn by the Legion of Honor and decorated with gold fringe, an altar piece, cushions, carpets, damask, and two surplices of fine Holland."

The royal Bible and Turkey-covered prayer-books were consigned to a closet when party feeling rose too high for them, but later they were brought out again. The royal coats of arms and the objectionable parts in one of the prayer-books have been pasted over, while in the other the American form was printed in exact imitation of the rest of the book and inserted entire in the old covers. The Bible was printed in Oxford, in 1717, and is a remarkable specimen of typography and a most valuable collection of old engravings; while among bibliographers it is widely known as one of the famous "vinegar Bibles," on account of an error in the page-heading of the twentieth chapter of Luke, which reads, "The parables of the vinegar." There are red lines running perpendicularly through the centre of each page and horizontal lines beneath each page-heading in both Bible and prayer-book that are the work of pen and ink.

There is a little gallery clinging to the rear wall of the church, half-way up between the main gallery and the roof. You can hardly discover it even when you know that it is there. The only entrance is through a low door opening from the tower behind the organ, and there, upon narrow planks, so cramped that even the shortest legs could not have bent to them without difficulty, without any King George cushions or even unplanned boards for backs, the blacks and slaves of early days, and of not very long ago, were obliged to sit in humble and constant recognition of their innate and undoubted degradation, if they either desired or were obliged to worship the God of all in the church where the first signal-lights of freedom and liberty were hung.

To the right of the altar is a high and ungainly wooden fence shutting off the farther corner of the church, making an ugly little vestry under the

gallery. And there, looking down upon us from over the fence, we recognize the benign face of our father Washington. It is that famous marble bust—the first one that was made of Washington—that was cut from life by an Italian artist whose name has unfortunately perished before his fame. It was presented to the church by Shubael Bell, and was carried in state in the procession at the death of the first President. As a work of art, it may not be astonishing, but it certainly is not bad. It is strong and bold; full of character and energy. It looks like a leader, while it lacks



COMMUNION SERVICE ARRANGED ON THE ALTAR TABLE.

that sort of "cherry-tree" halo that modern artists insist upon throwing about the head of Washington, and the square rigid jaw that was so painfully exaggerated by a set of ill-fitting false teeth. There are any number of records and legends attesting to the accuracy of this likeness. When Lafayette first entered the church, he looked at it, and is said to have exclaimed, with tears in his eyes, "Why, there is my dear old friend!"

The organ was placed there in 1759, but, like the tree and truth, it has not even the general odor of mild decay. Through its first year of duty it was in the hands of a native of Boston, who was well educated in the profession, but who, for the sake

of the church, gave his services gratis. Every one was delighted with his skill, and, thus encouraged, he ventured to suggest a small salary for the second year. This so enraged the authorities of the church that with the customary gratitude they only waited till the first responsible man of the congregation sailed for the Old World, to instruct him to bring back with him an organist, "one who had some trade,—if possible a barber,—whom the congregation might improve in his occupation."

Arranged before this organ, upon little spinning pedestals, like overgrown muezzin on Mohammedan minarets, are four gaudy little angels. Drake calls them cherubim. They are certainly more like angels than mortals, at least, for they are neither male nor female figures. They are dressed in carved robes of many brilliant colors and are a little over two feet high, with chubby cheeks puffed out to their utmost capacity, and rosy lips pressed closely about the tips of long wooden trumpets. Their hair falls in luxurious masses over their shoulders, from which burst heavily-feathered pinions in such an unfortunate way as to leave no possibility for those little creatures to undress without first taking off their wings.

These angels were presented to the church by a certain Captain Grushea, who, in his privateer, the *Queen of Hungary*, amassed an immense fortune for those early days. He once came upon a Spanish vessel on board of which he found these figures on their way to a Catholic church in Canada; and because the booty was so large that he thought it proper to make some return to the gods who had favored his stealing, or, more probably, because there was no other way of disposing of this comparatively worthless part of his prize, he presented the figures to the church. Horrible things they are, and why they are kept there is one of Lord Dundreary's problems. Just at their feet a quaint old clock is hung in the front rail of the organ gallery.

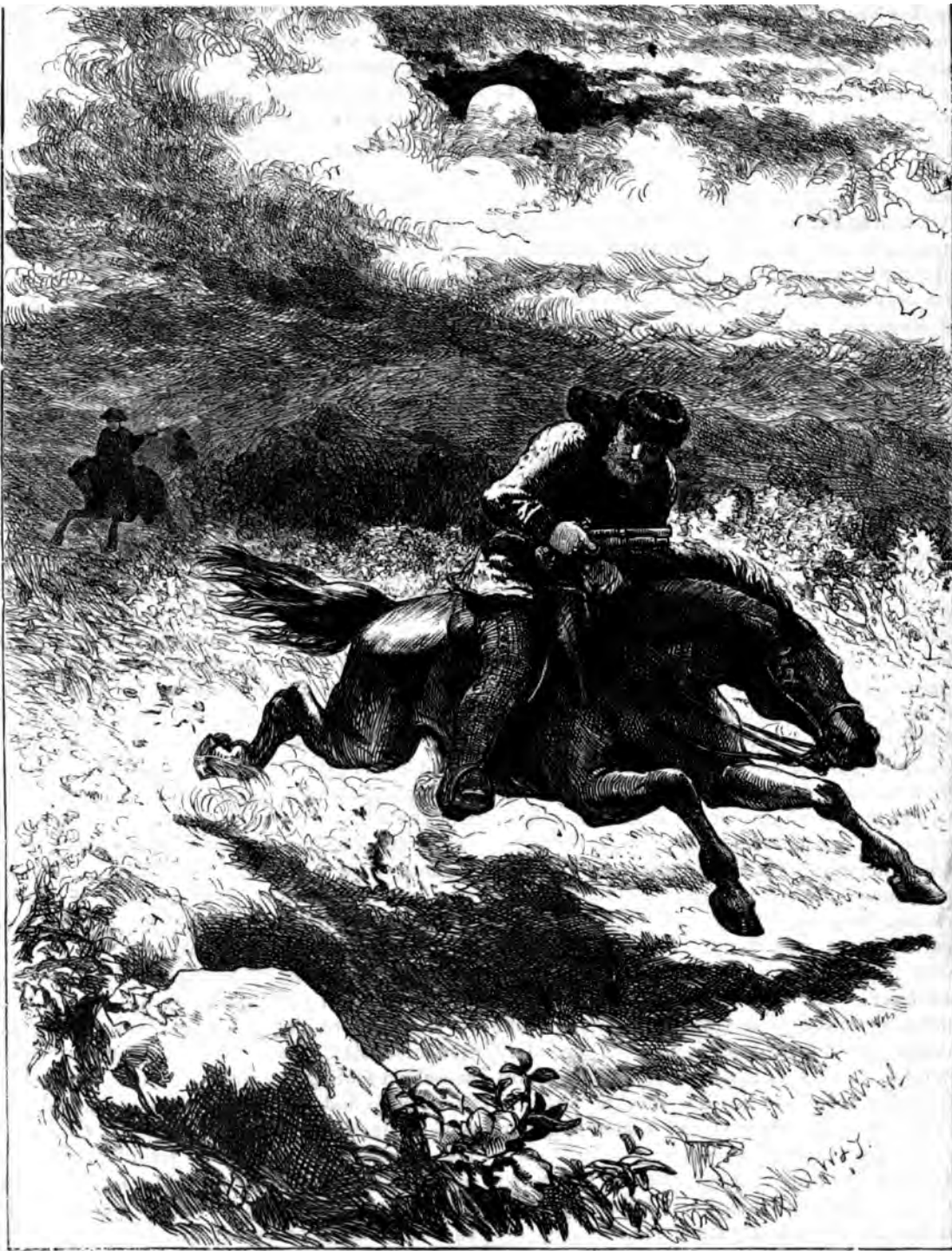
The ancient chandeliers hanging in the nave are another evidence of the munificence of Captain Grushea, and were taken while upon the same trip to Canadian Catholics. They are suspended from the roof in the good old-fashioned way; a triple tier of great brass balls and a double row of long branching arms supporting unlighted tapers, bidding defiance to dust and frowning upon the

puny little gas-jets by which they are now surrounded, while they remember in their uselessness how the water in the modern meter has sometimes run low, or ice formed in the supply-pipe, and they have been called out again for their unfailing light of other days.

But the Boston Protestants thought the polished brass of their Catholic brothers too bright and gaudy for their puritanic modesty, so they covered the chandeliers with a preparation that in color resembles the contents of an old snuff-box, intended to represent a fashionable bronze.

And now, if you will, the crypt. The entrance is through the Sunday-school-room, in the rear. As you pass through the chapel, you will notice upon the wall a copy of Hunt's "Light of the World," "with the glory-crowned hair," standing with the glimmering lantern in his hand, "knocking, knocking, ever knocking," by the high wall, at that gate that is "ivy-gnarled and weed-bejangled; dusty, rusty, and forgotten." A short time ago, an apparently well-educated gentleman, who was accompanying several ladies through the church, stopped before this picture, and in all good faith suggested that it must be a likeness of Paul Revere waking up Robert Newman, to have him go and display the lanterns in the tower.

Ugh! You shiver! Of course you do, as you look through the old iron gate down into the long galleries of tombs. There is a double bank in the centre and a line entirely surrounding it, with a narrow gallery running between. The shadows are denser than above, severed here and there by a narrow shaft of warm light in which the dust dances up and down as though it had never heard of such a thing as attraction and gravitation. And sometimes, all together, the little particles will rush away into the shadows and new ones come out of the shadows to take their place. You may think it a spirit passing down that way, and possibly you are right. There are thirty tombs filled full of coffins; that is all. There are large coffins and little ones, and all sorts and shapes of them. And they are piled in pell-mell upon each other till the vaults are nearly full. There are plain pine board coffins and faint imitations of rich and costly hard-woods; but while the pine boards that have been on duty for a century and a half are as sound as the day they were made into coffins, though every nail and screw has rusted out of them, the rose-wood and mahog-



THE PURSUIT OF PAUL REVERE.

any that have not been there for their first quarter century are already crumbling, and have no more fibre than chalk. As one follows the flicker of the light creeping into those ghostly tombs, he cannot help moralizing upon the vanity of vanities represented in rose-wood and mahogany when worked into coffins, and the honesty of plain wood boards with wooden pegs to join them.

Of course, the Rev. Timothy Cutler was buried here, and there is a strangers' vault in one corner, and a carnal vault outside the regular line. Bodies were only allowed to lie for a specified time in the strangers' vault, and then the coffins were broken up and thrown as unrecognized into the carnal vault, there to wait till "a mightier voice than that sexton's old" should "gather them in."

Among the noted names of those that have slept in this crypt is Major Pitcairn, a corpulent man, whose remains were laid away here after his fierce struggle and fiercer oaths against the "d——d Yankees" of the Revolutionary War. At almost the same time the body of one Lieutenant Shea, a very similarly corpulent man, who died of brain fever, was left in the same tomb. Shortly after the war, the friends of Major Pitcairn in England sent for his body to establish it more gloriously in a vault in Westminster. But during that very troublous period, while the old sexton's work had been driving, he had failed to keep so perfect a record as would have been well, and found himself at a loss as to which was which of the two large coffins. It mattered little. He sent on one of them to England. He alone knew of the uncertainty, and hence he alone fully appreciated the force of it when the report came back from England concerning a curious appearance about the head of the body that had been placed in Westminster, indicative, perhaps, of brain-fever. But murder will out; the sexton's secret came to the knowledge of a few friends, and by them was handed down as a sort of legendary wonder as to whether the body of Major Pitcairn had really been sent to England, or was still quietly resting in the dusty and almost forgotten crypt of Christ church, in Boston.

In 1823 the body of a Mr. Thomas was taken out of a tomb where it had lain for eighty years, and found to be perfectly mummied.

On the 18th of April, 1875; the church was elaborately decorated, and the lanterns were again hung in the belfry tower. This anniversary not

only set in motion a host of new deeds and wonders, but it also some unheard-of contradictions.

It was during this celebration was proposed that now appears tower with the inscription :

"THE SIGNAL-LANTERNS OF
DISPLAYED FROM THE STEEPLE
APRIL 18th, 17
WARNED THE COUNTRY OF
OF THE BRITISH T
TO LEXINGTON AND C

But such was the force of that were raised, that it was not to a day, later, that the tablet. It was declared that the glory not due to Paul Revere; that Newman who held them, and the spire of Christ church at displayed. The community analyzed by these startling charges that had never been doubted even though there were many acquainted with the principal actors in the story over and over again and had never heard any other time, seemed to have taken a new turn. And the more the believers looked the more tangled they became almost all of them had grown into certain versions—Henry W. instance—that when they found it was certainly radically wrong, tempted to agree in doubting their own senses and memories.

One of the most unaccountable whole course of the dispute was as Richard Frothingham should lead in doubting, founding his case on so weak a footing as a little memorandum to find which was with professedly written from memory the occurrence of the events. memorandum, the writer, Richard it appear that he, and not Paul and took charge of the signal. Paul Revere to give the warning the alarm through every Middle farm." Some of Mr. Frothingham

ever, when they saw how thoroughly worsted he was in the end, claimed for him that he himself had not believed what he had said, but, seeing that at some time or other the question would surely come up, he thought it wise that it should be thoroughly sifted while the living proof was at hand to set the matter once and forever upon an established and recognized basis.

The statement of the memorandum was as follows:

" . . . I soon received intelligence that the enemy were all in motion, etc. Soon afterward the signal agreed upon was given: This was a lanthorn hung out in the upper window of the tower of the N. ch. towards Charlestown. . . . I kept watch at the ferry to watch for boats 'till about eleven o'clock, when Paul Revere came over and informed me that the T. were actually in the boats. I then took horse from Mr. Larkin's barn and sent him. . . . I procured horse and sent off P. Revere to give intelligence at Menotomy and Lexington. He was taken by British officers before mentioned, before he got to Lexington, and retained 'till near day."

With abundant other proof testifying to the error of this statement, Paul Revere's own account of the matter is still in existence, published in popular form in 1793, while all of the principal actors were still living to read it, and object if it were the glaring lie that it must have been to admit of Richard Devens's story being strictly true. Paul Revere says, "They landed me on the Charlestown side. When I got to town, I met Colonel Conant and others; they said they had seen our signals. I told them what was acting and went to get me a horse. I got a horse of Deacon Larkin." He then says that while he went to get the horse, messengers carried the news to Mr. Devens, who is here for the first time mentioned in the narrative of Paul Revere. "Richard

Devens came to me and told me that he came down the road from Lexington that evening after sundown, that he met ten British officers, all well mounted and armed, going up the road." He adds that after leaving Lexington, having there given the warning, he was met and stopped by the British officers.

All of this, however, works sad havoc with



THE COLONIAL CEMETERY, COPP'S HILL.

Longfellow's poetic dream; for it was doubtless Paul Revere himself who discovered the intention in the British to march, and who directed his intimate friend, Robert Newman, to hold the lanterns before he started to cross the river, in order that if he were prevented by capture or accident from gaining the other shore, Colonel Conant and others upon the Charlestown side might be able to take the matter in hand and carry on the work. Nor was it "in the belfry tower of the *Old North church*," as will appear later. Nor



THE CLARK TOMB.

was it "two by the village clock when he came to the bridge by Concord town," for he was taken prisoner by some British officers just after leaving Lexington; and it was Dr. Prescott, when returning to his home in Concord, from a rather late call upon his lady-love in Lexington, who witnessed the arrest and carried on the news.

The next contradiction came in the form of an address made at a later centennial celebration at Christ church by the Rev. John Lee Watson, of New Jersey, and a pamphlet which he published to the same end, in 1876, claiming that it was a relative of his, and not Robert Newman, the sexton, who held the lanterns in the belfry tower. The pamphlet was entitled "The True Story of the Signal Lanterns," but was so full of internal error that no close observer of facts gave it credence, and after a temporary and only partial withdrawal the laurels were again placed on the head of Robert Newman, where they undoubtedly belonged.

While these matters were under consideration, the statement that it was not Christ church at all where the lanterns were shown came up for discussion. To accept it they would be obliged to

set down Paul Revere as a fool, though he was one of the most prominent of those famous "North-end mechanics," by profession a gold-beater, an engraver upon copper of considerable skill, one of the movers of the great tea-party, a lieutenant-colonel in the militia, the founder of the first colonial powder-mill, the establisher of the first cannon-ball foundry, and proprietor of the Canton works in copper bolts and bars, as well as the first president of the Mechanics' Charitable Association, in which capacity he made the published statement referred to—by no means the record of a fool.

Another objection against Christ church was, that, being Episcopalian, it would doubtless be too thoroughly English to admit of such treason. But upon that very day the rector was expelled from the church, after an exciting demonstration, as being altogether too severe a Tory to meet the notions of the free-thinking congregation, and the keys had been given to Robert Newman, the sexton, with instructions to lock

up the church and keep it locked till the war was over.

At last the matter was once more settled, and the original trinity, Newman, Revere, and the North church, more strongly believed in than ever.

Christ church also successfully claims the distinction of having organized the first Sunday-school in America, though Drake and some other writers state to the contrary; and a neighboring church has innocently held it for many years, until at last, by its own records, it has been found that its Sunday-school was organized by several teachers and scholars who came over from the Christ church Sunday-school. Among the successful scholars of this first Sunday-school under the superintendency of Dr. Eaton were Dr. Edson and Dr. Price, of New York, and the late Dr. B. C. Cutler, with many others.

Not far from the door of the church is the famous Copp's Hill Cemetery. It is a lovely oasis, amid the surrounding dust and decay. It was in the corner of this cemetery that the British battery stood that set fire to Charlestown, over the river. From here Burgoyne and Clinton watched the battle and the conflagration. Just beside the

grounds, at the surrender of Quebec, forty-five tar barrels, two cords of wood, fifty pounds of powder, and several other appropriate combustibles were burned in celebration. Originally, there were four independent burial-grounds in this one, and, coming together, there was left in the very centre a bit of land a rod square that was owned by none of them; and to this day it remains an unencumbered piece of property. It was bought when half the cemetery was a pasture, by the famous ship-builder, Joshua Gee, to accommodate his nervous and somewhat aristocratic wife, who loved quiet, and something a little out of the common rabble and round of the world. For the sum of thirty-two shillings Samuel Sewall and his wife Hannah gave to Joshua Gee a free and independent title to one square rod of their pasture, adjoining the cemetery. Joshua secured a perpetual right of way to it through the existing burial-ground, and when his wife died he laid her body there. As the village on the hill grew and increased in size, the Gee square rod became, as it now is, the very centre of the town of tombs. Poor Mrs. Gee had lost her quiet suburban resting-place, and her demonstrative nerves are now subjected to the constant rumble and roar of the veriest city life. The little lot still remains in the family, and the very next heir could erect an ice-cream saloon upon it if he should chance to choose, or indeed it may yet be sold in some bankrupt estate between the block and the hammer.

At a little distance there is another lot, containing a green mound of earth that covers an unlettered tomb, where the true, good-hearted Calvinists and Puritans buried all their babies indiscriminately, if the little ones were so unfortunate as to die without the rights of baptism, and thus become doomed to the eternal tortures of the damned.

There is a slab in the cemetery of most interesting design and extraordinary workmanship, dated 1625, sacred to the memory of Grace Berry, said to have died at Plymouth, May 17th, and have been removed to Copp's Hill in 1659, the year that the cemetery was opened. There is a disagreement about the latter, however, and a claim that the date has been changed, by manipulation, from 1695. But there are arguments upon both sides

of the question, leaving it still very possible that this is the oldest tombstone in America. This stone, being a prominent one, made a good target for the British soldiers to practice upon when off duty, and the bullet-marks still remain.

A plain brick vault with a rough stone slab marks the tomb of the three Doctors Mather, Increase, Cotton, and Samuel, and at a little distance the willow is still weeping that was brought as a slip from the grave of Napoleon, at St. Helena, by Captain Joseph Leonard.

In a low stone slab there is a curious reminder of the fate that befell Captain Thomas Lake, who was "riddled with bullets by the Maine Indians." When his body was found and brought back to Boston, the bullets were taken out, and, being melted, were poured into a deep slit that was cut in the tombstone.

The boys of the neighborhood have made many raids upon the relic, and with knives and little swords have taken out and carried off most of the lead, but they have not yet succeeded in carrying away the slit itself, which now is filled with fine gravel. About a slab that is sacred to the memory of Betsey, wife of the grave-digger David Darling, there is an old mortality romance: a quaint request made by the bereaved husband is engraved upon the wife's tombstone. But when the time came to cover up the old grave-digger's ashes no one remembered it, and Darling's mortal coil was left in an out-of-the-way corner.



THE OLDEST TOMBSTONE IN AMERICA.

A most outrageous vandalism has been more common than desirable in times past in this old cemetery. The slab over the Hutchinson tomb, for instance, bearing the quaint and famous coat of arms, in a finely executed *bas-relief*, has had the scroll entirely chiseled off that bore the name of the illustrious family, and that of Lewis cut deeper down. Upon another fine specimen of carving, upon the tomb of William Clark, there is the inscription:

"An eminent merchant of this town, and an honorable councillor for the province, who distinguished himself as an affectionate and faithful friend; a fair and generous trader; loyal to his prince, yet always zealous for the freedom of his country, a despiser of sorry persons and little actions, an enemy to priest-craft and enthusiasm; ready to believe and help the wretched; a lover of good men of various denominations, and a reverent worshiper of the Deity."

But there was once one Samuel Windsor, an undertaker, and sexton of Dr. Neal's church, who by some means obtained possession of the tomb, and, with a forethought that was wonderful and a self-esteem that was little less, had his own name cut in bolder characters beside the epitaph. Then he cleared away the bones and ashes that were lying there, and, having the tomb swept and garnished, he rented it to temporary occupants until he himself was reduced to the need of such a home. There his body was laid away and the door was sealed.

In the southwest angle of the ground is the mariners' lot, and the monument which was bought and erected from contributions of sailors under the direction of the Rev. Phineas Stowe.

Many of the names and graves and epitaphs are exceedingly interesting. You will note them all as you wander through the winding ways, under the delightfully cool shelter of the dense young shade-trees, surrounded by the old streets where the grass grows between the paving-stones in mid-summer, and feel the cool breeze that now and then sways the tender branches as it wanders up from the dark water that you catch glimpses of occasionally, and listen to the chiming of the bells that rang for the Revolutionary victories. Involuntarily you will recall that quaint story by Cooper, and imagine that from one of those cable windows you hear the grumbling of poor Job, or yonder the warnings of Polwarth, or from that narrow alley the curses and the blessings of Abigail over her idiot boy, and breathing in the very air and in all the quaint surroundings some memory of Lionel Lincoln. But, whatever you may miss, or whatever else you may forget, do not pass unheeded the grave of "James Seward, grandson of James and Catherine Seward,"—a poor boy who doubtless never had any parents,— "who died Sep. 27, 1792, aged six months." To the everlasting glory of this baby boy it is written, "He bore a lingering sickness with patience, and met the king of terrors with a smile."

AUTUMNAL PICTURES.

BY GEORGE BANCROFT GRIFFITH.

WHAT floral pomp crowns now the year,
How rich the harvest's queenly dower!
Grand scenes now glow and disappear;
The cloud, the mist, the tinted flower.
The eye unsated loves to view
The trembling leaves whose bright hues mingle
In rich perfection; skies so blue,
And e'en the great pine standing single,
Whose antlered crest, now dry and dead,
O'er rustling wood is widely spread!

How shines the ivy's oriflamme,
The sumach all its glory spilling;
The maple o'er the rural dam,
Where gay love-bird sits sweetly trilling!
A burning bush yon bunch of furze,

And e'en like gold shines farm-yard litter;
Where the ruffled grouse for safety whirrs,
Vines closely wreathed like rubies glitter!
Elusive glories though they be,
How much they tell, how fair to see!

The sprouting seed, Spring's tender bud,
The sun-lit, 'broidered, happy meadow;
The hills that varied glories flood,—
Now rosy-red, now wrapped in shadow,—
All, all God's wondrous skill display,
His boundless love, strength, wisdom, power;
Though on the leaves we see to-day
Time sadly writes of Life's brief hour,
The sun's own pencil brings to view
The path that angel feet pursue!

THE AUTHOR OF "BITTER SWEET."

By A. J. H. DUGANNE.

ARE we edified, in our day, with witness of royal courts to the worth of an American President? Are we sweetened by fragrance of flowers from England's queen, to be laid upon his bier? Yet it is within our memory that a leading British "quarterly" gave currency to that flippant question, "Who reads an American book?"

Let the "inexorable logic of events" suffice to reconcile Past with Present. I lay my finger upon words of an American statesman, Roscoe Conkling, yet fresh from his pen and sagely instructive:

"Time, over the uproar of an hour, is arbiter in all things!"

Book for book, writer for writer, what measurement may unmatch American literary stature, since Irving and Cooper cast gage into listed fields where waved on high resplendent banners of "Ivanhoe" and "Childe Harold?" Mottled have been those fields with other pennons since; pennons of knights and squires, from poet-laureate Southey to poet-laureate Tennyson. Pursuivants of James, gentlemen of Bulwer, sea-boys of Maryatt, nondescripts of Disraeli, with unnumbered Anglo-Saxon men-at-arms, giants grotesque, and dwarfs arabesque, have trod their turf, and our American men and manikins, of story and song, have kept pace with as much easy rivalry as our architects display in adapting satyrs and gargoyles of English abbey-piles, to join in marble and brown stone on Madison avenue house-fronts.

But if steel pen shimmer or glimmer in hand of giant or dwarf at British barriers, straightway an answering steel-point shall be leveled in American land; and if a British lance of unusual sheen and

sharpness tower above others, we may be sure of its thrust meeting thrust from behind an American shield.

Confronting all array of transatlantic English speech, we answer tongue with tongue, and challenge with challenge. If we tarry yet for an American Dickens, may we tarry long, likewise, for such sombre materials of letters and art as "Boz" made pictures in his books, and Hogarth made sad histories in his pictures. And if we exalt Milton and Shakspeare in our New World Valhalla, it is not that we reserve not room for shrines to some Milton and Shakspeare yet to sing under our skies, but that—awaiting their advent—we have room for all sweet intellects, whether British or American airs first kissed their lips and stirred their heart-fires.

And in retrospect of those dim years before steam and caloric wove webs of human thoughts with warp and woof of international merchandry, while electric telegraphs were yet to thread, with filaments of fire, new tissues of enlightened souls on either shore of the Atlantic, we may pleasantly recall that supercilious question of a British reviewer,— "Who reads an American book?"—and we may remember it fitly, in commenting upon a literary life so salient in good work, well done, as that of Josiah Gilbert Holland, lately called from record unto recompense.

A busy life, in busiest of vocations, editorial work! Yet, with time to write a score of books for bookshelves of lofty and lowly; cherished because they rehearse those "simple annals of the poor" he loved to dwell upon; but more because



DR. JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND.

they reflect experiences, trials, joys, and griefs, doubts and fears, hopes and aspirations, common to all lives; human lives rehearsed by him to modulate their harsh dissonances into harmonies of Christian philosophy, to revolve their jagged edges and sharp-set angles, until, under kaleidoscopic lights of thought, they present symmetric shapes and hues of beauty.

This Massachusetts boy, moistening Poverty's bread with waters of that green Connecticut River valley which in future years was to glow under his influence, from Hampshire hill-tops to silver sands of Long Island Sound; his boyhood stressed with "*res angristi domi*," lamented by Roman bard, but never deplored by our son of New England sires; this youth, attending his mechanic father in journeyings from town to town, seeking work and wages; his summers roughened by toughening toil in field or factory, his winters melted into summer weather under roof-tree of some "district school," *Alma Mater* of worthiest American manhood. What record is peculiar to this young man's career which is not likewise lined upon the lives of other American citizens, whose mentalities—quicken by wintry winds that feed all quickest fires with electric super-heat—expand their faculties and aspirations into motive power, uplifting them from penury to potency—out of pent-house of logs to pentastyle of marble—gateway through which Lincoln and Garfield passed from human honors unto apotheosis of History?

Such lives erect and establish nationalities. Puerile was that boast, whether of Pericles or Augustus, that he found a city of clay and left a city of marble! Better if every domicile were a mud-hovel, and at its door a *man*, whose house of human clay contained a manly soul! It is our American republic's history, thus far, that her log-huts and "red school-houses" have given egress unto workfields of men, high-minded men, whereof material comes which "constitutes a State!" And it is our American work to transmute these clay-hovels, from which genius struggles outward and upward, into mansions of marble, through motions of human lives consorting with nature's movements; activities of manhood, forever developing inner worth under hard and unpromising outer shells; fruit and milk in husk of cocoa-nut—symmetric core within rugged shard of geode.

Out of his harsh but happy associations of youth

the boy emerged upon manhood, self-reliant, self-assertive, to make his way among men, while ever mindful of home ways in that home he left, tenderly pictured in his "Gold Foil":

"A home among the mountains, humble and homely, but priceless in its associations. The waterfall sings again in my ears, as it used to sing, through the dreamy, mysterious nights. The rose at the gate, the patch of tanzy under the window, the neighboring orchards, the old elm, the grand machinery of storms and showers, the little smithy under the hill that flamed with strange light through the dull winter evenings, the wood-pile at the door, the ghostly white birches on the hill, and the dim, blue haze upon the retiring mountains—all there comes back to me with an appeal which touches my heart and moistens my eyes."

And the human life of that home!—in its harmony with nature!—what need for "ministries of evil" to mould its inmates into harmony with Him who looked on nature, created by his word, and "saw that it was good!"

"The hour of evening has come, the lamps are lighted, and a good man, in middle life,—though very old he seems to me,—takes down the well-worn Bible, and reads a chapter from its hallowed pages. A sweet woman sits at his side, with my sleepy head upon her knee, and brothers and sisters are grouped reverently around. I do not understand the words, but I have been told that they are the words of God, and *I believe it!* The long chapter ends, and then we all kneel down, and the good man prays. I fall asleep, with my head in the chair, and the next morning remember nothing of the way in which I went to bed. After breakfast, the Bible is taken down, and the good man prays again; and again and again is the worship repeated, through all the days of many golden years!"

New England ancestry, through two centuries, and the character of his father, pictured in his typical poem of "Daniel Gray," were influential, doubtless, on our author's mind, to make it "racy of the soil;" so that his nature, harmonizing with belongings of New England, made him an exponent of its social life and a sharer of its sympathies. In his novel of "Arthur Bonnicastle" he reveals not only the domestic features of a single family, like his own, but admits his readers into the interiors of households peculiarly American, in primitive Americanism of Massachusetts and

Connecticut patterns; such as Berkshire County, amid mountain airs, kept sacred fifty years ago, when post-coaches were the only means of public travel between South Hadley and Worcester, and a lumbering wagon, dragged heavily through pass-ways of Mount Tom and Mount Holyoke, brought wares to Berkshire hamlets from Worcester and Providence railroads.

This primitive Americanism overflows in Dr. Holland's books, one open secret of their popularity; and the innovations of present years upon old-time habitudes are shadowed in "Miss Gilbert's Career," a story that recalls, with its vivid limnings, some of George Eliot's portrayals in "Adam Bede."

From "district schools" to "High School" at Northampton, working, season by season, as a writing-master, or a teacher in schools where he had conned "first lessons," until study left him to lingering sickness, and from medical care, thence, he became a medical student, and graduated as "M.D.;" thereafter three years of practice with impecunious patients and poetry-writing for non-paying newspapers, until pitying friends predicted that Josiah Holland would never get rich; until, to contradict such friends, he "started a newspaper" himself, the "*Bay State Courier*," and wrote its epitaph six months afterward.

With a young wife then, and his energies aroused, he accepted an offer of employment "down South," as assistant teacher of a school at Richmond, Va., removing therefrom to Vicksburg, Miss.; "much to my surprise," he averred, "elected superintendent of Vicksburg public schools." Twelve months sufficed to gather the children of a city into a single building under his rule. King Solomon's rod his sceptre, which he wielded so impartially that, in after-years, when our civil war came, he was wont to say jocosely, that he had whipped more rebels than any other man in America.

From Southern official station, Dr. Holland returned to his native State; leaving Vicksburg, and arriving at Springfield in March, 1850; and I extract from the *Paper World* for March—thirty years afterward—a paragraph recalling his immediate "home" experience:

"As he was riding past the *Republican* office, on his way home, he saw the late Mr. Samuel Bowles standing in the door-way, and he said to himself, 'There is the place I want!'" Mr.

Bowles afterward said that he then remarked to himself, 'There is the man I want!' The day before Dr. Holland's arrival, young Samuel H. Davis, of Westfield, assistant editor of the *Republican*, was buried. The place was vacant, and here was the man to fill it. The negotiations were not long, and in the course of a couple of weeks the doctor took young Davis's position, and began his literary career; for from this point his fortunes began to grow. His first year's pay amounted to four hundred and eighty dollars. His second year's pay was seven hundred dollars. At the end of the second year, having become discontented, he proposed to leave the office. This drew from Mr. Bowles the offer of a partnership, and a quarter of the establishment was sold to him for thirty-five hundred dollars, or for his notes given to that amount. He remained for four years in active employment, reporting cattle-shows, public meetings, incidents of the street, writing editorials; and two men did the work of five."

His prolific pen imparted new interest to an old-time paper. His "Max Mannering" papers began a series of didactic essays, written with an eye to future book-making; but it was not till journalistic drudgery could be lightened by help of other laborers, warranted by increasing prosperity of the *Republican*, that he found leisure to write "The History of Western Massachusetts," enlarged from his journalistic ledgers relating to Berkshire County and printed in 1855, and his first novel, "The Bay Path," followed by "Letters to the Young," under *nom de plume* of "Timothy Titcomb."

"Bitter Sweet" waited for publication until 1858; but it did not wait for readers. "Timothy Titcomb's" letters had ushered the poet's way to sixty thousand book-buyers, and his ethic teachings in verse compassed a sale of seventy thousand copies before demand slackened; while the hearts of a hundred thousand readers responded to the love and piety of "Kathrina," his reset poem, portraying the trials and triumph of a Christian woman.

Meanwhile, the Springfield *Republican* had flourished; enhanced from a valuation of fourteen thousand dollars, when Dr. Holland purchased a quarter of it, to an estimate of two hundred thousand dollars, when he sold his share, seventeen years after purchase.

Assuredly, the doctor's career, as editor and author, was an effective response to that query, "Who reads an American book?" as well as to the ever-recurring question, "Who can read all these American journals and magazines?" And as a lecturer, likewise, Dr. Holland was eminently successful, contracting from seventy to ninety engagements each season.

Two years of travel in foreign lands inclined our author, a twelvemonth since, to contemplate retirement, for enjoyment of his elegant home, "Brightwood," in Springfield, Mass., and his summer residence, "Bonnicastle," built on an island he bought among the "Thousand Islands" of our St. Lawrence River. But at this juncture an engagement with his publisher, Mr. Charles Scribner, resulted in his editorship, during ten years, of Scribner's Magazine, in which he held a property interest, until it became the Century Magazine, which he conducted until he died, an editor to the last; his "Topics of the Time" esteemed as a magazine feature peculiarly his own and affording wide scope to his varied pen.

Is there more to write concerning this representative American author? To enumerate the volumes of that series of works, in prose and verse, which, from "Plain Folks on Familiar Subjects" to "Topics of the Time," grew up under editorial labors to become a library of moral, social, political, religious, and æsthetic instruction, and to compare his "Mistress of the Manse" and "Marble Prophecy" with kindred revelations of poetic nature, past or present, what is to be sought by such reviewal but an arbitrary place for Dr. Holland among authors? And what place? His merits mate him no less with English bards he held highest, like Wordsworth and Montgomery, than his prose works, as social pictures and moral essays, assimilate his powers to Beattie (poet, like himself) and Jonathan Dymond, accepted as a standard moralist. I think the verdict of our generation may index the position his writings will keep in future years of our literature. If Wordsworth and Montgomery be read by their national posterity, and the quaint numbers of Quarles and Herbert awaken fervent feeling in centuries following their life-time, there will be editions of Timothy Titcomb's "Letters and Lessons," and reprints of "Nicholas Minturn" and the "Story of Seven Oaks," and re-issues of "Garnered Sheaves," while American libraries contain "British Poets,"

and through coming centuries Walter Scott and Thomas Campbell shall be dog-eared by fingers which sever uncut magazine pages, to open them upon notices of Longfellow and Whittier, in *de luxe* covers of "blue and gold."

Capstone may never be lifted, nor keystone raised, to Literature's expanding arch. For the edifice of human mind is eternal; quarries of nature, yielding stones for it, are inexhaustible; and no ashlar, rough or hewn, shall lack its place in ascending walls.

Yet there are stones hewn out, in Dr. Holland's work, which may be used to strengthen an altar of infidelity to the faith he taught and the truth he worshiped. "Bitter Sweet" is a poem of dialectic power—reminding us of those brilliant but evanescent metrical essays on theologic points, Alexander Smith's "Drama of Life" and Bailey's "Festus"—both for dramatic interest and array of imagery to validate an author's argument. But the argument of "Bitter Sweet" advances an old Neo-Platonic proposition—that God instituted evil. And sequences of chosen words, apparently logical, reiterate this proposition, which Augustine found too difficult to grapple with, and which to Leibnitz was more complicated than the differential calculus he disputed over with Newton; that God created sin, and ordained misery, as agencies of temptation, to be overcome by fractions of mankind, in order that Divine Mercy might bring them to repentance and salvation. Such an assumption jars a melodious discourse on Love and Light, like "Bitter Sweet": always sweet in its Christian exhortings; bitter only in this effort to reconcile light and love with darkness and hatred. Zoroaster imagined an "evil principle," the antagonism of Deity, to his "good principle." But Dr. Holland's idea is to accept sin in the world, with its concomitant, misery, as instrumentalities ordained by God as means of grace. And when a repentant sinner dies, at the close of "Bitter Sweet," our Christian poet calls upon surviving friends to unite in prayer, and

"Breathe blessings upon evil, and give thanks
For knowledge of its sacred ministries!"

And the whole poem is a plea for recognition of a decreed and righteous subsistence of evil in human life; an assertion that

"Evil is not a mystery, but a means,

Selected from the Infinite Resource,
To make the most of me!"

Shelley's genius was deplored as wickedness,
because he said that Jehovah

"Planted the tree of knowledge, so that man
Might eat of it—and perish——"

Yet Dr. Holland's "poet David" affirms that

"The great Salvation, wrought by Jesus Christ,—
That sank an Adam to reveal a God,—
Had never come but at the call of Sin!"

And he exclaims:

"I am ashamed that, in this Christian age,
The pious throng still hug their fallacy,
That this dear world of ours was not ordained
The theatre of evil!"

But it is not my province, as a layman, to cultivate matters pertaining to the office of religious teachers in our pulpits, who have never seen fit to arraign Dr. Holland's theology; and I prefer to share with him his unqualified confidence in Divine wisdom and goodness, reserving my own views of Divine ways and means. His poetic "dreams," such as "Ruth" rehearses, are of more worth, in my estimate, than his gnostic philosophy; dreams

"—of sunsets when the sun supine
Lay rocking on the ocean like a god,
And threw his weary arms far up the sky,
And with vermillion-tinted fingers toyed
With the long tresses of the evening star.
. . . of dreams more beautiful than all,
Dreams that were music, perfume, vision, bliss—
Blent and sublimed, till I have stood enwrapped

In the quick essence of an atmosphere
That made me tremble to unclothe my eyes,
Lest I should look on—God!"

He has passed beyond sunset gates; his inverted torch of mortal life trailed, with unnumbered torches, under shadows of earthly night. But his light, lifted lovingly in our midst, may never be separated from his identity in those abidings of eternal light that encompass his spiritual way.

We cannot follow that spiral flame which escapes into impenetrable azure deeps, out of a crucible that held it only until earthly substances were precipitated under its potential heat.

We gather up these precipitates of a soul that wrought their shapes from light and air, from thought and word; these pages of an author's genius; these "bitter-sweet" acids and alkalis which he dropped as lessons for mankind; these salts of intellect, white and pure—these concretions of true metal, ringing as steel, and bright as golden ore.

But for the flame whence they were distilled into substances through fervent heats; for the white light of that immortal soul ascendant, beneath which these books of his are but shadows of the life he lived among men, what word upon mortal breath shall follow its pathway? Let the "dreams" he rehearsed answer this, while distillations from his works on earth, influencing lives and ameliorating souls, dispense upon air like heats from the crucible he wrought with. We may not follow those "sweet influences," any more than we may trace his soul amid "dank-bright" light above us. But we may be sure of this—that soul and works will meet again in a life which is light and love forever.

DAYDAWN.

BLUSHING and bright, from out the misty East
The morn comes, ushered in by joy-bells pealed
From each sky-haunting lark, each woodland bird.
The happy earth is clothed anear, afar
In garb so fair, so mystically woven
Of many-tinted grasses, 'broidered o'er
With flowers a-drooping 'neath the heavy dew.
Deep in the pinewood wakes a little wind,
Woos from the primrose cups of perfumed gold
Their hidden breath—then dies away, to leave
A lingering wave of fragrance all around;
While new-blown violets trembling, ope their eyes
In wonder at the beauty of the world.

The glowing purple of a sun-kissed hill,
Uprising, like a link 'twixt earth and sky,
A cascade flashing o'er a moss-clad stone,
Sunbeams and shadows mingling dreamily:
All, all combine to make one perfect whole!

Ah, lonely heart, a weary of thy care,
Some time will dawn for thee a cloudless morn,
More bright because of shadows in the Past;
For Joy is born of Sorrow, even as Spring
Steals from the arms of Winter, and the Day
From darkest Night emerges, purified.

A. M. M.

A CHRISTMAS GIFT.

By M. J. S.



CHRISTMAS DAY IN A GERMAN HOME.

UNEXPECTED business detained me in the city of B— during the Christmas holidays of the year 186—. Instead of celebrating the joyous festival amid the circle of my family and relatives, I should have been compelled to spend the “sacred eve” at a hotel or restaurant, if my old friend, Justizrath Bromsel, had not been kind enough to invite me to his house to see the Christmas-tree prepared for his children. He had three, two boys and a girl, the boys as wild as imps, the girl mild and gentle as an angel. The mother—

When Bromsel called on me at my hotel—he

had happened to hear of my arrival and did not wait for me—I started at the appearance of the once vigorous man. His tall figure was bent; his thick dark hair tinged with gray. He looked like a person who had just left his bed after a severe nervous fever. He was dressed in black from head to foot.

“My wife is dead,” he said, in a hollow tone, when he perceived my surprise at the change which had taken place in him, and sank into a chair.

The explanation was so sudden, so unexpected, that it cut short every word of sympathy.

I had known Henriette well. She was a native of the same city—Hamburg. She had been married to the Justizrath eight years, and they were one of the happiest couples that could be imagined. They seemed to have been created for each other. He was a highly-educated, imaginative man; she was a clever, practical, resolute little woman. When my business took me to B——, which occurred almost every year, I never failed to spend an evening with these happy people, and when I clasped their hands in farewell it was with the firm, rough clasp which only envy can give.

"My wife is dead!" Bromsel repeated.

I approached him, and laid my hand on his shoulder.

"Poor fellow," I said, deeply moved, "spare me any words."

Bromsel drew a long breath. His breast heaved. He seemed to feel the need of giving vent to his emotion, but could find no words.

"Speak out, my dear friend," said I.

"Henriette is drowned!" he burst out, and convulsive sobs choked his voice.

"Drowned!" I exclaimed in horror. "For God's sake, man! How? Where?"

"Let us go," said Bromsel. "I'll tell you about it at home. Not here! Not here!"

We took a carriage and, sitting side by side in silence, drove to the suburbs, where my friend had a charming villa. The snow fell in large, heavy flakes, and smothered the rattling of the wheels. It was real "Christmas weather" without the Christmas cheer, which in warm, cosy rooms makes us forget the gray December sky.

The children rushed down the steps to meet us as we alighted. They were a merry little party, full of joyous anticipations. The boys tried to climb up our legs; the little girl pulled at our hands.

"Gretchen wanted to peep through the key-hole," cried one of the boys.

"That isn't true, Eugene," replied the child; "it was Curt."

"No, it was Eugene," said the youngest boy.

So the merry little ones mutually accused each other of having a desire to peep through the key-hole into the room where the fir-tree stood—the fir-tree, that central point of Christmas delights.

Life affords strange contrasts. The three children, like their father, were dressed in black—in mourning for the mother who "had gone to the dear God, where it was much more beautiful than

on earth," and "where it was always Christmas," as little Curt said.

The old maid-servant had told them this, and the father did not contradict the pious consolation. Dore had also added, that if the children were very good the mother would come back again from heaven in a few years, and bring them beautiful Christmas gifts. This had soothed the little ones.

The same air of comfort that had characterized Bromsal's sitting-room in former days, still pervaded it. The fire blazed as cheerily on the hearth as it had done the last time I was a guest. And yet there was a something about the apartment that cannot be described—a void. It seemed as if the walls reflected a "mood."

"Go down to the nursery, children!" said Bromsel. "You know we must wait for 'Uncle Schmidt' before the tree can be lighted."

The little ones obeyed, and their merry shouts and laughter soon reached us from the ground floor, while an occasional shrill cry betrayed that the boys were very noisy in their delight, and perhaps practicing acrobatic exercises with chairs and tables.

Bromsel took from a cupboard a bottle of port wine and two glasses, which he placed upon the table.

"*Henriette* used to do this," said he. "There were *three* glasses then. Now there are only *two*."

"Pray, Bromsel, satisfy the interest I feel in your fate!"

"Then listen," replied the Justizrath. "The story is simple as it is short. My wife had some property left to her by a relative in San Francisco. The settlement of the estate would perhaps have required years if we had merely sent an agent to attend to our interests. My business detained me here. One day Henriette told me she would take the journey herself. Hamburg ladies are not like those who live in inland cities. The bustle of the great seaport gives them different views of the ocean and ocean travel. A voyage to New York is a passage, and Henriette, when a young girl, had taken the trip twice to visit a married sister who lived there. She laughed when I expressed my reluctance.

"What is a passage to New York?" said she. "From there you go in a comfortable steamer to Aspinwall. Then a few hours of railway travel

across the isthmus, and then eight or ten days on a steamer to San Francisco!

"Henriette spoke English fluently, and I know very little about the language. In short, she represented the matter so plausibly that I was really ashamed to oppose her.

"She left here the first of May. Her reports of the journey to New York, Panama, and San Francisco entirely soothed my fears. The finest weather, the quickest passages, and the speedy settlement of the estate were announced. The property had increased in value, but the uncertainty of business induced Henriette to invest the whole amount in bank notes instead of bills of exchange. A few failures, such as were of daily occurrence, and everything would have been lost. She told me that she should sail from San Francisco on the steamer Ohio. I could almost calculate the day of her arrival in Europe. Four weeks ago to-day.

"Yes, on the Ohio," repeated Bromsel, as he saw my startled look. "The passengers on this steamer reached Panama safely, and crossed the isthmus to Aspinwall. There they went on board the steamer Central America. You have read her fate in the newspapers. Out of nearly two hundred persons, only sixteen were saved. Henriette was not among them. But"—and Bromsel's voice was almost inaudible—"in the list of the lost I read her name.

"The property was bought dearly enough. I thank God that it sunk with her," he added bitterly, after a long pause.

Bromsel was silent. I felt that it was my duty to say something, but knew not what consolation to offer. I was familiar with the particulars of the accident, and knew that an American schooner and English bark, which happened to be near the fated steamer, had cruised about all night and half the following day in the vicinity, to save all who remained alive, and with the best will I could not give my friend even the slightest hope. The certain disappointment would have been even more terrible than the present terrible certainty.

"Bear it as well as you can, dear friend!" I exclaimed at last, pressing his hand. "I can give you no consolation. You have lost what cannot be replaced."

Bromsel burst into loud sobs.

I let him give full vent to his grief. Tears are a relief; tears, I might say, are a joy of sorrow.

Bromsel's outburst of anguish lasted fifteen minutes. Neither of us heard a carriage drive up, but after a short time both distinguished louder shouts of delight than ever from the children below.

Soon after a servant appeared, and asked me to come down-stairs. A messenger had come from the hotel, who wished to speak to me in person.

I obeyed, and—but I won't anticipate my simple story.

"What is the matter?" exclaimed Bromsel, when I returned to his room.

"Nothing," I replied. "Unpleasant news from home—family troubles. I shall be obliged to leave here early to-morrow morning. But let us talk of something else."

"Of what?" replied Bromsel.

"Yes, of what?" I rejoined, struggling to repress my agitation.

"My friend Schmidt must have missed the train," said Bromsel. "It's nearly seven o'clock. He ought to have been here long ago. I forgot to tell you that he went to Hamburg on business, and was to have returned to-day, that I might not be alone this evening."

"Perhaps he wanted to buy some presents for you or the children, forgot it in Hamburg, as often happens while traveling, and is now getting them here," I observed.

"No," replied Bromsel; "Schmidt is very particular about such things. He has missed the train, and won't come until to-morrow. It's fortunate that you are here," he added; "but you seem very thoughtful."

"Ah!" said I, rubbing my forehead, "an idea just entered my head—but no, it's too fantastic, quite too romantic. An author's fancy."

Bromsel smiled mournfully.

"Perhaps my fate will afford you a subject for a novel."

"Perhaps so," I replied; "wherever we writers find a subject, or even the skeleton of one, we deck it out with all sorts of inventions, and then put it into the book market."

Again merry shouts and laughter reached us from the nursery.

"Oh, yes," replied Bromsel gloomily, "you can even restore the dead to life, and have imagination enough to bring my Henriette back from the depths of the sea. But it is growing late.

I'll light the candles on the Christmas-tree. Would to God the festival were over!"

"Wait a little while," said I. "Come, let us drink to happier days."

"Yes, to happier days!" murmured Bromsel, swallowing the contents of his glass. "With her! You were down-stairs a long time," he added. I hope the news from home wasn't very bad?"

"I gave the messenger a dispatch to take to the telegraph office," I replied. "Let's have another toast."

"I can drink no more!" cried Bromsel, pushing his glass away.

"Do it for my sake," said I. "You need strength for this evening."

The fire blazed cheerily on the hearth. A fresh lump of coal had caught the blaze and snapped and crackled so joyously that it was a real pleasure to look at it—or might have been.

"If I were sure that it wouldn't cause you pain," I continued, after Bromsel had drunk the contents of his glass, "I should really like to give my imagination the rein, and——"

"Wake the dead?" cried Bromsel.

"That I cannot do," I answered quietly. "But my imagination would not need to work miracles if it took your Henriette for the foundation of a story, and said to you, 'all hope is not yet lost.'"

"An excited imagination would reproach you for trying to increase my misery by fanciful pictures," said Bromsel. "But you are incapable of that, dear friend. So go on with your romance."

"First take another glass of wine."

"My nerves don't require it."

"Then I won't tell you."

"Well!" exclaimed Bromsel, half angrily, pouring some wine into the glass and drinking it. "But I've had enough now."

"Listen!" I began. "The Central America was lost. You read your wife's name in the list of the missing. But who told you Henriette was really on board of that ship?"

"Man, don't drive me mad!" cried Bromsel, starting from the seat on the sofa at my side.

"Be calm, my friend!" I said warningly. "You wished the author to set his imagination at work. Will you hear me out, or not?"

Bromsel let his arms fall by his side, leaned back upon the sofa, and said quietly:

"Go on!"

"It is a gleam of hope which I thought I could give you," I continued. "Call it imagination, call it what you choose. Life too often touches the extremes of happiness and misery, for us to despair of either. Henriette might have bought a ticket for the Ohio, but some illness might have prevented her from sailing on the ship, and she might therefore have sold it to some other lady. Americans think more of the money than of the identity of the individual, and such sales of tickets happen every day. If that occurred, Henriette was not on board the Central America, which connected with the Ohio.

"Your wife might have sent a letter informing you of the delay in her arrival, and this letter went—I mean might have gone to the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean in the Central America, while Henriette was sick in San Francisco. So you see, without any wonderful adventure, without being cast on a desert island, without clinging to a chair that kept her above water for one and twenty hours, which, by the way, no woman could endure, the author's 'imagination' might devise a way of escape in your case. Henriette might have remained ill until the departure of the second steamer after the Ohio. Meantime, she would have thought your mind was at ease, for she knew nothing about the fate of the Central America, and did not learn it until too late to calm your anxiety by letter. Finally, she might have returned from Aspinwall to Europe by the West Indies, in order to reach you more quickly, thus avoiding the roundabout way by New York, which she at first intended to take. All this might—may have been. You see, old fellow, this was the idea that darted through my mind as I was coming up-stairs."

Bromsel had turned very pale.

"Man!" he cried, "if it were any one else, I should say that you were a fiend with your sophism. You would probably prolong my tortures by arousing a belief that there was still a doubt, and that would be infamous. Pardon me," he continued, "I don't say it is so, for you are my friend."

He pressed my hand.

"And I tell you now, Bromsel," I eagerly exclaimed, "you have no right to despair yet."

"Author's fancies," replied my friend. "Let us drop the conversation."

"That's the way with you laymen!" I ex-

claimed. "In books you accept everything; the wildest, most unheard-of incidents. But when the possibilities of real life are described, you shrug your shoulders. I am sorry I gave the rein to my imagination."

"I did not mean to wound you, my friend," said Bromsel.

"Suppose it should be so," I continued; "suppose a combination of circumstances and accidents should have saved your wife—upon my honor, I believe you would be less able to bear the shock of joy than that of sorrow. Don't be vexed, you have not been man enough to consider every pro and con of possibility. You have not the courage of hope."

"Torture me no more!" exclaimed Bromsel.

"But, my dear fellow, I think it is my duty to torture you," I replied. "You ought not—must not let all hope disappear. You must hope; and—I'll claim poetic license—are you a man who could bear the sight of one risen from the dead? Not in a month, a fortnight, perhaps——"

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Bromsel bitterly. "Would it were this hour, this moment. I don't believe in ghosts. My Henriette"—his voice trembled—"I would not fear if she had risen from the dead."

"I believe you," I answered.

"No, no, no!"

This reiterated "No" sounded to me like the voice of firm conviction.

"If it *were* possible? If any accident were possible that would take the place of a miracle! O God, my happiness would be so great that I should kneel before it, like the devotee at an altar!"

His voice had grown calmer. I uttered a sigh of relief.

"The children will fall asleep," I said, glancing at my watch. "It's already eight o'clock, and the little ones' impatience seems to have exhausted itself. Come, let us light the candles on the Christmas-tree."

We rose. The room where the tree was placed adjoined the sitting-room. We opened the door. The candles on the tree were already burning; the table containing the children's presents stood before us with the glittering tree at one end. Directly in front lay a costly set of furs Bromsel had bought for his wife a few weeks before. A note was attached, on which were the words:

"For my Henriette!"

The room was full of the odor of the fir branches, which always, no matter how old we may be, recalls the memories of childhood, but the apartment was empty. Where were the children? and who had lighted the candles on the Christmas-tree?

Tears gushed from Bromsel's eyes as he saw the gift intended for his wife and read the label written by his own hand. He had forgotten that he had prepared this torture for himself on Christmas Eve.

Suddenly the branches of the Christmas-tree seemed to rustle. No! Yes! The boughs trembled, the lights flickered, and Gretchen appeared from behind the tree, saying:

"You'll have the best Christmas present, papa."

And behind Gretchen, out from the shadow cast by the Christmas tree, came Curt and Eugene, and between them—*Henriette!*

A shriek echoed on the air, and Bromsel was clasped in his wife's arms. Restraint was no longer possible. The children had recited the small parts taught them in the nursery by "Uncle Schmidt" and now were frolicking around the Christmas-tree, snatching at their gifts. Uncle Schmidt had also emerged from behind the tree and held out his hand to me.

Noise and shouts from the children; two men cordially pressing each other's hands and seeming to say, "We have managed all right." For the reader has doubtless already guessed that the "messenger from the hotel," to whom the servant called me, was no other than Uncle Schmidt, who had met Henriette in Hamburg. The husband and wife remained clasped in a silent embrace for several minutes.

This was the picture under the fir-tree.

Uncle Schmidt came forward and said to Bromsel:

"Your friend has prepared you, I see. Everything happened just as he told you. But now, children, I'm almost starved. I hope you've left something for me to eat. I forgot to bring you any presents, but you see heaven led me to *one* gift, and you must all be satisfied with that."

A happier Christmas Eve was never celebrated anywhere on earth than in my friend Bromsel's house in B——, in the year 186—.

Just ten years later, on Christmas Eve, I myself sat alone, weeping for a dead wife, who did not return.

KITH AND KIN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FIRST VIOLIN."

CHAPTER XXVI.—RANDULF.

THE ball had been kept up until morning, if not till daylight.

When people began to stroll in to the very late breakfast at Danesdale Castle, not a lady, was to be seen among them, save one intrepid damsel, equally renowned for her prowess in the chase, and her unwearied fleetness in the ball-room.

As she appeared in hat and habit, she was greeted with something like applause, which was renewed when she announced that she had every intention of sharing the day's run. Sir Gabriel, in his pink (for no ball would have caused him to be absent at the meet), gallantly placed her beside himself, and apologized for his daughter's absence.

"Philippa has no 'go' left in her after these stirs," he remarked, "and a day's hunting takes her a week to get over; but I'm glad to see that you are less delicate, my dear."

"We shall not have many ladies, I think," said she, smiling, and looking round upon the thinned ranks of the veterans.

Here the door opened, just as breakfast was nearly over, and Sir Gabriel paused in astonishment in the midst of his meal.

"What, Ran? You!" he ejaculated, as his son entered equipped, he also, for riding to hounds. "The last thing I should have expected. If any one had asked me, I should have said you were safe in bed till lunch-time."

"You would have been wrong, it seems," replied Randolph, on whom the exertions of the previous evening appeared to have had worse effects than they had upon Miss Bird, the bright-looking girl who was going to ride.

Miss Bird was an heiress; the same pretty girl with whom Randolph had been walking about the ball-room the night before, when Aglionby had come to call Lizzie away.

Randulf himself looked pale, and almost haggard, and was listless and drawling beyond his wont. Sir Gabriel eyed him over, and his genial face brightened. Of course it was bad form to display fondness for your relations in the presence of others. Every Englishman knows that, and

Sir Gabriel as well as any of them; but it was always with difficulty that he refrained from smiling with joy every time his eyes met those of his "lad." He looked also more kindly than ever upon Miss Bird, who was a favorite of his, more especially when Randolph carried his cup of tea round the table and dropped into the vacant place by her side.

The meet took place at a certain park a couple of miles from Danesdale Castle, and soon after breakfast a procession of six—Miss Bird, Sir Gabriel, his son, and three other men who were of their party—set off for it. It was a still, cloudy day, with a gray sky and lowering clouds, which, however, were pretty high, for all the hill-tops were clear.

That was a long and memorable run in the annals of Danesdale fox-hunting—"a very devil of a fox!" as Sir Gabriel said, which led them a cruel and complicated chase over some of the roughest country in the district. Sir Gabriel, as will easily be understood, was a keen sportsman himself, and had been a little disappointed with Randolph's apparent indifference to fox or any other hunting. He had put it down to his long sojourn abroad with people who, according to Sir Gabriel's ideas, knew no more about hunting than a London street-Arab does, who has never stepped on anything but flags in his life. He had always trusted that the boy would mend of such outlandish indifference, and he certainly had no cause to complain of his lack of spirit to-day.

Sir Gabriel was lost in amazement. He could not understand the lad. Randolph's face—the pale face which he had brought with him into the breakfast-room—never flushed in the least: his eyebrows met in a straight line across his forehead. He seemed to look neither to right nor to left, but urged his horse relentlessly at every chance of a leap, big or little, but the uglier and bigger the better it seemed, till his father, watching him, began to feel less puzzled than indignant. A good day's run, Sir Gabriel would have argued, was a good day's run; but to drive your horse willfully and wantonly at fences which might have been piled by Satan himself, and at gaps constructed

apparently on the most hideous of man-and-horse-trap principles, went against all the baronet's traditions! for all his life he had been very "merciful to his beast," holding his horse in almost as much respect as himself. He had always credited Randulf with the same feelings, and his conduct this day was bewildering, to say the least of it.

As Sir Gabriel and Miss Bird happened to be running almost neck and neck through a sloping field,—the chase nearly at an end, the fox in full view at last, with the hounds in mad eagerness at his heels,—suddenly a horseman flew past them, making straight for a most hideous-looking bit of fence, on the other side of which was the bed of a beck, full of loose stones, and in which the water, in this winter season, rushed along, both broad and deep.

All day long a feeling of uneasiness had possessed Sir Gabriel; this put the climax to it. Forgetting the glorious finish, now so near, he pulled his horse up short, crying:

"Good God! Is he mad?"

Miss Bird also wondered if he were mad, but put her own horse, without stopping, at a more reasonable-looking gap, considerably to the left side of the fence Randulf was taking.

Two seconds of horrible suspense, and—yes, his horse landed lightly and safely at the other side. Sir Gabriel wiped the sweat from his brow, and caring nothing for the "finish" or anything else, rode limply on to where, not Randulf, but another, was presenting the brush to the amiable Miss Bird.

"What the devil do you mean, sir, by riding at a fence like that, and frightening me out of my senses?" growled Sir Gabriel, at his son's elbow.

The latter looked round, with the same white, pallid face, and far-off eyes, which the father had already noticed, and which had filled him with vague and nameless alarm. Randulf passed his hand across his eyes, and said:

"What did you say?"

"What ails you, lad? What is the matter with you?" asked poor Sir Gabriel, his brown cheek turning ashy pale, and a feeling of sickly dread creeping over his heart.

"What ails me? Oh, nothing that I know of," replied Randulf, with blank indifference, and then suddenly heaving such a sigh as comes only from the depths of a sick heart.

The laughter and jesting and joyous bustle of the finish were sounding all round them. No one took much notice of the two figures apart, apparently earnestly conversing. Neither Sir Gabriel nor Randulf was given to displaying his feelings openly in public, but Randulf knew, as well as if some one were constantly shouting it aloud from the house-tops, that his father worshiped him—that he was the light of his eyes and the joy of his life, and that to give him any real joy he would have sacrificed most things dear to him. And Sir Gabriel knew that his worship was not wasted upon any idol of clay or wood—that it fell gratefully into a heart which could appreciate and understand it. During the last month it had occasionally crossed his mind that Randulf was a little absent—somewhat more listless and indifferent than usual; but the baronet had himself been unusually busy with magisterial and other concerns, and had scarcely had time to remark the subtle change. Of one thing he was now certain, that Randulf, as he saw him now, was a changed man from what he had been four-and-twenty hours ago. The poor old man felt hopelessly distressed. He knew not how to force the truth from a man who looked at him and said nothing ailed him, when it was patent to the meanest comprehension that, on the contrary, something very serious ailed him. He sat on his horse, looking wistfully into Randulf's face. The groups were dispersing. The young man, at last looking up, seemed to read what was passing in his father's mind, and said:

"I have something to say to you. Could we manage to ride home alone? How will Miss Bird do?"

Sir Gabriel's face brightened quickly. If Randulf had "something to say" to him, no doubt that communication would quickly put to rights all these shadowy disquietudes which troubled him.

"I'll arrange for Miss Bird to be escorted," he said; and, turning round, he requested the man who had already presented her with the brush, to see her safely to Danesdale Castle, as a matter of business obliged him and Randulf to ride home by Scar Foot.

The youth yielded a joyful assent, and went off rejoicing in charge of his "fair." Sir Gabriel and Randulf, with a general "Good-afternoon" to the rest of the party, turned their horses'

heads in a southerly direction. Scar Foot was a little distance away, farther south, and then there were ten miles to ride to Danesdale Castle.

They soon found themselves in a deep lane, beneath the gray and clouded afternoon sky of New Year's Day. Behind them, Addlebrough reared his bleak, blunt summit, and the other fells around looked sullen under the sullen sky. It was Randulf who had proposed the ride, but still he did not speak, till Sir Gabriel asked, in a voice which he strove to make indifferent:

"What did you make of the dance last night, Randulf? Philippa informed me before she went to bed that it had been a success."

"A success, was it?" said Randulf indifferently. "I'm glad to hear it, I'm sure. I don't know anything about it."

"What did you think of Aglionby's intended?" pursued Sir Gabriel.

"Miss Vane? Pooh! She may be his *intended*; it will never go any further."

"I should hope not, I'm sure. What a mistake for a man of that calibre to make! It shows what soft spots there are in the strongest heads."

Silence again for a short time, until Sir Gabriel, resolutely plunging into a serious topic, said:

"Well, surely there were lots of nice girls there. Did none of them strike your fancy?"

"Surely I've seen most of them before."

"Well, I'll tell you which girl I like the best of the lot. I wish you could see her in the light I should like, Randulf."

"And which is she?" asked Randulf, with a sudden appearance of animation and eagerness.

"Evelyn Bird."

"Oh!" There was profound indifference in Randulf's tone. Sir Gabriel went on steadily:

"It is time, without any jesting, that you began to think about marrying. I've thought about it often lately. An only son is in a different position from——"

Randulf looked drearily around him. They were passing the back of Scar Foot just now, and the profoundest silence seemed to reign there. Slowly their horses mounted the slope of the road which was for Randulf, and for one or two others, haunted with the memories that do not die. The lake lay below them, looking dull and dismal—the ice with which it had been covered turning rapidly to slush in the thaw-wind—its wall of naked fells uncheered by even a ray of sunshine.

Randulf remembered certain other rides he had taken along this road, and walks too, which he had had there. He glanced toward his father, and in that kindly face he read trouble and perturbation: he knew that that brave old head was filled with plans for his happiness, his welfare—with schemes for securing gladness to him long after those white hairs should be laid low. Yet it was long before he could summon up words in which to answer his father's last remark. At last he said:

"I know what you mean, sir: I wish I could gratify you, but you must not expect me to marry yet."

Deep disappointment fell like a cloud over Sir Gabriel's face, as he said:

"Boy, boy! was that what you brought me out here to tell me?"

"Partly; not altogether. It was because I wanted to be alone with you, and make a clean breast of it."

He paused. "A clean breast of it?" Vague visions of dread floated through Sir Gabriel's mind—dreams of foreign adventuresses who entrapped innocent youths into marriages which were a curse and a clog to them all their days. Was his boy, of whom he was so proud, going to unfold some such history to him now? Randulf's next words somewhat relieved him:

"I know you wish me to marry, and I know the sort of girl you would like me to marry, but surely you would not have denied me some tether—some free choice of my own?"

"Bless the lad! Of course not. Every Englishman chooses his own wife, and with the example before me of old John, and the results of his severity——"

"Just so," said Randulf, with rather a wan smile. "I've had something on my mind for a good while now. I wanted to marry too. My only doubt was, what you would say to the girl I wanted to have, and I fully meant to talk it all over with you, and tell you all about it, before I did anything." Randulf raised his eyes full to his father's anxious face. "I wanted to marry Delphine Conisbrough."

"Good Lord!" broke involuntarily from Sir Gabriel.

"You don't know her much, I think. I was not going to do anything rashly. For though I love her,—better than my life,—I knew that who-

ever I married, you must have a great deal to say in the matter—as it is right you should. I intended to get you to see her, to learn to know her a little better, before you said anything one way or another. You would have consented to my wish—most certainly you would have consented. I heard what you said about her last night, to her sister—about some men's heads being turned by her beauty. Ah, it's not only her beauty—it is everything. But if it were only that, you cannot deny that she surpassed all the women there, in looks?"

He turned to his father with a sort of challenge in his voice and eyes.

"Well, who wants to deny it?" said Sir Gabriel. I own I was enchanted with her, and, as you say, not only with her beauty. But you must remember, my boy, that you have to think not only——"

"I know, I know," said Randulf, with a little laugh, not of the gayest description. "I had to think that if she had been one of this abominable old Aglionby's heiresses it would have been the most suitable thing in the world. But she just missed it—and of course a miss is as good as a mile. She was not so worthy of a wealthy young Admirable Crichton like me, in her poverty, as she might have been *with* the money and the acres. Bah!" He set his teeth, choking back a kind of sob of indignant passion at the picture his own fancy had conjured up, so that Sir Gabriel became very grave, realizing that it was more than a mere flirtation or a passing fancy. "I tell you she would have honored any man by becoming his wife. But that's not to the point. I had duties toward you—toward the best father a fellow ever had—and I knew it, and was resolved to have it out with you."

"And suppose I had refused?"

"But you would have seen her, as I wished?"

"Naturally. But I might still have refused, finally. What did you propose to do in that case?"

"I wish you wouldn't ask me. I didn't *propose* to do anything—only I felt that if she would be my wife, my wife she should be, against all the world."

"Well?" said Sir Gabriel, with a sigh; "and what next?"

"The next is, that last night I lost my head the moment I saw her. From the instant she came into the room, I knew nothing, except that

she was there. It was not of my own will that I left her side for an instant. She sent me away many times, and told me to attend to what she called my duties. Well—there's no good in describing it all. I don't know what I may have done or said, or looked like; a man doesn't know, when he's off his head like that. But she took the alarm, and asked me to take her back to Mrs. Malleeson. She got up, and wanted to go out of the room. We were alone in my study——"

"The deuce you were!" said Sir Gabriel, in displeasure.

"Yes, I know it was all wrong. I had no business to take her there. I had no business to do anything that I did. I can't exactly remember what I had said, but I saw her turn red and white, and then she started up, and said, 'You must not say those things to me. Take me to Mrs. Malleeson, please, Mr. Danesdale.' I begged her to wait a moment. She said no, if I would not take her she would go alone. I said she should not go yet, and I set my back against the door, and told her she should not leave that room till she had promised to be my wife."

"Well?" was all his father said, but he watched askance his son's face.

He could not understand it all. Randulf did not tell his tale by any means joyously. His words came from between his clenched teeth; his brow wore a dark frown, and his nostrils quivered now and then.

"If I had done wrong," Randulf went on, "I got my punishment pretty quickly, for she sat down again and looked at me, and said as composedly as possible, 'No, that can never be.' I had expected a different answer—yes, by —— I had!" he said passionately. "I could have sworn from a thousand signs that she loved me, and she is no silly prude—pure-minded women never are prudes. And it was not coquetry. She could not coquette a man in such a case. I felt as if she had shot me when she said that. There was a scene. I don't deny it. I forgot you—I forgot everything except that I loved her. I couldn't take her answer—I would not. I begged her to tell me why she could not be my wife. First she made some objections about you; she said I had done wrong to ask her in that way. What would Sir Gabriel say? She reminded me that I was an only son"—he laughed again. "I put all that aside. I told her it was no question of fathers

and mothers and only sons, or of anything else, except the success or failure of our two lives. I said that I loved her, and she loved me; she gathered herself up, as it were, and said coldly, 'No; you are mistaken. Now will you let me go?' Oh, sir, I ought to have let her go, I know. But I felt quite beside myself when I heard her say that. I refused to believe her. I repeated that it was not true—that I knew she loved me——"

"You did wrong," said Sir Gabriel sternly and coldly; "and I cannot understand how a gentleman——"

"Don't say that to me!" said Randolph, looking at him with so haggard a face, lips that twitched so ominously that his father became silent. "I cannot understand it now. I must have been mad. I'm concealing nothing from you. I went on telling her that I knew she loved me, and that she should never perjure herself while I could prevent it. I reminded her of this thing and that thing that she had said and done, and I asked her what they all meant, if not that she loved me. But I came to my senses at last, for I saw that she looked frightened——"

"And it required *that* to bring you to your senses—shame on you!" said his father, very angrily indeed.

"Yes, it required that," replied Randolph, without noticing his father's tone. "But when I did come to myself again I humbly asked her pardon. I threw the door wide open, and said I would take her to Mrs. Malleson, or anywhere that she liked to go. I made her look at me, and I told her, 'When I know you are married to another man, then I will believe you do not love me, but not till then.'"

"And what did she say?"

Randolph turned his white face toward his father, and said, with a kind of wrathful triumph:

"She said *nothing*—she looked away. She took my arm, and we got into the drawing-room somehow; and she sat down beside Mrs. Malleson—ah, poor child!—with a white face, and a look in her eyes like you see in a bird's eyes when you've just shot it, and you pick it up and look at it. And I heard Mrs. Malleson say that she looked cold; and she shivered a little, and said yes, she was rather, and very tired. I said nothing; I think I bowed to her and came away. . . . But I've seen nothing, nothing since but her eyes

and her face, and herself creeping up to Mrs. Malleson. And if I see it much longer I shall go mad," said Randolph, drawing a long, sobbing breath. "Right before my eyes it has been ever since, so that I couldn't sleep. It looked at me out of my glass while I dressed, till I flung a handkerchief over it. It was just before my eyes in the field all the morning. Why do you suppose I rode as I did?—not for the pleasure of catching a fox, but because *her face* was there before me, in its misery, just out of my reach, and I felt as if I must catch her, and kiss some life back into her eyes and her lips, or break my neck. And it's here now—there, just before me."

He shuddered and drew his hand across his eyes. Sir Gabriel was too disturbed to reply at once; too much astonished and, as it were, paralyzed at the discovery of this fiery drama which had been going on under his very eyes without his knowing it, to speak. Yet he heard Randolph say darkly, half to himself:

"My poor little Delphine! What have they done to her? What have they said to her that she should turn and stab herself and me in this way?"

Sir Gabriel was still silent, trying in vain to make what he called "sense" out of the story. When Randolph had first mentioned Delphine's name, his father's feeling had been one of strong disapproval. Lovely as she was, and charming, she had had neither the training, the position, nor the acquaintance with the world and society which he would have wished for in a girl who was not only to be Randolph's bride, but sometime Lady Danesdale. Be it said for Sir Gabriel that by this time he had forgotten that, and considered only the deeper issues—his son's future happiness—the question of his joy or sorrow. He at last looked up, meaning to ask another question or two; he met Randolph's eyes, dull and clouded, now that his narrative was over, looking at him rather appealingly. Prudent questions, conventional doubts, were forgotten.

"My poor lad, I wish I could help you!"

"Ah, I knew *you* would understand," said Randolph. "But no one can help me now—except time. If she had consented, then your help would have been everything; now it is nothing."

"Suppose I saw her?" suggested Sir Gabriel.

"Perhaps I could induce her to state her objection. It may be a shadow, after all. Girls

do make important things out of such very trifles."

"It was no shadow—to her, at any rate. It was some reason which she feels must outweigh all others. I tell you she looked like one stricken to death. It is when I think of her look, and of her fate, shut up there—horrible! With every joy cut off, and in such poverty——"

"They ought not to be in poverty; though if Aglionby's feelings——"

"Do not misjudge Aglionby. He has been repulsed too. He would give his right hand to help them—they are his kinswomen, as he says. Every advance he attempts is repelled. He is in despair about it."

"That's very odd."

"Yes, very. But I do not know that we have any right to inquire into their reasons for what they do."

They rode on in silence again, for a long time, through Yoresett town and all along the lovely road to Stanniforth, and thence to Danesdale. It was shortly before they entered their own park that Randulf began again:

"And now, sir, you won't resent it, if I am not counted in the list of Miss Bird's or Miss Anybody's suitors, at present?"

"Heaven forbid! We understand one another now. After all, to look at it from a selfish point of view, you will be all my own for so much the longer. 'My son's my son till he gets him a wife,' you know. All I ask, my boy, is that you will be as open with me after a time, when any fresh scheme comes into your mind, or if you decide upon anything. You shall find me more than willing to arrange things as you wish them, if it is possible."

"I know you will," said Randulf. I suppose these things can be lived down. It pleases me to think that you *would* have done as I wished; you would have taken it into consideration. . . . Sometime, when the time comes, and years are past, I suppose I shall find a wife—not like her, but some one who will marry me."

Sir Gabriel did not answer this. He did not like it. It did not suit him. He would have preferred almost anything to this calm looking forward to a joyless future.

It had grown dark, and the wind was rising, as they drove into the court-yard of the castle. They had to put on one side all that had passed between

them; their long ride together, and the emotions which filled both their hearts. The house was full of visitors. There would be fifteen or twenty guests at dinner; all the ball, and the hunt, and the dresses, and the incidents to be discussed. They took their part in it all bravely; and this courage brought with it balm, as moral courage, well carried out, infallibly does.

CHAPTER XXVII.—LIZZIE'S CONSENT.

TOWARD noon, on that same first of January, Miss Vane came slowly strolling into the parlor at Scar Foot, yawning undisguisedly, and looking around her with half-open eyes.

"Law, Bernard! you don't need any sleep, I do believe! You look as if nothing had happened."

Aglionby forced a smile, and touched her forehead with his lips. As is usual in such cases, the less he felt to care for her, the more anxiously did he make himself *aux petits soins* on her behalf, drawing an easy-chair to the fire for her, placing a footstool, putting a screen into her hand—delicate attentions which a year ago, when he first had the felicity of calling her his own, it had never entered into his head to render.

"I am not fatigued, certainly," he said. "My aunt has been down-stairs a good while too."

"Oh, but she wasn't dancing; I was. My word! But it is a grand house, Bernard, that Danesdale Castle; and they are grand people too. I don't like Miss Danesdale a bit, though. Stiff little thing! And I thought some of the other ladies were very stiff, too. I guess some of them didn't like sitting out when the gentlemen were talking to me."

"Very likely not," said Bernard, with a praiseworthy endeavor to appreciate the joke.

"I heard one of them say," pursued Lizzie, with a musing and complacent smile—"she said, 'Why on earth doesn't Mr. Aglionby look after her? It's atrocious! So you see you were not considered to be doing your duty. I dare say if you, or anybody else, had been looking after *her*, she wouldn't have felt so ill-tempered.'"

Lizzie laughed, and Bernard's face flushed, for he interpreted the remark in a wholly different and less flattering sense than that suggested by Lizzie.

"I hope the Hunt ball will be half as jolly," pursued Miss Vane. Eh, and did you see those

Miss Conisbroughs, Bernard? But of course you did, because I saw you talking to one of them. I wonder you condescended to speak to them, after all their designs to keep you out——”

She paused suddenly, with her remark arrested, her eyes astonished, gazing into Aglionby's face.

“You are quite mistaken,” said he, in a voice which, though quiet, bit even her. “You must not speak in that manner of my cousins. They had no ‘designs,’ as you call them. They have been most shamefully treated, and in short, my dear, I will not allow you to mention them unless you can speak more becomingly of them.”

“Upon my word! Well, they can't be so badly off, anyhow; and look at their dresses! Lovely dresses they were! and that youngest one is sweetly pretty, only she does her hair sq queerly; there's no style about it, all hanging loose in loops, where every one else wears hers small and neat. But she is pretty, certainly. The eldest one I don't admire a bit, she's like a marble figure.”

“Are you talking about the lady Bernard took in to supper?” asked Mrs. Bryce, joining in the colloquy for the first time.

“Yes, I am, Mrs. Bryce.”

“I thought her one of the truest gentlewomen I ever saw,” said Mrs. Bryce, counting the stitches of her knitting. “Her manners are perfect, wherever they were acquired; but I should say that ‘grand air’ is natural to her, isn't it, Bernard?”

“Entirely, aunt. She always has it.”

“Yes, I thought so. One can see at once when that sort of thing is natural.”

“Well, I thought her the stiffest, proudest creature I ever saw. I couldn't tell why she gave herself such airs,” said Miss Vane.

Here Bernard abruptly left the room, unable to bear it any longer, and Mrs. Bryce continued calmly:

“I am afraid you are no judge of manner, my dear; and I wonder at your speaking in that way of Bernard's cousins.”

“Cousins, indeed! Pretty cousins! Much notice they would have taken of him if they had come into the money.”

“And *à propos* of manner,” continued Mrs. Bryce, who seemed resolved thoroughly to do her duty as chaperon, “let me recommend you to tone yours down a little. Try to make it rather

more like that of the young ladies we have been talking about, and then perhaps there will not be so many comments passed upon it as I heard last night.”

“Comments!” cried Miss Vane angrily. “What do you mean? Does any one dare to say that I behaved badly?”

“Not badly, my dear; but what, in the society you were in last night, means almost the same thing—ignorantly. At the Hunt ball, if I were you, I would not put on that pink gown, and I would keep a little more with Bernard and myself, and——”

“I'll just tell you this—I won't go to the Hunt ball at all,” said Lizzie, with passionate anger, wounded in her tenderest feelings. “I hate all these grand, stuck-up people with their false ways like that nasty proud Miss Conisbrough. I won't go near the Hunt ball. They may whistle for me.” (Mrs. Bryce's face assumed an expression of silent anguish as these amenities of speech were hurled at her.) “And what's more, I shall tell Bernard, this very day, that I wouldn't live at this horrid, dull old place, if he would give me twice the money he has. I must have society. I must have my f—friends,” sobbed Miss Vane, breaking down.

“Mrs. Bryce smiled slightly, but said nothing. She had a strong impression that her nephew, and not Lizzie, would decide, both whether they went to the Hunt ball or not, and whether they lived at Scar Foot. He came in again at that moment, with a letter-bag. Lizzie speedily dried her eyes, and watched him while he opened it, came behind his chair, in fact, and looked at all the envelopes, as he took them out.

“That's for me,” she said, stretching out a slim hand from over his shoulder. “It's from Lucy Golding. She promised to write.”

“Did Percy promise to write too?” asked Bernard, arresting the same slim fingers as they made a snatch at the next letter. “Because if this isn't Percy's fist, I'll——”

“You need not say what you'll do, sir,” was the coquettish reply. “It *is* Percy's ‘fist,’ as you call it. Most likely it's a New Year's card. We are old friends. I sent him one at Christmas, and I don't see why he shouldn't return the compliment.”

“Oh, certainly. There is absolutely no just cause or impediment to my knowledge,” replied

Bernard, with supreme indifference. "There's another—your mother's handwriting, isn't it."

"Yes, it is. I wonder what she's doing with herself to-day."

"Aunt, here is one for you, the last of the batch," he said, rising and taking it to her; while he collected together his own, which looked chiefly like business letters, newspapers, etc., and took them to a side-table.

Mrs. Bryce read her letter and then remarked that she would go into the drawing-room and answer it at once. Lizzie and Bernard were left alone. He began to open his papers; his mind pure of any speculation on the subject of her correspondence. Why did she take herself as far away from him as possible, as she opened her letters? In perusing one of them, at least, her face flushed; her foot tapped the floor. She finished them, put them all into her pocket, and took up the strip of lace she was supposed to be working. Perhaps the prolonged silence struck Bernard, for, suddenly raising his face from the intent perusal of a leading article, he perceived Lizzie, said to himself, "Now for it," laid his paper down, and went to her side.

During the sleepless vigil he had kept last night, he had made up his mind as to his immediate course. He would talk to Lizzie to-day, make her fix the day for their marriage, as early a day as he could get her to name. Then they would be married, and he supposed things would somehow work themselves right after that event. He could live a calm, if joyless, life; plan out some scheme of work that would take up a good deal of time. One could not go on being wretched forever, and one's feet by degrees harden to suit a stony path. He had got engaged to this girl; she had not refused him in his poverty; he had kept her to himself for a year, and thus hindered her from having any other chances. To try to break it off, now that he was in such utterly different circumstances, would indeed be a pitiful proceeding. He knew that, and it was a proceeding of which he was not going to be guilty. He knew now that she was everything he would rather she had not been. It was now a matter of constant astonishment to him that he could ever even have thought himself in love with her. A sense of shame and degradation burnt through him every time he realized how easily he had yielded to the sensuous spell exercised by a pretty face and a

pair of beguiling blue eyes; how densely blind he must have been to have imagined that the soul, or what did duty for the soul behind that face, could ever satisfy him. But it was done: it must be carried through.

Perhaps he began somewhat abruptly. At least she looked very much startled as he said:

"Put down your work, Lizzie. I want to have a talk with you. How many months in the year do you think you can spend at Scar Foot, when we are married?"

"Months, Bernard!" she cried; "oh, don't ask me to do that? I'm very sorry, I am really, because I know you like this place, though I can't for the life of me imagine why, but I really *couldn't* live here. I should go melancholy mad."

"Then you shall not live here," said he promptly. "I shall keep the place up, because I shall often run down myself and spend a few days at it." (In imagination, he felt the soothing influence of the place, the asylum it would be, the refuge, from Irkford and from Lizzie.) "But you shall live in town, since you prefer it, and you shall yourself choose the house and the neighborhood."

"Oh, that will be nice!" said Lizzie. "I shall like that. Then I shall have all my old friends round me. Bernard, it's a load off my mind—it is really."

He took her hand.

"I am glad if it pleases you, dear. And now, one other thing, Lizzie. Houses can be looked after any time, and there are plenty of them to be had at Irkford. But when will you let me take you to live in that house we are speaking of?"

She looked at him hastily, and turned first red, then pale, so that he congratulated himself on having taken a straightforward course, for she loved him, poor Lizzie, and it would have been shameful indeed to play her false.

"When?" faltered Lizzie, and looked at him and thought how dark and grim-looking he was, and how much graver and sterner he had become since he left Irkford. If he were always going to be like this—he never now said anything soothing or pleasant to her; he was dreadfully severe-looking.

"Yes; when, dear? I suppose the house is not to be taken just to stand empty. Some one will have to go and live in it—you and I, surely."

"Yes, yes; I suppose so," said Lizzie slowly and constrainedly, and dropping her eyes.

"Well, all I want to know is, when? Some-time soon, surely. There can be nothing in the way now. For my part, I don't see why it should be put off more than a week or two."

"Oh, no! Impossible!" she cried, crimsoning, and speaking with such vehemence as surprised him.

"Recollect, we have been engaged more than a year. We have only been waiting till we could be married. Now that we can, why put it off any longer?"

"It is so fearfully sudden," said she, startled out of her affectation, and fumbling nervously with her handkerchief.

As a lover he was sombre enough. As a husband—almost immediately? There must be no more New Year's cards from old friends, when Bernard was her husband.

"Fearfully sudden—well, say in a month or two, though I call that rather hard lines. But—this is January—why not in the beginning of March?"

"March is so stormy and cold; it would be a bad omen to be married in a storm," said she, laughing nervously. "No, a little later than March."

"Fix your own time, then, dear; only don't put it off too long."

"Suppose we said the end of May or the beginning of June," suggested Lizzie, plaiting her handkerchief into folds, which she studied with the deepest interest.

He uttered an exclamation of dismay. Five months longer of unrest, misery, suspense, waiting for a new order of things. The idea was terrible. He felt that he could not face it. He could make the sacrifice if it were to be done at once, but to have to wait—it could not be. He set himself to plead in earnest with his betrothed—at least with him it was pleading, to her it seemed more like an imperious demand. He said he thought there was a little estrangement between them, which caused him pain.

He begged her not to be so hard. His gravity and earnestness oppressed her more and more. The darkest forebodings assailed Lizzie as to her future happiness with this Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance.

She had no fixed plan; he had: therefore he prevailed. He would have prevailed in any case, by his superior strength of will, as he had done at

the very first when his imperious manner and tones had almost repelled her, and when yet he had contrived to gain his own way. He gained it again. He made her promise that they should be married at the end of April: he promised her on his side all manner of things. He completely reversed her decision about the Hunt ball. She would go with him, she meekly said. All these things she promised and vowed, and at last he let her go, having promised, on his part, to take her home to Irkford the day after the Hunt ball. She said that if they were to be married so soon she would want all her time for preparation—and to be with her mother, Lizzie added, almost piteously. And then she made her escape, looking exceedingly tired, and very much disturbed. He being left alone, realized with a singular clearness and vividness these comforting facts:

First, that it was with the greatest difficulty that he had succeeded in maintaining a tranquil and affectionate manner toward his dearest Lizzie. Secondly, that never had there been so little sympathy or even mutual understanding between them as now, when they had just agreed upon the very day of their marriage. Thirdly, that though she was a willful girl, with plenty of likes and dislikes, yet he was completely her master the instant it pleased him to be so. That he could make her yield to him and obey him in whatsoever he chose, but that he could not—charm he never so wisely—make her agree with him by light of reason and understanding, could not make her like his way, or like doing it—could not, in a word, change her nature, though he could subdue it: a pleasing discovery, perhaps, for the tyrant by nature, who loves always to have the whip in his hand, and to see his slaves crouch as he comes in sight, but a most galling one to Bernard Aglionby.

A cheering prospect! he thought. A wife who, if he left her entirely to her own devices, would constantly be doing things which would jar upon all his feelings and wishes—who had not force of character enough to heartily oppose him—who would unwillingly, servilely obey, puzzled and uncomfortable, but not approving. What a noble, elevated character he would feel himself, with such a life-companion by his side! Perhaps in time she would become like some women whom he had seen now and then—quite broken in; having no will or opinion of their own, turning appealing eyes to their lords upon every question. Hideous

prospect! Would it ever come to that? Which evil would be the lesser? The woman whom he was to marry was a fool—that fact was clearly enough revealed to him. It depended upon him whether she should be an independent fool, unrestrained, and at liberty to vaunt her folly; or whether she should be a fool tamed and docile, making no disturbance, but cringing like a spaniel. He had the power to make her into either of these things. It was not a pleasing alternative. He would have preferred a companion; one whose intelligence, even if exerted in opposition to his own, should be on something like a level with it. But that was never to be. Lizzie was his; he had wooed her, won her; since she loved and trusted in him, he must wear her—and make the best of it.

* * * * *

Less than a week afterward, Aglionby escorted his betrothed home. The Hunt ball was over; it had been more of a success, so far as decorum and strict propriety of demeanor went, than that at Danesdale Castle, but Lizzie had not enjoyed it one-half so much. The Misses Conisbrough, whom she honored with her peculiar dislike, had not been there. Randulf Danesdale had, looking very pale, behaving very courteously, but as it seemed to Miss Vane, chillingly; dancing very little, and apparently considered a dull partner by the young ladies whom he did lead out. A dull ball, she vowed to herself, and she was ready to come away early. It was on the day following that Aglionby escorted her home. They had not much to say to one another on the way. Bernard's thoughts were busied with the future, and that disagreeably. Lizzie's were engrossed with a letter which lay at that moment in her pocket. It had come in an envelope addressed by Lucy Golding, and when Bernard had given it to her he had casually remarked:

"You and Miss Golding seem great allies, Lizzie. I didn't know there was such an affection between you."

"Oh, she's quite an old friend," Lizzie had replied.

But the handwriting of the letter was not the handwriting of the address.

In truth, Lizzie was in greater perplexity of mind than she ever felt before. The one thing that bound her to Bernard was his wealth, and the position he had to offer her. All her feelings,

inclinations, associations, inclined to Percy, who had lately been raised to a responsible post in the bank in which he served, and who was now in a position to support a wife in great comfort. Percy had addressed words of the deepest pathos and the most heartrending despair to her, and she was distracted what to do with him—now more than ever, for her taste of aristocratic society had not altogether been palatable; and as for Bernard, she felt chilled every time she looked at him. It was not as if he maintained even his former brusque fondness and affection. He seemed to have changed entirely. She had been able to laugh at the brusquerie, knowing that it needed but a caress on her part to soften his most rugged mood. But now there was nothing rugged to be softened—only an imperturbable and majestic courtesy which literally overwhelmed her; and a gravity which nothing seemed to have power to lighten. To have to live with him always—if he were always going to be like that—was a prospect which appalled her. She shrank, too, from before his strong will. She did not wish to do the things he wished her to do; but when he persisted, when he fixed his eyes upon her, and took her hand in his strong grasp, and spoke in what no doubt he intended for a kind voice, but which was a voice that most distinctly said, "Obey!" then she felt her heart beat wildly—felt a passionate desire to angrily fling off his hand and say, "I will not!" and wrench herself free; felt at the same time a horrible, hot sensation which was stronger than she was, so that she always ended by submitting to him.

He seldom caused her to have this sensation, it is true—she had felt it when he forbade her to speak slightly of his cousins, and in the conversation that followed; but it was a sensation which left a smart behind it long after the first rush of it was over: it left her quivering, angry, yet helpless; confused and miserable. In a word, it was the sensation of fear. She feared her master because she was incapable of understanding him. It was not a happy state of things. Looked at from Lizzie's point of view, she was a misunderstood being—a *femme incomprise*. And I am not sure that there was not a great deal of truth in her view of the case.

Bernard only stayed two or three days at Irkford; long enough to choose and take a house, and to give Lizzie *carte blanche* as to the furnishing

of it. He said he would go and see after Scar Foot being brightened up a little, and Miss Vane said yes, that was a very good idea. If she wanted him, she was to send for him, he said; and Lizzie said yes, she would. He would in any case be sure to come and see her before April, he added; and Lizzie said yes, indeed, she hoped he would; only he was to be sure and let her know before he did come, which he promised.

He called to see Percy, and thought his old friend was stiff and ungenial. He went to Messrs. Jenkinson and Sharpe's warehouse and found his old friend Bob Stansfield there, looking very pale and overworked. Aglionby carried him off with him to Scar Foot, and said he had better learn to be a farmer. He returned to Scar Foot in the middle of January, found Mrs. Bryce there, and greeted her with the words:

"Aunt, it is good to be at home again."

CHAPTER XXVIII.—DELPHINE.

WHEN Judith and her sister left Danesdale on the night after the ball, they drove home without exchanging a syllable. Judith was for once too absorbed in herself and her own concerns to notice her companion.

Delphine had folded her cloak around her, and crouched, as if exceedingly weary, into one corner of the carriage. With her face turned toward the window, away from Judith, she remained motionless, voiceless, until at last they arrived at Yoresett House. It took a long time before Rhoda could be roused from her sleep by the parlor fire, to let them in. At last she opened the door to them, and they went in, and paused in the great bare stone passage. Their candles stood there, and a lighted lamp.

"Well," said Rhoda, yawning, and rubbing her eyes. "What sort of a party was it?"

Delphine made no reply, but lighted her candle.

Rhoda was too sleepy to be very determined about receiving an answer to her question, and still stood rubbing her eyes and inarticulately murmuring that it must be very late.

"Good-night!" observed Delphine, with a shadow of her usual shadowy smile, and, drawing her white cloak about her, her white figure flitted up the stairs.

Then first it was that Judith began to remark something unusual in Delphine's behavior. She said nothing, but contented herself with telling

Rhoda, who had summoned up animation enough again to inquire what sort of a party it was, that it was very large and very brilliant, and that she was too tired to say anything about it to-night—she would tell her to-morrow. Thereupon she put a candle into the sleepy maiden's hand, and with an indulgent smile bade her go. She would follow when she had looked round the house.

It came as something soothing, after the powerful agitation of the past hours, to go, candle in hand, through all the dark, cold passages, trying the doors, and seeing that all was locked up. Then she put out the lamp in the parlor, and took her way up-stairs. She entered her own room, which, as has been said, opened into Delphine's, though they both had doors into the landing. The first thing that struck Judith was that this door between their rooms was shut. The shut door chilled her heart. She put her candle down, and stood still, listening. A silence as of the grave greeted her. Delphine could not, in less than ten minutes, have taken off her finery and got into bed, and gone to sleep—*ergo*, she must be sitting, or standing, or at any rate waking, conscious, living, in that room, behind that closed door.

Dread seized Judith's heart. They were accustomed to undress with the partition-door open, walking in and out of each other's rooms, chatting, or silent, as the case might be, but never debarred either from entering the other's chamber. And they always left the door open at last, and exchanged a good-night before going to sleep. What did this miserable, this unnatural closed door mean?

"I wonder—I hope—surely it is not anything that Randulf Danesdale has said!" speculated Judith, in great uneasiness. She began to undress, but that closed door importuned her. Still not a sound from within. She began to question herself as to what she was to do. To get into bed and take no notice of Delphine was a sheer impossibility. When she had taken off her beautiful frock, and hung it up, and put on her dressing-gown, and taken her hair-brush in her hand, she could bear it no longer. If any sound from within had reached her, she could have endured it, but the silence remained profound as ever. She put the brush down, stepped across the room, and knocked softly at the door. No reply.

Another knock, and "Delphine!"

She had to knock again, and again to cry "Del-

phine!" and then her sister's voice, calm and composed, said:

"Well?"

"May I not come in, and say good-night?"

A slight rustle. Then the door was opened—a very little, and Delphine stood on the other side, still fully dressed, and without letting Judith in, said "Good-night," and bent forward to kiss her.

"Del, what is this?" asked Judith, in great distress. "What is the matter?"

"Nothing," replied the same sweet, composed voice. "I am a little tired. Let me alone."

"Tired—well, let me come in and help you to take off your dress, and brush your hair, Del!"

There was an almost urgent appeal in her voice.

"No, thank you. I shall sit by my fire a little while, I dare say. You look tired. Go to bed. Good-night."

She waited a moment, and then—closed the door again, gently, slowly, but most decidedly.

Judith retired, almost wild with vague alarm. Some great blow had befallen Delphine. She, who was now so well "acquainted with grief," was quite sure of that. Who would have supposed that she would take this trouble so coldly and sternly, so entirely to herself, as to shut out even her best-beloved, her perfect friend and companion, from participation in it? She passed a sleepless night. She could not tell whether Delphine ever went to bed. She lay awake with her nerves strained, and her ear intent to catch the faintest sound from her sister's room, and still none came. It was a cruel vigil. When it was quite late, though before the late daybreak had appeared, Judith dropped into an uneasy sleep, which presently grew more profound. Wearied out with grief, emotion, and fear, she slept soundly for a few hours, and when she awoke, the daylight made itself visible even through the down-drawn blind.

Feeling that it must be very late, and forgetting for a few blessed moments the ball, and everything connected with it, she sprang up and began to dress. Very soon, of course, it all returned to her: the brief flash of hope and new life was over; gray reality, stony-hearted facts, the clouded future reasserted themselves, and it was with a heart as heavy as usual that she at last went downstairs.

In the parlor she found that which in nowise tended to reassure her, or brighten her spirits.

The breakfast-things were still on the table; Rhoda and Mrs. Conisbrough appeared to have finished. The latter was seated in her rocking-chair by the fire; the former was at the table, her elbows resting upon it. Both faces were turned toward Delphine, with an expression of pleased interest, who sat at the head of the table, with a face devoid of all trace of color (but that might easily be fatigue), and looking the whiter in her black dress. She, too, was smiling: she was talking—she was entertaining her mother and sister with an account of last night's ball—of the company, the dresses, and the behavior of those present; and her descriptions were flavored with an ill-natured sarcasm very unusual to her. Just now she was describing Miss Vane and her pink frock, and her manners and conduct in general, holding them up in a light of ridicule, which, could the object have been cognizant of it, must have caused her spasms of mortification.

When Judith came in, she was welcomed also, as being the possible source of more interesting information; but very soon her mechanical, spiritless recitals and monosyllabic replies drew down Rhoda's indignation, and Judith, with a forced smile and a horrible pain at her heart, said she would not attempt to rival Delphine, for that she had not enjoyed the party and could not pretend to describe it in an amusing manner.

Two or three days passed, and things were still in the same miserable state. Delphine still wore the same blanched face, still continued to show the same spirit of raillery and indifference. When she was with her mother and sisters, it was always she who led the conversation, and was, as Rhoda gratefully informed her, the life and soul of the party.

"I wish you could go to a ball every week, Del," she said fervently. "It makes you quite delightful!"

To which Delphine replied, with a little laugh, that monotony palled. Rhoda would soon be tired of hearing of balls, which must all bear a strong family resemblance the one to the other. Occasionally Judith had found Delphine silent and alone, and then she realized how completely the other demeanor was a mask, put on to deceive and to cover some secret grief—secret indeed.

There are girls, and girls. Delphine surprised the person who knew her best by the manner in which she took her grief. Whatever it was, she

kept it to herself. She had taken it in her arms, as it were, and made a companion of it, of whom she was very jealous. She kept it for her own delectation alone. No one else was suffered even to lift a corner of the thick veil which shrouded it. No one knew what it said to her, or she to it, in the long night-watches, in the silent vigils of darkness, or alone in the daylight hours; nay, so fondly did she guard it, that none in the house, except Judith, even suspected its existence. Though her mother noted her white face, she was completely deceived by her composed and cheerful demeanor, and said that when

the weather was warmer Delphine would be stronger. It was Judith alone who instinctively felt that never had her sister been stronger, never so strong, as now, when she looked so white and wan. But she also felt it was that terrible kind of strength which feeds upon the spirit which supplies it: when that is exhausted, body and soul seem to break down together in an utter collapse, and this was what the elder girl feared for the younger; this was why she longed irrepressibly that Delphine would only speak to her—confess her wretchedness—impart the extent and nature of her grief.

(*To be continued.*)

THE STATE AND THE RAILWAY.

By JAMES CLEMENT AMBROSE.

EIGHT years ago intense financial disaster, nicknamed the "Panic," crossed this country. Certain Western States which suffered much had mortgaged many of their towns and counties to entice railways through them; and straightway these States attributed their calamity to the unchecked growth of railways. Then followed at the West an era of anti-railway legislation of the most malignant type. "Grangerism" became the name of the opposition, and became king at Western capitals. And during the succeeding five years many feeble lines of railway made their final station the court of bankruptcy. Yet the people recovered not by this surgery. Multitudes of men expired on the same cot with the roads. And the infection spread to other parts of the country, but with less inflammation. Then these heroic doctors rested.

Now that business activity again comes to the survivors,—both people and railways,—strangely there also comes a new crusade against the self-management of railways. But this time it is the large shipper, the middleman between continents, rather than the producer, who seeks to obstruct, or control, the carrier. The middler, seeing that small gain to the producer would be large gain to him, will, he says, organize one monopoly to cure another, only calling his "*anti-monopoly*." He grips the locomotive by the smoke-stack, and demands, "'Your money or your life!' This is a free country for business en-

terprise, but not to *two* mammoths. Here shall thy proud smoke be stayed! I have become so attached to the principle of naming the prices of my own wares and services, that I cannot resist the wish to make a schedule of rates for you too."

This late outburst of the battle against rails rises in the East. That giant trafficker in the earnings of one side of the world and the necessities of the other,—the New York Chamber of Commerce,—eager for the largest profits, has pamphleted the country with its speculations on transportation, has organized its "National Anti-Monopoly League," has saturated the press with the litany of its attorneys, has held mass conventions, and has laid under tribute to its schemes several popular magazines; all to foment indignant enthusiasm in favor of managing railway transportation by those who have no money invested in the business. This agency has aided to revive the issue also among Western legislatures; but down to present date the raw "East wind" has newly unbedded no ties on the prairie.

It may be pardonable, therefore, if not wise, to inquire whether there be no flaws in the verdict of this shipper's jury, seemingly "organized to convict;" also to inquire what are some of the rights of railways, and the probable effect of their close control by State or nation.

I find the recent advocates of legislative control over railways begin their alphabet with a

court dictum as the supreme exponent of what ought to be. They build upon the following utterance by the Supreme Court of the United States in a warehouse case—*Munn vs. Illinois*:

"Property becomes clothed with a public interest when used in a manner to make it of public consequence and affect the community at large. When, therefore, one devotes his property to a use in which the public has an interest, he, in effect, grants to the public an interest in that use, and must submit to be controlled by the public for the common good to the extent of the interest he has thus created."

This theory for the conversion of the bulk of private property into communistic hodge-podge was not called for by the case at bar, for the Constitution of the State had "granted to the public an interest in the use" of the warehouse. Further than that, this dictum bears not upon the "use" of railways; for a constitutionally restricted warehouse is not an unrestricted railway.

Hence this careless or volunteer burial of personal energy in business is entitled to no more right in adjusting the relation of railways to the public than is the assertion of any unofficial citizen. But even were it a genuine finding, and applicable to our issue, it would not be final. Thanks to our system of government, the nominally Supreme Court is not the court of last resort. The court of popular comprehension is above it, and does, from time to time, review and reverse its opinions. Enforce the above gratuity of the court as the law of the land, and industry becomes the chaos demanded by the Commune, without one lawless blow. Men cease to work well when they must divide their profits with those who work not.

The "property" of the country is small which is not "devoted to a use in which the public has an interest." How is it with the capital multiplied in chambers of commerce, in ships, and in vast manufactures, devoted to hotels, houses for rent, theatres, churches, press, law, physic, saloons, etc? Are they not all "clothed with a public interest"? Do they not "affect the community at large" as directly as railways? But must they therefore "submit to be controlled by the public" to the extent of dictation in rates, rents, prices of machinery, of silks, calicoes, opera-seats, ministers' services, newspapers, and drinks, or of petty-fogging and medical attendance? Beyond this,

absurdity could not travel. Yet, as showing the spirit propagated by the sweeping language of the court, it is noticed that the Illinois Assembly was lately considering a bill making every shareholder in any manufacturing corporation personally liable for all its debts.

Another claim is, that the State *creates* the railway corporation, and may, therefore, manage it. But this claim is almost as broad as the court dictum. It grasps too large an armful. Nearly all corporations come into being under general laws authorizing capitalized co-operation in many other fields than that of the railway. The property is contributed by the stockholders. The State contributes nothing but the general franchise law, which it is bound to grant so long as the State exists for the people—so long as the people are the State. And under the general incorporation laws one company gets only what others may take. The State cannot, then, be convicted of creating "monopolies," as it is popular among the dissatisfied to nickname railways. Such men, too, may enjoy a "monopoly," if they will invest money enough and brains to make it profitable. But the State holds no power to create private property by monopoly, or control that which it does not create. To do either is to deprive somebody of property without due process of law, which wrong the Federal Constitution forbids. So, too, since railways and other corporations are authorized to contract debts and execute bonds, if legislation may interfere to reduce their incomes, it may impair the obligation of contracts, which further wrong the Federal Constitution also forbids. Otherwise, who would loan money to individual or corporation?

Half feeling their Supreme-Court plank shaky, and half doubting their theory of State creation, the self-styled "anti-monopolists," like stupid summer insects, dash violently against the light that will burn their own wings. They assail the right of property, its security, its sacredness; for the essence of all property is the right of control over it. They have it that the public, simply because it is the public,—composed of all citizens,—holds proprietary interest in the railways where-with certain citizens serve the public. The very lion of the coterie (Judge Black), in feeble uncertainty, first proclaims that "the railway belongs to the people," then suddenly cheats the people of half by affirming that "the railway is a partner-

ship between the people and the corporation." How does he distribute the duties and rewards of the "partners"? The people he burdens to supply what land the other member of the firm pays full value for; also to have itself and its separate estate transported by its partner; to exercise full control of the partnership property, and enjoy all profits above a "fair income on the capital." This arrangement relieves the other member of all duties, except to provide the capital in money and brains for construction and operation; to do all the work, take all the risks, meet all losses, pay all taxes to the popular side of the firm, and enjoy such "living" as its generous mate may consider "reasonable." •

In such theory, is there not a dull confounding of property with its possessor? In a vague sense, all persons subject to common government are "partners," whether they be natural or artificial persons. But their property is in no just sense *partnership* property, beyond the tax fraction which is needed to oil the wheels of State. Nor can the natural persons in the State be awarded a forced interest in the property of its artificial persons. Destroy self-control, and the personal interest of corporate investors is destroyed; repair and improvement are checked, stopped; dilapidation and uselessness follow. And if the people possess not even a partnership interest in the railway, how does "the railway belong to the people" wholly?

During forty years England has tried to subject railway transportation to the will of politicians, but has lately named the result as "nothing accomplished, nothing hindered," and the issue still vexes her "regulators." The late "granger" effort at the West proved only a spasm of folly, suspending prairie development and credit. Its statutes soon practically retired from activity, and no class profited less or suffered more by the movement than the producing guild that "travailed" with it. So precedent scarcely smiles in the face of present endeavor.

In seeking adjustment of this issue, there are certain foundation stones immovable and safe to build upon. To hold property is the natural right of every person. It is given with life. It is also second in our trinity of constitutional rights—"life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." It is not only a large factor in "liberty," but without this right, only the minimum "pursuit of

happiness" is practicable, and no "life" above slavery possible. Nor is the personal right to hold property one of limitations. It embraces the right to accumulate and to employ, with but a single check upon the will and ability of the holder—that he get and use property as not abusing any of the rights of others. There is, however, no natural obligation upon man to use his property for the *benefit* of his fellows, however far that way revealed duty may reach. Further, the right to employ property at will carries the right to combine it with that of consenting others. And here, the consent of all the people, through their agent, the State, to the right of way being granted, is reached the right to combine individual properties for the construction and operation of railways; and this without other than charter release of the right of control.

Hitherto this has been the general voice of the commercial world. And now, even those who ask to control others' earnings concede that this right of self-control belonged to primitive railways, poor and few, with rates inversely as their speed and conveniences. But to-day, when rail locomotion rivals lightning, and railways supply comforts and luxuries at half the price of old hardships; and since the generation which rode half-way through life in "prairie schooners" and "horrible stages," and hauled wheat one hundred miles to market with oxen, and bartered a bushel for forty cents in sugar and calico—since this generation has died, its wiser sons in palace cars find railway corporations "natural monopolies," their capital and income no longer the property of their shareholders, but of the State, and subject to a consuming legislative control. Thus does the fullness of excellence sometimes cloy appreciation. It is not strange large co-operative industry is always antagonized by those whose profits are curtailed by its success.

A single "co-operative institution" handles the merchandise of all Mormons in Utah, to their gain, and is accordingly cursed as a "monopoly" by all "Gentiles" seeking Utah trade. The vast co-operation stores in England—combinations of individual capital—find the multitude cheaply, but prevent large profits by small rivals, and, to the latter, they become "odious monopolies." If the combination of capital to promote one industry is morally right, its most magnificent achievement, the railway, cannot be wrong, even though it de-

cline manipulation by the average legislator. Society, the State, or the nation is but a huge combination of capital in brains, money, and morals, whose success is conditioned upon wise *self-control*. And all wise management must come from within. Discreet men do not resign their business to adversely interested parties. And the rivulets of private fortune flow together in great enterprises only as they are left undammed by hostile legislation. The sole success of capital is in its independence of non-capitalists and its removal from politics. The merchant who should permit his clerks to name their salaries and the prices upon goods would be running across lots toward insolvency.

Having made the corporation its own master, what shall determine the cost of transportation to the patron? The same conditions which determine the cost to him of other services, or of wares. The truest and almost universal arbiter of prices is competition. This is a "governor" on all well-worked industries, from the milk-cart to the ocean steamship. As it droops, prices rise. Displace it, and there is danger of calamity. Demand and supply form the natural balance in commercial prices. If you say that among railways competition does not always compete, all lines of trade are subject to the same infirmity. Dealers in any given town usually make concert of prices upon their staple goods. And when, as not unfrequently occurs elsewhere, the Illinois roads, during the fall of '80 and much of the following winter, provided first-class passenger transportation for five hundred miles between Chicago and Kansas City for a single dollar, the most ultra anti-monopolist temporarily smiled and conceded that competition *was* the natural adjuster of railway rates. And he has kept on smiling between Chicago and the ocean for five dollars all the past summer. Pooling does not always "pool."

Nevertheless, nothing else so adds to supply and reduces prices as do high prices. They are the seed of new effort, and, sooner or later, of real competition; for as rivals multiply, side-interests and impediments to pooling multiply. Had the early sewing-machine companies received but ten per cent. returns upon their capital, their family had not so rapidly increased, their work so soon approached perfection, and their prices universal ability to pay. Still, why should men reaping large profits from the operation of railways be

called "swindlers," while men reaping larger profits from the manufacture of sewing-machines are called "gentlemen"? Legislation has more fostered the machine than the railway, but has not mooted the regulation of its cost to patrons. Yet its patrons at least equal those of the road. No class ever grew rich so fast as not to see "the dear people robbed" by the class that ran in its way of growing rich faster. So do boards of trade look upon railways. "Straining out gnats and swallowing camels" did not pass from earth with the Author of the rebuke; and his practical business parable, teaching man's right to do what he will with his own, has worn bright as the eighteen Christian centuries have worn dim.

Railway corporations are made of real men with souls, consciences, and generous sympathies, no less than are other business associations. No other men so systematically tax themselves for the benefit of the clergy and the indigent. To sample their souls, it may be related that four great Chicago companies contributed each six hundred dollars per annum to the work of the Young Men's Christian Association in that city.

Judge Black and other writers against railway self-control unite to insist that transportation by water and transportation by rail are not to be subjected to like codes. Possibly; but if the public is to adjust the tolls for carriage over only one element, it should be that wherein no man has ever been allowed the right of private property, not that which is rendered traversable only by vast expenditure of private property. True, the sea and the railway are no more comparable than the sunbeam and the chandelier; one is God's, the other man's. What nature renders serviceable without taming by man is public domain, and its government, if governed at all, must emanate from the public. But the control of what man makes belongs only to him who produces it. Nature opens the stream; private parties do not pay taxes upon it; if its bed or bank needs mending, the public is taxed for that; it is the property of the public. But private wealth opens the railway, pays taxes upon it, keeps it in repair, and alone renders it valuable; it is the property of private persons, built for private revenue, public convenience being incidental. If a navigable stream fails, the loss is spread upon the public; but if a railway fails, the private stockholders bear only the direct loss, other people—the public

—feeling only a relative loss of convenience, which convenience is the public's full compensation for its charter privileges to the builders. And before any locality may fairly call itself wronged by a railway, it must prove its transportation conveniences less with than without a railway. By land and by water income justly flows back to the source of the invested capital; and the fair measure of income is what the public pays deliberately, and by the decade, rather than invest its own wealth in transportation. Comparatively, however, it is more reasonable that the public should schedule rates over the road-bed whose only cost it meets, than over the road-bed toward whose cost and equipment it contributes nothing but the fiction of a franchise.

Power is always accompanied by responsibility. This seems to be forgotten by the corporation of advocates that the State, having consented to be blessed with many railways, becomes thereby the practical owner of the investments, general manager of the improvements, and consumer of all profits above the "ordinary market income of capital." Such power would carry with it the responsibility of securing to the stockholders the "ordinary market income of capital," which in the past would often have subjected the State to great inconvenience. The father is entitled to the services, the income, of his minor son above his "running expenses"—food, clothing, and schooling—solely because he must meet those expenses, securing to the child an income in growth and improvement.

But State power, delegated to a handful of those men who make office their trade, is also dangerous—a tool liable to cut two ways. A commission (the plan thus far) in charge of rates has power to increase, as well as to reduce, thus possibly making its control onerous to the public and profitable to corporations. And precedent has hardly proved this class in power clean above possible corruption.

The distinguished president of the National Anti-Monopoly League is positive that "the legislative and judiciary departments of government are corrupt and must be purified!" But if they are impure now, will they become better with greater power over private fortunes, *alias* temptation, put upon them? Once unleashed, this hybrid spirit of paternalism and communism may prove a hound upon the track of other industries than transportation. Already certain legislatures

debate the control of telegraphic tariffs. And if great services and great properties have their prices stamped by statute, precedent and analogy will soon subject all minor enterprises to this theory's bending-iron. Consistency would require that legislative manipulation of prices downward, once assumed, should work amazing revolution among certain industries. All our national life legislation has manipulated upward the prices of many manufactures by protective tariffs.

Manufactures have ridden the people with the bridle of monopoly and dictated legislation as defiantly as is possible to railways. Government has contributed infinitely more to the profit of manufactures than of railways. Then whose profit, if any, may it rightly toll? But, say the advocates of control (possibly), manufactures can't live without government aid—taxes upon the consuming people. But the profits of the rail are so large that transportation can divide with the people and still live. Very well; if it is the policy of popular government to insure to every guild a living income and pare all success down to that point, then truly did communism come in with the Constitution!

Only attempt to spread the principle of price-paternalism over all industries which have had legislative permit to exist and to try for wealth, and this warfare will lose its delicate flavor for its soldiers.

If the theory that a railway charter is a contract is to be successfully traversed, leaving incorporators no rights which the State is bound to respect, then is that fickle faction called a legislature to terrorize over our largest private contributions to public prosperity. It may impair the charter at any moment; it may even cancel the charter upon first completion of the road, totally defeating investments. Clothe the legislature with such power and the ambition of bad men to become member is stimulated, not quieted. Legislative control is simply the transfer of the railway's power to oppress to the legislature. If abuses must come, it is better that they be open than under cover of law. But it is true in the history of unrestricted railways, that they have steadily reduced their rates of transportation. While there is freedom, there is a subtle spirit of competition which thrives under the very eyebrows of the pooling system.

Is there a sort of chemistry of commerce whereby private property, invested in railway construction,

becomes public property? If so, who cares to cast his millions into the crucible? If railways are State assets, their shareholders are serfs whose fate follows their property, and they may be compelled to operate their transformed property at a *losing* rate, for the benefit of the public. The right to reduce profits by a cent is the right to take all profits and principal. Such is the despotism the logic of the regulators leads to. Yet one eminent attorney for the shippers grants that "the tolls ought to be high enough to give the corporation a *fair* profit on the capital they have actually invested."

But to control profits legislation must control more than tolls. Receipts do not figure on balance-sheets much more conspicuously than do expenses. Legislation must appoint the quality and quantity of railway appurtenances, the number of trains, and the salaries of officers. Fancy the corporation committee of a legislature visiting the headquarters of some trunk line, summoning the president, superintendent, general freight agent, clerks, conductors, engineers, and the rest, then addressing them somewhat as follows:

"*Gentlemen*: By a fiction of law in a free country, which you of course cannot understand, this 'road is the property of the State;' and the legislature has concluded that it cannot afford to continue to you, as 'the agents of the State,' your late salaries. Henceforth, wages will be reduced all around from twenty-five to fifty per cent!"

Yet this is only the attorney's "fair-profit" theory before a field-glass. Apply this theory to the fourteen hundred railways of this country, and not epizootic and yellow fever in every city and hamlet could induce equal lamentation, non-intercourse, and financial stagnation.

To illustrate a former position more fully and familiarly, I note that the growth of grain is "clothed with a public interest." Still, the farmer, or farming section, that gets good crops in a generally bad year, enjoys something of a "monopoly" in grain, but is not thought unsound in morals or common sense to so use his advantage that the excess of demand over supply shall afford him the largest possible price. Yet to-day's aim is, in transportation, to overcome the natural law of demand and supply and adopt the arbitrary law of "clothed with a public interest" as apology for legislative regulation of rates, that the "monopo-

listic" grain grower, or the grain-speculator, may augment his natural profit by reducing that of the grain-carrier. More inconsistent still is that zeal for regulation which skips the coal mine to fasten upon transportation. As a combination of capital, favored of legislation and "clothed with a public interest," the mine is not a whit behind the road. Yet law has never laid hand upon coal to approximate its cost to the producer or the middleman, and its price to the consumer. Its sales have no reference to a "fair profit on the capital invested." As a late large instance, throughout the West at least, stocks of coal laid down in the summer of '80 were sold during the following winter at two or three dollars per ton above what dealers reckoned their "fair profit" in the fall. And this is the right to be exercised unquestioned by all industries, save transportation. Merchants of every line and mechanics of every guild make demand and supply a basis for prices.

One of the anti-monopoly *savants* already quoted has it, first, that "the *road* belongs to the State;" second, "that the *franchises* are property in which the company has a vested right." Just how the State may own the road, and the company hold the only attributes which render ownership available, is a dim proposition to one not accustomed to reach the mysterious harmonies of the bar. If this germinal theory means anything, it is that, though the State owns the cow, the corporation has "a vested right" to milk her. If it is this toy ownership that is to delight the public, why, let them play with the same.

But, again, Judge Black declares, "The amount of tax, toll, or freight, in any case, is not a subject of bargain between the shipper and the corporation, but a thing to be settled, fixed, and prescribed by public authority." That is a plain proposition in absolute despotism which no discreet man will vote to apply to his own industry; he will not put himself in the place of the company and approve it. He adds:

"The privilege of taking a certain fixed, prescribed, uniform, reasonable rate of toll from all persons alike, according to the use they make of the road, is a power that the State may bestow upon any person, natural or artificial."

This is true, but not the whole truth. The State may do much more. It has done much more. Almost uniformly it has bestowed the

power to *name*, as well as to "take" rates—has left "the amount of toll a subject of bargain between shipper and corporation." And this is wisdom. The few States whose Constitutions reserve to the legislature the power to alter and repeal charters are not those wherein capital has gone farthest to accommodate the people, as well as itself.

But the "taking of tolls, uniform and reasonable, from all persons alike, *according to the use they make of the road*," has been the essence of corporate self-rule. What it specially antagonizes is arbitrary uniformity *without reference* "to the use made of the road." Its custom is chiefly *with reference* to the use which shippers make of the road. With the same justice and business sagacity which actuate all other capital and labor, the railway corporation has its wholesale and retail rates, and rates modified by the conveniences demanded by the patron. Second-class fare takes a second-class car. That is fair. The shipper who loads fifty cars per day, and every day in the year, pays a lower tariff per hundred-weight than does he whose whole patronage is to annually ship one barrel of apples to his cousin. This, too, is fair. They whose persons or possessions are transported one thousand miles without "breaking bulk" pay less per mile than do they whose termini lie but ten miles apart. Is this, either, *unfair*? Cities whose size, enterprise, and sacrifice have drawn thither two or more parallel roads get better terms than the petty, intermediate town, which owes even conception to the fact that the pioneer road halted its train on the spot prior to the coming of the grocer, the liquor-dealer, and the tavern-keeper. Is this "discrimination" in favor of some points and against others unfair, unjust? If so, local push doesn't pay for cultivation, and the competition demanded as between railways is denied as between towns. For where real competition prevails, there is no ground for complaint; it is not left standing-room.

Yet it is a thing of greatest grief to one Eastern writer against self-control—the only possible introduction to competition—that the Fink pool cuts off New York's right of competition against rival seaports. Here he asks for New York, on a great scale, the same chance which his legislative control refuses to all other points having rivals—the chance to compete. Trades-unionism is not a pet in any broad and wise economy. Yet it padlocks the mechanical labor of the country almost without

remonstrance in law. But national management of railways were little else than a stupendous trades-union, with the added evil of acting upon compulsion. Under it, the industry that by its freedom has grown the most important in the nation would be dominated by a few of the men whom the accidents of election push into power. There is a rivalry between localities as natural and just as between brains. And before one town complains that favor shown to another wrongs it, it should well consider whether its former capital and income have been advanced or reduced by the presence of the railway.

Centres of traffic confer special favors, and are entitled to returns upon such investment. Their patronage is large; and, in aid of railways, they endure detentions, rail-cut streets, viaducts, smoke, screech, and risk of life, much more serious than attach to minor towns. For these evils competition affords them their sole compensation. All these and other advantages and disadvantages to travelers and shippers adhere closely "*to the use they make of the road*." Similar discriminations fall upon the patrons of every other great factor in the world's commerce, according to the use they make of it. But were the theory tenable that the railway belongs to the State, even thus the large city and the large shipper, being large taxpayers,—large elements of the State,—must be given corresponding benefits from the property of the State. They are its large "shareholders," and one thousand shares in a stock-concern entitle their holder to a larger dividend than is drawn by the single share.

At the common law, the railway, "undertaking for hire to transport goods and people from one place to another," is a common carrier. If its charter does not change its status, then does the State, if it be the owner of the railway, assume all the responsibilities of the carrier, even to insurance against loss of goods, and damage to the person. Are the people hungry for a tax-levy in support of such assumption of liability by the State? Or, if charter grant can relieve the State from such liability, then is a charter a valid contract, and the road does *not* belong to the State, but its simple duty is to see that its contract is kept. And if a charter is not a contract, securing to the railway rights, as well as holding it to duties, then is a charter worse than waste paper—taking all and giving nothing.

Not all railways can carry upon like terms, any more than can the steamboat and the wheelbarrow. Yet the most radical attorneys for State control maintain that all should receive "a liberal compensation, wear and tear, repair, and interest on capital; but all beyond this is mere lawless robbery." If, however, the State establish "uniform rates" so "liberal" that the weak lines live well, the strong will fatten beyond their present "bloated" estate, and the class miscalled "the people" will exchange their present fancy sleeve-crape for full sackcloth and ashes. On the other hand, if the State act fairly and schedule to one at three cents the service which another performs at two, it does that which its self-retained attorneys now cite as the most odious feature of corporate conduct—it "bases tariffs on what the traffic will bear;" it "discriminates."

Such is the dilemma led to by the logic of "liberal compensation" for all by law. And if it place rates so "uniformly" low that only the strong can live, the weak must die, and again "sackcloth" will symbolize the public feeling. How is it more just that legislation "discriminate" between railways than that railways discriminate between towns and between shippers? Or, is the principle by which, as the indictment runs, corporations sometimes graduate rates by "what the traffic will bear," improved if the State graduate rates by what the roads will bear? Corporations are but men, and in the eye of the law the servant is on a par with his patron. What one may *receive* and live is no fairer measure of wages than what one may *pay* and live. Still, another Anti-Monopoly chief prints his opinion that "charges should be based upon cost of service." Why cost rather than value? This, also, would compel "discrimination" between lines. It would cut off those frequent railway contributions to the public wherein railways carry *below* cost rather than not carry at all. They are better economists than many individuals—they keep busy at small pay rather than stand idle at no pay. Nor is it unworthy of consideration at this point, that large improvements depend upon large profits. The public of shippers and travelers demand the former, therefore they must yield the latter. They do not wish the trunk line to become as the backwoods branch whose income exhibits but the margin of a modest living above "cost." And, as a rule, large profits have afforded the public large improvements.

With something of strange inconsistency, these gentlemen who purpose the absolute dependence of railways upon legislative bodies complain of the political corruption growing out of their semi-dependence. Even Congress is invited to the supervision of inter-State lines. Is it wise? By some law of affinity, this issue and corruption seem to combine.

Is it clear, this right of Congress to lay hand upon the throttle-valves of the country? Is the constitutional clause, "right to regulate commerce between the States," positive authority to impose commercial plans upon the States, or only something in the line of veto power, admitting interference simply to prevent one State impeding the commerce of other States seeking transit through it?

At the sacrifice of harmony, the distinguished Pennsylvanian before quoted herein seems to lean to the latter view. He asks, "Is Congress not strictly within the scope of that authority ['right to regulate commerce between the States'] when it makes a law forbidding carriers through the State to *injure, impede, or destroy* the general trade of the country by extravagant and discriminating charges?"

The right of "forbidding" is purely the right of veto, not of original direction. Unless, however, the State lay sticks in the way of free transportation, "the general trade of the country" will not be "injured, impeded, or destroyed." For transportation always transports. It needs no insurance against suicide. Its profit lies in promoting, not "impeding" trade. Whatever is free is not hindered, and the railway's freedom helps the purpose of its existence. If "impediments" come needing the Congressional veto, they will wear the likeness of legislation, not of corporate effort. The clause in question seems rather to have been designed as an inter-State remedy—as a peace-maker between States—than for encroachment upon individual or corporate enterprise. And, touching this point, the unanimous opinion of the United States Supreme Court stands in these words:

"The power to regulate commerce among the several States was vested in Congress in order to secure equality and freedom in commercial intercourse *against discriminating State legislation*. It was never intended that the power should be so exercised as to interfere with private contracts not designed at the time they were made to create impediments to such intercourse."

If, also, as by the theory of the "reformers," the railways belong to the States wherein they have a local habitation, can Congress rightfully direct the use of such property? The ground assumed for State control defeats national control.

But, admitting control by the general Government, what are the probabilities of purity! Already, all the way from ward caucus to Congress, corruption is said to keep tavern. Will its guests grow less by clothing every ballot in the country with a bearing on the value of every share of railway stock in the country? What will be the effect as this power condenses into the hands of a Congressional commission, with authority to prescribe all tariffs? When a vote is worth a million dollars, how many men who seek office will shun the market? If corrupt relations now exist between corporations and people, both deserve punishment. But to reduce the tolls of the bribed community is to reward the recipient at the expense of the giver. And if bribery exists among legislators, will it be lessened by increasing their temptations? The business is not to be bankrupted in that way. So long as merchantable men are foisted into office, they will be likely to find a market. If the venality of the few whom the people recklessly permit to manage politics is not the primary course of all legislative corruption, at least complete cure would come with the expulsion of the venal from political management. Money cannot buy that which is not for sale. It takes two to achieve bribery. There is a beam in the eye that is looking for a mote.

The confessions of the leader in Congress for railway regulation by that body are valuable as being those of a student of transportation, and as being adverse to most of the theorists who aim at his mark. From the *Tribune's* report of Congressman Reagan's remarks before the mass-meeting called by the Anti-Monopoly League at New York in February last, it appears that he made the following statements:

"Several remedies have been proposed in Congress for restraining the power of corporations, and among other things the establishment of regular freight rates have been contemplated. This plan has been considered impracticable as thoroughly injurious to the corporations and ultimately so to the public. It has then been suggested to fix maximum rates for inter-State commerce. But upon consideration it appears

that if maximum rates are fixed for the benefit of the public, the railroads will suffer; and if they are fixed for the railroads, the public will be no better off than at present."

The author of the Inter-State Commerce bill also condensed this late, and probably future, effort into these words:

"It is proposed to declare that railroads shall not have the power to charge one person more than another; to prohibit the pooling of freights by otherwise competing railroads, and thus give the public all the advantages of fair competition, and to limit the power of railroads to discriminate between places."

I have already covered the main points of this bill, aiming to show why one person and one place may fairly enjoy lighter rates than do others. And to prohibit pooling will avail but little. Tacit understanding to collect like tariffs between the same places will accomplish substantially the object of pooling.

Any plan of supervision by Congress must also involve an executive commission, or a department head and a corps of subordinates. The favorite thought at times has been the granger method of the West,—to place the detail of rates and enforcement along individual lines with a commission of nine, one from each judicial circuit. In such case, a majority would probably constitute a business quorum, and the majority of the quorum would control action. Practically, then, three men might dictate the income of seven or eight billions of capital they did not own. How many political trios bless the country with virtues so athletic as to throw away this gorgeous temptation, is a very pretty problem for the "reformers."

Railways, left to themselves, contend for individual superiority; but, driven together into a single herd, naturally they will contend against the driver; individual ambition to excel must be lost in a common ambition to outgeneral their common enemy. Nor does it appear that the result of conflict between political management and universal business interests would be doubtful unless Congress should attempt to compel stated and ample operation of roads. For let but the inter-State lines run all their locomotives into dry-dock for thirty days, and popular demand for instant return to the present "robber system" would be intense and universal.

My conclusion is that all effort to arbitrarily

legislate our vast railway interests into subjection to the will of an opposing interest is weak and temporizing, and its end must be failure. The theory runs counter to the democratic principle of the largest possible liberty to all to do what they will with their own, short of obstruction to others of like will. Present effort is planing the plank against the grain. Its surface will never be other than slivered, and the hands that lay hold of it will bleed. Conceive of Government having accomplished thirty years ago the control now applied for! To-day, national development would wear a pauper cast compared with its actual elegance. For the railway is the drive-wheel to wide development; but private enterprise ends where public tyranny begins. When to put capital into railway construction is to put it beyond personal control, it will be put elsewhere.

Possibly there are two *approaches* to permanent attainment of the ends sought by the complainants. One is that *they* construct roads which will not pool or discriminate, or otherwise work for the stockholders, but will gratefully sacrifice private interest to public clamor. The other *approach* is

to follow the old Windom committee into State or national construction, or purchase, of one or more trunk lines between the productive great West and the consuming, exporting East; that is, if these political powers are certain that such work falls within their legitimate functions. And if they may assert control in full of old roads they may build new ones. Indeed, if they assume the former task, they must soon undertake the latter, for private capital will not long continue to build roads to be operated by public freak.

Neither method, however, would effect complete cure of transportation complaints; the numerous lateral lines would still remain their own managers. But either plan would secure to the trunk line traffic, without arbitrary intervention, the only principle which guarantees low rates, rapid transit, and maximum convenience—the principle of *competition*. Competition is satisfaction. Any State or national effort which leaves this out is a failure. And coercive measures will so cross the spirit of the Republic that they cannot live under it; the vast commerce of the country will not kick down the ladder of ties it has climbed by and stands upon.

ANOTHER WORLD DOWN HERE.

By W. M. WILLIAMS.

WHAT a horrible place must this world appear when regarded according to our ideas from an insect's point of view! The air infested with huge flying hungry dragons, whose gaping and snapping mouths are ever intent upon swallowing the innocent creatures for whom, according to the insect, if he were like us, a properly constructed world ought to be exclusively adapted. The solid earth continually shaken by the approaching tread of hideous giants—moving mountains that crush out precious lives at every footstep, an occasional draught of the blood of these monsters, stolen at life-risk, affording but poor compensation for such fatal persecution.

Let us hope that the little victims are less like ourselves than the doings of ants and bees might lead us to suppose; that their mental anxieties are not proportionate to the optical vigilance indicated by the four thousand eye-lenses of the common house-fly, the seventeen thousand of the

cabbage butterfly and the wide-awake dragon-fly, or the twenty-five thousand possessed by certain species of still more vigilant beetles.

Each of these little eyes has its own cornea, its lens, and a curious six-sided, transparent prism, at the back of which is a special retina spreading out from a branch of the main optic nerve, which, in the cockchafer and some other creatures, is half as large as the brain. If each of these lenses forms a separate picture of each object rather than a single mosaic picture, as some anatomists suppose, what an awful army of cruel giants must the cockchafer behold when he is captured by a schoolboy!

The insect must see a whole world of wonders of which we know little or nothing. True, we have microscopes, with which we can see one thing at a time if carefully laid upon the stage; but what is the finest instrument that Ross can produce compared to that with twenty-five thou-

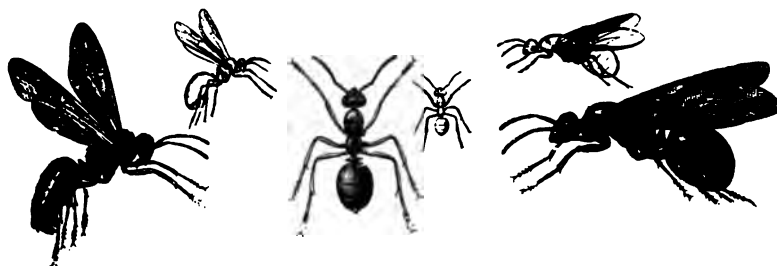


ANT LIONS.

sand object-glasses, all of them probably achromatic, and each one a living instrument with its own nerve branch supplying a separate sensation? To creatures thus endowed with microscopic vision, a cloud of sandy dust must appear like an

the drum or tube, the higher will be the note it produces when agitated, and the smaller and the more rapid the aerial wave to which it will respond. The drums of insect ears, and the tubes, etc., connected with them, are so minute that

their world of sounds probably begins where ours ceases; that what appears to us as a continuous sound is to them a series of separated blows, just as vibrations of ten or twelve per second appear separated to us. We begin to hear such vibrations as continuous sounds when they amount to about thirty per second. The insect's



THE RED ANT.

avalanche of massive rock fragments, and everything else proportionally monstrous.

One of the many delusions engendered by our human self-conceit and habit of considering the world as only such as we know it from our human point of view, is that of supposing human intelligence to be the only kind of intelligence in existence. The fact is, that what we call the lower animals have special intelligence of their own as far transcending our intelligence as our peculiar reasoning intelligence exceeds theirs. We are as incapable of following the track of a friend by the smell of his footsteps as a dog is of writing a metaphysical treatise.

So with insects. They are probably acquainted with a whole world of physical facts of which we are utterly ignorant. Our auditory apparatus supplies us with a knowledge of sounds. What are these sounds? They are vibrations of matter which are capable of producing corresponding or sympathetic vibrations of the drums of our ears or the bones of our skull. When we carefully examine the subject, and count the number of vibrations that produce our world of sounds of varying pitch, we find that the human ear can only respond to a limited range of such vibrations. If they exceed three thousand per second, the sound becomes too shrill for average people to hear it, though some exceptional ears can take up pulsations or waves that succeed each other more rapidly than this.

Reasoning from the analogy of stretched strings and membranes, and of air vibrating in tubes, etc., we are justified in concluding that the smaller

continuous sound probably begins beyond three thousand. The blue-bottle may thus enjoy a whole world of exquisite music of which we know nothing.

There is another very suggestive peculiarity in the auditory apparatus of insects. Its structure and position are something between those of an ear and of an eye. Careful examination of the head of one of our domestic companions—the common cockroach or black-beetle—will reveal two round white points, somewhat higher than the base of the long outer antennæ, and a little nearer to the middle line of the head. These white projecting spots are formed by the outer transparent



ANT BENDING.

membrane of a bag or ball filled with fluid, which ball or bag rests inside another cavity in the head.

It resembles our own eye in having this external transparent tough membrane which corresponds to the cornea; which, like the cornea, is backed by the fluid in the ear-ball corresponding to our eye-

ball, and the back of this ear-ball appears to receive the outspreadings of a nerve, just as the back of our eye is lined with the outspread of the optic nerve forming the retina. There does not appear to be in this or other insects a tightly stretched membrane which, like the membrane of our ear-drum, is fitted to take up bodily air-waves and vibrate responsively to them. But it is evidently adapted to receive and concentrate some kind of vibration or motion or tremor.

What kind of motion can this be? What kind of perception does this curious organ supply? To answer these questions we must travel beyond the strict limits of scientific induction and enter the fairy-land of scientific imagination. We may wander here in safety, provided we always remember where we are, and keep a true course guided by the compass-needle of demonstrable facts.

I have said that the cornea-like membrane of the insect's ear-bag does not appear capable of responding to *bodily* air-waves. This adjective is important, because there are vibratory movements of matter that are not bodily but molecular. An analogy may help to render this distinction intelligible. I may take a long string of

beads and shake it into wavelike movements, the waves being formed by the movements of the whole string. We may now conceive another



A HANGING WASP NEST.

kind of movement or vibration by supposing one bead to receive a blow pushing it forward, this push to be communicated to the next, then to the third, and so on, producing a minute running tremor passing from end to end. This kind of action may be rendered visible by laying a number

of billiard balls or marbles in line and bowling an outside ball against the end one of the row. The impulse will be rapidly and invisibly transmitted all along the line, and the outer ball will respond by starting forward.

Heat, light, and electricity are mysterious internal movements of what we call matter (some say "ether," which is but a name for imaginary matter). These internal movements are as invisible as those of the intermediate billiard balls; but if there be a line of molecules acting thus, and the terminal one strikes an organ of sense fitted to receive its motion, some sort of percep-



INTERIOR OF HANGING WASP NEST.

tion may follow. When such movements of certain frequency and amplitude strike our organs of vision, the sensation of light is produced. When others of greater amplitude and smaller frequency strike the terminal outspread of our common sensory nerves, the sensation of heat results. The difference between the frequency and amplitude of the heat waves and the light waves is but small, or, strictly speaking, there is no actual line of separation lying between them; they run directly into each other. When a piece of metal is gradually heated, it is first "black-hot;" this is while the waves or molecular tremblings are of a certain amplitude and frequency; as the frequency in-

creases, and amplitude diminishes (or, to borrow from musical terms, as the pitch rises), the metal becomes dull red-hot; greater rapidity, cherry-red; greater still, bright red; then yellow-hot and white-hot: the luminosity growing as the rapidity of molecular vibration increases.

There is no such gradation between the most rapid undulations or tremblings that produce our sensation of sound and the slowest of those which give rise to our sensations of gentlest warmth. There is a huge gap between them, wide enough to include another world or several other worlds of motion, all lying between our world of sounds and our world of heat and light, and there is no good reason whatever for supposing that matter is incapable of such intermediate activity, or that such activity may not give rise to intermediate sensations, provided there are organs for taking up and sensifying (if I may coin a desirable word) these movements.

As already stated, the limit of audible tremors is three to four thousand per second, but the smallest number of tremors that we can perceive as heat is between three and four millions of millions per second. The number of waves producing red light is estimated at four hundred and seventy-four millions of millions per second; and for the production of violet light, six hundred and ninety-nine millions of millions. These are the received conclusions of our best mathematicians, which I repeat on their authority. Allowing, however, a very large margin of possible error, the world of possible sensations lying between those produced by a few thousands of waves and any number of millions is of enormous width.

In such a world of intermediate activities the insect probably lives, with a sense of vision revealing to him more than our microscopes show to us, and with his minute eye-like ear-bag sensifying material movements that lie between our world of sounds and our other far-distant worlds of heat and light.

There is yet another indication of some sort of intermediate sensation possessed by insects. Many of them are not only endowed with the thousands of lenses of their compound eyes, but have in addition several curious organs that have been designated "ocelli" and "stemmata." These are generally placed at the top of the head, the thousandfold eyes being at the sides. They are

very much like the auditory organs above described—so much so that in consulting different authorities for special information on the subject I have fallen into some confusion, from which I can only escape by supposing that the organ which one anatomist describes as the ocelli of certain insects is regarded as the auditory apparatus when examined in another insect by another anatomist. All this indicates a sort of continuity of sensation connecting the sounds of the insect world with the objects of their vision.

But these ocular ears or auditory eyes of the insect are not his only advantages over us. He has another sensory organ to which, with all our boasted intellect, we can claim nothing that is comparable, unless it be our olfactory nerve. The possibility of this I will presently discuss.

I refer to the *antennæ* which are the most characteristic of insect organs, and wonderfully developed in some, as may be seen by examining the plumes of the crested gnat. Everybody who has carefully watched the doings of insects must have observed the curiously investigative movements of the *antennæ*, which are ever on the alert peering and prying to right and left and upward and downward. Huber, who devoted his life to the study of bees and ants, concluded that these insects converse with each other by movements of the *antennæ*, and he has given to the signs thus produced the name of "antennal language." They certainly do communicate information or give orders by some means; and when they stop for that purpose, they face each other and execute peculiar wavings of these organs that are highly suggestive of the movements of the old semaphore telegraph arms.

The most generally received opinion is that these *antennæ* are very delicate organs of touch, but some recent experiments made by Gustav Hausen indicate that they are organs of smelling

or of some similar power of distinguishing objects at a distance. Flies deprived of their *antennæ* ceased to display any interest in tainted meat that had previously proved very attractive. Other insects similarly treated appear to become indifferent to odors generally. He shows that the development of the *antennæ* in different species corresponds to the power of smelling which they seem to possess.

I am sorely tempted to add another argument to those brought forward by Hausen; viz., that our own olfactory nerves, and those of all our near mammalian relations, are curiously like a pair of *antennæ*.



NESTS OF ADULT INSECTS.

There are two elements in a nervous structure—the gray and the white; the gray, or ganglionic portion, is supposed to be the centre or seat of nervous power, and the white medullary or fibrous portion merely the conductor of nervous energy.

The nerves of the other senses have their ganglia seated internally, and the bundles of tubular white threads spread outward therefrom, but not so with the olfactory nervous apparatus. There are two horn-like projections thrust forward from the base of the brain with white or medullary stems that terminate outwardly or anteriorly in ganglionic bulbs resting upon what I may call the roof of the nose, and throwing out fibres that are composed, rather paradoxically, of more gray matter than

white. In some quadrupeds with great power of smell these two nerves extend so far forward as to protrude beyond the front of the hemispheres of the brain, with bulbous terminations relatively very much larger than those of man.

They thus appear like veritable antennæ. In some of our best works on anatomy of the brain (Solly, for example) a series of comparative pictures of the brains of different animals is shown,

insects. I submit this view of the anatomy of these organs as to be taken for what it is worth.

There is no doubt that all creatures are connected by the anterior part of their supraciliary nervous centres corresponding to the olfactory organs.

But what kind and degree of olfactory organs possess?



GARDEN SPIDER.

extending from man to the cod-fish. As we proceed downward, the horn-like projection of the olfactory nerves beyond the central hemispheres goes on extending more and more, and the relative magnitude of the terminal ganglia or olfactory lobes increases in similar order.

We have only to omit the nasal bones and nostrils, to continue this forward extrusion of the olfactory nerves and their bulbs and branches, to coat them with suitable sheaths provided with muscles for mobility, and we have the antennæ of

without the least halting or delay. It is as clear to his nose as a grain of sand is to our eyes. I went down to him, and found him nearer than five or six yards from the object of his search, prodding it round me, baying deeply at it, and yet harmlessly, as he always keeps at a distance.

If the difference of development between human and canine internal

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this difference of function, what a gulf may there be between our powers of perceiving material emanations and those possessed by insects! If my anatomical hypothesis is correct, some insects have protruding nasal organs or out-thrust olfactory nerves as long as all the rest of their bodies. The power of movement of these in all directions affords the means of sensory communication over a corresponding range, instead of being limited merely to the direction of the nostril openings. In some insects, such as the plumed gnat, the antennæ do not appear to be thus movable, but this want of mobility is more than compensated by the multitude of branchings of these wonderful organs whereby they are simultaneously exposed in every direction. This structure is analogous to the fixed but multiplied eyes of insects, which, by seeing all round at once, compensate for the want of that mobility possessed by others that have but a single eyeball mounted on a flexible and mobile stalk; that of the spider, for example.

Such an extension of such a sensory function is

equivalent to living in another world of which we have no knowledge and can form no definite conception. We, by our senses of touch and vision, know the shapes and colors of objects, and by our very rudimentary olfactory organs form crude ideas of their chemistry or composition, through the medium of their material emanations; but the huge exaggeration of this power in the insect should supply him with instinctive perspective powers of chemical analysis, a direct acquaintance with the inner molecular constitution of matter far clearer and deeper than we are able to obtain by all the refinements of laboratory analyses or the hypothetical formulating of molecular mathematicians. Add this to the other world of sensations producible by the vibratory movements of matter lying between those perceptible by our organs of hearing and vision, then strain your imagination to its cracking point, and you will still fail to picture the wonderland in which the smallest of our fellow-creatures may be living, moving, and having their being.

"OUT OF HER SPHERE."

By A. B. HARRIS.

LOUIS MAINWARING was thirty-five, and unmarried—waiting, he said, until Providence should send him the one woman of all the world meant for him. Providence, he said, would take care of the matter. She was, or she was not, in existence; if she was, she would, in due time and order of events, come into his life without his seeking. If she was not, no seeking of his would change the result. He would wait, but wait believing—and till that age, he did.

Louis—he was my cousin, and I have a right to call him so—had in general very honorable ideas about women. He respected the sex, and he was a gentleman. He was not ashamed to be seen in company with his antiquated maiden aunt, no matter how out of keeping with modern style her dress might be: he would escort an Irish peanut vender across the street in an emergency as courteously as if she had been a duchess; and—proof positive of his manliness—he treated his sisters as tenderly and as deferentially as if he had been a lover instead of brother.

But—and there must always be flaws in character—he was intolerant toward any woman who was, as he was pleased to term it, "out of her sphere." That was rather before the days of so much asking for the ballot, and so much talk about "rights;" but a few women were already engaged in the practice of medicine, others aspiring to the ministry, and many seeking some kinds of work hitherto done by men.

He made nice distinctions. For instance, a woman might write for the public and might sing in public, but she must on no account speak, not though she had the tongue of angels. And never, never must she do such a barbarous, unnatural, monstrous thing as to be a physician.

This last was his special abhorrence: his pet detestation, almost the only one, in fact, that he was capable of, was for a woman who could so far set at naught the limitations which he thought should hedge her about. And he was shamefully unjust toward the only transgressor in this respect whom he had any particular knowledge of.

In our family we had a "female physician." That is, there were properly three families of us, very numerous in every branch, who were connected by blood or marriage, and made a chain of cousins, some of them merely nominal ones, reaching from Maine to California, and including two of the Middle and one of the Southern States. Lloyds, Mainwarings, and Kings enough to hold the country together; and the Christian names were so perpetuated that if any large number of us had ever met at any one time we should have been hopelessly mixed up. Mary was the favorite name among the female representatives of the several families. There were of the unmarried Marys something like a dozen, known in our verbal and epistolary communications in this way: as Mary D—, Mary B—, Herbert's Mary, Paul's Mary, Mary John, Blue-eyed Mary, Doctor Mary, and so on.

It was this last one who was Louis's cherished aversion, though he had never seen her or any picture of her, and knew nothing to her disadvantage; but, on the contrary, he had heard that she was a sweet-dispositioned and gentle-mannered girl, whose unusual skill in her profession had neither turned her head nor hardened her heart.

She was the daughter of a surgeon in the Regular Army, stationed from his entrance into the service on the Western frontier, or changed from post to post toward Central California. His wife had shared all the hardships of such a position, and his two children, Henry and Mary, twins, had been born in a fort, and trained up to a hardy, healthful, out-of-door life, educated by the mother, who was a lady of culture and refinement.

These parents, seeing such necessity for a knowledge of medicine and surgery, were pleased to have their son choose his father's profession; and when their daughter, from a longing to do good to suffering men and women, asked to study with him, she allowed it. She was more apt and quick than her brother, and her whole heart was in it; and so it came about that though she did not graduate, she was even more skillful; and though not so well-read, her swift intuitions did almost as much for her as books did for him. And she became so useful among the families of the soldiers and Indians, that even before the age of twenty she was known as "Dr. Mary."

She had never been East but once, and that

was in the absence of Louis at Montreal, where his business frequently called him. At that visit she charmed us all, and we told him so; but, notwithstanding our assertions to the contrary, he declared that she must be masculine, and anything but what he liked.

"A woman with theories," he said; "with a sphere. I know just her kind—harsh voice, aggressive manners, hair worn like a boy's, short dress—oh! don't tell me about her, or I shall hate her. I never want to see her. She is the one woman of all the world that I never intend to meet. If she comes here, I hope you will introduce her under some other name, for I don't want to be rude to her, and I can't tell but I might be——"

"What! you, Louis? Rude to a lady? I can't conceive of it."

"Well, give me notice when she is coming, and I'll leave, and not stay on the order of my going. I can take refuge in Montreal."

Now, when this conversation took place, we knew that she was on her way, having left Maryland, where she had been visiting another Mary King, only two days before. And she might be looked for by any train. So the two sisters of Louis, Jessie and Helen, who with him made up the Mainwaring family at the old place, were filled with consternation. But they were quick-witted girls, capable of a great deal of mischief, and if they could get the promise of silence from me, their cousin Kitty, a guest of the summer, they said they would mislead "dear old Louis."

"Now, Kit," said Jessie, "I've got a plan. Louis knows that we have been for a month expecting Mary King, of Maryland; and you and I and Helen know that she is not coming, after all. But Doctor Mary is, and I shall manage it so she will be Maryland Mary to him. Don't go to objecting. It is my house as much as anybody's; and I will not have my brother Louis turn a cold shoulder to dear darling Doctor Mary. She is a jewel. She is a diamond. 'Short hair, coarse voice, aggressive manners!' I guess so. Why, she is the consummate flower of all the Kings. She is everything that a lady should be. She is just high-toned—that is what she is. There! I am glad that Louis has gone down-town. If she comes on this train, it will be half an hour before he will know, for of course he will wait and get the mail. And 'I'll do, I'll do, I'll do.' "

She arrived by that train, and we all three rushed out on the lawn before the hack could drive up; and she was at once taken possession of by Jessie and escorted up to her room. The time for deliberation was short, and before I knew it I found myself conniving at what looked in some of its aspects like a falsehood. How the madcap Jessie managed with the guest I never knew; but I suspect she made her promise to help mystify her brother for just that day.

We were all out on the piazza, and Doctor Mary was just saying, in the most charming of voices, "How delicious your garden is, and how fragrant those roses are! Oh! see those heliotropes and those pansies!" just like a pleased child, in such a natural, sweet way, when Louis came up the steps.

Now, he had certain theories about the voice of woman, what it should and what it should not be, and this one had power to stir him at the first syllable it spoke.

"Oh, Louis, come here!" cried Jessie; "Cousin Mary King has come from Maryland."

All of which was true in one sense, except the cousinly part, there being really no relationship whatever.

Doctor Mary turned toward him, and what Louis thought of the face he saw could easily be guessed. It flashed upon me, then and there, as I saw the expression on his countenance,—and I could read him pretty well,—that Providence had sent him his fate, and that he was aware of the fact. He had always said that he should know her when she came,—the one ideal woman who filled the horizon of womanhood for him,—and he looked as if the recognition had been instantaneous.

Pretty soon Jessie put her arm in mine, and, leading me out of hearing of the others, begged me not to betray her. "You dear, precious Kit; now you will not."

Our evening passed off delightfully, and it was the afternoon of the second day, after twenty-four hours' acquaintance on the part of Louis, when that gentleman and myself happened to be standing together in the front parlor, waiting for the others who, at the far end of the long room, were getting ready to go with us for a walk. He was watching Dr. Mary as she was wrapping herself in a crimson shawl; and he was so absorbed, his whole admiring soul shone so in his face, that I became possessed to tease him.

"She is tall," I suggested, "rather tall," as if it might be an objection, as I knew what his ideal stature was.

"Tall!" repeated he. Nonsense; it is the way she carries her head. The right stature, I should say. I don't like little women. I have always wished my sisters were not so short."

"Your humble servant is unfortunately of just their height."

"Why, Kitty, are you short?" turning on me an amazed look. "Why, I beg your pardon. It never seemed so to me—before."

"Rather a severe style of dressing the hair," I was wicked and unladylike enough to say.

"Why, Kitty Lloyd, what can be the matter with you to-night? Her hair and head are perfect."

And he gazed at her as one hand and then the other went up and with deft touches here and there arranged her hair, after a woman's wont—a shining brown mass of braids at the back of a small, shapely head; of just the style he approved, as I also perfectly well knew, for had I not often heard him quote from Browning and others about "her little head"?

Jessie and Helen were both talking together and laughing at the same time, rippling over like two canary-birds, and she was gravely listening.

"What a gay time your sisters are having," said I; "I wonder what they can be chatting so about! Isn't it just delightful to hear them?"

Louis muttered *sotto voce*, "I don't fancy giggling women."

"Too bad for poor Jessie and Helen. We have always thought, poor girls! that their joyousness was the charm of this home."

"But, then," his eyes on Miss King, who had the sweetest way of listening, and really did not talk much in comparison with them, "one likes a kind of reserve about a woman."

I further teased him into giving a preference to a woman with steadfast eyes and of a complexion that was not of the pink and white fading kind. And I made him say, during this exasperating delay, that a dainty, tripping kind of gait was not to his taste; neither did he like what is called the "queenly style;" and all the time his eyes admired her so! And as she walked away with the girls on some improvised errand, he had something to say about "a light, elastic movement, as if at every step she almost rose in height," and that one could imagine Charlotte

Brontë's Shirley walking in that springy, proud way.

I don't know which was most outrageous: my daring these comments on our guest, or the pronounced opinions of the master of the house, which shut all three of us out, and set Mary King up on the pedestal of his undisguised admiration.

To sum up the whole matter, Louis Mainwaring, who had always been reticent about the style of woman he admired, though not about some types he did not, had already unintentionally made known to me that here was the perfect one to him. And here this middle-aged man, who had been sought in vain by ambitious mothers, and had the charm of marriageable daughters brought to bear upon him, all to no purpose, and who had armed himself and was mail-proof against all the matchmaking plans of friends, had surrendered on the spot.

It was a clear case of love at first sight. Like King Edward when he beheld the courtiers of Salisbury, my dear cousin was "struck with a sparkle of fine love," and, as in the case of the English monarch, it was so manifest that everybody could see it.

But what was it about Mary King to move him so? As if there was any need to give a reason! She was not much like any girl we knew. She would not have been called a beauty. There her chance was not half as good as that of the rosy, sparkling Helen, or the bright, radiant Jessie. She was a blue-eyed brunette, and the eyes were large, steadfast, and earnest, with dark lashes, and they had a wonderful expression of candor and sweetness. Her complexion was of that clearness without color which is not pale, but gives an idea of perfect health, and it was soft and lovely as a child's, and her mouth was mobile and sincere. There was something in that face which seemed to make it a type of sweet and pure maidenhood; and her figure, movements, voice, everything, were in accord. There were no artifices about her. She was simple, natural, easy, and ingenuous; and that was the charm. A few times in life one may be fortunate enough to meet such a woman, like Shakspeare's Miranda, perhaps; and now and then a man with qualities in kind. Dr. Henry was one of them; the brother and sister were much alike. To most observers, there would have seemed nothing striking about either of them.

The next day, and the next, and the next, we

had excursions; and there never could have been anything more satisfactory. Delicious days, a pleasant party, and our hero and heroine—for we began to look upon ourselves as parties to a plot, characters in a novel—becoming more and more absorbed in one another, for Mary King, who would have been stone not to have been conscious of the passion of Louis, could not hide her interest in him, when there came, without a word of warning, a crisis, but not such an one as the mischievous Jessie had looked for.

By that spitefulness of destiny which all at once changes the happiest conditions and makes everything go wrong, it came about that Louis was the author of his own disappointment and ignoble downfall. We were talking about the complicated connections of the Mainwaring, Lloyd, and King families; of the frequent occurrence of certain Christian names, and before any of us were quick to see that we were on dangerous ground, the Marys were mentioned, and Louis had said something about that "paragon of the masculine virtues," Dr. Mary, when the appalling stillness that fell upon the room caused him to stop in the middle of his sentence.

I never at all forgot the grieved surprise, the half-indignant, half-reproachful expression in the eyes of Mary King. She looked as if he had struck her, as if she had had a blow from the man she loved—for it was all clear in that moment what her feelings for Louis had been.

We got through that evening some way. Jessie had to submit to a private interview with her mystified and deeply-troubled brother. And afterward she and Mary King were known to be sitting with their arms round one another out on the piazza. All three, however, kept their own counsel. How much or what the two victims knew, neither Helen nor I could ever ascertain.

But it changed everything. Louis had learned who his guest really was. Mary had heard his opinion of herself. So much was clear. And now we were in the midst, not of a comedy of errors, but a tragedy of errors. Some one has said that "all mankind loves a lover," and we had experienced the happiest of day-dreams over this "course of true love" under our own eyes, when everything went suddenly into mystery and the most profound reticence, and there was no way out, and we had to own to ourselves that it was as well that Mary was soon going away.

On the second day after she was to leave us, we had planned another excursion, which was to be the culmination of our delightful picnics. And, of course, it was not to be given up now. The little episode of the evening was ignored also, of course. We all acted as if that fatal sentence had not been uttered—or we tried to. But we all knew that each of the others knew; and so we overdid our trying to act as if nothing had happened.

Fortunately there was to be a large party, which was a great relief. We were to rendezvous at a cottage on the shore of Chetucket Lake, and then go a part by row-boat and a part by land to the grove where the day was to be spent. By this arrangement our small company chanced, for a short time, to be left at the place of meeting; and Mary chose to pass it in tending an ailing child she found in the family living there. And if she had meant to drive Louis to desperation she could not have put herself in a position better calculated to do it. It was as if she meant to say, "See how sweet and tender, all womanly, I am!" and she made a picture as lovely as the Sistine Madonna.

That day her face and manner were a study. She was, at times, reserved, and then startlingly brilliant, possessed by contrarities, but not once did she show by word or look that she had any further acquaintance with Louis than with the other gentlemen of the party. As for that miserable cousin of mine, he was having his retribution for all the part heaped up, pressed down, and running over; and nobody could help him.

I wondered what was going to be the sequel of this—guiltily, too, as a participant. What kind of a figure would Louis make trying to apologize, where an apology was an insult?

"Oh, what a miserable piece of business!" whispered Jessie to me, as we happened to be together a moment. "I never was so wretched in my life. Louis is desperate, and Mary is half slain. They will bid each other 'Good-bye, forever,' to-night, and go opposite ways. And I know they were meant for one another. Oh, dear!"

Meanwhile, clouds had been gathering in the west, and the party collected the scattered things and prepared for the return. Our boat must be taken across to the cottage, and five could go in it; but the sky was so threatening that Jessie and Helen positively refused, preferring to walk round and join us later.

"Well!" said Louis, in a reckless kind of way, "is there anybody who will go in the boat? Who will risk her life with me?"

I held out my hand; and Miss King, looking as if she would, yet could not, hesitated, met the imploring gaze of Louis, then, without a word, tied down her hat, drew the crimson shawl around her, and allowed herself to be placed in the boat.

So we set out on our dangerous voyage, which we made with scarcely the exchange of a word. She looked awed, her eyes were full of a solemn light, and she was pale as death, but I knew it was not fear. It took the utmost strength of Louis to propel the boat, and for awhile she watched him in silence, then she said:

"I have often rowed. May I not help you?"

"Thank you. You are helping me now," very gratefully and humbly.

So she sat motionless awhile longer, and I could but own to myself that her sweetness, her patience, her presence of mind and tacit confidence in him were enough to nerve any man.

By and by she said, "I am stronger than you would think. I might save you a little," quite pathetically.

The slight plaintiveness and the pity in her face had nearly been our ruin, for Louis almost run the boat on a rock. Just then we spied a little cove where, under the shelter of some hemlocks, we thought we would remain in perfect security till the tempest was over. We were only in time to escape its fury, for almost in an instant the wind came sweeping down through the gorge in a perfect tornado, the lightnings fairly blazed around us, and peal after peal of thunder boomed over our heads and reverberated among the mountains in terrific echoes.

The faces of my companions grew deathly white, and Mary's eyes were dilated with terror. As for me, I could not endure to sit there quietly, and in spite of their protestations I sprung to the shore and sought the covert of some shrubbery till the volume had spent itself. I half forgot my companions in the awful rage of elements; but they came to seek me, and when I heard their voices Louis was saying something about her remembering that "you and I faced death together," and there was a low rejoinder about "not forgetting." And that was all. But they did not look like happy lovers. Rather as if an angel with a flaming sword had been putting them asunder,

and there their mutual story had come to an end. And Louis, my old confidant and dearest cousin, did not say anything to me for more than a year after about Mary King. What he then said must be given pretty much in his own words.

THERE is no need now to bring to any one's mind the events of the next spring,—the spring of eighteen hundred and sixty-one,—the fall of Sumpter, the call for an army, the bloody march through Baltimore. I am not writing history, only of one of the vast multitude who offered their lives to their country.

Cousin Louis enlisted with the three years' men in — Regiment. His resolve was deliberate, but his final action sudden. The news of the attack on the Massachusetts Sixth hastened him off; and he had just time to arrange his affairs, take leave of his sisters, and ride over to bid me "Good-bye," and give me a packet, "which, if I fall, and I feel that I shall, you must give to Mary King;" and the dear fellow sent a verbal message of a few words to her. He had, meanwhile, met Dr. Henry, Mary's brother, and tried hard to secure him "for our regiment," said he, "but red tape prevailed, and has fastened on us a finical, ignorant, conceited old bachelor, Bogardus, by name; and King, who is worth twenty of him, goes in some general capacity, I believe. I hope I shall not lose sight of him, however."

And so, like so many others, Louis Mainwaring was off to the war. What happened to him, he told me in this way, for I may as well say at the outset that, contrary to his forebodings, he was not slain:

"The battle of Bull Run was fought. Its history is yet to be written. Mine begins with the night after, when I was carried or dragged to a place of safety by one John Grahame, a faithful soldier, who, meaning well, and thinking he was doing me good service, dug a rifle-ball out of my wrist with his rusty jack-knife.

"I had vowed that I would neither retreat nor surrender, and I fell twice wounded; this kind fellow saved me from being trampled to death, and somebody got me to the hospital. But of the how, or where, or circumstances, I happily knew nothing.

"After awhile I saw that it was morning, a clear, bright morning—the day after that awful, desecrated Sabbath, on which, while our mothers

and sisters were silently joining in the prayer for our army in many a New England church, we were fighting like demons and profaning the air with the murderous cannonade from a hundred belching, fiery mouths. No; I never can get over my horror of war, Kitty.

"I had lain in such a state of torpor as the grinding pain in my left shoulder would allow, but had finally become conscious of what was going on around me, when a pleasant voice, which seemed in some way familiar, said to Bogardus, whose presence I was aware of:

"'I have such a hurt in my hand that it is impossible for me to do it, but I think my sister would. She is thoroughly well-qualified. She is a self-possessed woman, and no over-nicety will keep her from doing what she can to relieve suffering.'

"Bogardus stammered, objected, delayed, and then consented. I suppose I hardly need tell you, Kitty, that after my faculties had groped doubtfully for awhile, I became possessed of the conviction that the first speaker was Henry King, a voice is so easily recognized. And it was no great surprise. In the army one ceased to be surprised at anything. The friend you thought a thousand miles away might be in the regiment over against you. During the hottest fire at Bull Run, in the front rank of the splendid New York Sixty-ninth, I met, just long enough to wring his hand, an old classmate whom I had last seen on board a United States vessel bound for Africa. So I cannot say that I was startled on opening my eyes to see King; and perhaps I ought not to have been, to know that his sister was there.

"At a beckoning gesture from him she came down the long alley-way between the cots, erect as ever, her slight, delicate shoulders carried in that proud way you know so well, the same springing step, so fresh, so pure-looking; in that place she was like a vision of the morning. She was long in coming, for, turning to the right and the left, she had a smile or a word for every poor fellow who lay, like me, begrimed with powder, dust-soiled, and stained with blood. Some were horribly mangled, but patient, bearing their agony like heroes.

"What a sight that room was! We got used to such things afterward. What a place for a woman! and several were there, volunteer nurses. But no one so fair as this one who was coming to

me with such looks of commiseration as she passed those dreadful lines of ghastly men. As she drew near, I hid my disfigured face in the pillow they had made of my blanket and overcoat. I knew by the faint movement of her garments when she was by my side. By the pity in her voice when she spoke, I felt that my case might be a hopeless one.

"They had previously laid bare my shoulder, and now Bogardus was telling her, in his inflated way and with ill-concealed contempt that a woman should be a surgeon, that it was useless to try to remove a ball bedded where that one was. *He* was not going to undertake it; it was 'no use.'

"'Poor fellow!' she said softly, and then, suddenly,—and I *felt* when her eyes first fell on my face, as her hand removed the rough woolen cloth,—in a tone whose anguish made my heart leap, 'Oh, Henry! Oh, it is Louis Mainwaring!'

"My eyes flew open.

"'Oh!' she cried, and a great sob seemed to shake her, and her hands instinctively clasped each other.

"Dr. Henry leaned forward and put out his hand. I attempted to extend my right, but it was stiff in bloody bandages. My left lay like a dead weight by my side. I had not a hand with which to grasp that of the brotherly friend who bent over me, to take in mine that of the woman I loved. Maimed, bruised, sore, and bleeding, weak and nerveless, it came over me that I was like a half-dead dog that had been thrown out to die, and in sheer prostration, Kitty, I burst into tears.

"'Courage!' whispered Mary, passing a soft palm across my forehead and putting back my hair. And then to Bogardus and Henry she said, 'Something must be done.'

"She drew a quick, half-shuddering breath, there was some talk between them, and then they prepared for the operation. I do not intend to give the details, and you would not care to hear them. It was one of the first cases of the kind given to a woman, but not the last, by any means. I like to believe that the steady nerves and tender manipulation of Mary saved me. I am not the man I used to be, Kitty. Be forbearing, and don't upbraid me with my part. I know better now.

"Well, they kept me up with brandy, and then I failed utterly as to sense, except the never-ceasing pain somewhere, and I half dreamed that in some shadowy way she now and then touched a soft

hand to my head and then went away, and I had not power to lift an eyelid or bid her stay.

"After a few days I came back slowly, as sick men do, to a vague consciousness of what was around me; of the room, which, to my perverted vision, stretched off like a rope-walk. Yet nothing was clear to me. Lying idly there, it seemed to me that the tragedy at Bull Run, that midnight before, that breaking up of the camp, that groping, stumbling march in the gray dampness of doleful hours before daybreak, that exhaustive and final charge of ours, and the sabre-thrusting and riding down of the enemy's devilish black cavalry, and then our shameful, disorderly retreat, were all mixed up like the horrible medley of dreams. One scene after another would pass before my eyes, then all waver together in a horrible phantasmagoria, a too real repetition of such things as you can hardly conceive of, and from out this would shine sometimes, like the evening star, the pure face of Mary. So my distracted brain would grope blindly toward her, and, failing, sink again into nothingness; but it cleared at last, and I came back to a sense of everything.

"But to what did I awake? The battle—my last, whatever befell my country—had been fought, and all had lapsed, as old Bogardus said, into 'masterly inactivity.' Beyond this I could get no intelligence whatever. Daily papers were kept carefully out of sight. Nobody must tell news in our hospital. We were a lot of desperately wounded men who must be kept from excitement. All the slightly injured had been removed. We who remained were like wrecks cast upon the shore—wrecks of some great Armada which had gone sailing off to sea and left us. Left *us*? And who else, I wondered.

"I began to have power enough to think everything over. Oh! I thought when the times come round straight again, if please God they ever do, and men fall back into their old ways, and trade and business go on in their accustomed channels, and see great events come to stir the nation's heart, here and there and everywhere, the country over, how many men will be missing! It filled me with agony to think of this, I was so weak and unreconciled; I am afraid I lacked the right patriot stamp, but then, Kitty, I was so helpless and prostrated! And the questions recurred and vexed my soul, about the men who left the bench, the farm, the office, in great haste and returned no more.

"Where were some I loved? Where was Murray, who did guard duty with me one black night on the Potomac, when a far-off, solitary camp-fire was the only light on the earth or in the sky, and we beguiled the grim watch amid lurking dangers with tender thoughts about our homes? Missing! Where John Grahame, who hung over me like a brother, and dragged me away from that ravine full of dead? Killed; shot down in the retreat. Where were Butler and Clifford, who had longed, in college dullness, for a life like that of the old Greek warriors, and wondered why they could not chance on times that would test the sinews of a man's soul, repining that their lot was cast in days of inertness, and thirsting to do deeds which should make their names immortal? Gone where the stainless Ellsworth and laureled Winthrop had led the way. Baptism of blood and fire! and so far what had it amounted to? All seemed lost, and I sickened over the sacrifice and the record I kept in my heart. I remembered too well some faces channeled by sabre cuts and crushed under iron hoofs. The war was new then, you know. We grew hardened pretty soon; and then we had not time to brood over the disgrace of that rabble retreat which worried me so.

"Perhaps you are wondering if every wounded soldier of the Union army felt like that. I hope, at least, his sense of shame was as keen; and God forbid that any ever forget the lives that were given up.

"You know, Kitty, how near my life came to going out. I do not wish to magnify the circumstances. I certainly cared but little about it then. If it was worth while to foster the flame of a lamp burning so dimly, somebody else must remind me of it. Dr. Henry and his sister seemed to think it was. He was like a brother to me, and she gave me more sparing but unutterably precious ministrations, and I instinctively clung to the world which held *her*. I could not bear that death should put me beyond knowledge of her. And if I ever had a Christian feeling of gratitude, it was that God had sent her to that place. I used to have my head slightly raised every morning when my wounds were dressed, that I might from afar off be able to see her as she went her rounds.

"There came a day which brought a new sensation. The surgeons were not done with me yet. My shoulder was doing well, but the wrist was in

a terrible condition. I was wakened by hearing that pompous functionary of ours, Bogardus, whom I so heartily detested, say, 'The hand must come off.' Poor John Grahame had not calculated upon the result of his kindness when he thought his jack-knife had saved the surgeons some trouble. Bogardus himself had attended to the dressing of my wound, and I am suspicious that it was through his mismanagement, in part, that I remained in such a low state, and possibly that the hand was sacrificed after this long time—himself performing the operation.

"The morning after, I received honorable mention for bravery, and became entitled to have 'Captain' prefixed to my name, and that was something.

"'Hail Columbia!' cried Dr. Henry, with honest tears of joy in his eyes as he told me.

"My hospital life was protracted, as you know, but how depressing it was you can never realize. The low, miserable kind of fever which takes all the heart out of a man was added to my calamities; and the monotonous days dragged on in a dreary routine of prostration of soul and body. Grim spirits assailed me, and every mistake and misunderstanding of my whole life came and tormented me. And, of course,—you have been guessing it all the time,—Mary King had a great deal to do with the misery of feeling I was experiencing. I suppose I went over in my mind a thousand times every incident and almost every word of our acquaintance, and fell back every time to the same despair. If she had ever cared for me, did she still? How could she? Was I of any more account, except for the circumstance of our family ties and those few weeks of intercourse, than any other poor fellow by whose side she lingered, an angel of consolation? There were splendid men lying there in that room. How could they help loving her? Could they help seeing her just as I did? I thought she must look as fair to all eyes as to mine.

"I used to watch her till it seemed to me that my eyes must have been full of unuttered questionings. Dr. Henry would look at me wonderingly. Many times a day he would come along and lay a pitying hand on my head. Bogardus said I ought to get along faster, and wondered what kept the fever hanging about me so, and finally gave me over wholly to the other's care. Dr. Henry regarded me a moment with tender

reproach, as he consented to take me in charge, and then asked, 'Will you really *try* to live, Mainwaring?'

" 'There is no rallying principle about me,' I said.

"He made another venture, and suggested that he was sure I had something on my mind that was fretting me, and if I felt like telling him——

"And in desperation I replied that I would tell his sister, and I thought a sudden revelation came to him then. He went for her.

"I imagined that she had grown a little shy of me lately, and that her eyes did not meet mine with their old frankness. Had I been less blind or more conceited, perhaps I should have augured well from this; but I thought that mine devoured her with such hunger for her love in their gaze, that she half feared me.

" 'You sent for me,' she said, waiting.

"I had not a word. A great sweep of resolve, determination, came over. I *would* live, and if any devotion could make it possible, I *would* win her. And she was waiting; her eyelids drooping, and her cheeks beginning to burn; and all I had to say at this supreme crisis of my fate was to ask her if she thought my life was worth saving, asking her pardon for my want of consideration in keeping her standing!

"She was dumb at my abruptness, and it did not make matters any better when I added, 'Henry thinks it is; do you?'

"She could not speak, and just then, happily for her, Bogardus came along; she gave me one look, and was gone. After that, she avoided me, but was obliged to keep up her habit of writing my letters for me, as she did for several of the men.

"One day I had an opportunity to see how unlike she was to some of the stylish ladies who came down to visit our hospital; womanly women no doubt they were, but they wore noisy little heels on their boots, which went mercilessly rapping along the walk, and their dresses rustled unpityingly. As for Mary, her foot was noiseless as the dew, and her garments never heralded her coming. Those ladies were wickedly dressy,

while she was in simple attire, becoming the place and the affliction which had befallen our country.

"I was proud of her, as if already she were mine, when to answer some questions from a magnificent dame whose husband was in authority she came down as I had seen her so many times, her bronze brown hair shining in the sunlight, and her step like an Arab girl's.

I got able to creep about the room, and with my one hand do some slight service for those who were worse off than I. I began to think it was time to leave the hospital and try and regain strength among my native hills.

My first attempt at tottering about much was on one fine morning in September. The air was chilly, but I meditated taking a turn out-of-doors, if no one forbade, and, moving along at a snail's pace, I had gained the door, and stood looking out, irresolute and shivering, when Mary observed me, and, taking down the identical crimson shawl which she had worn the first time I saw her, and which I had seen her wrap about herself on many a cool night when she was going from cot to cot, she came toward me. I was not looking, but I knew she drew near me, and I made such a mental comparison between her loveliness and my gaunt, spectral figure with the empty sleeve, that it made me turn cold and sick.

"She came up softly, as I staggered into the air without, and reached her dear arms up and placed the warm shawl about my neck. The blessed shawl which decided my fate.

● "Well, my cousin Kitty, I don't need to tell you any more. A woman will forgive much where she loves, even if he whom she honors with her choice is as imperfect as your old friend Louis, and a maimed wreck of himself at that. 'God bless her!'

All the Mainwarings, Lloyds, and Kings were delighted with this happy result. Long before the war was over, Mary saw clearly that Louis needed her more than the country did. And she has found her congenial sphere in being his happy wife.

AN EXPERIENCE WITH MODERN GHOSTS.

By E. P. B.

PART III.

TEMPERANCE orators inform us that it is the first taste of spirits which inevitably stimulate the appetite for more. So it was with the investigators whose experience in ghostly phenomena was narrated in a late number of the MONTHLY. Their curiosity was excited, but not fully gratified, and they wished to make a more thorough, and, if possible, a more satisfactory examination of the facts, or the delusions, as the case might be, of which they had seen enough to bewilder but not to convince. Some further experiments with such an object in view will be set forth in the following pages.

That which occurred, or, at least, seemed to occur, will be truthfully told, with no attempt to exaggerate or embellish, on the one hand, or deprecate on the other, the curious incidents which the reader may accept, reject, or interpret as he pleases.

It came to the ears of the writer and his friend S—— that a distinguished artist in the new profession would exhibit his remarkable powers on a certain evening, at a certain place, in the great city. This gentleman—an Englishman, Eglinton, by name—was spending a few days only in this country. He had spent several months, we were told, with Zollner, a German scientific investigator, who has already published much upon the new subject, admitting many curious phenomena, but not admitting the correctness of the usual explanation.

At eight o'clock in the evening we entered the parlors of a private house, where Mr. Eglinton was domiciled with a friend. We found in the room perhaps twenty persons, gentlemen and ladies, all apparently intelligent and cultivated. Mr. Eglinton was a fine-looking, good-mannered young gentleman, perhaps thirty years of age, of a sanguine temperament, with red cheeks, handsome black eyes, and dark hair, which had possibly a slight inclination to curl, and was parted strictly in the median line.

We were seated around a table which seemed ordinarily to have been intended for dining purposes. On it were several blank cards, a book,

musical instruments,—a zither, a dulcimer, an accordion, and a music-box; also a paper cone rolled in the form of a speaking-trumpet. The artist Eglinton formed one of the circle. The lights of the chandelier above were burning. A blank card was first exhibited to show that there was no writing upon it, placed between the leaves of the book which was closed, so that no portion of the card was visible. The book was then placed upon the table beneath the hand of one of the gentlemen present. After a few minutes' patient waiting, the book was opened, the card examined, and no trace of writing was discovered upon it. The same experiment was repeated with another gentleman's hand, and with the same success.

Mr. Eglinton informed his audience that often writing could be found upon the card under similar circumstances. After the experience already narrated of the two investigators with another artist, they felt that the success of the experiment would have added nothing new to their experience, while its failure rather discountenanced the theory of trickery or legerdemain which could have been made uniformly successful.

But now the serious exercises of the evening were about to commence. A circle of hands placed upon the table was made, each hand of every individual being fully occupied with that of his neighbor. This union of hands was supposed to have a magnetic influence. It probably had a detective influence also, for the circle could not be broken without a conspiracy on the part of at least two individuals.

The lights were then extinguished, and the company were sitting in total darkness. Conversation was attempted, for our artist advised this rather than singing to encourage the phenomena. The subject of conversation was the persecution of certain of the profession, which had recently been occurring in England. Soon Mr. Eglinton, who was sitting next but one to the writer, commenced a series of deep sighs or inspirations, which could be heard but not watched in the darkness. Almost simultaneously the various musical instruments upon the table commenced to play with all the discord imaginable. Then the sounds of the

instruments floating over the heads and behind the backs of the auditors could be heard. They apparently flew about in close proximity to the heads of at least some of the bewildered company. The tumult increased, and danger of collisions seemed to be imminent. Some, who evidently were experienced, were kind enough to enjoin those who were only novices, not to jeer, for "the spirits never hurt any one." The music-box, which we were informed weighed twelve pounds, circled about in alarming proximity to invisible but highly material and sensitive craniums, at times dashing somewhat viciously upon the table, at others sailing far away from it behind the backs of the sitters. Once it required winding, and this manoeuvre was executed, it was said, by the spirits themselves. The paper cone also brushed about, making its presence known by gently grazing some of the faces in its gyrations.

The writer felt, or imagined he felt, soft touches, as if a delicate brush of ostrich-feathers swept over his face, and gentle patting upon his head. Between him and the medium sat a gentleman who said that the present was his first experiment in the new field of inquiry. He had lately lost his wife, and whispers came to his ears. A card was pushed under the clasped fingers of the writer and himself. He in some way recognized and claimed it as intended for himself, and when it was afterward examined in the light, it proved to be one of the blank cards lying upon the table, and on it was written in pencil, "Anna." He said it was the name of his deceased wife. This name, and the words, "My dear husband," the writer and S—— distinctly heard whispered in the darkness. Before the lights were extinguished, the medium said to his neighbors on either side, "If I rise, please to stand up." The significance of the request was not fairly comprehended at the time by those addressed, but it was soon to be explained. After the concert just described had continued for a time, the sighing of the medium became more deep and prolonged, and an occasional "Oh!" as if he felt actual pain, would escape his lips. Suddenly, as if inspired by the flying musical instruments, he began to rise. He floated, or was drawn up into the air, if we can believe the accounts of those next him who held his hands, and the sense of sound, if not of sight, of all in the room. The sense of touch also seemed to verify the supposed fact, for an unmistakable leg

of some human being rested a moment upon the hands of S—— and the writer as they were clasped upon the table. The sensation produced gave the impression that the unknown leg was encased in a pair of rough tweed pantaloons. The legs of the medium were afterward discovered to be clothed with material of the kind felt. One of those holding his hands asserted that he himself rested with his knees upon the table while the medium floated far above, seemingly almost in contact with the high ceiling of the room.

The commotion subsided, the gas was turned on, and the medium was sitting in his chair with a dazed look and with his lately carefully-arranged hair in a now sadly disheveled condition. His pantaloons were carefully examined, and they evidently were of the material which had brushed over the writer's hand. It was asserted by one individual that his head had been in like manner swept by the coat-skirts of some flying human being whom he believed to be the medium. The ropes and pulleys, if any such existed, by which the medium and music-boxes had been supported and sent flying about the heads of auditors if not spectators, had suddenly disappeared, leaving no trace behind. Even the trap-doors and apertures in the ceiling of the private parlor in which we were sitting had been so nicely closed that not a line or a crack could be discerned in the plaster overhead.

Mr. Eglinton now withdrew from the table, sitting aside, while the circle again joined hands, this time, however, beneath rather than upon the table. Soon apparently electric lights began to float about over the table and approach one and another in the circle. Conversation commenced between certain members of the company and certain other objects who were not visible to the writer.

A voice came from the surface of the table. "Mr. Sullivan, Mr. Sullivan, are you here?"

"Yes, I am here. Is that you, Joey?"

"Yes, I am Joey," was the reply from the table surface, and a conversation was carried on between the two, the significance of which was not understood by all present.

"Now do stay here close by me," said a lady at one end to something which evidently she supposed to be near her.

S—— now complained that he saw nothing of those things which seemed so manifest to others

around him, and asked if some of the spirits would not be a little more impartial in the distribution of their attentions. A light came slowly floating up to where we were sitting. It was apparently an incandescent gaseous representation of the upper part of a human body. If there was a nether portion, it must have been below the surface of the table. It had its hands clasped about what seemed to be a Phœnician lamp, which lighted up its face and breast. As it came nearer to us, the light seemed to increase in brilliancy, and disclosed plainly the whiskered, corpse-like features of an Arab or Jewish countenance. When within two feet of our own faces a voice came forth from the apparition:

"Do you see me now?"

"Yes," we answered, "distinctly;" and if we were in our senses, and not the victim of a hallucination, we told the truth.

Let it not be supposed that the little episode in our favor took the attention of the whole company, for, like sociable little tea-drinking circles of the visible world, conversations, *tête-à-têtes*, were going on at the same moment between the living hosts and their incorporeal visitors in various other parts of the circle.

We had now imbibed so much of the supernatural, that the appetite for more had full possession of its victims. Under the guise of investigators still, we resolved again to gratify it. We were told by a believer who had been present at the Eglinton display that another artist in the city was offering an exhibition in comparison with which that which we had just witnessed was "nowhere." This artist was a lady, who, inasmuch as she advertises in public prints, will have no objection to the mention of her name, "Mrs. Elsie Crindle." Those who doubt our story must avail themselves of the information to visit and investigate and discover the deception for themselves.

Again we entered the neutral territory where are supposed to meet embassies from this and some neighboring sphere. It was a modest parlor in an unpretentious private house in a still more unpretentious part of the city. Mrs. Crindle was a pleasant-looking lady of perhaps forty-five. If she was an adept at deceit and lying, she did not so appear to us. She had rather the frank expression and manner of one who felt that her business was a legitimate one. We were introduced to her, cordially received, and, after a few minutes'

conversation, invited to view the portion of the parlor partitioned off by a screen, a space four or five feet deep and the width of the parlor. Not a window, not a door, not a crack in floor, wall, or ceiling, was visible—only a long tin trumpet standing in one corner. The screen, improvised of curtains and shawls, did not reach to the ceiling. There were openings or places for separating the folds. In front of the middle opening, but standing out in the parlor, was a table, with blank paper for writing upon it.

There was the usual assemblage of rather solemn-faced individuals whom we were becoming accustomed to meet, male and female, respectable and intelligent, perhaps twenty in all. One was a judge, as we afterward learned, of the Court of Common Pleas in the city; another a physician; his friend; another a lawyer of distinction; another an ardent spiritualistic lecturer, who gloried in the fact that he had been for forty years engaged in the good cause, as it seemed to him, and who had no doubt of its ultimate triumph. He was proving his sincerity by his work, which was the collection of funds for a home for decrepit, debilitated, and superannuated mediums.

The horse-shoe was formed, the light was somewhat dimmed, and Mrs. Crindle retired behind the scenes, taking her chair with her. Singing of songs, mostly of the prayer-meeting type, but occasionally verging upon the sentimental, such as "Home, Sweet Home," or "Auld Lang Syne," was commenced and continued at intervals through the evening. The audience were requested to join hands. In less time than it would be required by a modern belle to put the finishing-touches upon the roses on her cheeks the folds in the curtains were drawn aside by a pair of white hands, and a female figure attired in a white robe gently glided out into the room and glided back. Again it slipped out and back. Another came out, not as tall, with a veil thrown over its head, and disappeared. Another came, slipped about a few paces from the entrance, gave a girlish giggle, "He-he-he," and glided back. The space behind the curtains, which a few minutes before seemed so destitute of occupants, now seemed to furnish a throng of white-robed visitors. At times, during the evening, three or four would be visible at the same moment, children and old people, male and female. The trumpet was pushed out in the room from beneath the curtain and a hoarse voice re-

sounded through it. It was the voice of a "Mrs. Gruff," the spiritual escort of Mrs. Crindle, if we were to believe what we were told, and the said Gruff was master of ceremonies the evening through. A child's prattling voice was heard from within, and her discourse, pert and good-natured, formed a prominent feature of the evening's entertainment. She called herself "Effie," said she was six years old, and, like many other children, had much more to say than her older and perhaps wiser spiritual companions. She singled out different individuals by name, and interviewed them with all the pertinacity of a newspaper reporter.

"Mr. S——, Mr. S——," said she to that individual, "did some one tell you, as you were standing at the ferry, that the spirits here were all of the same size as the medium?"

S—— acknowledged the fact. A carping unbeliever, who had attended one of the circles, had made the impolite insinuation to S——, but how Effie had learned the circumstance he did not well understand.

"Can you not come out, Effie, and let us see you?" said S—— to the voice behind the curtains.

"I will try to. If Mr. Gruff will let me, I will come out later in the evening," said Effie.

Effie did not keep her promise, though some of the *habitués* of the place said she was out on some occasions half an hour at a time, making herself actually troublesome by her garrulousness. Once in the evening we saw, at the opening of the curtain, a child's form, with a face which should belong to a person at least thirty years of age, which was said to be Effie. The apparition was ghost-like enough, surely, and would have been singled out from a procession of Sunday-school children as a most remarkable face, to say the very least.

"Mr. S——, isn't that a doctor sitting by your side?"

Mr. S—— assented, but did not know how the invisible Effie had learned the fact.

"There are two doctors in the room," said Effie; and she was correct, as we afterward learned, though it is doubtful whether any one else could have then made the statement.

A rather imposing bald-headed individual, with a friend, had entered the room just before the performances commenced. They were unbeknown, apparently, to the rest of the audience. They had requested permission to examine the part of

the room which was to be hidden by curtains, and had done so evidently to their satisfaction, and had taken seats at the extremity of the arc of the semi-circle. Effie, however, did not permit them to remain in obscurity, but opened her batteries upon one of them.

"Judge ——, Judge ——!" she called, mentioning the name of a well-known judge of one of the courts in the city. "Are you not Judge ——?" said she.

Judge —— seemed at first to hesitate whether or not to undergo the impending cross-examination; but, with the remark that he supposed the proceeding session was a secret one, he admitted his identity.

"Judge ——," said Effie, "haven't you a wife in the spirit land?"

"I had a wife who is now in heaven, I hope," said the judge.

"She is here," said Effie, "and wishes to talk with you. Haven't you one of your wife's shawls put away?" Effie asked; "a black shawl?"

The judge assented.

"Well," said Effie, "your wife says you must look at it, the bugs are eating it all up."

The judge admitted the possibility that the moths might be invading the clothing which years before he had laid away in remembrance of his deceased wife.

Meanwhile, the apertures in the curtain, which seemed to be the gateways to and from another world, were opening, and disclosing apparitions, mostly of female figures in white, sometimes three or four at the same instant. They looked like the classical ghosts of the stage, it must be confessed, but if human figures arrayed in ghostly apparel, the mechanical execution of the panorama was most perfect in all its details.

One figure, with an exceedingly anxious expression upon its pallid face, appeared at the opening, looked earnestly around the circle as if hoping to find some one, fixed its gaze upon a sad-faced looking female in a drab dress, then pointed with its outstretched arm and index finger directly to the person apparently recognized, and said, in a hoarse whisper, "Jenny! Jenny!"

The sad-looking female was evidently distressed, acknowledged that her name was correctly given, and said she thought she recognized the apparition as the image of a deceased and once intimate friend.

Another figure, with a pleasant but ghost-like countenance and light-brown hair, attired in white, who certainly was not the medium, but who was immediately announced by those who had frequented the place as the "Angel of Mercy," appeared at the opening in the screen near which a table was standing. Upon the table was blank paper. She took the paper, using a pencil which was handed her by one of the spectators, and commenced writing. The sound of the pencil gliding over the page was plainly audible. She folded the paper and reached it out in the direction of the writer. Why he was so honored he knew not, but he modestly approached and took from the spiritual hand, if such it was, the communication. Weeks have rolled away, but the writing is now as distinct as if made but yesterday by the most material of chirographers. The following is a copy of the message received:

"DEAR FRIENDS: I am glad to see you this evening. God bless you all.

"ANGEL OF MERCY."

The angel disappeared, and the wondering audience who heard first before the pencil gliding over the paper, heard not a sound of the rustling robes nor of elaborate machinery nor of the falling trap-doors which seemed so essential to a trick of jugglery.

Apparitions in female attire and with feminine features had thus far favored the sight-seers. The gruff voice from within now announced that some gentleman spirits were anxious to appear, and in order that they should successfully do so a different arrangement in the circle would be necessary. The gentlemen in the flesh were requested to change seats with the ladies, and get as near as possible to the screen. This was done, and a corpse-like-looking whiskered object in white appeared at the opening.

He addressed the visitors in a language which no one present understood, the only intelligible word being "Hindustan." A residence in the world of spirits evidently had not given him a mastery of the English language, for after a vain effort to communicate in a tongue familiar to himself he withdrew in despair.

Unlike many of the ethereal visitors, he was not recognized by any of the audience. An old man—a very old man—with a chin which looked up and a nose which curled down over a mouth which needed a dentist's care appeared in view.

He looked as if he were not long for the world of which he might be the inhabitant. He retired without a word, evidently too infirm, if indeed in the flesh, to thread his way through intricate underground passages and concealed doors without stalwart material arms to guide and assist him.

Meanwhile, little Effie, who had once shown her thirty-years'-old face and her six-years'-old figure at one of the openings, had been prattling on every conceivable subject. She said that the medium was letting her head hang way over to one side.

"Sit up, medium," said the child; and it is presumed that the medium complied with the direction.

"There is a new spirit here who has never materialized before," said the gruff voice, not Effie's, from behind the curtain. "She is trying very hard to appear, but she does not seem to be able."

The audience waited expectantly and sympathizingly for the apparition.

"No, she cannot succeed, she has given it up," continued Mr. Gruff.

"Oh, poor spirit!" said little Effie. "How badly she feels! She has laid right down on the floor, and is almost ready to cry. Poor, poor spirit!"

It would seem that even the spirits have their failures and disappointments, as well as their more material brethren and sisters. It was now announced that a certain old lady who habitually attended the gatherings was about to appear, and wished the audience to sing her favorite air, "Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing," etc. The tune was commenced, and a thin, cracked female voice from behind the screen joined with great gusto. It would have been tolerated, but not admired, by those in the material world who are not disposed to be critical. The singing form appeared in view, drawing aside the curtains with her own skinny hands. She had a benevolent old death-like countenance, which might well have belonged to a partner of the sorrows and joys of the very old gentleman spirit who had just disappeared. She was attired in white. She continued her song in front of her material audience, until suddenly she was gone, and at the same moment Mrs. Crindle was standing in her place in her dark dress with lace ruffles around the

throat, with frizzed hair upon her forehead, with a sleepy, dazed expression of countenance, and an unmistakably material form, which presented a decided contrast to the white-robed, gauzy, ethereal, spirituelle objects which had a few moments before been so conspicuous.

The *séance* was over. We entered the sacred precincts behind the curtain, saw the bare walls, the chair, and the tin trumpet, but nothing more. The robes of white, the flitting forms, the Saratoga trunks of paraphernalia which must have accompanied the ten or fifteen elaborately-dressed beings who had just before been crowded in the narrow limits, had all been noiselessly spirited away.

Mrs. Crindle inquired whether she herself had been visible through the chinks in the curtains,

in her trance condition. She seemed disappointed when informed that she had not, and said that she had often been in other *séances*.

We bade the modest and lady-like and prepossessing Mrs. Crindle "Good-night," thinking that if we had been witnessing feats of legerdemain throughout the evening the lady in question must be a most exquisitely skillful performer, and that any future Blitz or Heller may well look out for his laurels.

We crossed the threshold, which introduced us once more to the material world, entered a car, as we believed drawn by a pair of realistic horses, and soon became convinced that we were still in the flesh and rattling homeward over an unmistakable stone pavement.

A MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY.¹

IT is but the history of a plain man, whose appearance upon the world's stage has produced no epoch, that I am about to relate. I say a plain, unknown man, for the enterprise in which he participated failed, and placed him at the mercy of his judges. And there is scarcely one of my readers, I am free to say, who ever heard anything of the man; yet there may still be in his home many who recalled him, as in 1863 the newspapers contained the intelligence of his death:

"Died, on the 11th of May, on board the U. S. Corvette *Levant*, at 20° 11' S. 13° W., Philip Nolan."

And this man, Philip Nolan, was destined to play a part that falls to the lot of but few.

It was in the year 1806 that General Burr, Vice President of the United States under Jefferson (1801-1809), was accused of treason, and apprehended on the charge of plotting a conspiracy, whose object was the establishment of a Southern empire under his sovereignty. His plan seems to have been well arranged, and among his numerous followers one of the most active and adventurous was Lieutenant Nolan, of the army.

¹ The above article is furnished us by one of our contributors, who translated it from the German. Never having seen the article in print before in this country, he requests its publication, for the benefit of those of our readers who also may never have heard or known of the facts stated. The name of the author is not furnished.—ED.

It was in Fort Massac that he first joined the enterprise, which, as often happens, miscarried through premature disclosure. In the expedition against New Orleans he was arrested with his chief and brought before the court-martial, which convened in Fort Adams. He was neither more nor less guilty than many others who had been equally dazzled by the seductive anticipations of Aaron Burr. An old adage runs, "Little thieves are hanged, great ones worshiped;" and this was verified in the present case. Burr himself, through want of evidence, was acquitted, and Nolan and others became the scapegoats. He stood before his judges to listen to his sentence, smarting under the treatment he received; and we would hardly have heard anything further of his future (as it was resolved unanimously to release him with a merely nominal penalty), had not his youthful indiscretion and wounded honor goaded him to a reply which made him what he afterward became—a man without a country. To the usual question of the presiding officer whether Nolan had anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced upon him, he arose, struck his clenched hand upon the table, and cried:

"The devil take the United States! May I never again hear anything of them!"

Every officer of the court had participated in the Revolution, and risked his life for the very

object which the prisoner now spurned. But Nolan was an untamed child of nature. Born on a plantation in Texas, where the best society he had in his most auspicious circumstances was a Spanish officer, or a trader from New Orleans, he had enjoyed no other training save the instruction which in one winter he received from an English schoolmaster. Besides, he had spent half his youth with his brother on the prairies, and made the back of a burro, with lasso in his hand hunting wild buffaloes, his home; so that he knew little about the United States. Later, to be sure, the Union gave him the uniform which he wore, and the sword with which he had sworn to defend his country. But, on the other hand, the Government attempted to punish in him the transgression of another, and although he himself could not fully justify his own conduct, yet we cannot, ought not, judge him too harshly.

After this vehemence of Nolan, which produced inexpressible indignation, the court withdrew, only to return after the lapse of fifteen minutes, with the finding that Philip Nolan is guilty of treason, and sentenced never again to hear anything of the United States.

Nolan laughed; but on the pale faces around him no mirth was visible. The punishment seemed mild enough—merely his own wish was to be gratified. And it was.

From the 23d of September, 1807, to his dying day, in 1863, he never again heard the name of his native land; and for fifty-six years he was a man without a country. President Jefferson confirmed the sentence, of which Nolan received a transcript.

At the burning of the Capitol at Washington, afterward, all the papers relating to this trial were consumed, and when, in 1817, Captain Watson reported concerning Nolan to the department at Washington, Nolan was entirely ignored, whether deservedly or not may be questioned; but the fact remains that after this time no naval officer ever mentioned him in his report. Lieutenant Mitchell, of the Nautilus, into whose charge the prisoner was first given, received the following written instructions:

"The person of Philip Nolan, former lieutenant in the army, will be delivered to you by Lieutenant Neall. In the investigation before the court-martial, he expressed, with an oath, the wish never again to hear anything about the United States,

and his sentence aims at the fulfillment of that wish. You will take the prisoner on board your vessel, and use every precaution to prevent his escape. You will give him the attention, care, and clothing which befits his former rank. The officers on board will agree concerning his society; he shall always be approached with respect, and is never to be reminded that he is a prisoner. But under no consideration shall he be permitted to hear or see anything of his country that may remind him of it; and you will take strict care that no officer under your command shall, in the abandon of passing intercourse, neglect this regulation, in which the prisoner's penalty consists. It is further the will of the Government that he never again see the country which he has renounced. On the expiration of your orders, you will receive further instructions necessary to the carrying out of this resolution.

"(Signed) THE SECRETARY OF WAR."

From the Nautilus, Nolan was transferred to a ship going on a long cruise, whose commander, Shaw, ordained the following etiquette and the accessory precautions, which were adopted by all the wardens of Nolan, and handed over from one to the other.

Captain Shaw allowed him unlimited intercourse with the officers on board, but with the crew only in the presence of a detailed officer. Notwithstanding all this, Nolan became timid and reserved, as any one will who feels that he is merely endured through necessity.

As his presence precluded all conversation on home topics, of war and peace, of political and family concerns,—subjects that form the staple of mariners' converse on the ocean,—no class would have him continually with them; and since it would have been too hard to exclude him altogether, a merely formal system was adopted.

On Mondays the captain invited him to dinner, and on other days he was the guest of different coteries, while his remaining meals were taken in his cabin, whenever the watch was set. The crew also invited him to their simple amusements, as it appeared afterward largely because they honestly pitied the "cloth button," as they named him, from the buttons on his uniform.

In all his voyages he was never allowed to go ashore; every newspaper or book which was given him was examined beforehand, and even the most innocent allusions to an American house were

excerpted. It therefore frequently happened that in the midst of Napoleon's battles and Canning's speeches he found a rather provoking gap.

When Captain Shaw was ordered home, he took a run to Cape Town, and, after many days' waiting, signaled the outward-bound Warren. Up to this time, Nolan had regarded his imprisonment as merely a farce, and manifested much satisfaction at the sea voyage. He was therefore not a little amazed as he received orders to prepare himself for disembarkation for his second voyage, with Captain Philipps, to the Mediterranean. This officer relates that after Nolan again came out of his cabin he could not believe he saw the same person. The unfortunate man had realized now that he had no longer a home; not even one to suffer imprisonment in.

This was but the beginning of twenty re-embarkations which yet remained for him to have his wish fulfilled; and his lot was far more terrible than that of those rebels who since then resisted their country with arms, who, though excluded from the general amnesty, are nevertheless living in other countries where they can share to some extent in the interests of their home.

His exemplary behavior during his journeys has shown satisfactorily that he repented of his folly, and manfully surrendered himself to his fate. He never intentionally aggravated the hard and painful situation of those whose duty it was to watch him. Opportunities to this were not to be avoided, but they were never provoked by him. Of the multitudinous incidents which occurred to remind him most painfully of his despised home, I shall mention but three, to show how deeply he felt his loss.

During Nolan's confinement on the Brandywine, one of the officers borrowed from a comrade in Alexandria a whole chestful of books, at that time regarded a special providence. Nolan also was invited to join the circle which, on a beautiful August afternoon, had raised a tent upon the rear deck. It was decided that, to make the time pass more profitably, each should read in turns; and in time his turn came. The newly-issued volume of Walter Scott's, "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," was chosen, and every one became enthusiastic over it. With a deep pathos Nolan began the sixth canto without any presentiment of the consequences.

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land?"

During these words, a painful awkwardness crept over the assembled officers. Nolan grew pale, but, with a resolution born of a better hope, he continued:

"Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there be, go; mark him well;"

But now his resolute will was sorely tried; he could not collect himself sufficiently to omit the passage; he blushed, and, in his confusion, stammered on:

"For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite these titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self,
Living, shall for——"

He sprang up convulsively, like a shot deer. Tears streamed from his eyes. With a start he flung the book into the sea, and hurried to his cabin. "For two whole months," said one of his old companions, "we did not see Nolan among us again."

Not long thereafter, during the war with Great Britain, Nolan's ship was attacked by a hostile frigate. A ball entered the port-hole of the American vessel, and killed the officer of the deck, besides several others. In the midst of the confusion, as a *deus ex machina*, appeared Nolan, took the command, ordered the wounded away, loaded the cannon with his own hands, aimed it, and had it fired. And thus he remained in charge of the cannon, calm and courageous, cool, collected, encouraging his sailors, and firing twice as often as the rest, until the proud Engländer struck her colors, and surrendered to the American commander. Then rose the cry:

"Nolan! Where is Nolan? The captain calls for him."

Nolan came.

"Sir," said the captain, addressing him, "to-day you have been one of the bravest on the ship, and I shall name you in my dispatches. With this I show you my gratitude," he added, as he handed him his own sabre; "who owes you more than I, will himself reward you." He could not, dared not, say your country.

This was the brightest day in the exile's life; and on every festive occasion he carried the well-merited decoration. The commander sought a pardon for Nolan, but he never received a reply. The whole business began to be ignored at Washington, and Nolan's condition remained the same, because no orders were issued thence.

Apart from his books, and the occasional intercourse with the officers, there was nothing to help him pass his time. But he used his books well, as well as he could, and among his papers there were found, after his death, many tokens of his diligence in numerous compilations of merit and value in natural history. He had learned the language of nearly every country he visited, and was of great service as interpreter.

It was a matter of this sort that on one occasion well-nigh broke his heart. His vessel had, on the northwest coast of Africa, fallen in with and captured a slave-trader; and the commander was in great straits how to bring to order the riotous negroes, so that he might return them to their country.

There was no other who could speak a word of Portuguese, which one of the negroes had learned from Fernando Ko. Nolan went into their midst, told them what their fate was to be, thereby hoping to quell the disturbance. The sweat rolled from his forehead, as he stood surrounded by four hundred negroes, one of whom told him of his wife, another of his child, and a third of his parents and home. His own voice was drowned in the uproar, and it was with the utmost difficulty, and only by complying with their demands, that he became master of the situation. But as the enthusiastic multitude pressed upon him, kissed and embraced him, nearly crushing him in their transports of joy, his consciousness forsook him, and he had to be carried in a boat to the ship. Here he soon recovered, and as he sat aside a young lieutenant on the rear deck, his long-suppressed emotion broke forth, and his full heart gushed out in all its accumulated force.

"Young man," he said to his companion, with whom in later years he made other voyages, "from this you may learn what it is to be without family, without home, and without country. Should you ever so far forget yourself as to do or say anything that might raise a barrier between yourself and these treasures, pray God that in his mercy he may take you to himself. Bind yourself

to your family, forget self, and do all for them. Speak of them, write to them, think of them. The farther you journey, the more fondly should you cling to them, as yonder miserable slaves. And your country, your home, the old flag there—young man, think of nothing but to serve them, even though such service should lead to death itself. Allow no evening to pass in which you do not pray God to bless the flag; and whatever betide you, whoever flatters you, think of no other! Behind every man with whom you have to do stands your country; to it you belong as to your own mother. Shame and dishonor to him who forsakes his mother! Would to God!" he sobbed in anguish, "that some one had spoken thus to me in my youth."

After this there were frequent attempts made to procure deliverance for the homeless wanderer, but no one in Washington believed in the existence of such a man. Nor is this the first instance in which a department pretended not to know anything. For the officers of the navy the whole matter was a very delicate one, and we must admit it to be proof of the honorable *esprit du corps* of the navy that the secret was not allowed to come to light until after Nolan's death, having been sacredly and successfully kept even from the enterprising press of the Union.

In Nolan's fate, as in the case of so many others, where one is thrown upon self-government, was illustrated the principle, Success is everywhere successful; failure is always the signal for abandonment. The order to carry Nolan from one place to another was made; no recall was ever had—the officer must obey the law, and however gladly any one would have connived at the escape of poor Nolan (and was he not a poor, pitiable man indeed?), he could have done it only at the peril of his own position; and dismissal from service is not an honor coveted by any officer.

On his death-bed, having reached his eightieth year, he requested the favor of hearing something of America, and for the first time in the long period of fifty-six years did one of the friendly officers give him a true sketch of his native country, what it had become, how it prospered, what a prominence it had won, what significance it had for the present, and what bright prospects it enjoyed for the future. With a smile of happy contentment he listened, and saw the mighty structure unfold before him. One thing only his friend

could not prevail upon himself to mention—Nolan must not learn of the civil war. As he became weaker, he requested his attendant to take the prayer-book by his side and read the marked pages. It ran: "For our own selves and in the name of our entire country, we thank thee, Lord, that thou, in spite of our many transgressions, hast been gracious unto us. Bless and keep thy faithful servants, the President of the United States, and all to whom is entrusted a public office." Then he fell gently asleep, in peace with himself and the world.

In his Bible was found a book-mark with the request: "Bury me in the ocean; she has become my home, and I have learned to love her. Should the Government, which has punished me so sorely, have sufficient regard for me, let there be erected in Fort Adams a memorial with the inscription:

" 'In Memoriam
PHILIP NOLAN
 LIEUTENANT U S A
 REQUIESCAT IN PACE' "

MESSAGE FROM THE DEAD.

'Twas two-and-seventy years ago,
 When "Farmer George" was king,
 And all his land a raree-show,
 With blossom of the spring—
 The time when lovers courting go,
 And little birds do sing.

They say that folks are wiser now,
 And life has grown completer;
 The old days were as sweet, I trow,
 Perchance a little sweeter,
 The birds upon the cherry bough
 Have never changed their metre.

As eager were the hopes of men,
 Their joys, alas! as fleeting,
 And lovers' vows as potent then
 To set girls' hearts a-beating,
 As tender was the spring-time, when
 The new-born lambs were bleating.

Some things, thank God, are lingering yet,
 And never out of fashion,
 The laws of stately etiquette
 Have spared the tender passion,
 And sometimes human eyes are wet
 With tears of soft compassion.

So down Time's vista, faint and far,
 Two lovers we descry,
 Apart they stand, some sudden jar
 Disturbs their harmony;
 A cloud hath passed o'er Love's sweet star,
 And darkened all the sky.

The youth he watched his true love's face
 With angry, scornful glance;
 "Adieu," he cried, "disdainful Grace,
 I sail to-night for France;
 Some happier man may have my place,
 And please you more perchance."

"Adieu, sir!" said the haughty maid,
 "Your fancy chimes with mine;
 I pray that when the anchor's weighed
 The weather may be fine;
 Too long methinks you have delayed,
 To taste the claret wine!"

And so they part, these silly souls,
 With bitter words and sore,
 And Time's vast ocean moaning rolls

Betwixt them evermore,
 And they must starve on niggard doles,
 Who feasted heretofore.

Awhile she said, "He loves me well,
 I'll die, but never doubt him,
 To-morrow he will break the spell;
 He knows I could not flout him;"
 Then blank, eternal silence fell,
 She sighed—and lived without him.

The days passed slowly into years,
 The bloom of youth departed,
 No eye beheld her secret tears,
 Or saw the wound that smarted,
 Hers was the patient love that cheers
 The sad and broken-hearted.

When fifty years had slipped away,
 Life's pains no more beset her:
 This woman, faded, old, and gray,
 Waits for the Life that's better,
 Her maid trips in with silver tray:
 "Madam, a foreign letter!"

She took it with a wondering smile
 Into her wrinkled hand,
 She gazed at it a little while,
 She could not understand;
 'Twas folded in an ancient style,
 The ink was pale and tanned.

What ghost arises from the Past
 To scare that faithful breast?
 A dead man's message come at last,
 By cruel Fate suppressed—
 "Dear God!" she cried, while tears fell fast,
 "I'm ready for my rest."

"Oh, love, forgive!" the letter said,
 "I cannot leave you so;
 Write but a word, ere fate be sped,
 Whether you will or no."
 And then the date the woman read,
 'Twas fifty years ago!

She threw the casement open wide,
 This lady most forlorn,
 A robin whistled sweet outside,
 Upon a leafless thorn,
 And he sang of Love that had never died,
 And the Resurrection morn.

C. B.



THE WOODLAND GLEN.

DEEP in a wood—I love the spot!
'Tis fairest far in Spring,
When sweet, from every bowery plot,
The golden finches sing.

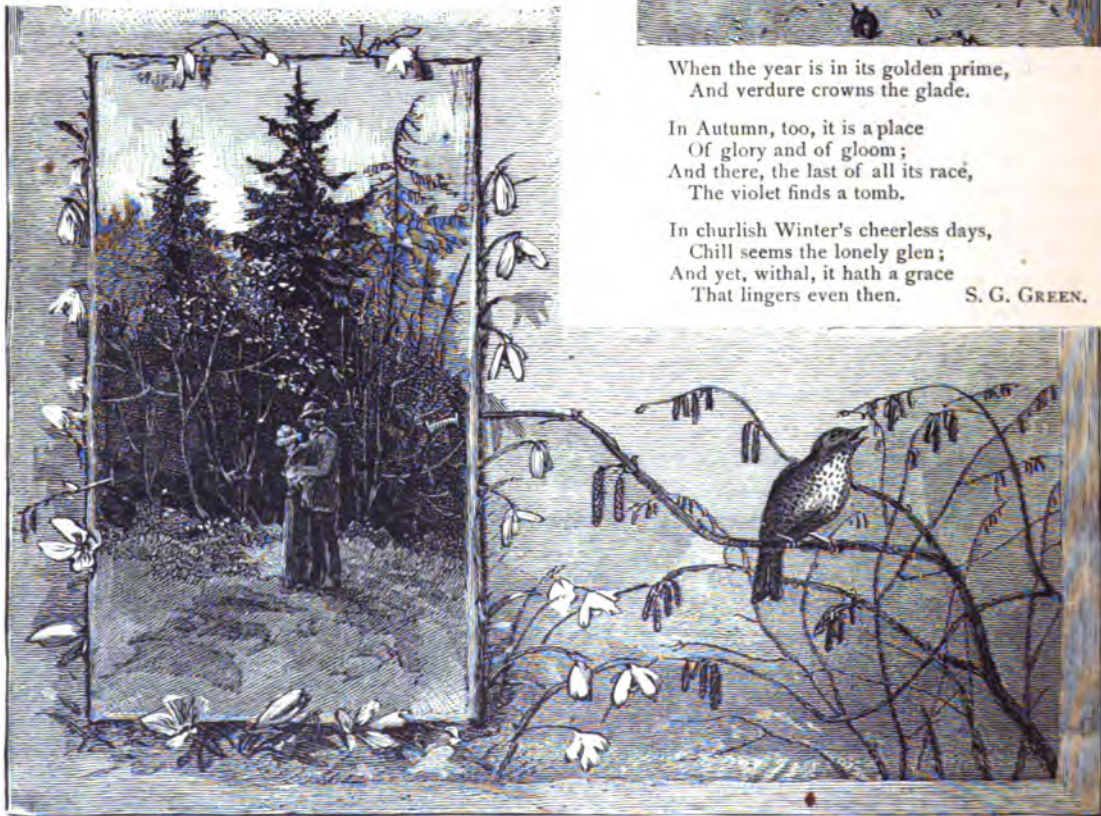
'Tis lovely in the Summer time,
Thick set in deepest shade;



When the year is in its golden prime,
And verdure crowns the glade.

In Autumn, too, it is a place
Of glory and of gloom;
And there, the last of all its race,
The violet finds a tomb.

In churlish Winter's cheerless days,
Chill seems the lonely glen;
And yet, withal, it hath a grace
That lingers even then. S. G. GREEN.



UNDER THE SNOW.

BY A. L. BASSETT.

SHE raised her large, dark eyes wistfully to the brightly illuminated window, and murmured to herself, "He is so good! I've read of his noble charities in the papers, I've looked into his beautiful face again and again as I've passed him on the street, and have seen goodness written there. Yes, I *will* make one effort to save them! He has not left his office yet; I'll go in, and even beg to save them from death."

She drew her black veil closely over her face, ran up the steps, and knocked lightly at the door.

"Come in!" was spoken in such a harsh voice that the girl hesitated for an instant, then slowly turned the knob and entered the luxuriously-furnished office. Mr. Howard raised his handsome face from the papers he was hastily arranging, and looked with surprise and evident displeasure at the shabby dress of the intruder. It was late, and bitter cold; the snow was falling fast, and his carriage was even now waiting to take him to the grand dinner prepared for the newly-elected governor, and he was in no mood to attend to a poor client. Such a poverty-stricken creature had never entered his office before, he thought. The lines around his mouth deepened, and the finely-curved lips were hardly compressed as he asked curtly:

"Please state as briefly as possible what you wish with me. Office hours are over."

He had not even asked her to be seated, yet she could not lose faith at once in the man who for years had been her hero, her ideal of all that was good and noble. She had seen his picture in the illustrated papers as the preserver of a child he had rescued from a burning house. His name headed every list of public charities, and so she only whispered to herself, "Ah, he thinks I've come to worry him about some law-suit, and he is too tired with his day's work to care to attend to business now; his face will grow soft and tender when I tell my story."

And so she told it, simply and trustfully. Her brother and his only child were ill with pneumonia, and the little hovel in which they lived was almost buried in the snow, which drifted in at every crack. The doctor said both might be saved if the room in which they laid were made

tight and warm, and proper food and medicine were provided for them. She had worked hard, but could only manage to keep them from being put out into the street by their hard landlord. Would he help them?

Mr. Howard had gone on arranging his papers while she spoke—private charities were not in his line, and he had not interrupted her merely because her voice was musical and her story brief.

"I never give to street beggars; it's against my principles. I've heard thousands of tales like yours, and know how much to believe of them. I'll give you ten cents to leave the office." And he threw a dime on the floor at her feet, and began putting on his fur overcoat.

He had buttoned his coat and drawn his seal-skin cap down on his broad white forehead, around which clustered such beautiful, wavy dark hair, and yet she had not moved nor stooped to pick up the little silver coin at her feet. She could not believe that she had heard aright. She stood like one stunned by a blow.

"Well, aren't you going? I'm tired of waiting for you." And he began turning off the gas.

As the room darkened, the girl seemed to awaken to a sense of what she had asked, and the manner in which she had been refused. Her cheeks crimsoned, and her eyes flashed indignantly as she threw back the shrouding black veil and spoke hurriedly:

"I've done what I never did before. I would *die* before I would beg for myself! But it was my last hope of saving those dearer to me than myself. I never dreamed *you* could refuse any one a paltry sum of your boundless wealth. I was mistaken; that is all. Buried beneath this cruel snow, which is killing my brother and his child, you might have found a treasure which would have been yours when all of your earthly riches have perished, as perish they must, sooner or later. You have refused to 'heal the sick,' to 'feed the hungry.' Alas! I fear the poverty of your last moments will reproach you for your hard heart. You have lost the treasure our Father would have given you as your reward for obedience to his command."

Her voice sounded like a silver bell, and its echo seemed to reverberate again and again through the room as she vanished in the darkness of the wintry storm. She had spoken and was gone. The dime still gleamed on the floor, for when she threw back her veil Mr. Howard had unconsciously raised the gas to its fullest height, and its light fell on the coin she had spurned. The hard lines had grown soft around his mouth, and the handsome face was in reality beautiful now, for only wonder and regret were written there—wonder at the marvelous loveliness of the woman he had called a beggar, and regret that she was gone.

"I've been a fool; it was Venus herself in the guise of a beggar. I might have known from her voice—from the way in which she told her story—that she was some fallen princess, some broken merchant's daughter, no doubt. My! how she talked about treasures to be found in the snow. Bah! 'tis too cold to look for one to-night."

The carriage in waiting soon bore him to the governor's dinner, where all seemed to delight in doing him honor. There were fathers there who sought him for a son-in-law, mothers who courted him for their daughters, and maidens who smiled upon him sweetly, realizing as well as their parents how desirable it was to make an impression upon the millionaire. But he was colder and more reserved than ever, and evidently cared even less than usual for honeyed words. He looked absent and troubled; he was haunted by that vision of a perfect Grecian face shaded by golden hair, of luminous dark eyes half-filled with tears, of coral lips, and a silvery voice soft and pathetic even while uttering reproachful words. "A treasure buried under the snow"—what made those words keep sounding in his ears? He heard them as he fell asleep that night; they echoed through his dreams, and startled him as he awoke in the morning.

* * * * *

"You've come at last, Aline," said a manly voice to the last passenger who left the Jersey City ferry-boat. "Let me have your bundle." And without waiting for a reply he took the parcel of work from the girl's cold hands, drew her arm through his own, and led her homeward.

Aline had not answered; her veil hid her colorless face, upon which wretchedness was so vividly depicted the most careless observer would have

noticed it. Her dream was broken, her ideal shattered and become only dust, common dust. The hero of whom she had read, whose office she had passed day by day as she went for her work to the city, whose handsome face she had gazed upon with such delight, he had insulted her and driven her from his presence. Her brother and his child must die; she could not beg for them again. Edward Howard had refused to help them, and no one else would, she was sure. She did not hear half that her companion said, and only spoke when she entered the door of her own home. "Father is not here"—The smile forced to her blue lips faded quickly, and with a sigh she threw aside shawl and bonnet and bent shivering over a few coals in the tiny grate, while her tangled mass of golden curls clung caressingly to her marble cheeks and veiled her exquisite figure.

"Aline, darling, I've come for my answer.

Oh, let me take you away at once from this poverty and misery. Poverty is so hard for you who have known wealth. I, like you, have gentle blood, but with me there has been a hard fight to gain even honest independence; that I have won, and I long to have you share with me my home comforts. Won't you say yes, darling?"

The girl shuddered, and shook her head.

"I can't trust you."

"Can't trust me? What do you mean?"

"I used to think I might—I used to think there were a few noble, whole-souled men in the world, and that you were one of them. I don't believe in any one now; you men are all alike." She spoke bitterly; for a moment the music was all gone from her voice, and charity from her heart.

"Oh, Aline, you don't mean what you say! Yesterday you allowed me to hope—to-day you cruelly refuse my love. What do you mean?"

"I mean that I shall never marry. I had fancied I might learn to love you, because my father so earnestly desired it; but I can't. I'll work for him gladly, but I cannot marry to please him; it would be wicked. I've done all I could for my loved ones, but have failed in every effort to serve them. Nothing is left for me but submission to the will of Providence. I must be contented with my lot, whatever it may be. Good-bye, Harry. You've been very kind to us; be kind to father still, but visit him when I'm away. This must be our last interview until you've learned to love some one else."

The soft light had returned to her eyes, but the tone of her voice was firm and commanding; Harry Seymore knew there was no appeal from her decision, no hope of her ever changing when she had once made up her mind. A tear glistened in his eye as he took her small, soft hand in both of his, kissed it tenderly, and, without trusting himself to speak, went out into the darkness of the narrow street.

Aline Clifford was left alone in the cheerless room with her gloomy thoughts. Life for her had been a series of disappointments. Two years ago she had been called one of the "queens of society;" now she was a poor sewing-girl—a beggar; trials had come, "not in single file, but in battalions," yet she had met them bravely, until to-night's "broken dream" had come to blight her last hope,—her glorious ideal of manly goodness and virtue. For while she sat like one in deepest woe, gazing into the dying embers, then drawing her hand across her brows, as if to smooth away the shadow of a frown, she sighed deeply, took up her bundle of work, and sat down to the sewing-machine, which had to hum an hour longer than usual that freezing night, because of her reverie. Poor child! she had passed unharmed through society, caring nothing for the fickle lovers who had beset her path while it was brightened by her father's gold, and deserted her the moment that was gone; neither had Harry been able to touch her heart, though so tenderly attached to her for many years. No, she had never loved, but her fancy had been attracted, her sentiments impressed, by Edward Howard's story and handsome face, and unconsciously she had adopted him as her ideal of noble manhood, and felt that he who should win her must bewitch her imagination as Mr. Howard had done. Alas! she had been rudely awakened from her dream, and her faith in man's goodness was crushed forever.

* * * * *

Edward Howard had never been able to forget the bewildering vision of beauty which had seemed to glorify his office that dismal December night. He was not fond of society, but he had sought it to banish from his memory a face and words that haunted him, and like a nightmare troubled him, waking or sleeping. He was pursued by the fancy that he might have found a treasure in such a woman's love, and dreaded lest her prediction should be verified, and his last moments be spent

in the poverty of a grand home destitute of everything like true, disinterested affection. At the end of six months he found himself deeply infatuated with a picture he had painted for himself—the picture of a fair woman sought out by a rich man in the disguise of a poor, hard-working clerk; of his winning her love thus, and then carrying her home to reign like a queen over his grand household, surrounded by all the luxuries that wealth and affection could lay at her feet. It was a sweet picture of domestic bliss he drew for himself; and he, who had never failed in anything he had ever undertaken, determined to make it a blessed reality. He sent for the best detectives in the city, described the beautiful girl he sought to make his wife, and promised an immense reward to any one who would inform him where she lived.

December had come again, but Edward Howard had never seen Aline. The police had carried him to many wretched hovels in the great city, and he had seen numberless pretty women with fair hair and dark eyes, but never one like her of whom he dreamed. Aline had obtained work in Jersey City, and rarely ventured to New York. Her brother and his child were dead, and a new suit of mourning had taken the place of the shabby old dress and veil; for no one was left to work for now but her father and herself. Harry often followed her, without her being conscious of it, when she was forced to go to New York; but she still forbade his visiting her, because every word and look betrayed his love for her—his ever-increasing love.

It was a bleak, snowy evening when she left the dress-maker's after delivering her work, and hurried toward the ferry. She was just in time to reach the boat before it started for New York, and sank down wearily on the last unoccupied seat. There she sat with drooping head and shivering limbs until the passengers all left the steamer on the other side of the river. Then, as if just waking from a reverie, she rose hastily and gained a place in the street-car before it started. She had just heard at her employers' of the illness of one of the sewing-girls to whom she had become warmly attached, and was now on her way to visit her, to offer her her own week's wages, because she knew how poor her parents were, and how impossible it would be for them to take care of her without some help from their friends.

It is already seven o'clock. Aline has left the ill girl smiling through her tears as she looks at the bank-notes on her bed which will provide food, physician, and medicine for her, and walks rapidly in the direction of the cars. There is a certain street, a certain office she has avoided all the past year; but to-night, the anniversary of her "begging expedition," as she always calls it, when bitterly recalling the disappointment Edward Howard had caused her, she must go that way or be very late in reaching the ferry. And so she drags her tired limbs slowly down the pavement she had once walked with so much pleasure every day, because of the handsome face of a generous man who often stood at his door or window as she went by, and upon whom she gazed with delight, rejoicing at the thought of such goodness in this dreary world.

"How fair and soft and white the snow is as it comes down! How soon it is black and dismal as it is trampled under foot! I'm so weary! This lovely snow, which seems to pile itself up around my feet, would make a comfortable resting-place for me. I'm very cold; but I don't seem to feel it now. I'm so sleepy. Oh, for rest, rest!"

She moves on through the blinding snow until she comes in front of Edward Howard's office. There the pavement has been swept, and there is ice on the bricks. Aline raises her head and looks in through the uncurtained window. There he sits idle and listless by his table, with a care-worn look on his face. She has not time to wonder at it, for her foot slips—she falls on the curb-stone and lies still and motionless, while the rising wind throws the drifting snow like a shroud around her.

It has grown late, and the policeman on his beat wonders why Mr. Howard sits still at his table with his arms folded, for it is eleven o'clock and after. Tempted by curiosity, he steps backward to get a better view of the office. He steps

as Aline had done, and falls into the snow-drift. His ankle is sprained, and, unable to rise without assistance, he calls loudly for help.

Edward Howard had been dreaming all the evening of Aline, whom he had seen just one year ago, whom he should never see again, he now fancies, for his efforts to find her have been in vain, when he hears the cry for help. Once he might not have heeded it, but he has had a lesson he cannot forget. He springs to his feet, and is soon by the man's side.

"Mr. Howard, there's a woman in the snow here. There's part of a dress uncovered by my fall."

Dashing the snow away from the spot from whence he had borne the policeman, Edward Howard gave a cry of agony as he saw the unveiled face of Aline Clifford, white and colorless as marble, but peaceful and sweet beyond expression. She had found rest!

It was in vain Mr. Howard summoned the neighboring physicians to try and bring life back to that exquisite form. They all told him she had passed from sleep into death. The wound on the temple must have caused unconsciousness until death came—a painless death, they said—to give her rest; rest in the Paradise of God.

It was two days before Harry and her father saw the advertisement for "friends of an unknown lady found frozen to death." By the bed on which she lay, in a magnificent apartment, redolent with the perfume of numberless flowers, sat Edward Howard, just where he had sat, except for an hour each day, ever since he had found his "treasure buried under the snow."

Edward Howard never married. Hired nurses watched at his bedside through his last illness, and a spendthrift nephew inherited his vast wealth. He had lived lonely and loveless, and alone and unloved he had died.

COMPARISONS.

As morning vapors often hide
The brilliancy of waking day,
And, by their shadows reaching wide,
Invest the world with sombre gray,
So dark distress is made to spread
Before the vivid sun of youth,
To give a shade of mournful dread,
And veil our ways in hopeless ruth.

As evening after stormy days
Will often bring a cloudless sky,
Through which the golden sunset rays
Come flashing in with sweet supply,
So age may gain a full relief
From sorrows of our early years,
With hope revived, with banished grief,
And faith beyond all human fears.

ADDISON F. BROWNE.

NOVELTIES IN FANCY-WORK.

BY MARIAN FORD.

GRAY December skies and flying snow-flakes bring thoughts of adding to in-door coziness by graceful window draperies, and it may certainly be said of the modes of ornamentation that "their name is legion." Thick stuffs and thin, bright and sombre, costly and cheap materials can be chosen to suit the room and purse of the owner, but no one who desires a tasteful home should forget that nothing so dispels the bareness that is apt to characterize the apartments of those whose means are scanty, as window draperies of even the simplest fabric.

Previous numbers of the MONTHLY have given many pretty designs for curtains, and the present one supplies two very elegant illustrations, suitable for use in the handsomest drawing-room.

CURTAIN WITH CROSS-STITCH EMBROIDERY AND DRAWN-WORK.

The curtain illustrated in Fig. 1 is made of coarse linen, richly ornamented with cross-stitch embroidery and drawn-work, and finished at the bottom with antique lace. The effect is very beautiful; but, should it seem too elaborate, some of the simpler designs for embroidery and drawn-work given in previous numbers of the MONTHLY, for use on various articles, may be applied to the same fabric with most satisfactory results. In choosing patterns for draperies, however, it should always be remembered that a design containing few lines is preferable to one whose effect is produced by numerous small ones crowded closely together.

CURTAIN WITH OUTLINE EMBROIDERY.

A very handsome curtain, seen by the writer at the rooms of the Decorative Art Society, in a neighboring city, was composed of a material closely resembling the *écru* scrim so much used at the present time, but of a dark-drab color. The bottom was finished with a hem about an eighth of a yard wide, above which ran a scroll-like pattern, a quarter of a yard in width, embroidered in the Kensington outline-stitch with crimson and pink crewel.

The curtain was cut long enough to turn back upon itself, forming a lambrequin, finished with a

knotted fringe made by raveling the material itself, above which ran the same design of embroidery. The sides were perfectly plain. Here and there tassels of crimson and pink crewel,

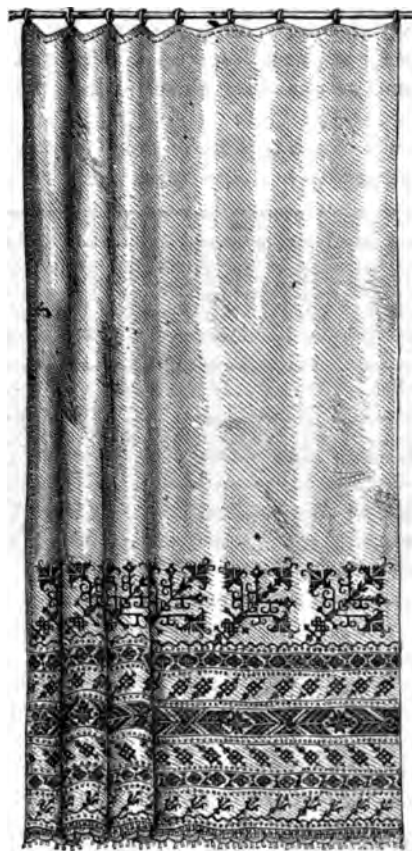


FIG. 1.—CURTAIN WITH CROSS-STITCH EMBROIDERY AND DRAWN-WORK.

alternating with each other, were fastened among the meshes of the fringe.

Curtains of this design would be equally pretty embroidered in two shades of blue on an *écru* or white ground, or if a single color were preferred, to suit the decoration of a room, it could be used with excellent effect. Almost any pretty pattern for braiding would furnish a good design for the embroidery. Poles and rings, rather than a flat cornice, should be used with these draperies,

though the latter would not be inadmissible, if already purchased.

CURTAIN WITH BANDS OF APPLIED WORK.

Another style of curtain, very ornamental in effect for the amount of labor expended, is composed of dark maroon felt, across which, at the top and bottom, are two bands of blue felt, on which are applied sunflowers and leaves purchasable at any embroidery store. This design is extremely desirable for a *portière*, but may also be used for window draperies. The band at the top should be one-third narrower than that at the bottom.

Different combinations of color may of course be employed to suit the room and the maker's

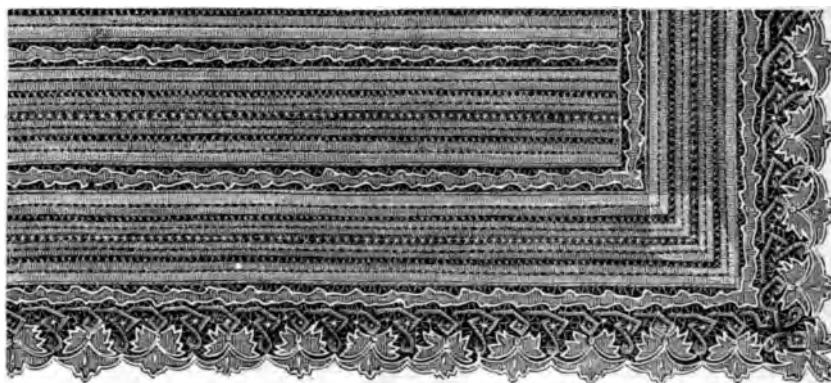


FIG. 2.—PART OF WINDOW-CURTAIN, WITH IRISH LACE-WORK, DRAWN-WORK, AND LANGUETTE EMBROIDERY.

taste. *Appliqué* designs of Persian pattern might be substituted for the sunflowers with excellent result.

PART OF WINDOW-CURTAIN, WITH IRISH LACE-WORK, DRAWN-THREAD, AND LANGUETTE EMBROIDERY.

The foundation of the curtain illustrated in Fig. 2 is fine linen *étamine*. Length and width are varied to suit the size of the window. The border consists of broad Irish lace, a strip of drawn-work, and an insertion two and a half inches wide.

JAPANESE MANTEL LAMBREQUIN.

Window draperies are so frequently made to harmonize with mantel lambrequins that one naturally suggests the other; and, as the fancy for ornamenting mantel-pieces seems to be, if possible, on the increase, the suggestion of a pretty and inexpensive method of doing so may not be unwelcome to some readers of the MONTHLY.

The materials are stout linen, burlap, or any strong fabric,—the color is of no consequence,—a dozen or two of the bright Japanese squares sold for three or four cents each, some black velvet ribbon or braid, several skeins of gay embroidery silk, and variegated worsted furniture-fringe.

If the mantel-piece is marble, a board must be made of suitable length and width to cover it; if wood, the covering—plush, mummy-cloth, felt, or whatever may be chosen—can be tacked directly upon it. Having covered the shelf, measure a piece of linen long enough to pass around the ends and front, and sufficiently deep to hold the Japanese squares. Arrange these upon it, leaving

between each a space wide enough to baste the velvet ribbon or braid. Having basted the braid in vertical rows between the squares, border the entire lambrequin, top and bottom, with the velvet ribbon or braid, which must overlap the squares, thus framing each square, and framing the ends of the vertical rows of braid. Feather-stitch the velvet or braid to the foundation with the embroidery silk, and finish the bottom with

the fringe. The lambrequin must then be tacked to the shelf with the brass-headed nails used in upholstery. These may be driven through the row of braid or velvet at the top of the Japanese squares, but many persons prefer to add, just above it, a narrow row of braid, the exact width necessary to hold the nails, thus leaving the frame-work of the Japanese pictures intact.

Similar lambrequins may be made for the window-curtains; it would be difficult to find any prettier design involving so small an amount of labor and expense.

MANTEL LAMBREQUIN IN APPLIQUÉ.

Another style of mantel lambrequin, which may be more or less elegant, according to the choice of material, is composed of a strip of plush, felt, or the cheap double-faced Canton flannel; cut a suitable length to fit the shelf it is to ornament,

and finished at the top with a row of brass-headed nails, which serve to fasten it. On this foundation a border cut in some geometrical design from the same material, but in a contrasting color, is applied, and the bottom of the drapery is then cut in points.

A pretty combination of colors is to make the foundation of maroon and the applied work old-gold. Tassels formed of both shades are then sewed to the bottom of each point, and between

centre, which is finished with three knotted stitches. The lines uniting the stitches are worked in chain-stitch with pale-green silk, and a twisted fringe seven inches deep surrounds the cover. The color of the plush used for the foundation can, of course, be varied to suit the furniture of the room where it is to be placed.

FELT TABLE-COVER.

A very handsome table-cover, which yet required little expenditure of time and labor, was displayed among the fall novelties at an art store in a New England city.

The foundation consisted of a piece of maroon felt, one yard and a quarter square, whose edge was cut in wide, moderately shallow curves. Beneath this edge was placed a border one-quarter of a yard wide, of old-gold felt, cut at the bottom in points, so arranged that the deepest part of the scalloped edge of the centre fell about half an inch above the division between the points, the bottom of said points being very slightly rounded. The old-gold border, after being basted to the proper position beneath the centre,

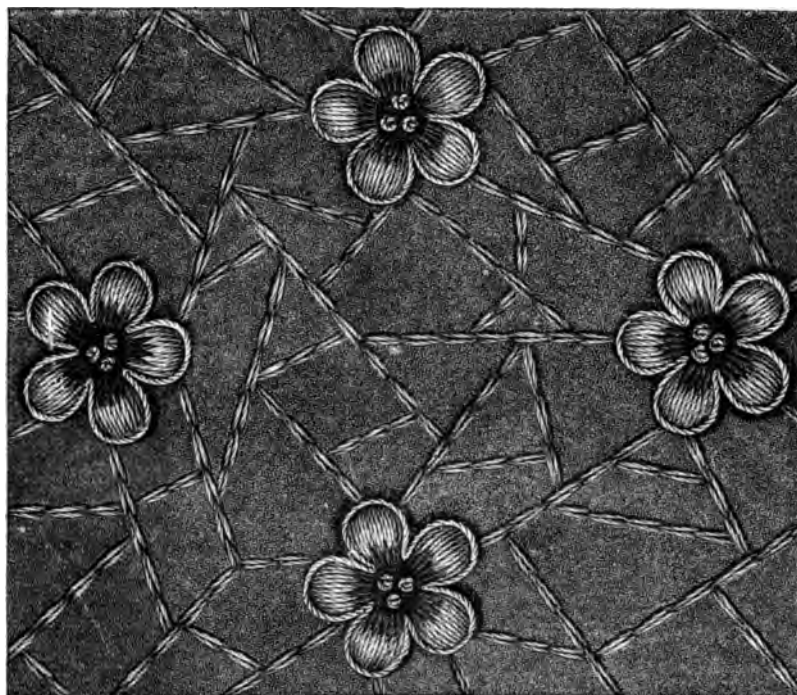


FIG. 3.—COVER FOR SMALL FANCY TABLE.

every two points. If Canton flannel is selected for the fabric, it will probably require a stout lining.

COVER FOR SMALL FANCY TABLE.

The variety of designs for table-cover seems almost endless, yet the demand keeps ever a little in advance of the supply, and the beautiful pattern illustrated in Fig. 3 will doubtless be eagerly welcomed. It is certainly exceptionally quaint and pretty, and has been handed down from the last century. The material is dark-green plush, embroidered with two lighter shades of green filloselle silk, the figures being edged with fine gold cord. They are filled out with long stitches of paler silk, shaded into darker tones toward the

tre, was held in place by a band of old-gold felt, about an eighth of a yard wide, laid on the maroon centre about an inch above the scallops, and feather-stitched on both edges. A second row of feather-stitching ran through the edge of the band.

Spite of the small amount of labor involved, the effect of this table-cover, owing to the contrast of color, was elaborate, and might easily be made more so by substituting some pretty design in colored silk for the feather-stitching in the centre of the band.

An old-gold centre with border and band of blue, a dark-green centre with border and band of apple-green, a blue centre with border and band of olive-green, were all handsome combinations.

EMBROIDERED MUMMY-CLOTH TABLE-COVER.

A beautiful table-cover, imported from England, and specially intended for five-o'clock teas, was recently shown the writer. The foundation was *écru* mummy-cloth, on which was embroidered in Kensington outline-stitch designs of cups, saucers, bowls, pitchers, etc., each corner consisting of a waiter containing a *fête-à-lête* set. These designs were embroidered around the edges with very dark-blue silk, the lines within being light-blue. Between the blue embroidery and the edge of the cloth ran a drawn-work border about one inch in width, and handsome *écru* lace two inches and a



FIG. 4.—EMBROIDERED FOOT-WARMER.

half wide finished the cover. Any of the designs of cups, saucers, and bowls used for stamping doylies can be employed for the border around the cloth.

EMBROIDERED FOOT-WARMER.

Fig. 4 illustrates a very comfortable and extremely pretty article for the use of an invalid or elderly lady, and may be recommended as a most desirable Christmas gift. It is made of blue velvet, embroidered with an initial or monogram in the centre and sprays of flowers scattered over the surface. Gold or silver thread, or white silk, can be used for the initial. Pink and olive filoselle silk are chosen for the flowers. The remainder of the work must be intrusted to the furrier.

CLOTH FOOT-WARMER.

A plainer style of foot-warmer, or foot-muff, as these articles are frequently called, can be made

of cloth, lined either with fur or Canton flannel, bordered with fur around the top, and finished at the bottom with enamel cloth. Paper patterns can be procured at the establishments where patterns of dresses are furnished, if the maker is doubtful of her own skill in shaping. A handsome one could be made of dark-blue cloth, lined with chinchilla or gray squirrel fur, and edged with blue and gray cord. A monogram of applied work in some contrasting color could be added by way of further ornament.

PAINTED FIRE-SCREENS.

Among the beautiful articles displayed in the show-rooms of the New York Society of Decorative Art are fire-screens of plush, painted in oil-colors. Various are the designs, which, of course, must be chosen to suit the maker's taste and skill; but those readers of the MONTHLY who can use a brush as well as a needle will not be disappointed if they essay a branch of flowering dog-wood on a background of Damascus red plush, taking care, however, to use only the smallest possible quantity of pure white paint. Set in a frame of ebonized wood, this would be an exquisite bridal or holiday gift.

PAINTED CARD-CASE.

Another very charming gift, to be executed with both brush and needle, is a card-case ornamented with some floral design.

To make this little article, cut from pasteboard two oblong pieces, somewhat longer and wider than an ordinary visiting-card. Cover them on the outside with silk of any color preferred, and line with satin of a contrasting shade in such a manner that both silk and satin are in one piece, thereby forming a sort of hinge, by which the two sides of the case close like a book. Next add within a satin pocket on each side, running lengthwise of the case, to hold the cards. The outside of one-half the case should then be painted in some floral design harmonizing with the color of the silk, the other half being left plain.

Black silk, with a bunch of violets painted upon it, and lined with violet satin, is a very pretty combination. Cardinal color, with a cluster of daisies, lined with old-gold satin and pale-blue silk, with pink moss-rose-buds and pink satin lining, also please many tastes.

If painting is beyond the maker's skill, decalco-

manie designs may be substituted, or a spray of flowers can be embroidered in Kensington stitch upon one side of the case.

BRUSH-CASE.

A recent novelty, which will doubtless be in demand for a Christmas gift, because inexpensive, easily made, and appropriate for either a lady or gentleman, is a brush-case, to be hung on the wall beside a bureau. It is usually of either brown or écru linen, oblong in shape, with the corners rounded off, and cut somewhat longer than an ordinary hair-brush. A piece sufficiently deep to cover the brush part is then added to form a pocket, in the same way that a watch-case is

made, and the whole case is bound with very narrow crimson, scarlet, or blue silk ribbon. On the pocket part of the case two hair-brushes crossed are embroidered in Kensington outline-stitch, surrounded by an arabesque border executed in the same stitch. A loop, concealed by a bow of ribbon matching the binding, is added at the top, to suspend the case.

Two straight pieces of the linen, about an inch and a half wide, are inserted between the side of the pocket and the side of the back, to give the pocket sufficient fullness to permit the insertion of the brush. These pieces should of course be the length of the pocket, and the seams formed by sewing them in are bound with ribbon like the rest of the case.

SACHET IN COLORED EMBROIDERY.

A sachet both novel and beautiful in design may be made as follows. Cut two pieces of cardboard eight inches square. The bottom part slightly wad, strew with perfumed powder, and cover on both sides with satin of any shade the maker may select. A bias strip of satin five inches wide and sixty-six inches long will form the puffed portion, whose lower edge is gathered and fastened to the bottom part. The upper edge has a narrow seam for the passing of a silk cord, by means of

which the strip may be drawn in. The puffs in the middle of the upper part of the covering are formed by gathering the satin in several rows. This central part is edged by a narrow border of embroidered flannel with pinked vandykes. A pleating of satin ribbon will complete the sachet. The pattern for the embroidered border is clearly illustrated in Fig. 5. This border would also be a most charming finish for a small table-cover, and will doubtless be found useful for many other purposes. If employed for a table-cover, the square or oblong centre might be a different color from the embroidered border, which in that case, to improve its appearance somewhat, may be applied with some fancy stitch.

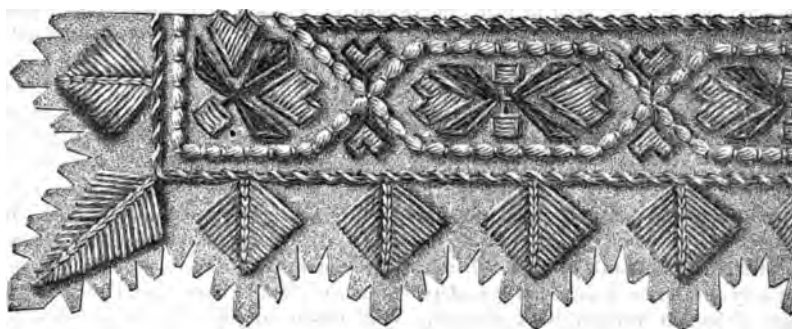


FIG. 5.—EMBROIDERED SACHET BORDER.

EMBROIDERED BLANKET.

Little people are not forgotten in the general fancy for decorating articles of every description, and Kensington embroidery is now applied to the purpose of ornamenting infants' blankets. An exquisite one recently displayed was of the finest white flannel, bordered to the depth of an inch with pink satin, feather-stitched on the inner edge with white silk. A band of pink satin passed diagonally across the blanket, and in one of the triangles thus formed was embroidered a spray of moss-rose-buds and green leaves. The effect was dainty and delicate enough for a baby princess.

Another blanket, similar in general design, but differing in color, was finished with blue satin of an exquisite shade. The diagonal band crossing it was also of blue satin, but instead of the spray of rose-buds, small clusters of forget-me-nots were embroidered in the triangular space, as if scattered there by some careless hand.

CURRENT TOPICS.

Gold and Silver Production.—It is said that well-nigh five thousand millions of gold and silver have been extracted from the earth since the world was startled by the discovery of gold mines in the distant and unknown region of California, and, immediately afterward, on the plains of Ballarat. The period is past when gold-finding yielded its peerless and romantic harvests of wealth, and presented, both in California and Australia, its socially and economically peculiar features. In some of the newer States the discovery of remarkable silver mines has had a potent effect in developing the State, but not as widespread as the world's two great gold fields. But, for all this, the annual yield of precious metals has not greatly diminished, because the falling off in the gold product has been in part compensated for by the rapid increase in the production of silver. Thus, for example, in the United States, while the yield of gold has remained about the same during the last ten years, the silver product has more than doubled, and now exceeds the gold in value. *Bradstreet's* lately published a summary of the report of the Director of the Mint, in which he estimates the total production of silver for the fiscal year 1880 at \$39,200,000, and gold at \$36,000,000.

The Newark Bank Failure.—It seems that nothing in the way of a lesson is seriously considered or taken advantage of by our modern bank director. With the many defalcations that have been taking place of late years throughout the United States, the average director still persists in neglecting his trust, only to waken up to the fact that his cashier has been neatly swindling the institution to the tune of thousands of dollars. This has been the case with the directors of the Newark bank, and they now are brought to realize the fearful responsibility which rested upon them, and which they so gravely disregarded in the very face of the every-day lessons brought to their attention. Their neglect of duty was of the grossest character, and they are at least morally, if not legally, responsible for the beginning and end of the failure. They afford but another example of the terrible mistake of allowing men on whom great reliance is placed to continue business from month to month, and from year to year, without adequate checks upon their faithlessness.

Cashier Baldwin was probably neither better nor worse than many other men similarly situated. His directors withdrew from him the advisory supervision which was justly his due. No man indeed would wish to be subjected to such a character test as goes with the unchecked direction of a great bank. Happily, it is an open question whether the directors are not civilly liable for negligence in allowing their cashier to embezzle some two million dollars of other people's funds.

In business morals the point to be always insisted upon is that the severest penalties should immediately follow upon wrong-doing. The bank director is in the position of trustee, and, if unfaithful to his trust, he should not escape

in any degree responsibility therefor, under the rules of law and equity. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the directors of the Mechanics' Bank, of Newark, will be held by those who have been wronged through their negligence to the utmost of responsibility under existing law, as declared by the statutes and the decisions of the courts.

The Assassin Guiteau.—If there is one thing which to the nostrils of the American people of the present day is tainted with the rankest treason, it is to lift a voice in behalf of the wretched assassin of our late chief Executive. The literature of the past quarter is a curious mess, stewed expressly to pander to the perverted tastes of a nation which in its intoxication of grief has suddenly turned into a beastly glutton voracious of only the vile and the filthy. Is it really so very edifying to read of the abject terror with which the crime-stained man watches every strange face and starts affrighted at even the innocent pranks of the prison mouse? or can the sensational, highly-colored daub of a picture pretending to portray the culprit as he stood at the bar to plead to the indictment afford relief for a single pang his deed caused the people? We greatly misread the character of our people if within a twelvemonth they blush not with sincere shame at the atrocities, the shameless brutality, they have shown in dealing with a fallen—and, for the honor of the race, let us hope a demented—brother. A twelvemonth? *Age*, we hoped after the issue of his vile work we should see humanity assert itself. But there has not been one single moment when the people have not drank in deeply the potions full of gall and bitterness dipped from the very caldron of iniquity. Anything to prove the knave an incarnate fiend, anything portraying vividly the utter depravity of the abandoned creature, anything and everything that can be said to deprive him even of that recognition which his kinship with us demands, is a delectable viand, and adds a flavor to our breakfasts.

If common decency and the sufferance a fraternal sympathy claims cannot evoke respectful regard for ourselves in this reference, must the sense of justice also be numbed that would plead for a just hearing of the criminal? Shall we allow ourselves to become so infused with the spirit of retribution that every nerve shall tingle with the desire of revenge? Is it treasonable to plead for justice were even his Satanic majesty at the bar? Cannot justice be outraged equally as atrociously by denying Guiteau a fair and impartial trial and punishing him unduly if found guilty, as by conniving at his escape from a just sentence? The people of the United States are, to say the least, as much interested in furnishing the friendless, resourceless, helpless wretch with the means to secure a defense, as they are interested in the manner and thoroughness and righteousness of the prosecution.

If there is one man who would have had the moral courage to lift his voice in favor of the defenseless in the moment of his despair; if our country ever has produced one soul

heroic enough to stand single-handed on the side of justice, keeping at bay a merciless pack of vindictive persecutors thirsting for the life of their victim; if there ever lived on our soil one man who breathed the same air we do, yet was not infected by the innocuous malaria of misguided public opinion; if there ever was one man who, could he be heard from beyond the narrow river, from the Elysian realms of peace, would raise his hand to calm this tumultuous tempest against a miscreant's life with his Master's "Peace! be still!" it was the martyred President himself.

And shall we who mourn his loss—how deeply we cannot say—who counted him our model—and who of present men so worthy as he?—forsake his steps at the very moment they lead to the greatest glory? Is there glory in the sabre thrust that sets free the soul of a vanquished foe? Is there glory in the conviction of a prejudged culprit? Is there anything of glory in a trial where the accused stands bound and speechless? If there is, it is a glory of a different kind from that which radiated from the banks of the Potomac, or flooded us with its light, and comforted our stricken hearts from the cottage by the sea.

It must be the glory that blights the memory of a Mrs. Surraitt, or that causes men to repeat to their sons the State proceedings following the martyred Lincoln's fate with a shudder and a whisper.

No; in these days, when men's minds need be calm, let us not demit the prerogative of dealing justly even with the man who aimed at the nation's life. "Let justice be done" is the demand. Let it be done, whether it send the man to the gallows, or lets him pine in prison, or *sets him free*.

Commercial Speculation.—The word "corner" beaps a significant import in commercial circles. To corner or sap an individual or an entire commercial community means a piece of speculative engineering ingenious, clandestine, and destructively effective.

The axiom that speculation is the soul of trade may be perfectly defensible. In the ordinary acceptation, and such as our commercial forefathers understood and practiced, it was justifiable enterprise, based upon substantial capital and founded on natural fluctuations in prices. But there was always something tangible to it. The speculator embarked on his venture and waited on the return of the actual stuff, or he bought and held the actual goods. If the article happened to be in curtailed production, he realized his profit on the enterprise. If the supply was superabundant, he lost. But in either case he was a benefactor to the community. First, he prevented possible scarcity and famine; secondly, he brought abundance when barren supplies threatened a scarcity.

But at the present day commercial speculations have degenerated into mere transfers of "paper contracts." There is no necessity that the seller should actually hold the goods he transfers; it is not even requisite that any one hold the article bought or sold. "Futures" are considered as legitimate objects of trade as present stock.

No matter whether the seed has not yet been sown for the new crop of cotton, purchases can be made early in the year of a winter delivery of that cotton; wheat you shall have for any month named; pork, bacon, or lard will be sold for

delivery when the very pig has not yet been slaughtered, and, may be, is but a suckling; or iron when the rough ore has not even been extracted from the vein! It has even been recorded that one dealer, bolder than the rest, sold the catch of a certain salmon-river in Oregon two years ahead, when probably the salmon whose capture was concerned had not obtained the dignity of a grilse!

Though all such enterprises may properly be characterized as unconscionable and iniquitous, yet from an ethical point of view there is none whose practice requires more of the qualities that go to make up the heartless, unfeeling, supremely selfish being than the speculation in breadstuffs. If there is one transgression of that moral law imposing brotherly treatment and fraternal recognition between man and man which partakes of the essence of the arch enemy of mankind, it is the withholding of the means of subsistence for the low purpose of amassing wealth. The fluctuations in prices consequent on the economic law of supply and demand depending upon or resulting from natural fertility or barrenness furnish ample opportunity for the exercise of legitimate enterprise on the part of far-seeing merchants. There is not even one trait of mercantile ability visible in the manipulations of grain speculators. It is but a contest between shrewd and cunning Shylocks—not even that. It is rather a self-conversion into the Alpine avalanche which, impelled by its own rude massiveness, crushes and buries all lesser and weaker masses beneath its ruins. Yet this phenomenon is bound by nature's law; but the speculating vampires that feed upon the very blood of the humble ones of the earth are the originators of their own unfeeling ruin.

You that have adopted the name of the nation's abhorrence as the synonym of infamy—a distinction far too honorable even for that—reflect one moment and judge which is the more guilty: the man who, in one fell act, aimed at the life of the nation's chief, or the man who, in cold-blooded calculation, with calm, collected brow, plans the pinching hunger of millions of the nation's children? The first languishes in a place of public safety; the second riots in sumptuous privacy undisturbed by the bitter cry for bread that ascends from his very gate.

For less crimes than this men have suffered social ostracism, and in the old times, when sincerity was alive, bore the brand that their diabolism merited. Or is it so laudable an occupation that when now and then the triumphs of eternal justice assert superiority and miscarry the plottings of speculators, and they fail, we must appoint a day of general mourning, and proclaim a universal sympathy and confidence in the integrity of the firm whose avariciousness and wholesale greed has for once been reaping what it sowed? The history of our race shows that men have worshiped even the devil to the end that he would bring no evil upon them.

It is not a sufficient justification for these mischief-makers in trade to say that public apathy tolerates or even encourages their iniquity, or that there are no commercial principles which they transgress. So much the worse for commerce that allows the greed for gain to become the determining law of life, and so much the worse for the people who, as insects attracted by the light that burns them, are forever the fawning patrons of these enterprising blights.

And men cannot be legislated into honesty. Some men can be reasoned with, some persuaded; but the men who depend for their gain on the extremity of their fellow-men are neither docile nor reasonable; they can be reached only through their purses, and a public that will not patronize dishonesty may some time soon find the trader willing to accede to the demands of humanity.

The Spelling Reform.—It is interesting to note how things are misnamed. One should suppose that if anywhere the right name were employed it would be in designating something setting itself forth as the arbiter of correctness. Orthography, the science of correct spelling, could not have been born and christened when things were called by their names. For there is not one word in the English language one-half so contrary as this umpire over our letters. Poor old Cadmus! had he really possessed the boon of prescience, would he have published his invention, nevertheless, had he seen the ingenious combinations which the English fancy should devise? Our orthography is a strange cacography.

It is said that some years ago certain theologians in Germany most earnestly contended for the inspiration of the vowel points in the Hebrew Scriptures, and wrote volumes in defense thereof, though it is well established that what is known as the Massoretic pointing was not adopted till about the seventh century after Christ! Men now laugh at them for their ill-directed zeal, not because these Germans lacked learning or earnestness, but because they could be so blinded by bigotry as not to discern the clearest historical facts.

Within a few years it was considered quite orthodox to maintain almost the inspiration of English orthography. And we have not yet quite emerged from the haze of bigotry which so obscures men's minds in this regard. It is still a great offense to even many educated people to hear anything about abandoning the useless silent consonants in our words; though all their learning cannot contrive one argument in favor of their retention. These letters look so well in a word, though of no account themselves. They serve as a kind of ornament—and aren't they æsthetic in their eloquent muteness? Besides, to tamper with them is to outrage the sacredness which attaches to everything from the preceding century. They come to us laden with the aroma of the past,—the fragrance of Chaucer, the perfume of Spenser, and the sweet-smelling odor of Shakspeare;—but they do not. Each succeeding writer seems to have thought himself charged with a special commission to exercise his wits as conscientiously in devising new modes of spelling as in proclaiming new thoughts for man's guidance and delight. The vagaries of English orthography are only to be measured by the inventive, imaginative capacity of the English fancy.

Can this fantastic jugglery in the English alphabet be abandoned for a common-sense, philosophical method in orthography? This is the problem whose solution we fondly anticipate soon at the hands of the foremost linguists of this country and England. The alphabet, the *orthography* now common, must, as all mere accidentalities of a past age, pass away and give place to the new alphabet, and the new spelling, rational and invariable.

And why? Let one of the foremost scholars and most sagacious observers tell why:

Three years are spent in our primary schools in learning to read and spell a little. The German advances as far in a twelvemonth. A large fraction of the school-time of the millions is thus stolen from useful studies and devoted to the most painful drudgery. Millions of years are thus lost in every generation. Then it affects the intellect of beginners. The child should have its reason awakened by order, proportion, fitness, law, in the objects it is made to study. But woe to the child who attempts to use reason in spelling English. It is a mark of promise not to spell easily. One whose reason is active must learn not to use it. The whole process is stupefying and perverting; it makes great numbers of children finally and forever hate the sight of a book. There are reported to the takers of our last census 5,500,000 illiterates in the United States. One-half at least of those who report themselves able to read cannot read well enough to get much good from it. But moral degeneracy follows the want of cultivated intelligence. Christianity cannot put forth half her strength where she cannot use her presses. Republics fall to ruin when the people become blind and bad. We ought, then, to try to improve our spelling from patriotic and philanthropic motives. If these do not move us, it may be worth while to remember that it has been computed that we throw away \$15,000,000 a year paying teachers for adding the brains of our children with bad spelling, and at least \$100,000,000 more paying printers and publishers for sprinkling our books and papers with silent letters.

But it may be argued that etymology will suffer by any tampering with the spelling of words. A warm-hearted philanthropist, after reading a representation like the above, would say, "Throw etymology to the dogs." Probably, however, he would find upon examination that *etymology* is not in such straits and can abundantly take care of itself. The author of the "Science of Language" has settled that foremost objection to any revision ever on the tongue of ultra-conservatives. With the assurance of Prof. Max Müller that, "if our spelling followed the pronunciation of words, it would in reality be of greater help to the critical student of language than the present uncertain and unscientific mode of writing," one would suppose confidence might again resume her seat.

The proper, and only pertinent question to be asked on the proposition to revise the English spelling is not *Why?* but *Why not?* and the reform movement, instead of being also put to the task of apologizing, should merely occupy itself with devising ways and methods by which the transition from the Egyptian bondage of the present may not be too sudden. For the finally revised alphabet will doubtless be a purely phonetic one. Nothing short of that will answer the demands of the case. But that this devoutly-to-be-wished-for consummation may be realized, public interest must be awakened and enlisted; and public opinion once clamorous may bring about marvelous change for the better.

For the general interest in the entire movement we are indebted to the American Philological Association and its foster-daughter, the Spelling Reform Association, and it is by their concerted action with sub-societies that the beginning of anything like earnest reform has been accomplished. This younger body, in addition to the eleven words *ar, cata-*

log, definit, gard, giv, hav, infinit, liv, tho, thru, wisht, of the Philological Association, has adopted what are known as "the five new rules" (1. Omit *a* from the digraph *ea* when pronounced as *e* short, as in *hed, helth*, etc. 2. Omit silent final *e* after a short vowel, as in *hav, giv*, etc. 3. Write *f* for *ph* in such words as *alfabet, fantom*, etc. 4. When a word ends with a double letter, omit the last, as in *shal, clif, eg*, etc. 5. Change *ed* final to *t* where it has the sound of *t*, as in *lasht, imprest*, etc.), together with more extended sug-

gestions as the next proper step in the direction of accomplishing its end.

Such efforts deserve to be seconded by the practice of the writer, the printer, and the reader. In the nature of the case any system adopted will only be temporary; but, as our age will not see the final phonetic alphabet and spelling, we might probably sacrifice a little inconvenience for a time in view of our being thus a help to the achievement of the most desirable revolution in the English language.

LITERATURE AND ART.

Sabine's Falsehood. A Love Story. By MADAME LA PRINCESSE O. CANTACUZENE-ALTIERI. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.

An exquisitely told story, and one of simple pathos. The plot is admirably managed, and its characters are well conceived and vividly drawn.

No Gentleman. A Novel. No. 1. of The Hammock Series. Chicago: Henry A. Sumner & Co.

A story full of charming incidents and happy episodes. It is pure and clean in sentiment, and well deserves the appreciation of refined and cultivated readers.

Barbarine. The Story of a Woman's Devotion. A Novel. No. 2 of The Hammock Series. Chicago: Henry A. Sumner & Co.

This is a novel of absorbing interest, and the story it tells one of a life of self-sacrifice. It is well written, and the author gives us such a combination of happy incidents that we close the book with exceeding regret.

The Story of Four Acorns. By ALICE B. ENGLE. Illustrated. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

Children who like fairy stories will find in this handsome volume a fountain of delight. The author possesses rare talent for interesting the young, and has here turned it to the best advantage. She has furnished a fascinating story, and has ingeniously woven into it bits of poetry and song from famous authors, which will find easy entrance into the mind and create an appetite for more. The illustrations are among Miss Lathbury's best, and do their part toward making the volume attractive.

Bertha's Baby. A Charming Picture of Home Life. By GUSTAVE DROZ. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.

This work proves to be a reprint of that portion of a work published by the same firm some time ago, under the title of "Monsieur, Madame, and the Baby," by the same author. It proves to be by far the best part, too, and is well worth a reading.

Sunday for 1881. Illustrated. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

A very handsomely illustrated chatterbox, adapted to the wants of our young friends. These books are very popular

in England, and our American publishers are rapidly introducing them here, in greatly improved styles.

F. W. Helmick, Esq., the enterprising music publisher, of Cincinnati, has just favored us with a copy of his latest publication in that line. It is entitled, "Never go Back on a Traveling Man; or, the Boys on the Road." It is a commercial ballad, and is dedicated by its author, Robert Lovell, "to the traveling men of America, the great fraternity who earn a livelihood by their constant 'grip.'" We have no doubt that "our men on the road" will duly appreciate the author's compliments when again they meet.

We are also in receipt of a very excellent small pamphlet from G. P. Putnam's Sons, entitled "Before and After the President's Death." Two sermons preached in All Soul's church, New York, on the Sundays preceding and following the nation's bereavement, September 18 and September 25, 1881, by Henry W. Bellows, pastor of the First Congregational (Unitarian) church, in the city of New York.

Country By-ways. By SARAH ORNE JEWETT, *Author of "Deephaven," "Old Friends and New," etc.* Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

A selection of essays and sketches, similar to those in Miss Jewett's previous works, describing prominent features of New England country life and character. Their truthfulness, simplicity, sympathy, and pathos are a creditable characteristic, and strongly recommend them to public consideration.

Water-Lilies, and Other Poems. By CLARA B. HEATH. Manchester, N. H.: John B. Clarke.

This collection of poems from the pen of Miss Heath, who may be remembered as one of our valued contributors, shows a degree of poetic ability rarely seen nowadays. Many of her poems are real gems, and her descriptive poems especially are perfect models of elegance and symmetrical rhythm. To the lovers of true poetry, those who can best appreciate deep feeling and sympathetic pathos, fitly expressed in the language of poetry, this volume will prove an acceptable offering indeed.

Garfield's Words. Compiled by W. R. BALCH, ESQ. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

A collection of suggestive passages from the public and

private writings of the late President. It abounds with many nuggets of wisdom, and, more than any other single volume in our literature, will furnish proverbs and mottoes for our people. As the utterances of a wise, pure, and honest man, they will be adopted and become the household words of the future.

Home Ballads. By BAYARD TAYLOR. *With illustrations.* Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

A work containing a collection of some of the sweetest of Mr. Taylor's home ballads, such as "The Quaker Widow," "The Holly-Tree," "John Reed," "James Reed," and "The Old Pennsylvania Farmer." The illustrations, some of the finest specimens of the engraver's art, were made by Closson and Andrew, of Boston; Linton, of New Haven; N. Orr & Co., Henry Gray, and E. Heineman, of New York City, whose names alone are a sufficient guarantee of the superexcellence of the work. It is almost superfluous to add that the work of the publishers shows as fine a sample of book-work as has yet been produced in this or any other country.

Martin Luther and His Work. By JOHN H. TREADWELL. *New Plutarch Series. With Portrait.* New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Different books are differently written. When an author lays down a given plan which he proposes to pursue in his work, we are obliged to judge his effort by his own self-assumed standard. Whatever we may think of the principles Mr. Treadwell chooses to control his biography of the great reformer of the sixteenth century, we must admire the jealous fidelity with which he adheres to this theory.

We do not, however, believe that a life of any man can be written from any standpoint other than from that which the individual himself occupied. Luther was a monk, a priest, a doctor of divinity, a reformer in the Church; and as such is he to be contemplated. The mere intellectual liberation, as such, of Germany was none of his. Nor can the life of any man be judged exclusively from what he became as the result of many complex experiences. Various factors, nay, changes and revisions of views, must necessarily characterize the pioneer in any undertaking. The Smaller Catechism of Luther in its closing pages touches some points held rather in the background now.

We mention these facts simply to show how one-sided and imperfect even so excellent a work as the present can become when it forsakes the only true principle of biography and contents itself with a partial glimpse of a life worthy the profoundest study.

King's Mountain and its Heroes. *A History of the Battle of King's Mountain, October 7, 1780, and the Events which led to it.* By LYMAN C. DRAPER, LL.D., Secretary of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin. *Illustrated with Steel Portraits, Maps, and Plans.* Cincinnati: Peter G. Thompson.

The author gives not only a clear and rapid narrative of the preliminary events which led to this notable victory, but adds many details of the battle itself, hitherto unpublished, and gives full memoirs of all the prominent actors therein.

It is a large and valuable addition to our knowledge of Revolutionary history and biography, and especially of the border leaders on both sides of the contest, and of whom, heretofore, so little has been recorded.

The biographies of such men as Campbell, Shelby, Sevier, Cleveland, Lacey, Williams, Hambright, Hathorne, Brandon, McDowell, and their compeers, introduce us to much of the romance of border history. They were remarkable men, and played no inconsiderable part in the long and sanguinary struggle for American independence. Reared on the outskirts of civilization, they were early inured to privations and hardships, and when they went upon the "war-path" they often obtained their commissaries' supplies from the wild woods and mountain-streams of the region where they carried on their successful operations.

The work is the result of forty years spent in collecting the material procured by Mr. Draper, the author, from surviving associates and the children of these heroic men; and the excellent manner in which he has executed the work fully exhibits the care and impartiality in statement of facts so characteristic of the man. His reputation alone is a sufficient guarantee of the excellence of the work, his attainments being widely known and fully recognized and acknowledged by all friends of American history.

It is said that in the search for his materials for history Mr. Draper has traveled more than sixty thousand miles since 1840, visiting aged pioneers and Indian fighters, living on a meagre salary, and much of the time with no income whatever. He has made several journeys on foot, carrying his knapsack, going in a single jaunt eight hundred miles. This involved great hardship and not a little danger. His enthusiasm and tenacity of purpose yielded to no impediment. He followed the trail of a fact with the persistence of an Indian and the scent of a hound.

"King's Mountain and its Heroes" comes to us as the first of the series of historical and biographical works he has promised us, and in a form that reflects great credit not only upon the author, but its enterprising publisher also. It is a large and handsome royal octavo volume, bound in cloth, with beautiful emblematic designs, illustrative of persons and objects named in the work, stamped in gilt on the outside. It is handsomely printed on a superior quality of paper, and is fully illustrated throughout, prominent among these being a fine steel portrait of the author as a frontispiece.

The work, we understand, is sold by subscription only, at the price of four dollars, and at this figure is certainly a very cheap work. We hardly imagine it possible that so excellent a publication can be made to be sold at so low a figure, with profit to both publisher and author. That it will meet an extended sale, we have every reasonable assurance.

The Fate of Madam La Tour. *A Story of Great Salt Lake.* By MRS. A. G. PADDOCK. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert.

This "story of Great Salt Lake" is neither more nor less than a tale of life among the Mormons; but its pictures are so clear and graphic, its characters so distinctly individualized, its plot so absorbing in its development from point to point, and its incidents so powerful and moving, that not

even those least inclined to consider subjects of political or national interest can resist the stirring of a new and profound interest. The Mormons are not likely to be a pleasant subject to read about; but neither were the themes of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," or "A Fool's Errand," yet the millions who read these books found no lack of stimulating food for imagination and thought.

"The Fate of Madam La Tour" is a narrative commencing with the first scouting party, under Brigham Young, that started out from the Missouri River, and by the guidance of an old plainsman and trapper found the lovely valley which the astute Brigham had "seen in a vision" and described to his followers. Madam La Tour is the widow of an elderly French Canadian who had been deluded into joining the Latter-Day Saints when they were banded under Joseph Smith, at Nauvoo, in Illinois. The children have grown up in their father's faith, and the mother, though loathing the Saints and their principles, accompanies them in the pilgrimage to Utah for her children's sake. Her story begins with the departure from Nauvoo, and the settlement at Salt Lake, where presently the unhappy woman disappears under circumstances which give the impression that she has drowned herself. But the facts are, that Brigham Young, Smith's successor, in order to complete and perpetuate his control over her late husband's property and her own, and to rivet the chains of his devilish ascendancy about the necks of her children, has caused her abduction and imprisonment; and after weary years she dies a broken-hearted victim to as detestable a tyranny as the sun ever shone on. Happily, her fate is discovered by one of her sons, but at her very burial.

Meantime, the story follows the fortunes of her misguided children, and gives the sad picture of a family-circle disorganized and demoralized by polygamy. The curtain that hangs about the Endowment House is lifted, and the hideous mockery of a plural marriage is enacted before our eyes. Louise La Tour is "sealed" to Heber C. Kimball, and abandoned to a fate worse than death. Philip La Tour, who has wedded a pure and lovely English girl, breaks her heart by taking (under compulsion) a second wife and setting up a second household. Two of the La Tour boys break away from this hell on earth, and are followed out into the mining districts of California in the company of the Forty-Niners.

The book gives fresh and breezy pictures of the pioneer life of those days, not only among the emigrating Mormons, but also in the gold gulches of Oregon and California; it portrays the ideas, principles, and modes of life followed among the Mormons; shows the strange and curious ramifications of that remarkable system of government—which is Church and State and absolute monarchy "rolled into one;" gives the key to many puzzling questions in connection with their advancement and thrift; and by the aid of the marvelous incidents of the story (all of which, however, are authenticated facts) opens to the eyes of the reader a condition of affairs which the intelligent American does not suspect, and could hardly believe to exist in the midst of this continent.

There are touches of humor, which Mrs Paddock might well have given more of—some most comical characteriza-

tions and apt pictures of "human nature," even amid the profound sadness of polygamous families; and some of the mining scenes are full of a free and happy mirthfulness that go far to lighten up the darker passages of the narrative. The way in which her *Appendix* handles Mr. Representative Cannon's recent article in the *North American Review* is rich enough to be worth reading altogether aside from the story, and she uses her facts very admirably throughout.

The Bivouac of the Dead.—The beautiful poem, entitled "The Bivouac of the Dead" and its gifted author, Theodore O'Hara, are comparatively little known throughout the country. He was born at Danville, Ky., February 11, 1820, and was the son of Kane O'Hara, a distinguished Irish politician, and a man of great learning and piety. His ancestors were driven from their native isle by ecclesiastical intolerance, and, abandoning home rather than religion, they emigrated to this country with Lord Baltimore, where they aided in founding that colony which was so long an asylum for victims of religious persecution.

The education of Theodore O'Hara was conducted wholly by his father, until fitted for college, when he entered the St. Joseph's Institute, at Bardstown, Ky., from which he graduated with honor, and the valedictory address delivered by him on that occasion was one of so much merit and eloquence as never to be forgotten by those who heard it. He entered upon the study of the law with Judge Ousley, when he was a fellow-student with Hon. John C. Breckenridge, Vice President of the United States under James Buchanan. He served as captain in the Mexican War, and was brevetted major for gallant and meritorious service. In the war between the States he took the Southern side and was made Colonel of the Twelfth Alabama regiment of infantry. He afterward served on the staff of General Albert Sydney Johnston, and after the death of the latter (who fell at Shiloh) was chief of staff to General Breckenridge. When the war closed, broken down in health and fortune, he retired to a plantation in Alabama, where he died January 6, 1867. In the summer of 1874, in accordance with a resolution of the Kentucky Legislature, his remains were brought to Frankfort, and on the 15th of September were re-interred in the State Cemetery with public honors.

Colonel O'Hara was successively editor of the *Mobile Register*, *Louisville Times*, and *Frankfort Yeoman*, and was a writer of acknowledged merit. He was a poet of more than ordinary ability, as his "Bivouac of the Dead" fully attests. The English language contains few finer gems, or more beautiful ones, than this exquisite poem, which is destined to live as long as true poetry is admired. It was written by Colonel O'Hara in 1847, as a tribute to the memory of the Kentuckians who fell in the war with Mexico. It is an historical fact that the Kentucky troops suffered more severely at Buena Vista than any troops engaged in that hard-fought battle, losing in a single charge ten gallant officers, among them Col. William R. McKee, Lieut.-Col. Henry Clay, the favorite son of the "sage of Ashland,"—and Adjutant E. M. Vaughn, of Clay's regiment. After the war, these dead heroes, with others from Kentucky, who fell in the land of the Montezumas, were brought home and re-interred, with the honors

of war, in the State Cemetery. This poem was written for that special occasion, and its recitation formed a part of the solemn proceedings of the day. Later, when the State erected a handsome monument in the public cemetery at Frankfort to these fallen braves, the first stanza of the poem was inscribed thereon. The same stanza symbolizes the affection of Massachusetts for her dead soldiers of the late war, upon a monument erected to their memory on Boston Common. It was also inscribed upon a rude board and nailed to a tree on the bloody field of Chancellorsville.

Upon the days set apart for decorating with flowers the graves of soldiers, a beautiful custom practiced both North and South since the Rebellion, there is no poem more frequently quoted from in memory of the "Blue" as well as the "Gray" than "The Bivouac of the Dead," and not one orator in a hundred, perhaps knows its origin or author. When the remains of Colonel O'Hara were re-intered in the State Cemetery, its reading, which formed a part of the ceremonies, was prefaced with the remark, that "O'Hara, in giving utterance to this song, became at once the builder of his own monument, and the author of his own epitaph." The poem entire is as follows:

"The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldiers' last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
The brave and daring few.
On fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead.

No answer of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind;
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms;
No braying horn nor screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,
Their plumed heads are bowed;
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
Is now their martial shroud;
And plenteous funeral-tears have washed
The red stains from each brow,
And their proud forms, in battle gashed,
Are free from battle now.

The neighing steeds, the flashing blade,
The trumpet's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The dire and shout are past;
No war's wild note, nor glory's peal,
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that nevermore shall feel
The rapture of the fight.

Like the dread northern hurricane
That sweeps his broad plateau,
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,
Came down the serried foe.
Our heroes felt the shock, and leapt
To meet them on the plain;
And long the pitying sky hath wept
Above our gallant slain.

Sons of our consecrated ground,
Ye must not slumber there,

Where stranger steps and tongues resound
Along the heedless air.
Your own proud land's heroic soil
Shall be your fitter grave;
She claims from war his richest spoil—
The ashes of her brave.

So 'neath their parent turf they rest,
Far from the gory field;
Borne to a Spartan's mother's breast
On many a bloody shield.
The sunshine of their native sky
Smiles sadly on them here,
And kindred hearts and eyes watch by
The heroes' sepulchre.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!
Dear as the blood you gave,
No impious footsteps here shall tread
The herbage of your grave;
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While fame her record keeps,
Or honor points the sacred spot
Where honor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless tone
In deathless songs shall tell,
When many a vanquished age hath flown,
The story how ye fell.
Nor wreck, nor change, or winter's blight,
Nor time's remorseless doom,
Shall dim one ray of holy light
That gilds your glorious tomb."

LA PARIERE.

According to recent advices, a most wonderful and interesting discovery has been made in a gorge about four miles from the Nile, near Thebes. In a gallery two hundred feet long, hewn out of the solid rock, were found no less than thirty-nine mummies of royal and priestly personages who lived about three thousand years ago. Among these are the remains of King Thutmes III. and of King Ramses II. The first-named ordered the construction of the so-called "Cleopatra's needle," and the latter placed upon the same monument a list of his titles and honors about two hundred and seventy years later. In addition to these mummies, there have been found numerous papyri, some of enormous length. When these are deciphered, we may hope that they may add much to the records of Egyptological discovery. It is believed that these remains were removed from their place of sepulture, and hidden in this spot at the time of foreign invasion. They are mostly in a wonderful state of preservation; the garlands of flowers which loving hands had placed round the bodies three thousand years ago, having the appearance of those which might have been gathered only a few months ago; while the exquisite paintings which adorn the mummy cases appear to be as fresh as if they had just come from the brush.

This discovery will undoubtedly prove of great interest to all students of Egyptology, who will anxiously await the information which these long-hidden papyri will unfold, when once properly deciphered.

Another interesting discovery of relics of a bygone age has also just been made in Oxford street, London, during the demolition of some old houses there. The find consists of armor and weapons and some church utensils supposed to be of the fourteenth century.

Campaigns of the Civil War.—Under this caption, the Messrs. Scribner's Sons propose to issue a series of volumes, contributed at their solicitation by a number of leading actors in and students of the great conflict of 1861–65, with a view to bringing together, for the first time, a full and authoritative military history of the suppression of the Rebellion.

The first two volumes of the series have just been issued, the first, entitled "The Outbreak of the Rebellion," contributed by John G. Nicolay, Esq., Private Secretary to President Lincoln, and late Consul-General to France; the second, entitled "From Fort Henry to Corinth," contributed by Hon. M. F. Force, late Brigadier-General and Brevet Major-General U.S.V., commanding First Division, Seventeenth Corps. The first volume describes the opening of the war, and covers the period from the election of Lincoln to the end of the first battle of Bull Run. The second volume gives a narrative of events in the West from the summer of 1861 to May, 1862, covering the capture of Forts Henry and Donelson, the battle of Shiloh, etc.

With respect to the accuracy and reliability of the author, in his statements of facts in the second volume of the series, we are unable to speak understandingly, never having been a participant in the Western campaigns. We will, therefore, leave him to other critics. Colonel Nicolay, however, who, while he may not be wholly inaccurate and unreliable in many of his statements of facts, is not an impartial historian by any means. The true historian of the war will never emblazon the exploits of any particular troops and ignore those fully as much, if not more, entitled thereto. No single regiment is entitled to the exclusive credit of saving the national capital, as all alike share therein, even if some *did* go for a holiday frolic. Yet Colonel Nicolay has not a word of commendation for others than those of the famous New York Seventh, the Ellsworth Zouaves, and some others, who came in time to walk away with the laurels that justly belong to others. History and justice demand that the truth should be told, but Colonel Nicolay does not give it, whether intentionally or not we are not prepared to say. Without desiring to detract one iota from the laurels belonging to any of the above troops, we must insist that history shall give credit where it properly belongs. If our memory serves us correctly, and we think it does, there *was* a regiment that left Philadelphia for Washington at the time when the railway communication was cut off between that city and Baltimore, and when it was not known how far the bridge burners had come north on the road, and much less, how far it—the regiment—could advance in that direction, long enough before either of those mentioned. That regiment was the first to reach Perryville, on the Susquehanna. Finding the enemy in possession of Havre de Grace, on the opposite side, the colonel commanding, leaving a battalion in charge of Perryville, embarked with the other battalion on board of the steamer Maryland, and proceeded down the Susquehanna, and on to Annapolis, where he landed under protection of the guns of "Old Ironsides," lying in mid-stream. Here the battalion took up its quarters in the Naval Academy and grounds, but not to idle away its time. The railroad from Annapolis to the Junction had been torn up and destroyed, and the capital was in danger. By no means a

flash organization, nor possessed of a national reputation as a military organization, it nevertheless had the muscle and sinews that could build as well as rebuild railroads, and it lost no time in planting the sills and spiking the rails that was to give transportation to the loyal legions that were hurrying after them. And this was not all. When they had built the road that opened up communication again with the nation's capital, their strong and brawny arms stevedored the commissary stores in transit at this point, for days, with a hearty good cheer, feeling that upon them rested the responsibility of seeing that their comrades on the advance should not suffer for want of provisions.

Now, why, under these circumstances, we ask, should the New York regiments have all the credit for this? They never carried a rail, laid a sill, or drove a spike on the work, that we are aware of. It was all performed by "details" made from the above regiment. By some peculiar arrangement of things, however, it always happened that the officers assigned to take charge of these "details" were selected from a New York regiment. These officers, well known by the color and style of their uniforms, being seen along the line of the road, gave passers-by the impression that New York troops were doing the work; and thus the *credit* of the work was given to the wrong party, and to this day the injustice of the thing stands unrebuked.

We do not envy those troops the honors which a grateful country showered upon them. They deserved it all, and more too. But we do not intend that history shall record them more credit than they are justly entitled to, and that at the expense of others. When the true historian shall give us veritable facts, we shall find that it was the regiment which arrived at Washington some days later which opened up and left behind it an uninterrupted line of communication with the great North, and over which the thousands of loyal troops and the immense Government stores found transportation until communication was established by way of Baltimore.

These men, too, presented a sorry appearance as they marched up Pennsylvania avenue, uniforms ragged and torn, and showing unmistakable evidences of fatigue and exposure. Then, again, we think it was this self-same regiment that led the way across the Long Bridge into Virginia and down to Alexandria one extremely hot and dusty day in the summer of 1861 to support Ellsworth, who had gone down the river in transports to capture that city, and there took an advanced position, until strengthened by reinforcements.

We mention these facts to exhibit the partiality shown by some of our modern historians. Col. Nicolay has not a word of mention for this regiment, only by way of discredit, and in that case does not even give the justification made in defense of its action. He would have done far better in ignoring it altogether, since he had gone so far, and, besides, would not have been guilty of a misstatement when he says that this regiment was mustered out of service on the morning of the battle, and "marched to the rear to the sound of the enemy's guns."

It is not always safe to depend upon reports of commanding generals, and this is a case in point. Historians should, for the sake of getting at the naked truth, go far enough

beyond these. Especially so with that of General McDowell's, in this instance.

The Fourth Pennsylvania Regiment, the regiment to which we refer, was *not* mustered out on the morning of the battle, as stated. *It was not on the field of battle even on that day.* It left the army on the evening of the previous day, and on the day of the battle was near the Half-Way House, on its way to Alexandria, *to be* mustered out, when first the dim murmurings of the cannonading reached its ears, arriving at Alexandria as early as one o'clock. Here it remained until the defeated army returned, occupying its old position, one part of the regiment being stationed in Fort Ellsworth, under orders of General Scott, and until something like order and confidence was restored, and it was not mustered out of the service until six days after the expiration of its term of service.

These are the true facts, and it is a measure of surprise to us

that Colonel Nicolay should have so grievously erred in repeating a charge which is now, as it was then, most unjust and unkind to as gallant a regiment as ever went into the field.

That it was not cowardice that actuated these men, the after-records of the war only too well attest. Where, in all the annals of the war, shall we find better records of gallant deeds performed than those written in the blood of the Fifty-first and the One hundred and thirty-eighth regiments, both the offsprings of the "Old Fourth," more than seven-eighths re-enlisting in these regiments for three years or the war?

We think so great an act of injustice should have been remedied long ago on the part of General McDowell, by the general himself giving to history a true and correct version of the affair. It was a sorry step at best on his part to saddle upon this regiment one of the causes leading to his defeat at Bull Run. But we presume he had to place the blame somewhere, even if far-fetched, in self-justification.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Deluded Mothers.—I am often surprised to see such vast numbers of young people promenading our streets in the early twilight and the later evening, and I have wondered why, with pleasant homes, they should choose such a course.

On asking one young lady why she did not remain at home more, she replied, "Oh, mother is old-fashioned, and does not think as I do."

O for more old-fashioned mothers to teach their daughters truth and purity!

What do some mothers' know of their daughters' associates? There comes to my mind just now an instance where a mother who was anxious to get her daughter into the society of wealthy people, would ask when some new acquaintance was mentioned, "Is he wealthy?" If so, no further opposition was offered. If, on the contrary, he was in moderate circumstances, but good and honorable, his company was to be shunned.

She could go to parties, or the theatre, or to ride with a man of questionable character, and no questions asked if he was only possessed of money.

Think of the moral influence on such a girl. No wonder they go astray when they are thus taught at home. It seems to me that if mothers took their daughters more into their confidence and would see to it that their homes were made attractive and that their daughters' friends were always welcome, there would be less seeking for companionship away from home.

Let it involve a little self-sacrifice!

It will pay in the end. Do not confine their friends to those of their own sex. It is but natural that young ladies should desire the friendship of young gentlemen.

Let them be friends—true friends. The friendship of a pure-minded intelligent young lady will be invaluable to the young man. It will tend to refine his language and make him shun everything rude and coarse which would jar on her more sensitive nature.

We need such young men and women to help stay the tide of "slang" so common in almost every class of people at the present time.

"It is so much more expressive," they say, when asked why they use it instead of the better expressions.

If our language is so barren of "expressive words," let us see to it that a new vocabulary is added of words that shall not lower our standard when used. Let us teach our daughters to encourage the use of the choicest language, and never to use or permit used in their presence any remark that would cause one to blush for the speaker.

Let them seek to bring to their homes and their parents those less fortunate than themselves, who, being obliged to leave home and loved ones, are thrown in with the busy world in our cities.

Let them seek out such and invite them to their table and a pleasant social evening, thus bringing a little sunshine into such a life. Seek with all your might to keep them from choosing that life which shall lead downward.

Many a poor girl has been saved from a life of shame by such an act of her employer. Will not her work be more faithfully done and all her endeavors to please more than doubled when she knows you feel an interest in her above the fact that she be a good saleswoman or accountant?

I know a gentleman employing a large number of clerks who makes it a point to have them all dine with him each month—taking a few at a time till all have visited, and then devoting one evening besides to a dramatic, musical, or social entertainment for their benefit. Do they love and respect him and his family any the less? No; they look forward with the greatest pleasure to those evenings, for are they not improving mentally and morally and fitting themselves to become men whom all shall respect and admire? And, mothers, do not pet and give your daughters the best of everything and leave your sons to be encouraged and perhaps saved by others.

It is your own precious privilege, and should be your

greatest happiness. Teach your daughters to deny themselves a little for the sake of their brothers.

One instance from the many fell under my observation a few years ago :

A mother, anxious for her daughter to marry well, spent all her time and strength in keeping her daughter in society. Every moment she could snatch was devoted to her pet. Her sons were allowed to take their meals alone, as the father was away; while the mother was calling, shopping, or arranging matters of toilet with her daughter.

With what result !

The daughter married well, has a beautiful home, and everything necessary to make her happy. The sons thought, now May is married, we shall receive more attention. But no; a little one came to grace that beautiful home, and she became the idol of her grandma, who, instead of spending a reasonable time each day with her daughter, spends every moment she can.

The boys love the child, but they yearn for some token of love from their mother. Alas! her heart is bound up in her idol so closely, she does not see how far they are drifting away from her.

Another little one comes, and, in spite of the nurses and servants necessary for the comfort of the family, mother must still be there to please and amuse.

"Never mind the boys," this selfish daughter said; "they can be entertained away from home." She little knew how they were being entertained.

Friends, seeing these boys pursuing their downward course, and knowing their home influence, endeavored to remonstrate with them, and for awhile did succeed in having a little influence.

Their mother would not listen to them when they asked her to invite their friends to the house. They were welcome to the house, but her time could not be given to their entertainment. She must be with her daughter and her little ones.

"Mother's gone to worship her idols," one of them remarked one day.

He felt the neglect of her family keenly, and sought the wine-cup and the company of those who are leading him far away from a true, honest life. Kind friends are trying to save him and his brother, and let us hope he may yet change his course and become a man. Poor, deluded mother! let us pray her eyes may be opened to see her duty, and return and save her first-born before it is too late.

Let us make our homes cheerful and all the inmates happy, and, above all, let us try to win others to a happy life, and exert a strong influence over all around us.

AUNT LIZZIE.

Training the Child.—In the conceit and bombast of our modern age we are apt to think we represent the best ideas of any age in the treatment of the young and the education of the child; but the morals of the country by no means justify this presumption, and a glance at the past will show that we have dropped many points essential to wholesome culture, which once we regarded as of vital import in the rearing of a sound manhood and discreet womanhood.

In the age of chivalry the training of youth was an important part of the household economy of the higher classes, and gallant knights as well as fair ladies received into their guardianship as pages the sons of their compeers, who were carefully trained not only to feats of arms essential to the period, but into habits of self-denial, temperance, courtesy, truth, and honor, as befitting brave men and Christian soldiers.

Maidens were also received in like manner, and were taught the best knowledge of the period in which they lived—to be diligent, courteous, skillful in dressing wounds as leeches (doctors in our day), good housewives, faithful, and chaste. These things were all important in gentle breeding, and were the germ of all that is elevated, pure, and elegant in our day.

Manners changed greatly with the Reformation, and Puritanism introduced what may fitly be called the *iron rule*. Indeed, it is not long since Comstock, Witherspoon, and other stern disciplinarians were the text-books in every household.

Austere, but more kindly, religious to asceticism, upright almost to savageness, intellectual and dogmatic, authoritative and methodical, were all the old families of the country.

I believe in training the child; in putting him in the way of making the best of himself, morally, mentally, and physically. I do not much esteem what are called *self-made* men, who are apt to be pretentious, crude, and conceited: receiving their ideas late in life, they are unconscious of the progress made by the better-informed, and suppose that what is new to them is new to everybody else.

Women make the country what it is, and where men fall short of manly efficiency, we are apt to say it is the fault of the mothers who bore them; but let us remember that while men talk much of the sacredness of the domestic altar, they do little to uphold its purity, and by their lack of co-operation throw too much of the burden of family discipline upon the wife and mother.

In the first years of the child its rearing and training must necessarily fall upon the mother, who is likely to be more at home than the father, and whose readier sympathies better fit her for the tender office of protector to its undeveloped character; still, that father is not only culpable, but he deprives himself of much that is sweet and enjoyable, by failing to contribute his share of supervision to the young child.

As the household increases and young children gather about the hearthstone, the mother will find her faculties tested to the utmost; but, if she has laid aside something of her girlish pliancy, she will have gained greatly in nobleness and dignity of character.

She will be no dogmatist with her little brood: she will cast all the casuistry of the schools to the wind, and the Alpha and Omega of her teachings will be, *all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you do ye even so to them*. This is the burden of her morning and evening and noontide teaching. Integrity, absolute honesty, she enforces as the law of the inner and outer life.

She is wise in the simplicity of her creed and in the thoroughness of her moral code. She will have neither

trick nor evasion, neither cajoleries nor flatteries, where truth is involved. Her aim is, and must be, to not only produce a wholesome offspring physically, but to present worthy citizens to the republic. Whatever may be her progressive or political affinities, her genius, or capabilities of any kind, while she is a mother, her duties as such are paramount to all others.

And here I would caution their painstaking mothers against contracting a forlorn, anxious expression of face; but, on the contrary, doing their best, they should ease off, as it were, in cheerful faith that good will come of it all, and that counter events are beyond their control. Cheerfulness is a help to the virtues and a help to digestion, and a fosterer of good looks and good manners—things not to be despised in a household. Men are driven from home, and children feel it irksome, when the wife and mother seems the supreme spirit of discontent rather than the promoter of cheeriness. Besides, let them remember that there is a natural sweetness in most of children that, somehow or other, by the help of the good Father, comes round all right in the end, even under the most adverse surroundings. Total depravity has a good many loop-holes for escape.

Mothers must not be forever checking their children, but leave much to their ability to think out for themselves and their natural faculties of thinking; perpetual caution and coercion and admonition tires and muddles the young brain. Let her give her commands with dignity, and few children fail to obey. It is better even to give a light slap to an infant than to allow it to kick and scream in a downright tantrum. If he is old enough to do this, he is old enough to learn he has a master. The sooner he is subjected to law, the better for him.

Women are becoming eager for money, and are ambitious of distinction in many ways; but it is to be hoped that as mothers they will not lose sight of the solemn responsibilities of this august relation. It would be a loss to the world, greater than language can describe, if it be deprived of the stately, clear-seeing, and morally grand women of the olden time, such as Lady Russell and the mother of Washington. One such woman as the mother of John Wesley is worth more than "a wilderness of monkeys" such as the fashionable daughters of our day present. I wonder the Methodist Church has not raised a monument to this Roman-like mother of nineteen children. Can any one doubt that the sweet religious fervor of the mother was the inspiration of Charles Wesley in writing some of the most beautiful hymns to be found in any language, coupled with a glowing spiritualism akin to that of Madam Guyon? And can we doubt that the simple moral code which she impressed upon the mind of John was the foundation of his after-life of devotion to the great work which revolutionized the Church as fully as did the reform under Martin Luther? Wesley made his mistakes, as we all do more or less, but few men will bear the sifting of wheat from chaff and come out more rich in wholesome grain.

Hear what this mother said :

"My son, if any course in life weakens your sense of wrong-doing, or deadens your aspiration, that course is *sin* to you, whatever it may be to another."

There are some few simple rules which ought to be im-

pressed upon a child at the earliest opportunity.

It should be taught the good by fear, but by showing it that to the brute and the uncivilized who, in order to do this, sat at the special observance of the morning to her four young boys shall only eat bread and drink you strong enough to practice generally they all joined with the conditions observed.

Once the little boys, all un- to a party of children, and when all dainties the two boys took informed the hostess that they day. She suggested that on no harm to eat as the other young heroes declined every in-

On returning home they were dainties; "but," interposed, "I think we ought to save up nice afterward, do you, Sid?" Then to a neighboring child to whom "In after-years, this boy, grew a series of untoward events, and was totally innocent, as all knew his character. He suffered no swerve from his integrity. Once he was offered indemnity, in the office, and money also to a large criminate parties politically of time; but his answer was true they want a perjured scoundrel else for him—I am not the man.

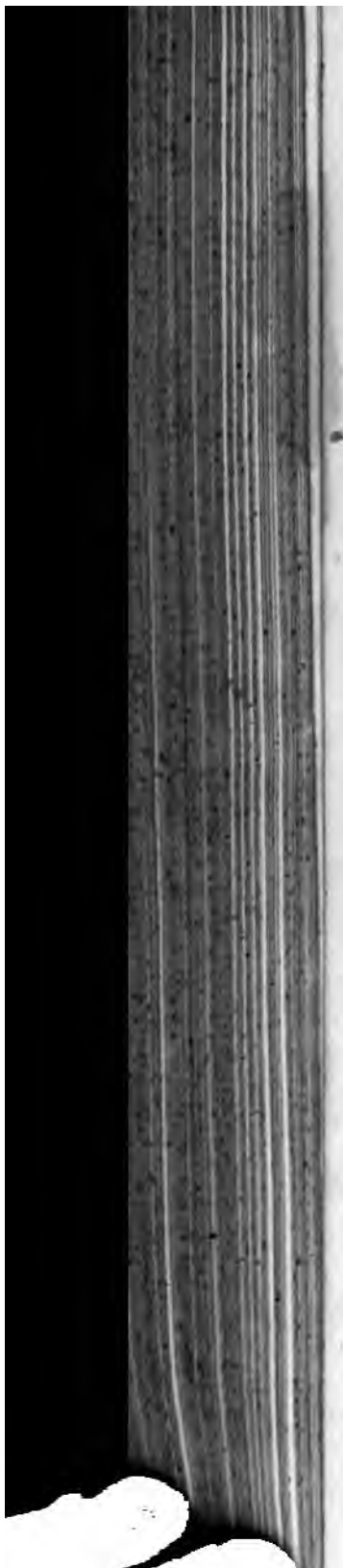
The slightest variation from corrected. The child should face to the truth, that falsehood would should recoil from the mean unworthy of the character of virtue, once planted in the foundation for all other manly

He should be taught the inviolability of a promise, and must be kept.

Punctuality must be insisted waste our own time, far less that the railroad comes in in aid of and tide, which wait for no man.

There are lesser virtues of propriety of manner belonging to to enhance the comfort of those not to be neglected. The strict manners of three hundred requirements of our day.

I would train a child to that of others that would forbid the peelings of an apple or any by might slip at the hazard of him to keep expressions of



necessities of every kind religiously in the background. He should learn that, while the aims of life should be high and pure, all the virtues should manifest themselves in an attractive light; the beautiful being the essence of all truth, all goodness, all that is lasting and immortal in man, should be reverently cultivated as a part of each and all.

E. O. S.

Failure.—Some rare and fortune-favored mortals live their threescore years and ten through one long train of successes, ceaselessly sunning themselves in the light and heat of triumph; others, all unblessed and all too common, spend their days in a dismal succession of failures—a succession of petty, insignificant failures, which only sour and embitter us slowly by their perpetual recurrence; or a succession of ruinous, heart-breaking failures, one only of which were enough to mar all the beauty of a life-time, whether it came at the beginning of the struggle, to deaden forever all after-sense of pain or pleasure; or just in the heat of the battle, to hasten age and rob life's summer-time of its glory, as the chill wind of autumn lays bare the branches; or at the very end of a beautiful, crowded existence, to show, before the sleep and the forgetting, a life-work crumbled to dust.

How many famous men, how many men of genius, how many men whose names the world will not let die, have lived these disappointing, unsuccessful lives, in spite of gifted natures, splendid talents, wonderful powers! A Swift ceaselessly warring against the world, forever looking at happiness through other men's eyes; a Mme. de Staël with, at the very end, "not one of her capabilities developed to the utmost, except that of suffering;" a Dante wandering sorrow-stricken and poor and exiled over the face of the earth, and making his bitter cry, "*Come è duro calle!*" How hard indeed their path to these, and strangely many besides, whose stories, as the great names of the world, have come down to us!

But what shall be said of the countless struggling, everyday, commonplace men and women who day after day battle with misfortune, year after year stand face to face with defeat and loss and ruin, the histories of whose lives are unrecorded, at all events on earth? We are running against them every hour, while we are wasting our pity on the happy, restful dead; the weary, hopeless-eyed, sad-faced individuals who do not understand the meaning of the word success, who have not known what happiness is, who have drank the cup of bitterness to the very dregs, whose constant companion has been misfortune from their very cradles, whom failure will accompany to their very graves! Vainly they struggle and cry out against the hardships and the woe and the injustice of their fate, or bravely they stifle their miseries deep down in

—"hearts that break, and give no sign
Save whitening lips and fading tresses,"

till sooner or later they at last find fortune smiling at them through the gate of death, and stretch forth eager hands to touch her beckoning fingers.

The very word failure—under which heading, indeed, one might class the whole sum of human misery—though it

stand merely as the record of the most trifling loss or disappointment, is full of bitterness. Indeed, those trifling disappointments and losses, those mere little withered blades of grass and fallen leaves in the great forest of our life, are often even harder to bear than the great devastating, desolating shocks which come upon some of us, and darken all the color of our days. For there is a certain excitement after the news of panic, crash, and ruin, a necessity for instant action and strenuous exertion in the very fact of having to begin life again—of having to leave the dear old home, and bid farewell to all the loved, familiar places—of having to find out the best thing to be done, and to do it—which help, in spite of ourselves, to soften the blow. But when you miss your train, your dress doesn't fit, your dinner is badly cooked—there you are; there is nothing for it but uncontrollable vexation of spirit and unalleviated bitterness of soul.

Proportionately gigantic failures begin with earliest childhood, and fall no less heavily there than on enduring manhood. When every day is as a life-time, and the nursery the world, the sudden crash of a huge tower of bricks, built up with cautious tiny figures through a long morning, means a sense of utter ruin and despair for an hour afterward. The escape of a great bright butterfly, the ever fruitlessness of the search for fairies, the discovery of Birdie lying dead in the bottom of his cage, the sudden and total disappearance of the Persian kitten—all these are failures huge and bitter to the sufferers. Napoleon eating his heart out in St. Helena, Columbus sickening day after day for a sight of land, Eugenie de Guérin dying of her brother's loss and her baffled hopes of letting the world know him as she knew him, can have had no greater sense of defeated aims and shattered dreams than these. And who shall measure the bitterness of her sense of failure to the clever little girl, the head of her class, who just loses the prize she has been striving to gain through the whole year?—to the captain of the school, who finds himself worsted in the great fight with the bully?—to the reading and undergraduate who, after working for the whole of the "long," is plucked for his "Little Go," or to the boating undergraduate who discovers his boat to be nowhere on the Cam or the Isis? The pain may not be as enduring; comfort and oblivion may gather round more readily; but the immediate sense of failure must be altogether as great as that of a Cœur de Lion weeping in sight of beautiful, never-to-be-conquered Jerusalem, of a Joan of Arc bound to the stake instead of leading victorious armies, of a Prince Charlie hiding among the mountains after Culloden.

And so with all the failures of everyday-life. You give a party, and ask all the nicest people in town, make your rooms a fairyland with flowers and dim, sweet lights, provide enchanting music and daintiest foods, see every detail arranged to perfection and carried out without a hitch; and then, at length, when your last guest has departed, you and your husband are left looking blankly at one another, and wondering vaguely what made it all so unspeakably slow! Was it because those A's always bring an element of discord with them? Was it because nothing goes off really well now without the B's? Was it because your pretty, carefully-flower-bedecked rooms had been just too empty or just too

